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AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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THOMAS PRENTICE KETTELL.

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Very truly

Aaron Ward

EX MEMBER CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK

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* We intend publishing from time to time sketches, (with portraits) of the distinguished republican ex-members of Congress from this State, who were identified with the administration of Gen. Jackson, sustained his policy, and have stood firmly by the national democracy during the fanatical whirlwind which for a time prostrated the republican party of the State of New-York. We commence the series with the distinguished democrat whose name is at the head of this article.

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XXVIII. JANUARY, 1851. NO. CLI.

BRITISH AGGRESSION IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE Mosquito question is yet unsettled. The basis of the settlement, as far as the present imperfect arrangement is entitled to the name, is disgraceful to American statesmanship, or indicative of American treachery, in the sentiments of the officials to whose hands the fate, fortunes and honor of the republic are committed. That there is abundant evidence of contemptible incapacity and ignorance, or of criminal indifference to the highest interests of the Union, in the late halting, and truckling, and crooked diplomacy of the Government, will sufficiently appear from a recapitulation of its leading facts. These we mean to submit to the people of the States in their sovereign capacity. But as the question, now more immediately in issue, is of a correlative character; and as it moreover involves important considerations, historical, statistical, juridical and international, it is indispensable to present to our readers a condensed resumé of the successive aggressions by which England has acquired her present foothold in Mosquito, Belize and Costa Rica, whereby she assumes the control and protectorship of the great projected "highway of nations," and dictates such modifications of a treaty between the United States and the republic of Nicaragua as may suit her own haughty pretensions. It seems to be no longer agitated, whether she shall continue to protect the squalid nationality of some few hundred illegitimate savages, born of indiscriminate concubinage, and leprous from a commixture of every impure blood, to whom she alternately administers crowns, Christianity and Jamaica rum; or whether she shall, by her agents, inflame international strife between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, or maintain her fraudulent hold of Belize; but whether she shall not dictate the terms of an international treaty, solemnly sanctioned by the Government of Nicaragua and our own. The former questions would seem to be only incidental now, and entitled to review as ancillary to the hold which Britain has obtained, and by which she justifies her insulting pretensions. But, considered even in that view, it will be seen that every one of them comes within the range of the future action and decision of the republic, unless she shall be so far betrayed as to abdicate her functions of Govern-

ment, and confer on an English plenipotentiary the power to ratify or reject her treaties of amity and commerce with other American nations. For it is scarcely concealed that Mr. Bulwer's object, in seeking to modify the terms of the Nicaragua treaty, is to justify his Government in giving a construction to the Clayton treaty, which no American of any party would accept when that treaty was ratified.

We now proceed with our historical sketch. Nicaragua was discovered by Columbus, and taken possession of by him in the name of the crown of Spain. It is a singular fact, that this possession was formally taken of the Atlantic coast; and the extension of the settlement to the shores of the Pacific was only an assertion of the right acquired by the title claimed over the now disputed territory of Mosquito. Local advantages determined the choice of the settlers, but the right over the whole country remained undivided and indisputable. The claim of England to Virginia was not more settled or sacred than that of Spain to Central America, from shore to shore. England's assertion now is, that the Mosquito country was always free; that the Indians of the coast never recognized the authority of Spain. No doubt they did not; and if the recognition of the Indians be requisite, what valid title to one spot of the American continent is in existence? Either the assertion of Lord Palmerston is a wilful falsehood, or the title of England to Canada and Oregon is a fraudulent usurpation. *Discovery* is the only title to land in America, as between the different European nations. This doctrine has been solemnly affirmed by courts of justice, recognized in international treaties, and sanctioned by all European Governments. Upon it rests the claim of those Governments to the sovereign dominion of the discovered countries, subject only to the bare occupancy of the Indians. How far the denial of *their* rights was a usurpation, this is not the place to discuss. But be it robbery or justice, it was a common bond between the nations of Europe. An able judge, pre-eminent in learning, and distinguished for an everlasting attachment to the British constitution, thus enumerates it:

"The different nations of Europe claimed and exercised the power to grant the soil while yet in possession of the natives. * * * That right never has been doubted, and any attempt of others to intrude, would be considered an aggression which would justify war."*

When Lord Palmerston denies this, which he daringly does, he not alone controverts the solemn decision of a great jurist, but questions the constitution of his country, and falsifies her sovereign claim to the colonies she has lost, and those she has preserved. But in this case a broader fraud was needful, and Lord Palmerston is not the man to stumble at it. He not only had to trample on the law, and the rights of other nations, but on the pledged faith and honor of his own.

Of the dominion of Spain over the Mosquito territory, here is his Lordship's emphatic repudiation:

"But I deny totally and entirely that Spain had any right to the Mosquito territory. On the contrary, the King of the Mosquitos has, from a very early period in the history of America, been an independent ruler of a separate territory, and he has been invariably upheld and acknowledged by the Government of Great Britain."

---

* Chief Justice Marshall, in Johnson vs. McIntosh, 8 Wheaton.

The war of 1739 was the natural result of the piracies above described. It was long and bloody. The treaty of peace concluded in 1763 contains the following stipulation, which distinctly confirms the statement of the Dutch historian. England guarantees—Art. 17:

"That His Britannic Majesty shall cause to be demolished all the fortifications which his subjects shall have erected on the Bay of Honduras and *other* places in the Territory of Spain, in that part of the world, within four months."

Spain guarantees in the same article, that British subjects should not be molested, under any pretence, in their place, of cutting logwood.

The fortifications were demolished, but the turbulence of the settlers was unchecked, until some of them were seized and transported as pirates and smugglers in 1779.

Another war followed in 1780, which was terminated in 1783, when a definitive treaty of peace was concluded at Versailles. The following is one of its main stipulations:

"That the intention of the two high contracting parties being to prevent as much as possible all causes of complaint and misunderstanding heretofore occasioned by the cutting of wood, and several English settlements having been formed and extended under that pretence upon the Spanish Continent, it is expressly agreed, that his Britannic Majesty's subjects shall have the right of cutting logwood in the district called Belize, (designated by limits in the treaty,) and his Catholic Majesty assures them of all that is expressed in the present article, provided that this shall not be considered as derogating in any wise from *his rights of sovereignty. Therefore, all the English who may be dispersed in any other parts, whether on the Spanish Continent, or any island whatever dependent thereon, and for whatever reason it might be, without exception, shall retire within the district above described.*"

England, according to the testimony of her own favorable historian, having become aware of the "*impolicy*" of her first abandonment of her prey, resolved to regain by intrigue and evasion, what she failed to maintain by the strong hand. She did not retire within Belize. On the contrary, her freebooters made new and extensive settlements, especially on the "Mosquito Territory," no longer on pretence of cutting wood, but on pretence that it was not included in the Spanish Continent—an allegation precisely of the same import and truth, as would be a denial that Minnesota was on the United States Continent.

This assumption led to a further misunderstanding, and a definitive treaty, ratified in 1786. By that treaty England thus binds herself:

"His Britannic Majesty's subjects, and the other colonists who have enjoyed the protection of England, shall evacuate the *Territory of the Mosquitos*, as well as the *Continent in general*, and the islands adjacent, without exception."

This was the last time England pledged her faith on this subject, and consequently it was the last time she perjured it.

Let us here repeat Lord Palmerston's assertion—"*It is clearly established* that the Mosquito Territory is, and for centuries has been, a separate state, distinct from the American possessions of Spain." We hesitate to characterize this most extraordinary allegation. Language does not supply a designation for its recklessness. Made in the face of those solemn

instruments, executed by his lordship's predecessor in the name and on behalf of his nation, and made with the full consciousness of their existence and import, (for he appeals to, to falsify them,) it bespeaks an audacity in untruth irreconcilable to any motive of human action short of downright infatuation.

We pause a little to recapitulate.

First—We have the evidence of history that England disavowed those king-making pirates who infested the dominions of his Catholic Majesty.

Secondly—We have her engagement that the fortifications erected by her licensed plunderers should be demolished, on the condition that the English would be allowed to cut logwood on the Spanish coast.

Thirdly—This engagement having been violated, we have it covenanted between the two kingdoms twenty years after, that the English should confine themselves within the limits of Belize defined in the treaty, where they were to acquire no further right than that of *occupancy*. They bound themselves to retire from every other part of the Spanish continent and adjacent islands.

Fourthly—In defiance of this covenant they continued their depredations, on the shameless and preposterous pretence, that the Mosquito territory was not a portion of the Spanish continent. In the treaty which this evasion made necessary, England's bad faith was at last chained. We are tempted to reproduce the stipulation, it is so express, so unmistakable, so pregnant an evidence of the perjury it meant to check, and the indisputable right it was intended to establish. Read it, who can, and say what one word of Lord Palmerston's assertion is not knowingly untrue.

"His Britannic Majesty's subjects, and the *other colonists who have enjoyed the protection of England*, shall evacuate the territory of the Mosquitos, as well as the continent in general, and the islands adjacent, without exception."

To this engagement was set the seal of England; to it was pledged the faith of England's monarch through the signature of his minister; and it undertakes not only for British subjects, but for all who claimed the protection of Britain, to evacuate the Mosquito territory. Yet Lord Palmerston asserts that the separate and distinct independence of the Mosquito territory, "Mosquito NATION" and "*Mosquito King*," was clearly established; that they had co-existed with Spanish dominion, and were never subject to it, and that they were *always upheld by Great Britain*. The treaty does not contain a word of the "*Mosquito King*," nor a stipulation guaranteeing the maintenance of his crown and dignity to that great potentate of history; none for the integrity of the "*Mosquito Nation*," none for that separate "*Mosquito State*," which flourish so conspicuously in his lordship's despatch; not even the bare mention of their names.—On the contrary, the British, and all whom they abetted, were to evacuate the said "STATE" and "NATION," and utterly repudiate, abandon and deny the said "KING." One stipulation there was: not that the king or nation or state should be recognized, but that Spain would not exercise any cruelty towards the revolted Mosquito Indians who had taken part with England in the war just then terminated. Over this stipulation his lordship pauses and triumphs. Lo! he says, "there is an act of substantial protectorship." Yes, truly, over a "King,"—not even named; over a "Nation," the idea of which is scouted, and a "State" abandoned and evacuted for ever.

Ah, my lord, if this be the reasoning which compelled the concessions of the Clayton Treaty, all we can say is, that your plenipotentiary's suavity must be invincibly seductive, for if addressed to a ragged urchin from one of our ward schools, he would laugh in your face for a fool or a blower. Possibly his lordship may remember, that when the British Parliament were compelled to repeal the American Stamp Act, with much inflated pomp they passed a resolution, declaring that they "had, and of right ought to have, the power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever;" thus recording in the same breath their own defeat, and a swaggering persistence in a proposition at once impotent and untrue. His "protectorship" is an act somewhat of the same kind.

It will be remembered that the right acquired by the British in Belize was only a bare right of occupancy, subject to the unrestricted sovereignty of Spain. When that title was evicted, the title of the occupants was evicted with it; the British, however, still hold the territory, which is of considerable extent and value, upon no higher or other plea than the inability of the owners to dispossess them. But its occupation is only important to our present inquiry, in so far as it afforded a safe and convenient theatre for the infamies meditated and practised against the State of Nicaragua.

The Mosquito dynasty seems to have been broken and forgotten in the minds of the British for a long series of years after the treaty of 1786. Nor even after the claims of that house were revived, do they appear to have received the undivided allegiance of the British cabal. A descendant of Rob Roy, Sir Gregor M'Gregor, assumed sovereign sway over some huts on the Mosquito coast. The history of his reign is not important. It was short and disastrous. But the struggle with Spain, and the more bloody struggle between the new republics, afforded time and opportunity for British diplomacy. One, two and three heirs of the Sambo dynasty were brought and crowned at Belize, in the midst of a blasphemous debauch, of which we give one sample, from Dunn's Central America. Dunn writes as an Englishman:

"Before, however, his chiefs could swear allegiance to their monarch, it was necessary that they should profess Christianity; and, accordingly, with shame be it recorded, they were baptized, 'in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' They displayed total ignorance of the meaning of this ceremony, and when asked to give their names, took the titles of Lord Rodney, Lord Nelson, or some other celebrated officer, and seemed grievously disappointed when told that they could only be baptized by simple Christian names.

"After this solemn mockery was concluded, the whole assembly adjourned to a large school-room to eat the coronation dinner, when these poor creatures got all intoxicated with rum; a suitable conclusion to a farce as blasphemous and wicked as ever disgraced a Christian country."

The port of San Juan, as its name attests, is of Spanish origin. On the establishment of the independence of Central America, the federal Government had a fortification and custom port there. It belonged to, and was recognized as part of, the state of Nicaragua, during the existence of the republic. When Nicaragua became independent and sovereign, she held undisputed possession of it. His Lordship asserts that she seized it forcibly only in 1836. She could not seize it sooner, for she had no national existence, and the force was only such as was necessary to maintain excise regulations.

If the baseness of the entire proceeding admits of a blacker shade, it is to be found in the barefaced hypocrisy of the following note, addressed by the same Mr. Chatfield to the Government of Nicaragua, in justification of the outrage:

"Her Majesty's Government is desirous that Nicaragua should feel assured, that *in this instance, as in all others*, its acts are based on the *broadest principles of justice and equity.*"

If beyond this there is a further depth of public profligacy, it is to be found in Lord Palmerston's cool assertion:

"*There cannot be the smallest doubt that the port of Greytown, at the mouth of the River San Juan, belongs to the Mosquito territory.*"

This, after his own directions to his agent to point out the line that should be "insisted on," and after that agent's impudent reply that the river was the line,—not that was right or just, or to which this imaginary state had even an imaginary claim, but which it behooved "*British interests to maintain, and at once assert.*"

These are the circumstances under which San Juan was seized and is now retained by Great Britain, in defiance of good faith, and justice, and decency, all equally outraged by her wanton piracy. And whether she shall continue to defy and insult the integrity of nations and the common sense of mankind, is the ultimate question the American people have to determine.

We have seen how England obtained her hold on Belize and on what terms she retains it. It is of the last advantage to her in pushing her crafty policy in Central America.

How Costa Rica has become involved in the question, remains to be told. The events already detailed leave no doubt as to the part taken by England in bringing about the rupture of the Federal Republic. But during the existence of that federation a dispute arose between Costa Rica and Nicaragua as to their respective right to the territory of Nicoya. The boundary of Costa Rica, on the Atlantic shore, is the lower mouth of the River San Juan. But that river takes nearly a southern course. The dividing line of the old states took its direction from the above point, across the country in a western direction, to the northern extremity of the Gulf of Nicoya. Costa Rica claimed the river San Juan as the boundary line the entire way to Lake Nicaragua, distant about one hundred and fifty miles from the point above indicated. Congress possessed the power under the Constitution of defining the State boundary lines. In pursuance of that power, it issued the following decree on the 9th of December, 1826:

"For the present, and until the boundaries of the several States shall be fixed in accordance with Art. 7 of the Constitution, the department of Nicoya *shall be separated from* Nicaragua and *attached* to Costa Rica."

This decree clearly establishes the right of Nicaragua to the territory. It directs that it should be *separated from it*, thereby recognizing, beyond all question, that it rightfully belonged to it. The decree was binding only as long as the federation lasted, and on its dissolution her old right reverted to the sovereign State of Nicaragua. Costa Rica continued to insist on that acquired by the decree, at the instigation and under the protection of England. The dispute was the subject of long controversy and more than one conference, but owing to the interference of England, it remains unsettled to this hour. Not so, however, is it treated in Eng-

land. There the title of Costa Rica is assumed to be a fixed and determined fact, and upon it are grounded her pretensions to claim a modification of the treaty with Nicaragua, which has not yet been ratified by the United States' senate.

These facts make England's object perfectly clear, and her present insulting demand intelligible. She seeks to control the projected canal at the Atlantic mouth in virtue of her Mosquito juggle: and at the other mouth, through the claim of Costa Rica, which for that purpose she shamelessly abets. Costa Rica is under her protection and in her power: and the claim of that State to the northern bank of the river and northern shore of the lake, is England's claim, and her's alone. If she should succeed in establishing the unwashed majesty of Mosquito, she need not trouble herself about the Costa Rica claim. Then, probably, it would become her interest to *protect* Costa Rica by insisting on a slice of her territory beyond the San Juan, the imaginary claim to which Mr. Chatfield "took the precaution" to indicate in his protocol. But should that impudent farce fail her, she will have to rely on a more equivocal robbery committee in the name of her "good *ally*, Costa Rica."

Thus has England obtained the power which she is now preparing further to abuse. She starts from this point: "Nicaragua has guaranteed to give to the United States what Nicaragua had not the power to bestow. She has granted a right of passage through territory not hers, and over a lake which is only her boundary." This is the language of her journals and pamphlets: her diplomatists hold another, but with precisely the same object. In order that this object may appear in its true light, it is necessary to consider the articles of the Nicaraguan and Clayton treaties which Mr. Bulwer alleges to be incompatible.

The Nicaraguan arrangement, be it remembered, was negotiated prior to the Clayton treaty; its stipulations are therefore entitled to prior consideration in this review.

Mr. Squier, the American negotiator, had express instructions from the Secretary of State. They were based upon a formal and full recognition of the rights of Nicaragua. He was directed to exclude from his consideration altogether and absolutely the violent and unjustifiable seizure of San Juan, and the ridiculous pretences of the Mosquito King, and to act precisely as if that robbery had not been committed, and that potentate never heard of. On this basis he was further advised so to conduct his negotiation as not to involve his country in the difficulties with other nations that now beset the government of Nicaragua. That government anxiously and earnestly sought to have the protection guaranteed to the canal extended over the nation; but Mr. Squier, in obedience to his instructions, declined to accede to the proposal.

The obligations to which he pledged the United States, admit of no misconception or mistake. They are explicit and perfect. That they are not exclusive or narrow; that they monopolize no special advantages for this empire, from which any other nation is precluded, is amply attested by the subjoined article, which Mr. Squier had inserted in the covenant of agreement between the American Ship Canal Company and the Nicaraguan government.

ARTICLE 36.—It is expressly stipulated that *the citizens, vessels, products and manufactures of all nations*, shall be permitted to pass upon the proposed canal

through the territories of Nicaragua, subject to no other nor higher duties, charges or taxes, than shall be imposed on those of the United States; provided always, that such nations shall first enter into the same treaty stipulations and guarantees respecting said canal, as may be entered into between the State of Nicaragua and the United States.

Here is a broad engagement on behalf of mankind, by which the republic voluntarily and irrevocably binds herself. On the occasion of entering into it, America stood alone and uncontrolled. The will of Nicaragua was at her disposal. She might construct the canal through that state at her pleasure. That she has resources adequate to its completion, and unquestioned strength to defend it against England, no sane Englishman can seriously deny. Any stipulations she chose to enter into with a sovereign state recognized by the nations of this hemisphere, are beyond the sphere of European diplomacy. But diplomatic contest would be idle if she chose to unfurl her flag over the mouth of the canal. She has, perhaps, done better in giving this great lesson of forbearance. To permit its terms to be abused is another thing. Against this her honor is staked by the great principle on which her national existence is based.

We subjoin the provisions of the Nicaraguan treaty to which Mr. Bulwer objects:

"Art. 2d. And inasmuch as a contract was entered into on the twenty-seventh day of August, 1849, between the Republic of Nicaragua and a company of citizens of the United States, styled the "American Atlantic and Pacific-Ship Canal Company," and in order to secure the construction and permanence of the great work thereby contemplated, both high contracting parties do severally and jointly agree to protect and defend the above named company, in the full and perfect enjoyment of said work from its inception to its completion, and after its completion from any acts of invasion, forfeiture, or violence, from whatever quarter the same may proceed; and to give full effect to the stipulations here made, and to secure for the benefit of mankind the uninterrupted advantages of such communication from sea to sea, *the United States distinctly recognizes the rights of sovereignty and property which the state of Nicaragua possesses in and over the line of said canal*, and for the same reason guarantees positively and efficaciously the entire neutrality of the same, so long as it shall remain *under the control of citizens of the United States*, and so long as the United States shall enjoy the privileges secured to them in the preceding section of this article."

"*Art. 4th. And it is also agreed on the part of the Republic of Nicaragua, that none of the rights, privileges, and immunities guaranteed, and by the preceding articles, but especially by the first section of this article, conceded to the United States and its citizens, shall accrue to any other nation, or to its citizens, except such nation shall first enter into the same treaty stipulations for the defence and protection of the proposed great inter-oceanic canal, which have been entered into by the United States, in terms the same with those embraced in section 2d of this article.*"

The particular stipulations he demands the modification of, are marked in italics. He alleges that they are inconsistent with the Clayton Treaty. Even if this were true, so impudent an assumption is not to be found in international history. It is peculiarly English, nor could it be more appropriately advanced than by the man who yet smarts under the scorn of the nation his impertinence had insulted. But it is not true. Every word of the above is framed from Mr. Clayton's express directions. We cite one passage:

"*Will other nations interested in a free passage to and from the Pacific by the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, tamely allow that interest to be thwarted by the pretensions of Great Britain? As regards the United States, the question may be confidently answered in the negative.*"

Evidently the Ex-Secretary here refers to the occupation of San Juan. Evidently San Juan is the "*fortification,*" which England guaranteed by that treaty not to hold. Otherwise Mr. Clayton would not alone be a fool and a knave, but the suicide of his own character. There is no doubt he understood it so; the Senate understood it so; the whig party understood it so, and the whig press boasted of it as such. Mr. Bulwer knew it to be so understood by them all. He uttered no remonstrance or remark, and was therefore a party to the general belief of the American Congress, press and people. If he contrived by any juggle to have words inserted which are now relied on to justify a different construction, the sooner he is given to understand that the American people reject all stipulations conceived in perfidy and executed in fraud, the better. The construction England now puts on the Clayton Treaty is simply a lie; and unless she speedily withdraws it, and all pretensions founded upon it, the American people must prepare to redeem the pledge given by Mr. Clayton, on the faith of which the Nicaraguan Treaty was negotiated. Between its fulfilment and absolute cowardice, there is no middle place.

It will be remembered, that previous to the treaty, was published Mr. Bulwer's famous, or infamous, epistle to Mr. Chatfield, in which the spirit of British diplomacy was pretty clearly indicated. Done into plain English, that letter would read thus:

"You know the people you are dealing with. In one sense they are swindlers, and in another cowards. Be you therefore cautious, cunning, and double-tongued. Bluster and lie as far as it is safe, but do not go too far, lest you may be taken at your word. In all your negotiations the ultimate argument of force must be kept in view."

While issuing these instructions his excellency was no doubt meditating how he could carry them out himself through the medium of protocols. The same Mr. Chatfield now impudently announces his success. In a despatch to the Government of Nicaragua, here is what that worthy and most modest diplomatist says:

"It is impossible that Nicaragua should be ignorant of Her Britannic Majesty's relation to the Mosquito question, as it has before it the letter of Viscount Palmerston, of the date of the 15th of April last, in which he declares, in the most clear and direct terms, the utter impossibility of acceding to the pretensions of Nicaragua. On the other hand, the treaty of Messrs. Clayton and Bulwer, about which you have so much to say, and in which you express so much confidence, *expressly recognizes the Mosquito Kingdom, and sets aside the rights which you pretend Nicaragua has on that coast.* The true policy for Nicaragua is to undeceive herself in this respect, and to put no further confidence in the protestations or assurances of *pretended* friends. It will be far better for her to come to an understanding without delay with Great Britain, on which nation depends not only the welfare and commerce of the state, but also the probability of accomplishing anything positive concerning inter-oceanic communication through her territories, because it is only in London that the necessary capital for such an enterprise can be found."

As long as Mr. Clayton was in office, it was not thought convenient to avow this premeditated fraud and outrage. But now that the same office is filled by one supposed to be more accommodating to England, it is un-

blushingly put forward. That it is accompanied by insult and insolence, is of no actual import, one way or another. Happily, America can afford to laugh at the sneer imputing to her *poverty, weakness and falsehood.* The question she has to settle with herself, with Nicaragua and with the world, is, shall she maintain her own faith? If ever pledge was irrevocable, hers to maintain to Nicaragua the uninterrupted dominion of the territory through which the canal passes, is so. Shrink from or evade it, she cannot, without shame everlasting. Its abandonment would involve, not alone the violation of a solemn pact, but a coward and treacherous relinquishment of those lofty and defiant principles to which her earliest statesmen—her noblest, wisest and best, laid claim. What becomes of Washington's, Jefferson's, Monroe's and Polk's defiance to Europe, while the British flag floats over San Juan? When France contested the right of Texan annexation, what said James K. Polk? France was then supposed to be omnipotent. She was governed, it was said, by the wisest head and firmest heart in Europe. The President's answer was, "right or wrong, you have no business to interfere, and you shall not."

Where, now, are those who boast the principles of that illustrious man? If there be treason, let it not be found in their ranks. They yet command a majority in the Senate. If they blanch in face of this question, they are doubly traitors. God has afforded them an opportunity of protecting the empire from infamy and betrayal, and at the same time vindicating the highest principle of their party. In both they will be sustained by the people. No American will ever flinch from the banner on which is inscribed,—

"We consider any attempt on the part of European nations to extend their system to any portion of the American continent, as dangerous to our peace and safety." AND SO HELP US GOD, IT SHALL NOT BE.

[NOTE.—Since the above was in type, Mr. Clayton's explicit statement has reached us. He seems to be very confident. Alas! he must have been a sad match for Mr. Bulwer. He doubts the genuineness of the letter, and doubts again that England would sanction the villainy it announces. Good, easy Mr. Clayton! Hear what he states:]

"In the negotiation of the Central American treaty—to proclaim the ratification of which was the last official act of his life—he insisted on a clause, now to be found in that treaty, which denied to Great Britain any right, in future, to colonize, fortify, or assume or exercise any dominion whatever over any part of Central America or the Mosquito coast—a clause which expressly forbids to Great Britain the right to use any protectorate for the purpose of exercising dominion, and also forbids to her any right to assume dominion for the purpose of maintaining a protectorate. He himself desired to recognize the Nicaraguan title by the Nicaraguan treaty, but left the question, after submitting that treaty to the Senate, with an avowal of his willingness to ratify it, to be decided as the Senate should think proper.

"I have seen" (said Mr. Clayton) "within a few days past, a statement purporting to embrace an official letter from Mr. Chatfield, the British Charge d'Affaires, to the Minister of Foreign Relations of Nicaragua, in which it is declared that the treaty negotiated between this Government and that of Great Britain, 'expressly recognizes the Mosquito Kingdom, as aside from the rights which you (the Nicaragua Minister) pretend Nicaragua has on the coast.' If Mr. Chatfield ever wrote such a letter, which I confess I greatly doubt, he has been guilty of a perversion of the treaty which no honorable Government could defend for a moment, and which the British authorities, I am well satisfied, would disdain to adopt."

We shall see.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE AMERICAN UNION;

OR, THE PRINCIPLES OF ITS COHESIVENESS.

To the HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON,

Senator in Congress from the State of New-York:

MY DEAR SIR,—I know of no person who is more likely than you to accord with me in a large part of the following political views. I much wish they had proceeded from you, or any person blessed by public station with the advantage of possessing the public ear, and thereby of effecting much public good. Numerous observations teach me painfully that we may parody holy writ and say, "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not——" public station, the words become "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Still the few readers I shall be able to obtain, may, possibly, inspirit some one of our public men to elaborate more successfully than I am able, the cohesive principles of our union, and thereby diffuse a knowledge, of which our citizens seem lamentably deficient. Hoping for the best, and with the utmost confidence in the good intentions towards the union of all our citizens every where, and soliciting you to read patiently the following pages, which emanate, as you will readily believe, from only an ardent love of our political institutions,

I am, with great respect,
Your friend and obedient servant,

Utica, New-York, Jan. 1, 1850. THE AUTHOR.

THE ELEMENTS OF DISUNION.

WHOM God hath united let no man separate, is an injunction applied to man and woman in matrimony, and is founded on the correlative organization of the wedded couple. God has created each of the parties incomplete without the other, and endued each with organs, desires, intellectual tendencies and physical powers subsidiary to the social coalescence of the two. The same injunction is occasionally applied fondly to the political union of the sovereign states in our national confederacy; but we shall speak more profitably, in times like the present, if we examine less poetically the characteristics of our federal nationality, which instead of being a union that nature dictated, is a result of consummate art to unite those whom God separated, making some of them powerful and others feeble, scattering them also apart with vast intervening distances; diversifying them with great differences of climate, natural productions, social habits, industrial pursuits and capabilities, so that even a uniform tariff of imposts, which shall be compatible with the prosperity of all the States, is constantly a result of elaborately adjusted compromises between the antagonistic interests of the respective confederates. So violent were these antagonisms brought into conflict in the year 1832, by a tariff that was deemed too favorable to protection, and consequently too aggressive to the non-manufacturing States who were only consumers, that South Carolina organized a system of resistance to its collection; though a tariff is the most indispensable want of the general government, and to

insure its uniformity in all the States, was one of the principal motives for the formation of the Union. So the long embargo that occurred during the presidency of Jefferson, and the long commercial non-intercourse with foreign countries, and subsequent war during the presidency of Madison, were results of some of the most indispensable functions of every government; but they affected our States so differently, that while some prospered thereunder, others were so injured, that a convention was assembled at Hartford to give organization and efficiency to the dissatisfied, with a view to the coercive termination of their grievances.

The foregoing elements of disunion are inveterated by the constituent formation of our national legislature. In the French chambers the members are all Frenchmen; but our members of Congress are effectively Georgians, New-Yorkers, Carolinians, Pennsylvanians, &c., every member being identified by interest and by filial attachments with the State he represents, and to whose partiality he owes his station and ordinarily his hopes of further advancement; hence the importance which is attached by the States respectively to the admission of new States into the Union, as influencing the balance of power in Congress between the geographical divisions of the confederacy. The practical effect of this want of homogeneity in our legislature is seen in the hostility which existed to the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, to the acquisition of Texas, to the progress of our victories in Mexico, and in our churlish reception, by treaty, of California and New Mexico.

The elements of disunion which we thus exemplify rather than enumerate, are not an unexpected ingredient in our confederacy. They manifested themselves in the convention that formed our national Constitution, and constituted an obstacle which seemed for a long time insurmountable, and which was ultimately overcome by only numerous compromises. "To draw with precision the line between those rights which must be surrendered, and those which may be preserved, is at all times difficult," said the convention; "and on the present occasion this difficulty," say they, "was increased by a difference among the several States as to their situation, extent, habits, and particular interests. The Constitution which we now present is the result of a spirit of amity, and of that natural deference and concession which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable. That it will meet the full and entire approbation of every State is not, perhaps, to be expected; but each will doubtless consider, that had her interests alone been consulted, the consequences might have been particularly disagreeable or injurious to others.

"By the unanimous order of the Convention,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President.*"

The most efficient compromise in forming the general government was a limitation of its powers.

When we speak of the compromises of the Constitution, we are prone to regard only the provisions that relate to domestic slavery. These compromises proceeded from the clashing interests of the several States; but the most important compromise is referred to in the above address of General Washington, where he speaks "of drawing with precision the line between those rights which must be surrendered, and those which may be preserved." This compromise consisted in reconciling the clashing interests of the federal sovereignty that was to be created, and the State's sovereignty that was sought to be retained. The reconcilement was eventually perfected by limiting the action of the

general government to a small number of expressed objects. The States had recently emerged from a contest with Great Britain, whose monarch had, by a definitive treaty, ceded his undoubted sovereignty not to the United States as a whole, but to each State severally and by name; hence the States went into the constitutional convention as independent sovereigns. They severally determined to make no surrenders of power not dictated by their respective interests; and they left the convention in the belief that they retained all the sovereignty they had not specifically surrendered. We may well admire the elaborate precautions that were taken in the constitution to render this belief apparent and secure; but to make the restriction as definite as language can make it, the first congress that assembled under the new constitution, (March 4th, 1789,) added thereto an amendment, which was subsequently duly ratified, that, "the powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or the people." The amendment grew out of a desire therefor by several States, expressed when they originally acceded to the constitution; and for the avowed object of "preventing misconception or abuse of power."

The cohesiveness of the confederacy, and the circumscription of its powers, are made by nature measures of each other.

When France adopted recently universal suffrage as the basis of her republic, Lamartine remarked in its favor, that it was the strongest basis which any government could adopt, by reason that all occasions for revolution were extinguished, when a people can at all times legally adapt public measures to their own will. By like principles a confederacy in which each confederate can regulate her own interests, must be the most cohesive of all associations,—no occasion for disunion being possible. But a liberty so extensive would render impossible any efficient general action; hence the framers of our constitution approximated to this extreme liberty, as far as practicable, by leaving to the respective states all their sovereignty, except in a few particulars, whose surrender was deemed beneficial to each and all. Indeed, no mathematical proposition can be more certain, than that we diminish the causes of disunion, in proportion as we circumscribe the number of occasions in which the action of the general government can legally conflict with any local special interest. The converse of this rule is equally true, and if our states should unanimously alter the constitution, giving unlimited sovereignty to the general government, our local interests, habits and pursuits are so conflicting, that the Union would soon break into fragments, as all former large empires have broken, whose cohesion has been military force,—a cohesion which alone holds together antagonistic interests that a single legislature attempts to subject to procrustean laws.

The construction of our confederacy is wiser than its framers.

The preservative virtue which, as shown above, is innate in the limited powers of our general government, was not foreseen by the framers of our National Constitution, wise and patriotic as we delight to deem them. The limitations originated in the accidental division of our country into separate colonies, with separate legislative organizations, and other concomitants of distinct sovereignties. Had our people been united under one government before our separation from Great Britain, the whole, after the attainment of independence, would doubtless have continued united under some single organization; notwithstanding the lesson of all history

that large consolidated governments, whether monarchical or republican, contain alike the elements of dissolution. Happily, therefore, for us, when our ancestors convened to "form a more perfect union," the discordant interests of our extensive country were already grouped into separate state sovereignties, and could be united under one federal whole only by continuing measurably distinct. Our national government commenced, therefore, in a separation, just where a consolidated national government would have violently terminated, after some years of smouldering rebellion. The wisdom of no man could have originated the conception of a government limited like ours, and we are yet to learn whether man possesses wisdom enough to endure its restraints. To err in this particular is most easy, for while the motive for limitations can be seen only by laborious examination, the motives for disregarding their spirit, if not their letter, are as apparent to every member of Congress, and partisan orator, as the blessings which he sees deducible from any measure that will minister to his prejudices, interests or self-conceit.

The limitations of our Constitution are as favorable to personal liberty as to the duration of our confederacy.

Notwithstanding the world has gazed at our political system for more than sixty years, the vulgar principle of forcibly subjecting one locality to the interests and notions of another, is the only kind of aggregative nationality that is yet practised in Europe; hence the first use which France made of its lately acquired republicanism was to impose the philanthropy of France on its West India colonies, by abolishing therein domestic slavery, irrespective wholly of the wishes and interests of the colonists, who were thus summarily deprived of self-government. Such an intermeddling with other people's consciences and property, though probably consummated in deference to liberty, is repugnant to the more pervading liberty which results from permitting every community to regulate its own domestic polity,—a liberty which is as precious to a small community as to a larger, and which is only surrendered by any, from physical necessity.

The principle of interference by one community with the local concerns of another, is, however, never limited to domestic slavery. It is practised towards the religious prejudices of Ireland, who evinces constant uneasiness to be disconnected from England. The principle of interference, wherever established, obeys no limit, but the sufferance of its victims; hence the repeated insurrections of Poland to be severed from Russia, and the late sanguinary struggle of Hungary to be independent of Austria. These sad results of interference contrast now with the conduct of Texas, voluntarily relinquishing her distinct nationality, and in the language of a great man, "fighting her way into the Union." And look at California, when lately the steam-ship Oregon was descried in the bay of San Francisco, and by the continued booming of her cannon, gave note that she brought great news. Soon multitudes of joyfully-expectant people rushed to the beach, and from every pinnacle floated suddenly the "stars and stripes," for California was admitted into the Union. But let no man be so superficial as to suppose, that the bells which were pealed on that occasion, the bonfires which lighted every hill, the public meetings for congratulation, and the general enthusiasm, were produced by considerations that California had become connected with a powerful sovereignty. The enthusiasm arose from a consciousness that California had herself become sovereign,

with only so much subjection to the general government as California believed was for her advantage.

The limitations of the Constitution depend more on their construction than on their letter.

Having shown that the limitations of the Constitution are as favorable to the most extensive liberty, as to the longest duration of our confederacy, we gain but little, because the efficiency of the limitations will depend on the rules of construction which we apply to them. This is discoverable in the diversity of opinions which at different times have prevailed on the constitutionality of a national bank, and in numerous other constitutional conflicts of opinion which have filled volumes of law reports. Captiousness is not the origin of the disagreements, but an inherent diversity of men's feelings, interests, knowledge and acuteness; hence the principles which are to be used in construing constitutional limitations, are of more practical importance than the words in which the limitations are expressed.

LOOSE CONSTRUCTION.

But all constructions of any instrument are governed by the objects which the construer thinks the instrument was designed to subserve ; hence every remedial statute is construed liberally by judges, that the intended remedy may be made effectual. But when a statute imposes a penalty, it is construed strictly, that the intended injury may not be inflicted, if the language of the statute can afford a reasonable doubt of its applicability. A politician, therefore, who views the limitations of the Constitution as a remedy against a dissolution of the confederacy,—(and hence as the only means whereby any political good can be permanently accomplished by the confederacy,) will be a strict constructionist of the powers of the Constitution. But the politician who looks superficially at the limitations, deeming them only unreasonable obstructions of the power "to promote the general welfare," will deem the limitations as penalties, to be inflicted only where they must; and he will be a loose constructionist of the powers of the Constitution. John Quincy Adams, who was an open and fearless propounder of a loose construction, as he was of all opinions which he honestly entertained, said, in his first presidential message to Congress, "while dwelling with pleasing satisfaction upon the superior excellence of our political institutions, let us not be unmindful that liberty is power ; that the nation, blessed with the largest portion of liberty, must, in proportion to its numbers, be the most powerful nation upon earth ; and that the tenure of power by man, is, in the moral purposes of his Creator, upon condition that it shall be exercised to the ends of beneficence, to improve the condition of himself and his fellow-men. While foreign nations, less blessed than ourselves with that freedom which is power, are advancing with gigantic strides in the career of public improvement; were we to slumber in indolence, or fold up our arms and proclaim to the world that we are palsied by the will of our constituents, would it not be to cast away the bounties of Providence, and doom ourselves to perpetual inferiority ?"

All that is thus so well and patriotically stated by Mr. Adams is true, but it is totally inapplicable to our confederacy, who are a nation for only a limited number of purposes, and can continue a nation only by adhering strictly to the limitations; as we may be assured by the present agitations, as well

as by several preceding ones which brought the confederacy to the verge of dissolution. The power to which Mr. Adams alludes, exists in our states respectively, and their people, who, instead "of slumbering in indolence and folding their arms," have advanced in the career of public improvements, canals, rail-roads, plank-roads, electric telegraphs, steamboat navigation, steam-ship construction, public education, and all the other elements of progress, to a degree which no other people ever witnessed; and to a degree which the national government could not have attained had it been legally invested with the attributes of unrestricted sovereignty.*

Our only alternative is strict construction or dissolution.

Seeing then that the loosest construction which can be imagined will not promote good objects so effectively as the strictest construction, we need not regret, that by the laws of nature we possess no alternative but to be content with the good which the general government can effect within the sphere of its most restricted powers, or to weaken the bonds of our Union. Recent events show that these views are more than theoretical, and they have painfully forced on the perception of the most obtuse intellect, that the loose construction by which Congress claims the power to circumscribe domestic slavery in the territories, interferes so sensitively with our southern confederates as to immediately endanger the Union.

Now in relation to the right of a state to secede from the Union, or to redress injuries to her sovereignty by any other means in her power, the right is not constitutional, any more than our original revolution was loyal, or than our war of 1812 was conformable to the definitive treaty made with Great Britain in 1783, and which stipulated for a "perpetual peace." The right of secession is nevertheless perfect, being among the "inalienable rights" referred to in the Declaration of Independence; and with which it says, we are endowed by our Creator. Enumerated among these, are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" and "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government."

We all feel that secession is practicable, and to urge a discontinuance of further annoyances against the South, we have lately seen numerously attended "Union Meetings" in our large commercial cities, and their influence will be salutary; but the parties seem not to have probed to the bottom of the difficulty. Indeed, the superficial views which these meetings take of the difficulty of our position, is painfully indicative that the nature of our confederacy is too little understood by its friends. They see our present danger, and are desirous of averting it; but they seem moved thereto more by fear of consequences than conviction of error, in the principle from which the danger has arisen. They cry aloud for Union, and some would fight for it, but these are not the way (especially the latter) of obtaining it; and humanity may rejoice that it is not. But especially they seem not to know that slavery agitation is only the symptom of a disease, not the disease itself. The disease is a loose construction of the Constitution, and the remedy is a strict construction.

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* For further elucidations on this point, see the author's article in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for December last, entitled, "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Private Corporations."

Slavery is only the symptom of to-day, as a protective tariff was the symptom of 1832, and as a great system of internal improvements by the general government may be the symptom to-morrow. The friends of Union, therefore, should understand that they must be strict constructionists of the Constitution, if they would be Union-men in an intelligent, pervading, and enduring sense.

Wholesome restriction exceeds the conventional restrictions.

Nor need we fear that the strictest construction to which we can subject the constitution, will be prejudical. Our dangers lie not thitherward. The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia is constitutionally within the power of Congress, as was the abolition therein of the slave trade; but who knows not that this legislation is distasteful to the South, and thus conflicts in spirit with the constitutional restrictions which enable the confederacy to hold together? When, also, some years ago, the proceeds of the public lands were distributed among the States in the most equitable manner, to the great relief of some States, and to the support of education in others, yet it was offensive to some of the agricultural States, though certainly constitutional. They saw that the money which was thus diverted from the federal treasury would necessarily be supplied by an enhanced tariff; and that the non-manufacturing States would thus be taxed to the benefit of the manufacturing States, as effectually, as though the tariff had been enhanced for the express purpose of protection.

The most efficient preservative principle is the danger of aggression.

But after enlightening ourselves fully on the preservative qualities of a strict construction of the constitution, how can we insure its application in national legislation? A present good has ever preponderated over a prospective evil. The strong have ever tyrannized over the weaker, to the extent that aggression was met by sufferance. Aggression, therefore, can only be arrested by resistance. Nor is the remedy speculative merely. When Missouri, in 1820, was refused admission into the Union, by reason that the constitution framed by her inhabitants permitted domestic slavery, nothing prevented the consummation of the aggression but unmistakable demonstrations that it would effect a dissolution of the confederacy. So the resistance, in 1832, of South Carolina, to a protective tariff, was mainly effectual in the subsequent abandonment of the principle; till now, the most which is claimed by the opponents of free trade, is an incidental protection, after the expenditures of the government shall be reduced, as much as practicable, by economy and the land money. But to omit old examples, what caused the abandonment, at the last session of Congress, of the Wilmot proviso, though patriotism during the war with Mexico, and our armies there in imminent peril for reinforcements, in vain could cause it to be abandoned? And what caused the efficient amendment of the fugitive slave law, the nullification of which for many long years, had been the labored effort of States, and the favorite amusement of associated societies? and what arouses in nearly all our cities union meetings, without distinction of party, to arrest slavery agitation, on which parties so long have lived? It is the determined spirit evinced by some of the aggrieved States, that they will no longer submit to what outrages their interests and their feelings.

Let not the truly Union men, therefore, look with disapprobation at the agitation which is pervading the South, for it is but the tempest which is

to purify the political atmosphere; and by a means which God has ordained for the purposes of longevity. Nations and society of every grade are kept peaceable and just by only the antagonisms which nature arouses between the aggrieved and the aggressor. Sufferance, on the contrary, but facilitates further aggression; and unrestricted submission in the intercourse of mankind with each other, would be attended with universal ravage, rapine and outrage. Thus, had the slave States tamely submitted to the imposition of the Wilmot proviso to New Mexico and Utah, we should, instead of Union meetings to arrest further agitation, have had meetings every where to spirit forward the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and our confederacy, "soaring in its pride of place," would have been continually thus "hawked at by every mousing owl," till it would have lost all its preservative elements, and become practically a huge consolidation, which the diversity of exasperated local interests, and geographical hatreds, would, eventually, have broken into irreparable fragments.

For the aggrieved to resist aggression is, therefore, the most patriotic of duties; and the fault of the South consists in not having resisted effectually in 1820, instead of compromising by the circumscription of slavery in Missouri. If an injured party is subdued by force, he must submit; but he who submits without physical necessity is an accessory to his own dishonor; and in our confederacy he becomes an accomplice in the overthrow of the Union.

All the concessions of the South have been rendered without an equivalent.

Nor need we be surprised that the South is not quieted by the late compromise measures. Who sees not that the Californians formed their constitution under the coercion of knowing that admission into the Union was impracticable, except by a prohibition of slavery; and that an extension of the interdict over nearly all the territory acquired from Mexico, would facilitate the admission. To say that the new fugitive slave law is an equivalent for this aggression, is to aggravate the injury by taking advantage of our own wrong; for the new law is beneficial to the South only because we practically nullified the old. The like may be said of our abandonment of the Wilmot proviso in the organization of New Mexico and Utah, an abandonment that was useful to the South by reason only of our wrong in meditating the restriction. In short, every compromise the South has entered into has resulted in a sacrifice without an an available equivalent. Capitation and other direct taxation was, by the constitution, to be apportioned among the States according to the ratio of their representation; hence, rather than be taxed for the whole number of their slaves, the South consented that every five slaves should be counted as only three persons. But no direct taxation is levied, and the loss of representation by the South is without an equivalent; aggravated, too, by the fact that every five slaves who escape into the North without being recaptured, will be represented in Congress as five persons; though the blacks are usually as much debarred from the right of suffrage in the North as in the South.

The remedy which alone can restore fraternal harmony.

The people, like other sovereigns, are so little accustomed to hear truth, that the foregoing remarks may seem strange; but the time is arrived

when the whole truth should be told, that our citizens, never acting intentionally wrong, may know what is due to their virtue and patriotism. They will not learn it from partisan leaders, who, in speaking of even the late compromise measures, seem more intent on apologizing for abandoning the Wilmot Proviso, (some law of God having superseded it, they say,) than by wholesomely inculcating the usurpation of its infliction. To thus doubt the patriotism and wisdom of the people is an old error, and will not medicate the wounds we have inflicted in fraternal bosoms. In vain, also, are our protestations of love for the Union, unless we show our love more effectively than by declamations;—and be assured, that a forbearance from lawlessly obstructing the Fugitive Slave law, (armed, as it now is, with fearful penalties, and with a President said to be determined to enforce them,) is not all that is required by love for the Union; nor is mere abstinence from further aggression,—little more remaining for further aggression to accomplish. If our Union demonstrations are something more than a temporary bending to the whirlwind of our own raising, we must make restitution to the South, by a division of California at the latitude of 36° 30′; some ten millions of dollars given for which, will bless California, and regain the friendship of the South.

THE CONCLUSION.

Politicians who excite each other in Congressional debate, are prone to mistake for public feeling what is only an effect of their own position. The people of the North cared nothing last winter what terms of compromise should be concocted, so long as the terms would restore peace; and they care nothing now for the respective measures, except as they shall prove effectual towards harmony. In truth, the North had, last winter, no surrenders to make, but a relinquishment of their own unwarrantable interference with the domestic relations of other men, as free as themselves, and as capable of self-government. If these views impute too much good sense to the North, and especially if we are not prepared for such a reversal of our conduct as is urged in the foregoing leaves, we are not equal to the exigency of the times, or to live under a confederate government such as no preceding people ever enjoyed. The South, even now, show a placability (as they have during our whole period of encroachments) which nothing can cause but a great love for the Union. We may, therefore, under a persistance in our errors, enjoy a truce for a season,—but no enduring union. With the restoratives herein recommended, and a strict construction of the constitution in all future legislation, we may safely expect long years of internal tranquillity. Geographical divisions, which constitute "the madness of the many for the gain of a few," will fade away. No causes will exist for rejecting new confederates, by local jealousies in regard to the balance of sectional strength; and we may diffuse the blessings of our system illimitably, Canada-ward or Mexico-ward, to the advantage of ourselves, and the happiness of others. In the language, therefore, of inspiration, (and no language is too sacred,) placed before you this day are good and evil. Choose ye!

THE TREASURY.*

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury has become a mere partisan document in the hands of politicians, instead of an important State Paper fraught with information, and based on sound principles of finance. It is to be remarked, that the laws of trade and the principles of finance, have been recognized, defined and developed, since the establishment, by Congress, of the Treasury Department. Since then the great lessons of the French finances during the revolution; of the operations of the Bank of England, suspended during the war; the effect of peace upon trade and finances, which had received an anomalous direction during a war of twenty-five years; the experience of two United States banks, one during a state of European war and restricted commerce, another during a period of peace, of increasing trade and industrial competition, with an extraordinary development of national and individual credits on a grand scale, leading to disaster, have been given to the world. Meanwhile the position of the United States has, in forty years, gradually changed in respect of other nations, until she now takes a leading position, holding in her hand that thread of cotton which she has woven around England and western Europe, putting them upon their good behavior. From a strictly prohibitive policy, Great Britain, under the force of American competition, has gradually burst every legislative restriction until she approximates entire free trade. The nations of western Europe have made progress in the same direction, although somewhat more slowly. The United States have corrected that erroneous financial policy which caused our interests to hang on the credits granted in Threadneedle-street. We have, in the last ten years, refused credit, and conducted a cash business which has made us independent, and capital has accumulated in the country to an extraordinary extent, while the importance, to all interests, of a free interchange of the products of industry, without which labor is of little value, has become manifest. All these lessons have been given to the world in the last fifty years, and the modified commercial policy of all commercial nations, affords evidence of the truths they have taught. The United States alone show no progress commercially, although they have improved financially. The Reports of the two Secretaries, Meredith and Corwin, carry the reader back half a century. They contain only the crude notions of trade and commerce which might have been entertained by a fourth-rate statesman of the last century. What would be thought of a Secretary who would gravely recommend to cotton-spinning machinery that was in use half a century since, without alluding to the wonderful improvements which experience has since suggested? Yet this has gravely been done in relation to the nation's commercial policy. The lesson taught by the pauper condition of England, and the starvation of Ireland, the legitimate results of a century and a-half of mis-government, is entirely lost upon the head of the Treasury Department. He does not rise above the petty contentions of faction, to recognize only the

* Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, to both houses of Congress. ecember, 1850.

true interests of the whole people of the Union. He sees, if he sees at all, in the example of England, only that a small class of persons have, by the operation of her laws, become enormously rich, while the great mass of the people are paupers. The few rich monopolize the wealth and honors of the State; and the Secretary seeks to form such a class here, by pursuing the same policy of debt and indirect taxes. He is the Secretary only of the small class of capitalists, in whose accumulation of wealth at the expense of labor he alone recognizes national prosperity. It is now eight years since the great minister of England embodied the experience which the events of the previous forty years had taught, into that policy which parliament adopted. The exclusive and protective policy had been in operation for 150 years. Its result was, a continual increase of pauperism, until one-fourth of the British subjects were paupers, and the revenue of the government was annually failing through the impossibility of collecting taxes. This whole system was reversed. Direct taxes were imposed, and indirect taxes remitted. Since 1842, customs and excise duties have been remitted to the amount of £10,454,348, say $50,000,000; and they produced in

1850	£37,271,961	equal	$185,000,000.
1842	36,140,313	"	180,000,000.
Increase..	£ 1,131,048		$ 5,000,000.

Thus, by diminishing the taxes, $50,000,000, their yield has been increased $5,000,000. The effect of this is a greater enjoyment of comfort by the people; the reward of industry is greater. There is a greater demand for labor, and its remuneration is greater; consequently, pauperism is diminishing. And if immense fortunes cease to increase, it is because a reversal of the policy which piled them up in the coffers of the few, is causing them to be re-distributed among the people who created them. Instead of taxing labor for the entire support of the government, property has now to bear the burden. We are now to remember that the average rate of import duties in England is ten per cent., and in the United States twenty-five per cent., which is a reduction on the tariff of 1842. This reduction has produced a considerable increase of the revenues, and swollen them to an amount sufficient to cover the large expenditures which it has been the policy of the present administration to adopt. Contrary to all the predictions of the protectionists, the reduction of the tariff here, as in England, increased the amount derived from it; because the modification of the duties upon interchange of products increased the quantities bought and sold, in a greater ratio. In the face of this experience, Messrs. Meredith and Corwin directed their efforts to exaggerate the expenditures, in order to create a pretext for again raising the rate of duties. It is the misrepresentations in this respect of which the nation has most cause to complain. We had occasion to show, last year, when remarking upon the report of Mr. Meredith, who estimated that a loan of $16,000,000 would be required to make good the deficits of the years 1850 and 1851, that he exaggerated the amount of "former appropriations" which would be required for the year, and was extravagant in his requisitions for current appropriations, while he under-estimated the revenue from the customs. The estimates of Mr. Walker, made December, 1848, for the

year 1850, and of Mr. Meredith, made December, 1849, compare with the actual returns, as given by Mr. Corwin, December, 1850, as follows:

	Mr. Walker, Dec., 1848.	Mr. Meredith, Dec., 1849.	Mr. Corwin, Dec., 1850.
Customs	$32,000,000	31,500,000	39,668,686
Other items	3,400,000	3,299,050	4,106,162
Total receipts	35,400,000	34,799,050	43,774,848
On hand, July 1, 1849	2,856,694	2,184,964	2,184,964
Total means	38,256,694	37,984,014	45,959,812
Total expenses	33,213,152	43,651,586	39,355,268
On hand, July, 1850	$5,040,542	Deficit 5,667,572	On hand 6,604,544

It will be observed that Mr. Meredith increased the estimated expenditures over those of Mr. Walker ten millions, by pretending that the "former appropriations" would be required to be expended to a great extent. This trick we exposed at the time; and it turns out that the expenditures is really $4,300,000 less than his estimate, while the customs revenue is $8,500,000 more than his estimate. A mere error in a financial estimate, by a neophyte statesman, is no great affair; but we gave at that time—that is to say, one year since—our own reasons for disagreeing with Mr. Meredith's report, as follows, page 203, Vol. XXVI:

"It is, however, not alone in the expenditures that these great errors are apparent; the revenue has been as greatly under-estimated. This arises, seemingly, from the fact that not only the general prosperity of the commercial world, in relation to the business of the United States, but the condition and soundness of the internal trade of the Union, growing out of the steady currency insured by the Independent Treasury, operating upon an export trade excited by the mutual modifications of the United States and British tariffs, bringing producers and consumers into more immediate contact, have been totally disregarded by the head of the Treasury, in forming his estimate of the product of the customs for the current year. The consequence is, that the estimates have already been exceeded by several millions; and the prospect is, that even if the enormous expenses contemplated were permitted, the sufficiency of the present tariff would overcome the contemplated deficit. The revenues for the first quarter of the current year, and those estimated for the remaining three quarters, were as follows, as compared with previous years:

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS REVENUE.

Quarter.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
Sept. 30	$8,861,932 14	$6,153,826 58	$11,106,257 41	$8,991 935 07	$11,643,728 54
Sept. 30 to June 30	17,850,735 73	17,594,038 08	20,650,813 55	19,355,103 75	*19,866,171 46
	$26,712,667 87	$23,747,864 66	$31,757,070 96	$28,346,738 82	$31,500,000 00

*Secretary's estimate.

"When this estimate of $19,866,171 46! as the customs revenue from September 30, 1849, to June 30, 1850, was made, the general prosperity of the national trade was apparent to all; cotton was rising rapidly in value, and the financial aspect abroad was such as to indicate a large sale of American produce, and, consequently, that an increased amount of goods, at the advancing prices here, would arrive in payment of the produce sold, to swell the revenues over those of last year. Nevertheless, the estimates were put down at the same as last year, with a ludicrous affectation of exactness, to 46 cents!

"Now it will be observed, that the revenues of the last quarter of 1849 are larger than ever before in that quarter, and are double that of the same quarter under the tariff of 1842. Thus for the first half of the fiscal year the revenue

has been $18,851,788, which, deducted from Mr. Meredith's estimate of $31,500,000 for the year, leaves $12,648,212, against $14,168,884 in 1849 for the second half, which experience shows usually exceeds the first half of the year. The receipts at the port of New-York alone, for January, are $3,026,000, or $1,150,000 more than for the same month last year. At Philadelphia, the January duties are $503,329, against $210,041 last year. At the same rate of increase, the customs revenues for the year will be $40,000,000—that is to say, sufficient to meet the whole expense proposed by the Secretary, and leave nearly $4,000,000 surplus, instead of a deficit of $5,828,121, as estimated by him for July, 1850.

Our own estimate, based upon the same principles as those of Mr. Walker, reached nearly the same result, except in relation to the customs; and in that we had the benefit of the information of the state of the markets at home and abroad; the probable amount of exports of the United States' domestic products, and the state of exchanges; all of which were a guide to the quantity of goods that must, of necessity, come home in return for United States farm produce sold abroad. With these facts before us, which were equally at the command of Mr. Meredith, we estimated the customs at $40,000,000. They turned out to be $39,668,686, or $332,000 less than our estimate, and $8,168,000 more than Mr. Meredith's. Mr. Corwin, after keeping back his report until long after the usual time, at last produced it, charged with nearly the same class of errors as Mr. Meredith's,—having, in fact, made that report his model. By thus holding the report back, he has had the advantage of longer experience in relation to the customs, and he estimates the receipts of the three last quarters of the fiscal year at $30,000,000, or $2,000,000 more than last year, making, with the actual receipts of the first quarter, $45,000,000 from the customs, and from other quarters with the balance on hand July 1, a total sum of $54,312,574, as the means at his disposal for the year 1851. The expenditures he places at $53,855,597, thus leaving a balance of $458,997 at the close of the year, against $6,604,544 on hand at its commencement; or, in other words, he proposes to spend, in a year of peace, over $6,000,000 more than a large revenue. This revenue, however, he informs us is inadequate, and he desires to increase the taxes, in order to make the tariff, which he says is the sole source of revenue, more productive. Now, since the formation of the government, we have had many tariffs. The one which imposed the highest rates, and was supposed, under all circumstances, best to meet the views of those who advocate protection with revenue, was that of 1828. That attained its full development in 1831, before the modifications of 1832, and it yielded $36,596,118, which was higher by $5,000,000 than the customs have yielded in any year before or since; but it is $3,000,000 less than the customs of 1850, and $9,000,000 less than Mr. Corwin places the revenue at for 1851. Yet he would return to the system which strangled trade, impoverished the great farming interests of the country, and diminished the revenue! While admitting this large revenue, he attempts to strain the expenditures up to it. In so doing, he adds to the appropriation of Congress ($37,040,920) all the outstanding former appropriations, ($16,812,677,) and the whole sum reaches $53,853,597. This is Mr. Meredith's trick, and, as we have seen, was not carried out in his case by several millions, and will not be in the present case. He alleges the Mexican war as the necessity for these large expenses,—with what truth a single item will demonstrate. In the last glorious year of the war, when

our victorious army had marched hundreds of miles, at immense expense, into the heart of the enemy's country; when the purchases of the government for transports had raised the price of ships in all our ports, and the navy was concentrated in the Gulf to cover the army operations, there were in the field, marching, fighting and eating, 47,150 men; and they cost, under the head of "army proper," $18,939,155. The quarter-master now reports 12,000 officers and men of all arms in the service, and the cost is as follows:

	Men.	Cost per man.	Total cost army proper.	Cost navy.	Total cost army and navy.
1847–8	47,150	$403	$18,939,155	$9,406,737	$28,345,892
1850–1	12,180	840	10,892,713	10,917,590	21,809,713

The cost of the army per man at home on our own soil is more than double what it was in Mexico, with all the munitions of war to transport. The navy in aid of the army in war cost $1,500,000 less than in time of peace, when it is doing nothing. The impudence of estimating such expenditures in time of peace, and then constructing upon them an attack upon the administration of Mr. Polk, could only have occurred under the shield of ignorance.

The Secretary in proposing a return to a high tariff, feels bound to attempt some show of argument in support of the protective notion, but as we have intimated, he only comes up to the position of commercial science as it stood fifty years ago; and he states that so "lamely and unprofitably," that the opponents of commercial freedom can take no comfort in his advocacy of their theory.

In relation to the operation of a tariff, the Secretary states as follows:

"The *primary object* to be kept in view in levying duties upon imports *is admitted to be revenue.* It is equally well established as the policy and duty of the government so to discriminate in the levying of duties as, without falling below the necessary amount of revenue, to give the greatest encouragement possible to all the industrial pursuits of our own people."

A New-York paper most noted for its persevering support of the manufacturing interests by means of protection, stated thus on the day previous to the appearance of the report:

"Unless useful and salutary as a measure of industrial protection, no tariff is defensible. A revenue tariff is a most unequal and capricious assessment of the expenses of government on individual citizens; and he who says he is for 'a tariff for revenue, but not for protection,' has not an inch of ground under his feet that will bear thorough testing."

This admission of the newspaper was drawn from it through the formation of a "free-trade league" in New-York, the object of which is to advocate entire free trade; but the admission brings the protective champion in direct collision with the neophyte statesman. The Secretary attempts to show, like most young reasoners upon the subject, that the higher the duties, the more the revenue will be. He has much, however, to learn upon that subject. He admits that the present rate of duty tempts persons to fraud, and when we reflect that of every three yards of broadcloth or tons of iron that are brought home in exchange for pork or

flour sold abroad, the government seizes one, the temptation to fraud appears strong enough in all conscience. The Secretary says that some 4,000 invoices had been "marked up" in consequence of these attempts. When we consider that the number of invoices entered is nearly one million, and that of these only 4,000, with the utmost vigilance, could be considered wrong, and that even these did not succeed, we must at once admit the present system to be the best possible in use; more particularly when we see the awful state of demoralization to which the high duty system has reduced other countries. The Secretary thinks that frauds would not be attempted under a specific system. Probably not the *same* frauds, but another class would most certainly supplant the present attempts—the more so, that he proposes to increase the temptation and the reward of dishonesty by raising the duties.

The leading idea which runs through the report in relation to the duty of the government, is identical with that of Mr. Meredith, and the silly one usually entertained by those who have not thought much upon the subject. It is, that an apparent excess of imports is a positive national loss, and is to be paid for by some means that will be very disagreeable. He discourseth thus:

"During the last fiscal year we imported of foreign merchandise, including specie, $178,136,318; and we exported, of domestic products, foreign goods, and specie, $151,898,720, *leaving a balance against us of* $26,247,598.

"A large proportion of this balance has doubtless been paid by our domestic stocks, which find a ready sale at this time in European markets. These last, however, as they only postpone a present payment in coin, cannot be expected to liquidate similar balances for coming years, even if it were the wish of the Government to create a large foreign debt of this kind. The impolicy of such a measure will not be questioned, and it is doubtless the true interest of the country to avoid it.

"In regulating our commerce with foreign nations, we are therefore compelled to take, as the true basis of safe importation from all countries, *the amount of our own products, which we may reasonably calculate may find a market abroad.*

"It is certain that the increased ability of this country to consume foreign goods, will at this time safely admit a larger importation than in former years, yet the experience of the last year has shown *that our imports have been greatly beyond our exports, which last must be regarded as the true measure of our ability to consume, for any given number of years.*

"If upon the large importations of the past year the increase should continue at the same ratio as that of the past quarter, which, as already stated, is $18,000,000, the aggregate amount for the current fiscal year, ending 30th June, 1851, will not fall much short of $250,000,000. A survey of the *markets of the world, it is believed, furnishes no reason to expect that our exportations will exceed those of the last year, which we have seen, were a fraction less than* 152 *millions.* This would leave, on the trade of the current fiscal year, with foreign *countries, an alarming balance,* which could not fail to be felt in results fatal to all branches of business at home, and highly injurious to the revenue of succeeding years."

This idea of an "alarming balance" is what besets him. Now there is no such thing as a "balance," unless as in the years 1835–6, large quantities of goods are sold to persons who consume them on long *credit;* when that is the case, no rate of duty can check sales—they go on until as then —they end in failure and no payment at all, and the result would not

have been different had the tariff been 100 per ct. That, however, is a question of credit and finance, it has nothing to do with the tariff. The Secretary admits that exports must nearly pay for imports; why is he not content to let them, without fearing that they will not? He is like the man who spent his life in daily dread lest when the sun went down he should never come up again. When the government refrains from lending its means to a bank to promote speculation, importers will not sell goods without getting the exports in pay, and it is far better for the government to trust to the ability of each man to get his accounts settled, than for the government to undertake to stop the trade lest some engaged in it should fail. The Secretary dreads a large import for next year, and states that a "survey of the markets" shows no hope of increased exports. Now he has evidently taken no such "survey," nor has he even examined the returns in his own department. If he had, he would have seen that the exports thus far in the year are already double those of the same time last year. Not only the value of cotton but of bread stuffs and provisions has greatly increased, and the prospect is of very considerable exports of those articles, since the supply in western Europe is much diminished, and prices are rising. The year of 1849 was one of that natural reaction which usually follows the high rates of a year of famine like 1847. Prices of breadstuffs ruled in England and western Europe lower than for twenty years previous, notwithstanding which the United States exported nearly double the value of food that it had ever done previous to the year of famine. In the present year, prices are resuming their value, and the exports here received a new impulse.

Upon this subject the Secretary remarks—

"The foregoing statement shows that the farming population of the country, without any extraordinary stimulus, can produce a supply equal to $68,701,121, to meet an urgent demand of a foreign market, an amount more than equal to the average value of the export of cotton from this country.

"But we find this sum of nearly sixty-nine millions, which rewarded the toil of the farmer of the country in 1847, dwarfed down in 1850 to the comparatively insignificant amount of $26,051,373—a falling off in the rewards of labor of the farmer alone in two years of $42,650,548."

If he had troubled himself with a little reflection, he would have considered that the value of breadstuffs and provisions arose from very high prices made up mostly of the cost of transport. Thus flour reached $9 00. The freight from Buffalo to Albany alone was $1 12, and to Liverpool from New-York, $2 00. Grain fifty cents per bushel. A large and sudden demand had put in requisition every means of transportation, and enormous freights were obtained, but the farmers got little more for the produce than than they do this year. The high freights of 1847 stimulated the production of means of transportation, and freights are now cheap. Flour may be carried from Buffalo to Liverpool for $1 00 instead of 3 75, as in 1847. The sales of the farmers in that year did not foot much more than in this year, when they get a much larger proportion of the export price. Pork is the great staple of Mr. Corwin's native state, Ohio. Let us see how far his own tables bear out his own statements of declining sales of farm produce.

EXPORTS PORK FROM THE UNITED STATES.

	Pork. bbls.	Ham and Bacon. lbs.	Lard. lbs.	Hogs. No.	Total value of animal products.
1845, high tariff	161,609	2,719,360	20,060,993	6,384	5,796,958
1847, famine	206,190	17,927,471	37,611,611	3,274	10,806,615
1850, good harvests	188,841	41,014,528	54,925,546	881	10,371,358

The main farming interests of Ohio will find it difficult to understand what Mr. Corwin means by "dwarfing down," when the sales of the products of animals abroad are double this year what they were under the full operation of the tariff of 1842. The prices of these provisions are now, in New-York, as compared with 1845, as follows:

	Mess Pork.	Lard.	Hams.	Bacon.	Mess Beef.	Butter, O.
1845	11.25	6¾	7	5	8.00	9c.
1850	12.87	7¾	9½	7	9.00	11

There certainly is some appearance of improvement in these large sales at better prices, more particularly when so much less of the prices is absorbed in transport, and notwithstanding that Mr. Corwin asserts the contrary. That gentleman also, in the extract quoted above, asserts the excess, $26,247,898, of imports over exports, is a debt to be paid. A Secretary of the department which has charge of the commerce of the country, ought to know that the official export value is the cost of the articles here in the hands of the shippers, but that the real amount of exports is what those goods sell for abroad, so as to pay freight, insurance, and profits. The sum of these sales it is which is to come back to the country, in the shape of imports. The value of domestic produce exported was $134,000,000; the freight on this, in American ships, was, at least, $12,000,000, the insurance and profits at least $15,000,000 more, which would make $27,000,000, and would require $161,000,000 of imports to pay the amount. But besides this, there is our whaling interest, employing 20,000 seamen, and our China trade with other nations; and our carrying trade from East and West Indies to Europe; all of which earn money, and which is deposited in London and drawn against, thus swelling the amount of imports. An export of 134,000,000 would not, therefore, be reimbursed under an import of $170,000,000, and the net amount is but $165,027,821.

The Secretary follows the theory of Mr. Meredith, in relation to the exports of raw material:

"The exports of cotton from the United States exceed in importance those of any raw material exported from any other country, and at the present time, it is our only export that is essential to any other nation; but *it is believed to be a mistaken policy for any nation to send its* raw material to distant countries, to be manufactured into fabrics for its own use."

It is difficult to imagine what meaning can be attached to assertions like this. Neither the production nor the manufacturing of a material is in any sense a matter of national *policy*. Every man in the community engages in that business which will yield to his means and skill the greatest return. In a young country like this, land is the capital, individual labor the means of employing it, and raw produce is the result. To manufacture that raw produce requires skill and money capital. When this country

was first settled, it was entirely destitute of the two latter; but it has rapidly acquired them through the sales of raw produce, and they are now being extensively applied to manufactures, not as a matter of national policy, but of individual profit. It is very doubtful whether the country will grow rich as fast by manufactures as by the sale of produce. As surplus capital increases, it is applied to manufactures *per force*, and the rapidity with which this is done, is manifest in the following table of the manufactures of Massachusetts, according to the official census of that State:

FACTORIES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

	Factories.		Spindles.	
	1840.	1850.	1840.	1850.
Cotton	278	337	624,540	1,220,752
Wool	144	191	113,457	208,848
Flax	none.	9	—	3,984
Total	422	537	737,997	1,433,584

The number of spindles for textile fabrics doubled in ten years. A most sufficient reason why mutual competition produced distress, without tempting further competition by additional duties. All other manufactures increased in the same ratio; iron furnaces from 115 to 208, &c., &c. The result is, that the manufacturing industry of Massachusetts has doubled in ten years. Then, of course, reasons the advocate of a "home market," the agriculture of Massachusetts in the immediate vicinity of this property must be very flourishing. Mr. Corwin holds this view, as follows:

"When it is remembered that a very large proportion of the citizens of this country are engaged in the business of farming, and how much of the permanent wealth and true glory of the republic depends on their well-being and prosperity, it would seem to be the dictate of an enlightened selfishness, as a duty of patriotism, so to mould, if possible, the laws regulating trade and revenue, as to furnish for them, at home, a permanent market with remunerating prices. As no such market can be found abroad, it may well suggest the inquiry whether legislation, in providing, of necessity, for revenue, shall not, by encouraging a diversity of employment in our own country, secure the only safe and sure market for our farming productions which can be obtained."

Alas! for the theory, the Massachusetts agricultural returns are as follows:

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

No.		1840.	1850.	Increase.	Decrease.
Horses and cattle		344,058	373,783	29,716	—
Sheep		378,226	179.537		198,689
Swine		143,421	73,041		69,380
Grain	bushels	2,178,936	1,767,374		411,563
Hops	lbs	254,795	150,655		104,140
Hay	tons	569,895	516,803		52,592

Here a retrograde movement is perceptible. The farmers have emigrated to a more promising land, where natural facilities will counteract the oppression of protection.

LAW REFORM IN ENGLAND.

WITH NOTICES OF BENTHAM, ROMILLY, MACINTOSH, DUMONT, MILL, BROUGHAM, BUXTON AND BOWRING.

THE Common Law of England has undergone greater changes, during the last thirty years, in the country of its origin, than had been witnessed in the previous hundred years. In the remedial department, it has well nigh been revolutionized. The persons who have been most distinguished in effecting these results, are Bentham, Romilly, MacIntosh and Brougham. To these names should be added two others, Dumont and Mill, who, though laboring in less conspicuous stations than the four first mentioned, have rendered important aid to the cause of legal reform. Nor should the names of Buxton and Peel be omitted from the catalogue. The former, always ready to co-operate in any enterprise which aimed to disenthrall the depressed classes of his countrymen, did much through his speeches in Parliament to expose the inhumanity of the penal code, while the official station of the latter enabled him to effect many ameliorations in the criminal law, which, but for his aid, must have been postponed for years.

The most remarkable person in this group of rare men, is JEREMY BENTHAM. Indeed, he is one of the most extraordinary persons of our times. Even in childhood he was so distinguished for the originality and acuteness of his mind, that he was called "the little philosopher." At three he read Rapin's History of England; at seven, he read Télémaque in the original; at eight, he played well on the violin; at fourteen, he entered Oxford, where he immediately took the first rank as a disputant in the Common Hall of the University, exciting the surprise of his fellow students and the admiration of his teachers at the keenness of his logic, the scope of his comprehension, and the variety of his information. He received the degree of A. B. at sixteen, and of A. M. at twenty, being the youngest person that had at that time been graduated either at Oxford or Cambridge.

Mr. Bentham, having studied law at Lincoln's Inn, was admitted to the bar in 1772, being then 25 years of age. He had entered upon the practice of his profession with flattering prospects, when an event occurred that changed the whole purpose and course of his life. We describe it in his own words. "Not long after I was admitted to the bar, having drawn a bill in equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a Master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on such a day,' said the Solicitor to me, naming a day a week or two distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days; but it is not customary to attend before the third.' What I learnt afterwards was, that though there was only one actual attendance, three were on every occasion regularly charged for; for each of the two falsely pretended attendances, the client being by the Solicitor charged with a fee for himself, and also a fee for the Master; and that, even if inclined, no Solicitor durst omit taking out the

three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of that subordinate judge and his superiors. * * * These things, and others of the same complexion in immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession as soon as I could obtain my father's permission. I did so, and have found it more to my taste to endeavor, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to these abuses, than to profit by them."

To the early detection of these abuses of his profession, the world is indebted for the nearly sixty years' labor of this great man in the field of law reform.

The remark most likely to be made, by even fair-minded persons, respecting this event in the life of Bentham, is, that few *lawyers* have sufficient honesty to abandon their profession on such grounds. The more just and enlightened remark would be, that few *men* are apt to display such conscientious disinterestedness as he exhibited. The law, like every other profession and calling, furnishes its share of dishonest men; but, we have never seen the evidence to support the very common opinion, that it furnishes *more* than its proportional share. The swindlers that infest our courts are such, not because they are lawyers, but because they are rogues; and, other things being equal, they would have been rogues had they chosen to be physicians, merchants, or horse-jockeys, instead of lawyers. Undoubtedly the pursuits of the legal profession afford great opportunities for falsehood, chicanery, and extortion; but they do not furnish a monopoly of these opportunities; and we are not aware that the members of the legal craft are more apt to embrace those which fall in their way, than are persons who pursue other avocations. The men who are wont to denounce the whole legal fraternity as "a pack of licensed swindlers," should remember, that in all civilized countries, and from time immemorial, magistrates and judges have been lawyers, and that to them have been intrusted the protection of the lives, liberties, reputations and property of mankind, and that the instances in which venality and corruption have stained the judicial ermine are so rare, that the exceptions to the general rule of virtuous administration stand as exclamation points in history—that of science. art, literature, education, and social progress in all its multiform departments, the legal profession, in every age, has been among the most zealous and munificent patrons—that of all classes of men that have labored, during the last hundred years, to curb the prerogatives of kings, extend the blessings of representative government, unfetter the limbs, emancipate the minds, and increase the power of the untilled masses, none have been more conspicuous than lawyers—that the most illustrious British martyrs to the cause of liberty, in the olden time, were lawyers—that Erskine, Vergniaud, Emmet, Gaudet, Grattan, Brissot, Romilly, Petion, MacIntosh, Manuel, Brougham, Dupont, Jeffrey, Barrot, O'Connell and Rollin, who have borne up the standard of European freedom, in our day, were lawyers—and that Jefferson, Adams, Otis, Henry, Lee, Sherman and Hamilton, with many other bold spirits that aided in founding republican institutions during the American revolution, were lawyers.

We will return to our notice of Mr. Bentham. He has been justly called "the father of Modern Law Reform." When he entered upon his work, he found the common law of England entrenched behind the interests, and defended by the prejudices of the most powerful classes of the kingdom. Venerable for its age, the legacy of the dead past, the work

of "our wise ancestors," to question its claims to unmixed homage, and to doubt whether it was worthy to be regarded as "the perfection of human reason," was deemed an atrocious libel upon the characters and memories of its architects. Though its precepts were to be found only in camel-loads of statutes, many of which had grown mouldy with time, or in adjudications scattered through volumes to be counted by thousands; and though many of these statutes and adjudications had outlived the causes which originated them, and the reasons on which they were based, while others merely tended to increase the general confusion by the war of contradiction they waged among themselves; yet, the most ignorant layman in the kingdom was presumed to know the law, and was fined, bankrupted, imprisoned or hung, for not obeying what it puzzled the most acute lawyers to comprehend, and what, after hearing arguments on all sides, it required learned judges months of research and reflection to ascertain; and even then, their *dictum* was law solely because they had declared it so to be! The practice of the courts, the mode of applying the precepts of this system to the ever-shifting exigencies of society, was only less obscure, contradictory and complex, than the precepts themselves. It was to be gathered from such a mass of old and new statutes, decisions, and rules, that the caution and skill requisite to get a suitor into court at all, was equalled only by the extreme difficulty of getting him out when he was once fairly in. This vast, shapeless and labyrinthian structure, erected of materials furnished by the Briton, the Goth, the Dane, the Norman and the Saxon, had been rendered still more intricate and incongruous by the numerous alterations and additions which the modern Englishman had been compelled to make, so as to render it barely tenantable in an advanced state of society.

And this was the judicial system which Bentham began to examine, previous to commencing the work of its reformation. It must have been impressed on the mind of every American who has made the law his study, that English writers upon jurisprudence deal much less in discussion about first principles, than continental authors. English treatises are generally mere digests or compilations of the decisions of the courts, and are rarely accompanied by the reasons on which they are based. They are usually quite barren in original speculations. This is in part owing to the mode in which the common law of England has grown into being; but it is no doubt in part to be attributed to that inherent and hereditary reverence for authority and precedent, which is so prominent a feature in the character of the English nation. Bentham was the first Englishman who entered seriously upon the task of exposing and remedying the radical defects of the judicial system of his country. Theretofore, its students, practitioners and ministers had been content to sift its precepts from its chaotic mass of statutes and decisions, and from the same sources to collate and digest its forms of procedure. True, Blackstone, in his Commentaries, had endeavored to trace the law up to its fountains; but he always seemed to be searching for some wise reason for some absurd rule: while his choicest eulogiums were often bestowed upon the worst parts of the system. The bold spirit of Mansfield occasionally diverged from the old beaten track of his predecessors, and struck out new paths more in harmony with enlightened reason and a progressive age; but his successors, during the twenty years which followed his retirement, succeeded in pretty effectually restoring the ancient landmarks he had thrown down. Proba-

bly not intending when he commenced his labors to do more than push the work of amendment with a more radical hand than those who had gone before him, Bentham, after cautiously surveying the superstructure, aimed at its ultimate overthrow, and the reconstruction upon its ruins of a judicial edifice suited to the wants and worthy of the genius of his times.

He possessed a mind admirably adapted in most respects, though defective in some, for this laborious and delicate task. His reasoning faculties were of the most penetrating description. His capacity for generalization was ample, and his powers of analysis keen. His appreciation of comprehensive principles was equalled by his fondness for minute details, rendering him competent to survey a subject in its broadest aspects, while apt in detecting all its subordinate relations. He possessed a patience which no amount of drudgery could weary; an industry as tireless as the revolving hours; a memory as retentive as tablets of brass. He carefully studied the general, political and juridical history of his own country, and was familiar beyond most of his cotemporaries with the jurisprudence and legislation of ancient and modern nations. His moral qualifications for the work, were as eminent as his intellectual. His humanity and benevolence were as wide and comprehensive as the rights and the wrongs of the human race. For half a century, he toiled in his chosen field for the well-being of his species, in spite of neglect, jeers, frowns, misrepresentations and denunciations, sustained by the conviction that his aims were noble and his motives pure; borne onward by a courage that never shrunk from looking every institution in the face, however venerable for age or hallowed by association, and questioning its claims to homage; and guided by a conscience that welcomed all conclusions born of sound premises, and followed every path along which truth and duty led the way.

These were the gifts and acquirements with which Bentham commenced his attack upon the Common Law of England. He published his first work in 1780. While at Oxford, he had been one of the class before whom Blackstone delivered the lectures on law which subsequently became so celebrated as his Commentaries. Even thus early the young student protested against some of the eulogiums bestowed by the Vinerian professor upon the constitution and laws of the realm. He afterwards put his protest in an enduring form. His first publication was entitled, "A Fragment on Government, being an examination of what is delivered on that subject in Blackstone's Commentaries." It is an able review of some of the doctrines advanced by the learned commentator. Having, in the meantime, sent to the press two or three minor works, he published, in 1787, his Defence of Usury. This book, which contains the substance of all the arguments that have been since adduced on that side of this much controverted question, was prepared under the following singular circumstances. Bentham's brother, Sir Samuel Bentham, commanded a battalion of a thousand men, at Crechoff, in Russia. In 1784, Jeremy commenced a leisurely tour through Europe, with the ultimate intention of seeing his brother Samuel. He visited the principal cities of France, spending a considerable period in Paris—went over Italy, stopping at Genoa, Leghorn, Rome and Florence—sailed for Smyrna, came near being shipwrecked on the island of Mitelene, and was driven in stress of weather into Scio, where he remained some weeks—sailed thence for Constantinople, and after tarrying there several months, set off to his brother's, reaching his house early in 1786, only to find that he was absent from

home on a distant military expedition, whereupon Jeremy took possession of his vacant study, sat down to the composition of his Defence of Usury, which he had completed ere Sir Samuel's return.

Before leaving England on his continental tour, Bentham had prepared the most elaborate and important of his early works. Soon after his return he published it, in four volumes, under the title of "An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation." During one of his visits to Paris, he had made the acquaintance of Brissot. That distinguished Frenchman, after suffering imprisonment in the Bastile on account of the liberal tendencies of his writings, repaired to London, three or four years previous to the French revolution, with the intention of publishing a periodical devoted to republican principles, which was to be circulated in France. He hoped in this way to enlighten his countrymen, while he evaded the restrictions which his own government imposed upon the freedom of the press. Becoming involved in debt, he was arrested by his London creditors and thrown into prison, whence he was released by the generosity of Bentham. Returning to France, Brissot rose to distinction during the early stages of the revolution, and repaid the kindness of Bentham by causing him to be elected, without his knowledge, a member of the second National Assembly. The success of this novel proceeding was no doubt promoted by the publication, in the previous year, of Bentham's Plan for the Judicial Establishments of France, which had been favorably received in that country. In 1793, just previous to suffering by the blade of the guillotine, this eloquent leader of the Girondists wrote thus of the great utilitarian :—"Selecting the profession of the law, not with the design of practising it, or of acquiring honors and gaining money, but for the purpose of penetrating to the roots of the defects in the jurisprudence of England, and having descended to the bottom of this Trophonian cavern, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, to render himself familiar with the jurisprudence of the other nations of Europe. But the greater number of these codes were accessible only in the language of the people whom they governed. What difficulties can deter the man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? Bentham successively acquired nearly the whole of those languages. He spoke French well; he understood the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and I myself saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all these wrecks of Gothic law, and collected his materials, he applied himself to the construction of a systematic plan of civil and criminal law, founded entirely upon reason, and having for its object the happiness of the human race."

In 1791, Bentham published, in two volumes, his Panopticon, or the Inspection-house; containing the idea of a new principle of construction, applicable to any sort of establishment in which persons of any description are to be kept under inspection, with a plan of management adapted to the principle. Mr. Pitt was then about to introduce into Parliament a scheme for improving the condition of the English prisons. Bentham's plan was laid before him. He adopted it as far preferable to his own, and caused acts to be passed for carrying it into effect. But, just then, George III. ascertaining that Bentham had some time before severely handled his majesty in the newspapers, he refused to sanction the plan, and there the matter dropped.

Sometime after this, while visiting the country-seat of the Marquis of

Lansdowne, Bentham met M. Dumont, the celebrated Genevan, with whose name his own was subsequently so long and so intimately associated. M. Dumont proposed to become the editor of his MSS. on Legislation. The result was, the publication of his three volumes, entitled "Traité de Legislation Civile et Pénale," which issued from the Parisian press, under the auspices of Dumont, in 1802. This is among the most profound of the productions of his great pen. A large edition met with a ready sale, and gave the author a continental reputation. Just as this work was published, Bentham availed himself of the cessation of hostilities which followed the peace of Amiens, to visit Paris, in company with his friend Sir Samuel Romilly. His fame as a philosophical jurist and legislator had preceded him. A flattering testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by the learned men of the metropolis of European letters, was promptly awarded to him. There happened to exist at that time two vacancies in the membership of the French Institute. Bonaparte, then First Consul, was elected to fill one, and Bentham the other. We may remark in passing, that Bentham was always popular in France, and was more justly appreciated in the French capital, than at home. On visiting Paris in 1825, he was welcomed with distinguished honors; and casually entering one of the Supreme Courts, the whole body of advocates rose to receive him, and the judges invited him to a seat upon the bench.

We have not time to enumerate the many works, great and small, which flowed from the capacious brain of Mr. Bentham during the remaining thirty years of his life. They number about fifty volumes and pamphlets, embracing a great variety of subjects, all, however, having general or special reference to legislation, jurisprudence, and government. The most important of these are, Theorié des Peines et des Récompenses, in two volumes, published in 1812; Law of Evidence, in 1813; Essai sur la Tactique des Assemblées Politiques, in two volnmes, in 1816; Plan of Parliamentary Reform, in 1817; Leading Principles of a Constitutional Code for any State, in 1823; The Book of Fallacies, in 1824; Rationale of Judicial Evidence, in five volumes, in 1827; and Rationale of Punishment, in 1829.

The foundation principle on which Mr. Bentham based his system of jurisprudence and legislation, may be stated in brief as follows:—The proper end to be secured by the social union, is the attainment of the maximum of the aggregate happiness of its members. The attainment of this maximum, is by attaining the maximum of the happiness of each individual of the union; or, in other, and perhaps plainer words, the only right and proper end of action, in every individual man, is the ultimate attainment of his own greatest happiness. The only right and proper end of the social union, or of that combination of individual men which constitutes a community or state, is the attainment of the greatest amount of happiness of the whole. The test by which he determined whether a given law was right, was by ascertaining whether it conduced to the maximum of the happiness of each individual, and while so doing, also conduced to the maximum of the happiness of the social union as an aggregate of individuals. He defined the legitimate object of law to be, to secure the greatest happiness of all the members of the social union, without exception, in as far as possible, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number of them, on every occasion in which the nature of the case renders the provision of an equal quantity of happiness for every one of them, impossible.

This theory of law and government resolved itself into the apothegm selected as one of the mottos of this journal, "*The greatest good to the greatest number*"*—which, undoubtedly, is the grand aim and highest attainment of all righteous rule, whether human or divine. His theory is generally denominated "the doctrine of utility;" but the name which he gave it was, "The Greatest Happiness Principle."

With this standard in his hand, Bentham traversed the whole field of civil government, dividing law into two great departments. The one he called internal law; the other, international law. The former, comprehends all regulations, whether constitutional, legislative, judicial, or administrative, which concern a single community or state. The latter, those that concern the intercourse of different communities or states with each other.

In carrying out the details of his plan, his chief labor was devoted to the preparation of a code of internal law, or the law necessary for the government of a single state. He gave it the name of *Pannomion*—the whole law, (for this singular man not only originated his own systems, but to a most perplexing extent, he manufactured his own words.) This internal code he divided into four main branches—the constitutional, the civil, the penal, and the administrative. The *constitutional*, defined the supreme authority in the State, and detailed the mode in which its will was to be carried into effect. The *civil*, defined the rights of persons, and the nature and tenure of property, and was termed "the right-conferring code." The *penal*, defined crimes against the state, persons, and property, and affixed to them their respective punishments, and was called "the wrong-repressing code." The *administrative*, defined the mode of executing the entire system of laws, and was denominated "the code of procedure." He did not finish every part of his Pannomion. The principle he kept steadily in view, and by which he tested all its parts; both in its general outlines and in its minute details so far as he supplied them, was their conduciveness to the greatest happiness of the largest possible number of the individuals composing a community or state. Nothing was introduced which had not for its object, immediately or remotely, the production of the greatest possible amount of pleasure, and the prevention of the greatest possible amount of pain. Though left in an incomplete condition, his Pannomion will ever remain a monument of his comprehensive wisdom and his abounding beneficence.

But, this very code, (which was intended to be adopted by all nations,) is an evidence of the chief defect of Mr. Bentham's mind. It, like most of what he prepared on this subject, is too theoretically systematic, too mechanically perfect, ever to be put into practical use by, and upon fallible mortals. Although he had seen much of men and things in various countries, and had studied the institutions and history of most ancient and modern nations, he was really a recluse for the greater part of his life. The oracle of a clique, the founder of a sect, the head of a school, he was ever surrounded by a bevy of admirers, a band of disciples, a circle of pupils, to whom he declaimed, and preached and lectured, while they applauded, assented and adopted; a corps of secretaries, with whom his

* This phrase originated with Beccaria the Italian, author of the celebrated work "On Crimes and Punishments."

every word was law, being ever at his elbow to make a faithful record of his sayings. From the windows of his well-stored library, he looked out upon society as a vast machine, of which every member was a little wheel, and which only needed to be adjusted according to his plans, to make the whole move harmoniously, without jarring or discord. In framing his universal codes, he made too little account of those individualities and idiosyncrasies in human character, which constitute each man's mental and moral peculiarities more or less different from every other man's, and which always have rendered, and always will render, every system nugatory that attempts to govern all mankind by the same laws. There are striking resemblances in human countenances; yet the world does not furnish any two that are exactly alike. There are marked resemblances in human character; yet the race does not afford any two that are precisely similar. And, until one portrait shall answer as the likeness of two faces, yea, of two nations of faces, will it continue to be impossible to furnish a code of laws that shall answer for the government of all peoples, or, shall be so perfect, that when applied to the government of a single people, it will not need to be constantly altered to suit new exigencies in the ever-shifting phase of human affairs—and these alterations will be always driving society towards those very difficulties from which Mr. Bentham would fain extricate it by his "code for any state."

The defect in Mr. Bentham's mind, to which we have referred, arose no doubt in part from his slight acquaintance with the actual practice of the law, and his total want of experience in the work of legislation. Although he might not have been so profound a legislative philosopher, he would have been a far more practical legal reformer, if he had divided his time between abstract contemplation in his secluded library, and professional contests in Westminster Hall; between the composition of theoretical codes in his quaint old house in Queen's Square, and the ordinary business of legislation in St. Stephen's Chapel. Occasional collisions with his professional brethren at the bar and on the bench, would have suggested new trains of thought. These would have led to the modification of his theories. The conflicts of the forum would have made him better acquainted with the objections which his opponents offered to his legislative plans, and the arguments by which they fortified their own. These would have induced a careful survey of his own ground, and a comparison of it with that occupied by his antagonist, and might have suggested many improvements in his system.

In the particulars we have noted, Mr. Bentham did not differ from the mass of those philosophers—often wiser and better than their cotemporaries—who dwell much in the world of abstract speculation, and mingle little in the practical business of life. Just in proportion to their lack of experience in the common-place work of reducing theories to practice, is their confidence in the perfection of their systems. It is when the attempt is made to put them into actual use, that they are found to partake more or less of those imperfections which pertain to all human inventions. And, never participating in these attempts, speculative philosophers, lacking the instructions which such attempts are alone capable of imparting, are wont to impute the partial failure of their systems to anything rather than their own inherent defects, or their want of adaptation to the nature of the objects to which they are applied.

About the year 1816, Mr. Bentham made a formal offer to the governors

of the several states of the American Union, to prepare a code of laws for each state. Some four or five years afterwards, he made a similar offer to all nations professing liberal opinions. These singular proposals, which, as all ordinary men foresaw, brought no acceptances of his offers from those to whom they were addressed, are striking illustrations of his fondness for generalization, of his confidence in the perfection and universal applicability of his system, of his comprehensive benevolence and child-like simplicity, and of that rare combination of excellencies and defects which made up his character.

The labors of this great and good man were of invaluable service to the cause in which he spent nearly sixty years of his life. Though he took no direct share either in the enactment or administration of the laws, his was the master-mind that set other minds in motion; his genius, the spring that operated a vast and powerful reformatory machine. His various treatises contained all the general outlines, and much of the filling up of the numerous improvements which other hands subsequently wrought into the judiciary, and impressed upon the legislation of England. Not a single reform has been recently effected in the English law, but its germ may be found in his works, while some are almost literal transcripts of his writings. Most of these improvements, whether in the judiciary or in the general polity of the country, have been secured through the direct influence of men proud to ackowledge themselves his disciples, while others have been effected by those who were either not aware of the extent to which they were his debtors, or were too mean to acknowledge their obligations to the man who had created the public opinion which they were swift to follow. He lived to see the fruits of his toil in the amelioration of a sanguinary penal code, and especially in the abridgment of the number of capital offences; in the partial reformation of the penitentiary system, and the kindlier treatment of prisoners; in the softening of the rigors of the system of bankruptcy, of imprisonment for debt, and of the laws for the enforcement of pecuniary obligations; in the infusion of a little of the leaven of Christian charity into the poor-laws, and the game laws; in the retrenchment of costs, and the simplification of the practice, in the equity and common law courts; in the appointment of commissioners, selected from among the ablest lawyers of the kingdom, to revise and codify the penal law, to remodel and consolidate the law of real property, and to inquire into and propose remedies for the manifold abuses that infested the Court of Chancery; in the abolition of sacramental tests, and the emancipation of the Catholics; and in the enlargement of the electoral suffrage, the utter demolition of the system of rotten boroughs, and the partial equalization of parliamentary representation.

Upon each of the subjects we have specified, Bentham wrote and published, and in respect to most of them, he wrote and published early and elaborately. He did not live to see either of these reforms carried forward to the point of improvement which his far-penetrating sagacity had reached, while the accomplishment of others that he had initiated or advocated, was postponed; some to be taken up and adopted after his death; some to repose upon their merits till the dawning of better days. But, the great and all-embracing object at which he aimed through life, was secured, and his aged eye rejoiced in the sight of its consummation. He broke the spell which the common law had so long held over the minds of his countrymen. He saw the conviction penetrating a large share of the

intelligence of the nation, and spreading through foreign states and colonies where this system bore sway; but however creditable it might be to the remote times in which it originated, it was unworthy of the genius and unsuited to the wants of an age so enlightened, liberal and enterprising as ours, and, when measured by the standards which now surround it, so far from being "the perfection of reason," it was a disgrace to the human understanding, and the homage paid at its altars a blind and degrading idolatry.

Among the greatest of the unquestioning disciples of Bentham, may be reckoned Dumont, Mill and Bowring. M. Dumont, a native of Geneva, a man of acute mind, liberal principles, and extensive acquirements, edited, and in part reduced to writing, several of his most important works, translating them into French, preparing them for the press, and publishing them in Paris. This accomplished scholar was of invaluable service to his friend. He did more than condense and arrange the materials put into his hands. He systematized and illustrated them; often, in respect of methodical adjustment and felicity of style, bringing order out of confusion, and light out of darkness. It was to his luminous pen that Bentham was indebted for the wide celebrity he enjoyed on the continent, before he was hardly known in England. This, coupled with the fact that many of his writings first appeared in the French language, led one of our American Reviews into the very natural error of calling him "a distinguished Frenchman." Mr. James Mill, author of the History of British India, did more, probably, to diffuse the principles of Bentham through England, than any other man. During the last twenty or twenty-five years of Bentham's life, Mill was his familiar associate, and enjoyed his entire confidence. He illustrated his system in several able articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica. His son, Mr. John Stuart Mill, author of the work on Logic, prepared for the press Bentham's great treatise on the Rationale of Evidence. Dr. Bowring, whom Bentham describes as his most intimate and confidential friend for twelve years, was associated with him in founding and conducting the Westminster Review, was ever his warm eulogist, was appointed his executor, and has edited his works.

Though Dumont, Mill, and Bowring gave a wide diffusion to the principles of Bentham, it is to Romilly, MacIntosh, and Brougham, that England is more especially indebted for their partial application to the juridical and legislative systems of that country. Their positions as party chiefs and parliamentary leaders gave them opportunities for moulding them into the policy of the nation, which those gentlemen did not possess. The eminent standing of Romilly and Brougham at the English bar, and the reputation which MacIntosh had acquired by his administration of a judicial office in India, gave an influence among their professional brethren, to the reforms they recommended, which would not have been yielded to them had they rested solely upon the advocacy of any persons, however learned, standing outside of the bar. Professional men are apt to be unreasonably jealous of interference in the "art and mystery" of their craft, by those not of the brotherhood. The bar is not exempt from this infirmity. Its patience has been severely taxed, and its self-complacency a good deal disturbed, both in England and America, during the past thirty years, because of the heavy hand laid upon its venerable monopolies and occult practices by those who have some how learned, that the great body of the people, upon whom the laws are executed, have quite as much right

to understand them, and quite as much interest in their improvement, as the select few who administer them. Romilly, Brougham, and MacIntosh participated in these popular sentiments, and took no pains to disguise their sympathy with them. If this diminished to some extent their influence with the profession, (as it unquestionably did,) it gave them the favorable ear of the masses; and what they lost with the former, was more than made up by the latter; so that they stood in the influential position which lies between the learned prejudices of the bar and the unlearned antipathies of the people.

Sir Samuel Romilly was one of the most accomplished lawyers that ever practised in the English courts. From 1806, when he was appointed Solicitor-General under the Grenville-Fox administration, to his lamented death, in 1818, he devoted much labor to effecting a general reform of the law, and particularly an amelioration of the criminal code. When he commenced his philanthropic work, he found this code rigorous in its precepts, sanguinary in its penalties, abused in its administration, fortified by the approbation of judges, lawyers, and divines, and hedged around by the general sentiment of the country. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, had previously stated (and the severity of the law had then scarcely been abated since he wrote) that "among the variety of actions which men are liable daily to commit, no less than one hundred and sixty are declared by act of parliament to be felonies, without benefit of clergy; or in other words, to be worthy of instant death."

We will enumerate some of the offences made capital by the legislature of this Christian nation. Murder, treason, and rape; counterfeiting, forgery, and altering judicial records; refusing, under certain circumstances, to take the oath of allegiance; obstructing the service of legal process; hunting in the night, disguised in a mask; writing threatening letters, to extort money; pulling down turnpike gates; assembling to cause riots, and not dispersing at the command of a magistrate; transporting wool or sheep out of the kingdom, the second time; smuggling; wandering as gipsies for thirty days; taking a reward for restoring stolen goods, when accessory to the larceny; committing burglary in the night time; robbing on the highway, to the value of a penny; stealing from the person, property to the value of more than a shilling, and from a dwelling, above the value of five shillings, and from a vessel, above the value of forty shillings; stealing fish from ponds, hares from warrens, and conies from the woods; and committing various malicious trespasses upon private property, as throwing down fences, demolishing fish-ponds, destroying trees in parks and gardens, maiming cattle and horses. We exhibit these as lively features of a code, the offspring of a grim and bloody age, which had obtruded its horrid visage into the sunlight of the year eighteen hundred of the Christian era; which had been eulogized by the gentle and classic Blackstone; been pronounced "a mild and cautious system of penal jurisprudence," in a work on Moral Philosophy, by Archdeacon Paley; and was generally approved by a nation that expended ten millions sterling annually to support an established church, and lifted its holy hands in horror at the atrocities and infidelities of its French neighbors.

To the honor of human nature be it recorded, that considerable portions of this Draconian code had become comparatively a dead letter, in the times of which we write. In cases of extreme hardship, the ingenuity of philanthropic lawyers often opened a way of escape for the prisoner

through the loose texture of some statute; the subtlety of humane judges would sometimes aid counsel in refining away the plain meaning of an indictment, so that the wretch who had killed and eaten the hare that poached on his garden might go without day; and the pity of the jury would not unfrequently get the better of their senses and their oaths, while boldly declaring through their verdict, that property which the thief had refused to sell for a crown, was worth but eleven pence. These, and such like expedients, to save lives which the law clamored to sacrifice, strengthened rather than weakened the argument for the abrogation of those parts of the code thus practically nullified by abuses in their administration. But the advocates for harsh and vindictive laws, and especially the champions of the gallows, contended that they ought to remain on the statute-book as a terror to evil doers.

For the work to which he devoted himself, Romilly possessed rare qualifications. Standing at the head of the equity bar, with a mind at once capacious and acute, a well-balanced judgment, and a taste classically pure, a dignity of manner which commanded respect, and an honesty of purpose which silenced calumny, a soul cast in the largest mould, and a heart ever awake to the calls of humanity, and an eloquence which informed the reason and delighted the fancy, he was the model lawyer of his time.

In 1808, he carried through Parliament a bill repealing so much of the penal law as made the stealing of property from the person above the value of twelve pence, a capital crime. But, even then, he was unable to induce the legislature to fix the point at which the offence became capital, higher than £15. This bill, and another of a similar character, had glided through Parliament without exciting general attention. The next year, he brought in bills to abolish the death-penalty for stealing property from a shop above the value of five shillings, and from a vessel above that of forty. He sustained them by a speech abounding in rare and valuable facts concerning the statistics of crime, showing that it was the certainty rather than the severity of punishment which deterred from the commission of offences, and proving that notwithstanding the rigor of the laws, capital crimes had steadily increased in number during the last hundred years; luminous in its exposition of the only legitimate and righteous ends to be accomplished by a penal code, the safety of the community, and the reformation of the criminal; eloquent in its eulogiums of the humane and liberalizing tendencies of the age; and avowing that these bills were introduced to test the temper of the House, and ascertain whether it would encourage him to enter upon a cautious and gradual reformation of the whole penal code. The friends of the code were thoroughly alarmed, and they summoned its champions to the rescue. Not only were the bills defeated, but an excitement was kindled that swept through the land. Divines preached in favor of retaining the death-penalty unabridged and unimpaired; statesmen declaimed against the reckless spirit of innovation that was abroad; judges frowned from under their flowing wigs at him who had dared to lay rude hands upon the judicial fabric which "our wise forefathers" had erected; while reviewers in dull monthlies and penny-a-line pamphleteers, ranting tory orators, and nervous old women, took up the hue and cry, and rung the changes upon "the democracy of Jeremy Bentham," and "the horrors of the French revolution."

Romilly met this clamor by publishing the substance of his speech in

pamphlet form, accompanied with additional facts and illustrations, and giving it a wide circulation. It was made the text of an elaborate article in the Edinburgh Review, in which its positions were sustained with eminent ability. The speech and the essay will reward a perusal by all who would study the history and philosophy of crime and its punishment.

In 1811, Romilly, ever on the alert to push his humane enterprise, seized a favorable opportunity to carry a bill through Parliament abolishing capital punishment in the case of sailors and soldiers, found begging in the streets, without having in their possession certificates of discharge from the service. But, during the remaining seven years of his life, though he occasionally brought the subject to the consideration of Parliament, he was able to effect little or nothing for the melioration of the penal code.

The criminal law was not the only field of legal reform in which this eminent person exerted his talents. From humble beginnings, he had risen in the profession till his practice in the equity tribunals equalled that of any lawyer at the bar. His mind was cast in too colossal a frame to desire to profit by the enormous expenses and the interminable delays of the court over which that "everlasting doubter," Lord Eldon, presided. He rendered efficient service in exposing its abuses, causing some to be remedied, but compelled by the illiberality of the times, and the bigotry of the Chancellor, to leave others to be removed by those who should enter into his labors when he was no more.

Sir Samuel shared largely in the confidence of Mr. Bentham, and was the intimate associate for many years of M. Dumont. His tragic end shed a gloom over the profession of which he was so bright an ornament, and filled the bosoms of his friends with inexpressible grief. He was in the zenith of his reputation, when the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whose bed-side he had watched with the most anxious solicitude, induced a nervous disorder which clouded his reason, and in a paroxysm of temporary insanity he put a period to his honorable and benevolent life.

When the grave closed over the mortal remains of Romilly, his mantle rested upon the shoulders of his coadjutor, Sir James MacIntosh. He, by the general consent of the patrons of the cause, assumed the place of his lamented friend as their Parliamentary leader in the work of reforming the criminal code. Though Sir James had never practised much at the bar, and had long since wholly withdrawn from the arena of the courts, he was deeply read in the science of jurisprudence and the philosophy of legislation, and had presided on the criminal bench in Bombay for some eight years.

In 1791, being then nominally a physician, but preferring Homer to Galen, Herodotus to Hippocrates, he commenced his political career by breaking a lance with Burke, then at the culminating point of his fame. He published a brilliant defence of the French revolution, in answer to Burke's celebrated attack upon its principles and promoters. This gave him the friendship of Fox and other liberal leaders. Getting tired of medicine, partly because he did not like physic and partly because he had no patients, he entered Lincoln's Inn, and was admitted to the bar in 1795. During the next three years, in which clients were as scarce as patients had been, he divided his time between the study of poetry, law and metaphysics, when, to supply his exhausted purse, he proposed to deliver a

course of lectures on the Law of Nature and of Nations, in Lincoln's Inn. After encountering considerable difficulty in gaining admission to the Inn because of his supposed attachment to Jacobinism, he at length commenced his course, and throughout received the warm plaudits of learned and brilliant audiences. A year or two afterwards, he gained still wider distinction by his defence of Peltier, a French refugee, prosecuted for a libel on Napoleon. His speech was pronounced one of the most splendid orations ever delivered at the English bar. It was translated into French by Madame De Stael, and secured him a European reputation. The government having offered him the Recordership of Bombay, he yielded, after much reluctance, to the pressure of pecuniary necessities, and was banished from country and friends, to an inhospitable clime, among a strange people, for a period of eight years. The duties of his station required him to become familiar with the complex system of penal jurisprudence, partly English and partly Oriental, prevailing in the East. His habits of research and reflection led him to a thorough investigation of the criminal code of his native country. His sensitive mind and benevolent heart revolted at its sanguinary rigors, and he resolved, that on his return home, he would attempt its reformation. Arriving in England in 1811, he was elected to Parliament in 1813, where he continued till his death in 1832, battling side by side with Romilly, Brougham, Tierney, Burdett, Russell, O'Connell, and other chiefs of the liberal party, for freedom of trade, the independence of the press, the amelioration of the penal law, religious toleration, personal emancipation, and Parliamentary reform.

In 1819, he carried through the House of Commons a motion, in opposition to ministers, for the appointment of a commission to revise the criminal code. He was placed at the head of the commission. At the session of 1820–21, as the first fruits of its labors, he brought in six bills for the abolition of capital punishment in certain cases of forgery, robbery and larceny, and for the amendment of the code in other essential respects. After a debate, in which he sustained the recommendations of the commissioners with marked ability, some of the bills were defeated, and the others were withdrawn. Sir James, never possessing the tact requisite for a skillful Parliamentary leader, and disheartened by the unreasonable opposition which his measures encountered, would have abandoned the field in despair but for the encouragement he received from Buxton, Brougham, Denman, and their friends, in Parliament, and Bentham, Dumont, and their coadjutors, without.

Hopeless as now seemed the prospects for procuring any substantial reform in the criminal law until the tories were driven from power, subsequent events proved that a public sentiment was then forming that would soon demand a large retrenchment of the number of capital offences. In 1823, Sir James introduced into the House a series of resolutions, laying the foundation for sweeping reforms in the criminal code. Sir Robert Peel, then Home Secretary, caused them to be rejected only that the ministry might enjoy the credit of bringing forward measures of their own of a character scarcely less radical than those proposed by MacIntosh. The government plan contemplated the immediate abolition of capital punishment in several cases, its proximate abolition in others, and the ultimate revision of the whole penal law. The result was, that ere long the death-penalty was abrogated in about fifty instances. Such a

triumph was ample reward for the years of severe, and oft-times hopeless, labors of Romilly, MacIntosh and Buxton, in this humane department of legal reformation.

We should do injustice to one of the best of men if we did not devote at least a paragraph to Mr. Buxton. He entered parliament in 1818. He was then extensively known for his writings and speeches on the subject of Prison Discipline, to which his mind, as well as the public attention, had been turned by the philanthropic efforts of his accomplished sister-in-law, England's "Female Howard," the late Elizabeth Fry. In conjunction with her, and Mr. Joseph John Gurney, her brother, he had founded a Prison Discipline Society, which was exerting a healthful influence in reforming the scandalous penitentiary system of England. For the first three years of his parliamentary life, Buxton labored almost exclusively for the improvement of the penal code. His speech on the forgery laws, delivered in 1821, in support of one of the bills introduced by MacIntosh, was replete with useful information, and took a luminous survey of the whole question of adequate and inadequate penalties, and of the philosophy of rewards and punishments. As the coadjutor of MacIntosh, and the successor of Wilberforce, Mr. Buxton has written his name high on the roll of benefactors of the human race.

We must not forget to mention in this connection, that about this time (we are unable to fix the precise date) Mr. Williams brought before the House of Commons the subject of abuses and defects in the equity system, and especially in its administration by the Court of Chancery, and procured the appointment of a commission to ferret them out, and propose measures for their correction.

The mention of this gentleman's name, calls up the recollection of an interesting fact in the recent history of the English bar. The counsel in Queen Caroline's case were Messrs. Brougham, Denman, Williams, Wilde and Lushington. For the active and determined part they took in this case, in hostility to the royal libertine then occupying the throne, these distinguished lawyers, during his reign, were excluded from that share of professional honors to which their eminent attainments fairly entitled them. Their heroic defence of her whom he had turned out of doors, that he might have larger accommodations for his mistresses—her whom he had hunted through Europe with infamous charges, that he might divert the public attention from his own scandalous infidelities—her whom he had resolved to "whistle off, and let her down the wind, to prey at fortune"—and the bold hand with which they drew aside the curtain of Carlton House, during the trial, and exposed the harem of its master to the popular gaze;—these were offences not to be forgotten nor forgiven, and therefore, these five lawyers were the victims of the royal displeasure while George IV. lived. But, when his more liberal brother, and afterwards, his still more liberal niece, ascended the throne, the proscribed counsellors of "Caroline of Brunswick, the murdered Queen of England," were raised to the highest stations which the legal profession affords. Brougham was created Lord Chancellor, Denman Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Williams an Associate Justice, Lushington was made a Judge of the Admiralty Court, and Wilde, after filling the offices of Attorney General and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, has recently been made Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

Returning from this digression, it may be stated, that the year 1828

was an era in the cause of Law Reform. On the 7th of February of that year, Mr. Brougham made his memorable speech, in the House of Commons, on "The Present State of the Law." It was one of the ablest ever delivered in Parliament by this extraordinary man. It occupies about an hundred pages in his published speeches, and is a monument of his learning, wisdom, liberality and eloquence. In the preface to this speech, the author says:—"The evils, inconsistencies and absurdities of the system of civil procedure were singled out as the principal object of attack, the rather because, in Mr. Bentham's writings, the other branches of the mighty subject had been more copiously handled, and because it seemed manifest that the radical improvement of the remedies administered by the courts of law must lead to the universal reformation of our jurisprudence, while it afforded, in the meanwhile, substantial benefits to the community, and won over new converts to the great cause of law reform." With the hand of a master he exposed the manifold abuses that then existed in the administration of the common law courts, and laid bare many radical defects in the system itself, suggesting measures for the removal and correction of each class.

His speech resulted in the appointment of two commissions, one of general inquiry into the state of the common law, and the other of inquiry into the condition of the law of real property. Upon these commissions were placed twelve of the ablest lawyers of the kingdom, among whom are the well known names of Bosanquet, Parke, Campbell, Pollock, Starkie, Alderson and Stephen. From their labors have proceeded most of the important changes that have since been made in the civil jurisprudence of England. Of the extent to which they have followed the path traced by Lord Brougham in the speech we have mentioned, we have the evidence in a note to it, where he states, that, at the time of writing (1839–40) of about sixty capital defects pointed out in the speech, about fifty-five had then been removed in whole, or in by much the greater part. In the course of a few years after the delivery of this speech, the subject of a thorough reform of the criminal law and its codification, was referred to another commission of able lawyers, among whom we find the familiar names of Starkie, Amos and Wightman. From their services have mainly flowed the numerous improvements in the penal code during the last fifteen years.

The various reports of these three commissions, made from time to time, have displayed great learning and ability, and have not only produced radical changes in the English law, but they have been profitably studied and freely quoted by revisers, codifiers and commentators in the United States.

Of the labors of these commissions, and of the present state of law reform in England, as well as in our own country, we may speak in a future number of the Democratic Review; while we now conclude by quoting the eloquent peroration of Mr. Brougham's speech of 1828. Addressing the House of Commons, he said:—"You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than were ever done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the fickleness of fortune, while, in despite of her, he could

pronounce his memorable boast, 'I shall go down to posterity with the code in my hand!' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace. Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame. Then the lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendor of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied, for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling thus. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book—left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich—left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression—left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence! To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honor to be the instrument of making you bestir yourselves in this high matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office, of which the patronage would be an irksome incumbrance; the emoluments superfluous to one content with the rest of his industrious fellow citizens, that his own hands minister to his wants: and as for the power supposed to follow it—I have lived near half a century, and I have learned that power and place may be severed. But one power I do prize; that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-laborer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power, I know full well, no government can give—no change take away!"

SHELLEY AND TENNYSON.

Few poets have been able to achieve popularity and fame among all classes of men; and of the few that have been successful in winning universal praise, there are none who do not owe their success more to assiduous cultivation of popular taste and watchful listenings to public decisions, than to native genius or to the smiles of fortune. Those oracles to whom a world unanimously appeals, whom it styles models and exemplars, standards of taste, and criterions of excellence; arrived at their pre-eminence only by the most severe struggles with native deficiencies, and the most sacrificing self-denials. Such sacrifices and struggles, though necessary conditions of the highest and most universal fame, are inexpressibly irksome to a proud and sensitive mind, and are generally avoided where it is possible to satisfy ideal conceptions, and win a name among men, without them. The mass of writers and poets have so acted; and each one, secure in the admiration of a greater or less body of adherents, has pursued his chosen way, cultivating his own peculiar tastes, and re-

signing to a few great masters the painfully acquired sceptre of universal command. A Crabbe seeks only to adorn his pages with "the short and simple annals of the poor." A Byron devotes his energies to the task of unfolding the mysterious chambers of a diseased and defiant soul. A Scott paints gorgeous pictures of heraldry and war. A Wordsworth spends a life-time in throwing open the still and quiet recesses of a purely meditative intellect. Campbell's muse is action. Coleridge's is repose. And hence each of these great poets is revered by a separate school of admirers, large in proportion to their taste for quiescence, or movement, or deep and tranquil thought, or splendid description, or morbid contemplation, or minute and simple narration.

Shelley, inferior in poetical power to none of these we have mentioned, appealed in his own peculiar strain to the finer and more subtle sensibilities of our nature. His whole life was one long aspiration for love and sympathy, and his writings breathe one unvarying note of affection for human excellence, and indignation at the unrevenged wrongs existing in society. But so abstract and intangible were his expressions, and so far removed from the grasp of the popular mind were his plans for meliorating the condition of humanity, that his very kindness was taken for indifference, and his protestations of benevolence were construed into subtle designs of malice. His life and his writings could not protect him from the odium that necessarily attached to a suspected arrogance and infidelity. The persecutions with which he was visited at home are well known, and have aroused the indignation of an age that came too late to do him justice. His works, with their uncorrected defects, and their rare and elevated beauties, though free from much of that unpopularity which pressed upon them at their birth, are yet too obscure and imaginative ever to become acceptable to the great public, and will be read only by students of the divinest of arts—that art to which he gave his prayers, his energies, and his life.

Though Shelley's poetry, therefore, is read by few, the influence which it exerted, and still continues to exert on succeeding poets, is undeniably great. No one ever possessed more self-reliance, or juster views of the dignity of song; and his example has not been without its effect in encouraging poets to think with pride of their vocation, and to preserve it in its proper purity and excellence. His profound and sincere sympathy with humanity, and his earnest desires to restore his fellow man to that eminence of goodness from which he had lapsed, have come to be rightly understood and zealously adopted. Nor have his errors failed to be of essential service to young and ambitious writers. An intimate knowledge of their effects has produced the conviction that the world cannot be benefited till it is interested, and that the purest principles, the loftiest exhortations, and the most sublime lessons, are but thrown away on callous ears, unless the sympathies of that great audience to whom the poet speaks, be awakened, their confidence fully established, and the avenues to their hearts thoroughly occupied. We believe it is Byron who says, "When we hear Shelley talk of being familiar with the Alps and the Glaciers, and heaven knows what, we cannot help wishing that he knew more of Fleet street and the Strand." And a distinguished English author, who, if we mistake not, has profited much by Shelley's errors, says—"With his Prometheus we have no human sympathies; and the grander he becomes, the less popular we find him. Writers who do not in theory know their

kind, may be admired, but they never can be popular. And when we hear men of unquestionable genius complain of not being appreciated by the herd, it is because they are not themselves skilled in the feelings of the herd. For what is knowledge of mankind but the knowledge of their feelings, their humors, their caprices, and their passions; touch these, and you gain attention,—develope these, and you have conquered your audience."

Alfred Tennyson, though possessing somewhat more of humor and *earthliness* than Shelley, would have committed nearly the same faults, had he not been restrained by their melancholy results, too obvious to escape his attention. The texture of his mind is of the same subtle and imaginative nature with that of the author of Prometheus and Adonais. His tendency to pursue metaphysical abstractions into vagueness and obscurity, is primarily the same with Shelley's, and could only have been checked—for that it is not subdued, may easily be seen from "The Two Voices" and the "Palace of Art"—by severe discipline and self-denial. It would require no extraordinary discrimination to judge from what model, among others, he has deduced his principles of poetical melody and rhythm. The same elements of vivid imagination, delicate and ethereal fancy, graceful personification, reach of thought, purity and nicety of diction, and harmony of allusion, which claim for Tennyson so high a rank among poets, may be found in Shelley in equal copiousness. And the reason why the one charms the wide people with so strong a spell, and enters so readily the heart of every one who cares at all for poetry; and why the other stands almost alone and neglected, is found in the fact that Shelley was careless of gaining access to the sympathies of human nature, and wrapping himself in a mantle of poetic abstractions, wondered why a world around him went famishing for truth; while Tennyson, no less rapt with the visions of the lofty heaven of song, studies to accommodate himself to the better tastes of a nation of listeners, and feeling that his powers cannot elevate his audience wholly to his own level, condescends a little, to meet them on a broader and more accessible plain, which it is his especial care to beautify and enrich.

Still the peculiar vein of metaphysical speculation which Tennyson shares with Shelley, and his evident love for indulging it—an indulgence that would run beyond bound were it acceptable to his audience—must prevent him from ever becoming, in the broadest use of the term, a popular poet. Unlike Burns, to whom he is superior in imagination and mental power, he would never be appealed to as a *national* favorite. Unlike Cowper, with whom it would be unjust to compare him, if we reckon imagination and delicacy of sentiment among the chief requisites of poetry, he would never be regarded by the mass as a companion and a friend in all seasons and places. Those who look for *stories* even in poetry, and measure the goodness of a poem by the intensity of its dramatic interest, will read "Marmion" and slight the "Princess." By the fireside Tennyson will often yield to Campbell; in circulating libraries he will be less thumbed than Montgomery; at the piano, less sung than Haynes Bayley; at the festive board, less quoted than Moore. Not exclusively a subject for the still researches of the study, he is a fit companion in those hours when we wish to refresh our mental faculties, hebetated by long intercourse with the world, from the pure and living wells of song; when we are disposed alike to enjoy the solemn argument, the playful and half-earnest

discourse, the sarcastic yet good-tempered judgment, the mirthful jest; at such times, whether by the glowing fire, or in the dreamy grove, he speaks to us with rare and strange power, and makes of us eager and devoted disciples.

Rightly distrusting his ability to master at once the secrets of grandeur and tenderness, Tennyson has chosen his province in the latter. I do not say that he is not often sublime, but that he does not aim at grasping the thunderbolt while he holds the key to the chambers of the zephyr. Nor does this argue excessive and timid humility, or real want of power. Since the days of Homer, no poet has been at the same time truly sublime and truly tender. Milton, from his grand and unapproachable seat, forbids us to weep, and looks with silent indifference on human sensibility. The Florentine bard, in his dark grandeur, is mournful, but not sympathetic. Shakspeare approaches near perfection on either hand, and from him, as from the ancient Greek, we derive our models, yet we perceive that even Shakspeare would have the more excelled in part had he not aimed at all. And if the consummation of the lofty with the tender is not found here, where shall we look for it, or how can lesser mortals hope to attain it? The sublimity of Shelley, which he could unquestionably have brought to a much higher grade of excellence than he actually did, is distorted with wild vagaries, and chaotic images; and those passages in which he lavished the deepest affections of his heart upon the objects of his love, are marred by his excessive inclination for abstraction, and his intense and unsatisfied desire to express the *unutterable.* There are depths in the human heart to which language in vain strives to penetrate, and their most perfect expositor is he who reveals their presence by lighting up the surrounding obscurities. And thus it is, that by careful study and patient attention to popular wants, Tennyson has overcome much of that *distance* which lay between the world and himself—and which turned the earnest and disinterested love of Shelley back upon himself—and has learned the modes of access to the human heart. His delicate sympathy, his unaffected desire to interest, his keen appreciation of the beautiful, are felt and recognized by all whose minds are at all in harmony with poetry, or are not perverted by a false taste. Tennyson is emphatically the poet of tenderness and sensibility; but it is owing to his discrimination, and not to his genius alone, that his expressions of love are not met with indifference, or mistaken for madness.

Next to that metaphysical and abstract view of thought which forms so marked a characteristic of Shelley and Tennyson, I should place a love of harmony—a power over the resources of rhythm, as a peculiar distinction of their genius. That this is partly spontaneous, I cannot doubt, but it is equally clear that much of it is owing to an intimate acquaintance with the classic, and especially the Greek, poets.

Most writers of poetry, more especially the inexperienced, when inspired by the muse, compose hastily, without definite system, and without regard to the laws of metre. As they read verse by the ear, so they write it, and the chances are almost infinite against their accuracy. The natural affinity of the senses for harmony is generally sufficient to prevent mistakes occurring in very great numbers, or of very obvious magnitude; and much creditable poetry is produced in this way, but none of it is marked by the essentials of immortality. The writer who aims at *permanence,* strives for *perfection.* All our immortal authors, with one or two exceptions, were men of giant labor, and composed slowly; working by

the examples of the past, improving on models which in their turn h been the fruit of elaborate toil and study. The great laws of beauty a exacting, and a thorough knowledge of them is requisite to that success which every writer should aim. Triumph gained without this knowled is necessarily ephemeral. And although poems, that are hastily writt and disjointed, and marred by an absence of harmony here, and a disc nection of thought there, may be published, and read, and admired, th cannot *live*. Virgil and Horace complained that rival poets composed t times faster than they, but somehow the world has given those fast geniu the go-by. An author who expects posterity to read him, has no right presume upon his own facility. The speed of the age is requisite in t pen that writes pamphlets, or editorials, or certain kinds of criticism; b for the sake of literature, let us not see it in poems or histories. He i wise writer of poetry who ponders long and deeply on the stately a pure models of the Greeks, the massive specimens of Roman art, a the unyielding structures built by early English strength; who makes t laws of harmony familiar knowledge—who is equally at home in t smooth and solemn flow of blank verse, and the involved torrent of t choral ode. If each verse is perfect, there will be no flaw in the ent work. The genius that constructs without art, is but an imperfect expo tor of itself.

Shelley's command of melody was great, and his intimacy with clas beauty wonderful. The Grecian dramatists were his especial delight, a his admiration of their exquisite taste and severe simplicity was carri almost to idolatry. His Prometheus seems almost the work of Æschyl himself, and the Cenci is as perfect a model of composition as the Antigo and as unfit for representation on the English stage. In many of his co positions he was hasty, and his sudden and early death prevented h from revising what he could not but have recognized as unfinished a crude. But where he has displayed his strength, the flow of his melo is surpassed by nothing in the English language. The perusal of "Al tor" or "Adonais" affects us like the solemn chanting of some mysteri anthem, filling us with lofty but indefinable conceptions, bewildering us a maze of reverberating echoes. Such music is a fit companion to th abstract thoughts which, flowing in vivid profusion from the poet, elu all the powers of the mind but the imagination. Judgment alone mig as well sit on a conception of Mozart as of Shelley. To translate eit into prose would be impossible.

In excellence of metrical construction and use of melody, Tennyson not at all inferior to Shelley, and his power of entrancing the ear is oft much enhanced by the accommodation of his thoughts to the popu taste. Thus, while "Œnone" and portions of "In Memoriam" are melodious and as abstract as "Alastor;" "Mariana" and the "Mille Daughter" are to the latter what "Sweet Home" is to the "Creatio And with so much care and thought and deliberation has Tennyson ela rated his productions, that there can be found among them fewer imp fections of rhythm and style than in those of any other English poet. T this by itself is not necessarily an all-important feature, is evident fr the fact that many of the imitators of Pope, who, if they had lived bef the Dunciad, might have thought themselves fortunate to obtain a place its embalming pages, composed rhymes of undeniable smoothness, a not without a semblance of musical flow; still when joined, as in t case, with genius and high poetical inspiration, it must be recognized a

powerful element of enduring success. It is a matter of praise to any poet of the present day, that he carefully attends to the laws of metrical construction, and strives after *effect* in language as well as in thought; since by a large and brilliant and influential school of poets, they have been, in late years, so much disregarded.

In attempting to give a favorable specimen of the verse of Shelley, I shall meet with more difficulty than in the task of elucidating my ideas of Tennyson. The finest passages of the former are precisely those which, in a disconnected form, would give the least satisfaction to the general reader, both on account of their abstractedness and the intimate relations of thought they maintain with the context. We shall confine ourselves to a single example—narrative—and affording a beautiful instance of sound harmonizing with sense. It is from "Alastor."

"————Evening came on,
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray,
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep;
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night followed, clad with stars. On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war
Rush'd in dark tumult thundering, as to mock
The calm and spangled sky. The little boat
Still fled before the storm; still fled like foam
Down the steep cataract of a wintry river:
Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave,
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass
That fell, convulsing ocean. Safely fled—
As if that frail and wasted human form
Had been an elemental god.
At midnight
The moon arose; and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,
Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall save?
The boat fled on—the boiling torrent drove—
The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,
The shattered mountain overhung the sea,
And faster still, beyond all human speed,
Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,
The little boat was driven."

From the early and bitterly atoned errors of Shelley's life, and his subsequent trials, Tennyson has been happily exempt; nor has he shared those torturing speculations and wild scepticisms—whose full terror no one knows who has not experienced them—with the author of that most melancholy of all youthful follies, Queen Mab. Over the career of Shelley we hang with mingled reverence and sorrow, venerating his genius, and lamenting his mournful lapses from the true faith, not without hopefulness that his deep and sincere love for goodness was acceptable to Him who sees not as man sees; on the upward and brightening path of Tennyson we look only exultingly, recognizing the progress of a great—and a Christian—poet. B.

ILLUSIONS OF A TOURIST:

BEING REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF TOPFFER.]

We were seated, in company with the prior, at the convent of St. Bernard, with our feet against the fire. The good ecclesiastic, after many narratives elicited by our inquiries, observed: "Moreover, gentlemen, our Saint Bernard is rather celebrated, than well known." "And I can tell you the reason, father," interrupted a stout gentleman, who, seated on the right hand side of the hearth, had not yet shared the conversation; "it is not well known, because it has been so often misrepresented. It is with your famous mountain as with so many authors of the present day, who are also celebrated, and whom we, the public, know through the medium of newspapers, biographies and engravings; the newspapers indulge in romance, the biographies in falsehood, the portraits in flattery; in fact, the whole concern is as false as an epitaph!"

The gentleman ceased; but I, who consider myself one of the public also, and have, as such, my own ideas and convictions—I felt somewhat nettled by the confident abruptness with which his opinion was uttered: "Allow me," said I,—"epitaphs"— But he did not permit me to conclude the sentence. "Epitaphs! would you really undertake to defend them? then I would send you to walk (I started, and my countenance must, I am certain, have displayed some marks of indignation) for an hour only in the cemetery of Pere-La Chaise. You will hardly deny, sir, that there are some devils sleeping there beneath the turf. Well! the epitaphs speak only of angels."

"Possibly," said I, "but we may suppose that the survivors, in the excess of their grief"—he interrupted me again—"You are young, sir; very young. You have yet to learn that it is never grief, but always pride, vanity or joy, that dictates these falsehoods and pays for their perpetration." I replied, "Vanity, perhaps; but joy, sir, joy in connexion with a cemetery—with a tomb!" "Joy, sir, or gratification if you like it better; that solid, actual gratification, which results from a rich inheritance. By a natural sentiment, possessing, however, nothing in common with grief, we wish to acknowledge, in some manner, the benefit which we receive, and the epitaph is selected for that purpose. Of all means, this is the most convenient, the least expensive, and hence, the most ancient. Grave, grave, then, sculptor; proclaim the virtues; proceed; discharge the tribute—of what, gentlemen, unless it be of our gratitude to the deceased, our perfect and entire satisfaction, our gratification, the warmer and more lively, because for the present we are not allowed to dispel it?"

"There are monsters," replied I, "who are thus constituted, but"—"Recall the word, young man, and reserve it for more odious subjects. That which is a misery inherent in humanity, cannot justly be called monstrous. I speak of every day facts; of selfishness rather odious than un-

natural; of hypocrisy, which hypocrites regard as decent and becoming. I speak of deeds that might be committed by monsters such as you and I, for example. All I have to say is, that these same monsters, if they really feel the affliction they profess, have nothing to do with tombs and epitaphs. Grief furnishes its own aliment; it is timid, fearful, retiring; even the external symbols of mourning which conventual usages require, are unpleasant, because they attract observation. Grief deplores the departed one in his entirety, excusing his faults, cherishing the memory of his virtues, and rendering them the homage of heartfelt sighs and secret tears. Grief, sir—deep, true grief—far from courting notice, is only observed when taken by surprise; and if, conscious that I were an ungrateful son, I wished to be thought an affectionate one, I should, above all things, guard against placing a marble tablet on my mother's tomb."

I was much displeased with the speaker, and somewhat, also, with the prior, who seemed to coincide in an opinion expressed, as it seemed to me, with sad severity, and substantially false and paradoxical. In order to keep from openly contradicting him, and being desirous of changing the current of conversation, I said, "let the epitaphs go, gentlemen, but let us talk of descriptions, biographies, portraits of authors."

"I think of them as of epitaphs; and by this I don't mean to say that I place no faith whatever in them. Listen, then: these devils of Pere-La Chaise may at least have been good devils; certainly they were not without qualities, and perhaps the epitaph is as culpable in omitting the virtues they possessed, as in ascribing to them those which they never had. In the same manner, these portraits of our eminent men are not without a certain degree of resemblance; but the picture is rendered as false by the beauty which is represented, as by the actual truth which is omitted. It is not the face of a man, but the visage of a God, with which they present us. It is not, as formerly, that insignificant head of Fenelon, buried in a wig, but a magnificent mask, dressed up and set off for the public and for posterity. Formerly the public exercised their ingenuity in discovering, in the insignificant exterior, the soul which the author had revealed in his writings; but now, the public have to search, in an author's works, for the inspiration, the originality, the depth, the humanity, inscribed on his visage. Epitaph! sir; on all these lithographic masks, whether engraved or painted, I read, inscribed in large letters, 'Behold the greatest of poets!' 'Behold the great master of lyric verse!' This brow is worn by meditation; this wasted away by profound thought; that swelling with genius. Epitaph, sir; all is epitaph." But to return to the great Saint Bernard. At this moment a bustle was heard below, near the entrance, and the barking of the dogs overpowered our stout gentleman's voice. "Some new comers," said the prior, as he left us to receive them. We remained alone, the stout gentleman and I, each forming his conjectures as to what was passing below, without thinking any longer of epitaphs. At the end of a few moments, a gentleman entered the hall. This gentleman was a tourist, about thirty years of age, well dressed, and very communicative. "I salute you, gentlemen." He took a chair, and we moved our seats so as to accommodate him. "Excuse me, but the fire is pleasant, after getting out of an avalanche."

"An avalanche!" said the stout gentleman. "At this season?" added I. "Yes, and a fine one too, I tell you; a quarter of a league, at least." I could not understand this gentleman's avalanche. It was, in fact, the

end of July, a season at which the surrounding heights are entirely free from snows, and when, consequently, the snow that is not there, cannot precipitate itself in the form of an avalanche. Being desirous to avoid contradiction, I merely requested this gentleman to tell us his adventure.

"Willingly," said he. "We had left the cantine at six o'clock. (The cantine is on the side of the Valois, the last inhabited house that is met with before reaching the Convent.) There was a party about fifteen paces in advance of me; they are now entering. Two gentlemen, a young girl, beautiful indeed, but consumptive. They were taking her to spend the winter in Italy. One of the two men is her father; the other, her betrothed, is a tall, quiet hobbardehoy, with about as much excitability as a statue. These Swiss are all so. Arrived on the avalanche"—

I here endeavored to interpose. "Permit me, sir—it is generally the avalanche that arrives on you." "Wait a moment. Arrived on the avalanche, I saw that the young lady's mule had sunk up to the saddle-girths, and could not be extricated by the guide, who knew nothing about managing the animal. I then approached, and pushing the rustic aside, took the bridle, and led the mule along. Ah! you should have seen me. But the young lady became alarmed, the father grew angry, the lover exclaimed, the mule was restive, and the guide interfered to prevent me from urging on the animal by blows. 'Take your mule, then,' said I, throwing him the bridle. He missed it; I boxed his ears; the animal fell, and the young lady rolled into the depths of the avalanche." "But allow me," I again interrupted; "it is generally the avalanche that rolls on the young lady." "Wait a moment. Her two cowardly protectors began to vociferate, the guide swore, and the young lady screamed for assistance. I wished, then, her troublesome companions at the devil; and seeing neither monk nor dogs at hand, I darted into the avalanche, came right upon the young lady, and brought her back safe and sound on the pathway. Such is my story," said our tourist, in conclusion. "This avalanche has given me a cold. Good night, gentlemen. I must take something warm to drink, and go to bed." Thereon he retired, without allowing us time to correct the singularly erroneous idea which he had conceived of an avalanche.

It is well known that an avalanche is a ball of snow, which, detaching itself from the heights, and increasing its volume by the snow which it accumulates on its route, soon becomes a formidable mass, and, in its precipitous fall, breaks down, overturns and crushes whatever it encounters. Accidental circumstances may produce an avalanche in any place where the snow rests on steep declivities; but they generally occur in the same channels and at the same places every year, owing to the operation of favorable and continuous circumstances which determine their path in that direction. When travelling on the Alps in the middle of summer, these channels are easily recognized; they are vast declivities, entirely destitute of trees or rocks, at the foot of which are accumulated the earthy *debris*, which, when at length united and conglomerated, vegetation reclaims and recovers. In the high valleys, where the heat is of short duration, the snows which during the winter have accumulated in the channels, not having time to melt, remain there permanently; and these remnants of the real *avalanche* receive that appellation among the country people. Hence the mistake of our tourist, who, visiting these valleys for the first

time, his brain filled with impressions from his guide book, had thoroughly convinced himself that he had had a glorious rencounter with this dreadful scourge of the upper Alps.

I should have endeavored to disabuse him of this idea, had he given us an opportunity of doing so, although it is a disagreeable and thankless task to disabuse a man when he firmly believes in anything that flatters his self-love. When my cousin Ernest was about to fight a duel, we, honest witnesses and good relatives, loaded the pistols with powder; his adversary fired; he discharged his pistol in the air; we then went to breakfast, and the wounded honor of the challenger was satisfied. But cousin Ernest, when he tells the story, pretends that the ball grazed his ear, and imitates the whizzing sound of the projectile; my aunt Sarah shudders, the whole company shudder, and we, honest witnesses and good relatives, are constrained to shudder with them. Should we shudder, were it not that it is a disagreeable and thankless task to disabuse our cousin?

The tourist had just left us, when two gentlemen, whom I supposed to be the father and the lover, entered the hall. These gentlemen seated themselves at table, and commenced their supper in good earnest. Their appetite shocked, and their apathy displeased me. The old gentleman seemed to me in too tranquil a state of mind for a father, whose daughter, already consumptive, had just spent half an hour in the snow; and as for the lover, I felt enraged at every mouthful he took, regarding it as an outrage to suffering and unfortunate beauty. I remember that, following the tourist's example, I drew inferences, from my observations, little favorable to Swiss sentimentality.

While occupied in forming these inferences, a servant entered the hall, bearing a cup of tea on a tray, and the young lady followed immediately after. It was pleasant to see her father rise from his seat, and press a kiss on her forehead, as an evidence of the joy he felt in seeing that she had recovered so quickly; while her brute of a lover, instead of going into ecstacies, or bursting forth in strong expressions of lively happiness and tender joy, continued his meal, observing, in the calmest and most common-place accent, "Louisa, sit down there, and take your tea while it is warm." Certes, this was not the passionate fondness of Saint Preux, addressing Julie, and the tranquil familiarity of his manner had, with me, the effect of a profanation.

The young lady was, in fact, very pretty, and the danger from which she had just escaped, enhanced in my eyes the regularity of her features and the beauty of her countenance. I failed, however, to observe the modest embarrassment that might have been expected, in a betrothed young girl, exposed to the gaze of two gentlemen; nor did I discover that air of touching melancholy that we expect in a frail and delicate constitution. But what still more disconcerted me, was to surprise on her countenance, in which I sought for dejection and sorrow, the visible signs of a suppressed laugh, that our presence could hardly restrain. This laugh communicated itself first to her lover, then to her father, who, being no longer able to constrain his mirth, turned towards us, saying, "Pardon me, gentlemen; this must appear to you very much out of place, but it is irresistible; excuse us." The whole three being thus freed from restraint, burst into a merry laugh, while we looked at them, lost in the most serious astonishment.

I judged it advisable to withdraw, and was on the point of doing so, re-

gretting at the same time to have given myself any concern in behalf of people who seemed so well pleased with themselves, when the father, addressing himself to me, said, "I must let you, sir, into the secret of our hilarity, which you must consider very strange. The subject is a gentleman"—

"The gentleman who was here just now?" "Precisely." The most obliging, but at the same time the most dangerous person in the world. We had never seen him, when it seems he suddenly took it into his head that we were exposed to great danger from an avalanche. From pure humanity, then, and with the most imperturbable gravity, he pushed away our guide, beat our mule, and threw my daughter into the ravine." Here bursts of laughter interrupted the recital. In fact, just in proportion as the former alarm had been serious, the circumstances now presented themselves under their comic aspect, to the imagination of the three travellers, and excited in their minds those emotions of gayety which I had witnessed, and in which I now participated. I capped the climax by informing them, that in the tourist's imagination, the young lady passed for a consumptive, and her brother for a lover, whom he mentally reproached with a strange degree of prosaic coldness.

The stout gentleman, still seated by the fire, had listened to the conversation without sharing either the dialogue or the laughter. At last, rising from his seat, as if to retire to his room, "A fool," said he, "and you may be sure one of my countrymen; no other could combine, in so happy a degree, rashness and gravity, presumption and ignorance; no one else, rather than doubt the correctness of his own judgment, would throw into what he takes for an avalanche, a blooming girl, whom he takes for a consumptive. Good evening, gentlemen." Our stout friend took a light, and withdrew, and we soon followed his example.

The bed-rooms reserved for travellers, at the Convent of Saint Bernard, are little cells, separated from each other by a wooden partition. When I had extinguished my candle, I perceived a light, which fell on my bed, through the chinks of the partition. It is rarely, under such circumstances, that a very indiscreet, but very lively curiosity does not impel you to approach your eye to the chink which seems to be the largest. At least, this is what I did not fail to do, taking, at the same time, the most careful precautions, lest the slightest noise should betray my indiscretion. I then saw, to my great surprise, and with some disappointment also, our tourist sitting on his bed, his head and chest warmly wrapped up, and with a pen in his hand, apparently absorbed in the task of composition. Beside his bed, I observed a steaming teakettle and a flask of cherry brandy. From time to time he ceased writing, in order to revise and correct his manuscript, while every shade and variety of satisfaction passed over his countenance, from the simple smile of contentment to the serious gaze of the most boundless admiration. At one passage, he seemed unable to resist the pleasure of hearing the flattering murmur of his period, and in the extract that he read to himself, I could distinguish only that it contained something about *Molossian mastiffs*, *violets*, and a young lady named *Emma*. I hence concluded that our tourist was an author, perhaps a traveller of the Alexandre Dumas school, who was now occupied in retracing the impressions, the recollections, the catastrophes of the day. On this I left him to his labors, and went to sleep.

The next morning, at breakfast, I learned that the tourist had departed an

hour ago, and the stout gentleman was preparing to set out for Martigny. As it was necessary for me to descend to the city of Aoste, I joined the three persons whose acquaintance I had so pleasantly made on the preceding evening. Though our tourist, at the first glance, had pronounced one to be a phlegmatic Swiss, they were all natives of Chambery. They were proceeding toward Ivrée, for the purpose of celebrating the nuptials of their daughter, whom her father, a hotel keeper at Chambery, had long since promised to the son of a Piedmontese hotel-keeper, at Ivrée. At the same time, the good man proposed to provide himself with a supply of wines and rice, and then, after dispatching his business, to return to Savoy by the Little Saint Bernard. On the way, he explained all these matters to me with that gay and honest simplicity which is so natural to the Savoyards, and as I appeared interested in them, he invited me to his daughter's wedding, and she with an amiable ingenuousness, begged me to do her the honor of attending on that occasion. Without positively refusing, I still resolved not to accept, owing to certain secret operations in my own mind, of which, I could not but be conscious. In fact, the appearance of this young person had deeply interested me on the previous evening, but to-day I began to feel that I was in love with her. This, to be sure, was advancing somewhat rapidly. But, in addition to the fact, that in travelling the heart is freer, more venturesome, and more easily captivated, it is always readily excited by certain features possessing an unaccustomed charm, and a style of beauty never before observed. Educated among the sisters of the Sacred Heart, the young lady had left the convent only a few weeks previously, so that being quite a novice, without experience, and hardly, as yet, accustomed to the world, she charmed at once by her artless manners, and by certain blooms of joy and hope, whose tender and delicate colors had never yet been tarnished. Gracefully seated on her mule, which, according to the instinct common with those animals, followed the exterior border of the path, she mounted the precipitous height with an air of assurance, which, with her, was not courage, but careless confidence. Still, when the conversation changed from the quality of rice, or the value of wines, to subjects that interested her more, she joined in it, now bursting forth in some lively sally, now listening with an aspect of serious intelligence. Once or twice, her lover was alluded to; she had seen him but once; she spoke of him without either embarrassment or passion, without appearing to see anything more in marriage than a perpetual and delicious season of enjoyment. Amiable girl! As I gazed upon her, my fancy depicted her future destiny, and the sudden disenchantment of her dreams; and after having imagined the disappointments that probably awaited her, in the midst even of a domestic happiness, which was yet uncertain, I could not help wishing that I had been the person assigned to lighten her sorrows by constant tenderness, and that eager watchfulness which results from a delicate and devoted passion. But, as fate had ordained otherwise, I found it was best not to cherish a sentiment which soon became painful, because it was hopeless. This was why I had not yet mentally accepted the invitation to the approaching nuptials.

After travelling about four hours, we arrived at the city of Aoste. It happened to be fair-day. Beneath the shadow of the ruins of the amphitheatre, and around the ancient Roman gates, the peasants from the mountains displayed their wares; here rose piles of cheese, there heifers lowed,

and beyond timid sheep bleated around the booths, or gave suck to their lambs under the shade of the wagons. Our two gentlemen had no sooner arrived, than they were surrounded by dealers, with whom they had business to transact, and treating me as an old acquaintance, they had abandoned the young lady to my protection. The hotel, at which we had put up, was noisy and crowded. As an inducement to leave it for awhile, I proposed a pilgrimage to the leper's tower. After having consented with eager earnestness, and while we were en route, she inquired of me who the leper was? I promised her that she should soon know, and having entered a bookseller's shop, I bought M. De Maistre's story. We then directed our steps toward the rural enclosure where rises the old tower which he has immortalized. And when we had visited it, we repaired to the neighboring meadow, to seek some shady spot, where we could sit and read our book. We found some leafy oak trees, and some boulders not far off, perhaps the very same on which the leper, having seen the young woman recline her head on the bosom of her bridegroom, felt his heart tremble and his soul stagger, beneath a frightful burthen of despair.

My young companion having been brought up by the sisters of the Sacred Heart, had read scarcely any books, except those which treated of religious subjects. She now listened, for the first time, to a work at once grave and interesting, written in a style full of emotion and eloquence; now gently penetrating the heart, now agitating it, and causing it to thrill with compassion. At first calm, and almost lost in abstraction, she attentively regarded the tower, the mountains, the valley, until, captivated more and more by the interest of the narrative, she evinced a sort of surprise, which was insensibly followed by the enchanting emotion of a mind which becomes for the first time susceptible to the charm of poetry. Her countenance sparkled with pleasure. As we perused those sombre pages which described the bitter sufferings of the leper, her eyes filled with tears; and when I came to the place where the poor wretch's sister is about to be taken from him, she begged me to proceed no further. I then closed the book, and presenting it to her, in order that she might finish the story at her leisure, I begged her to keep the little volume as a memorial of myself. She willingly assented, blushing, however, as she did so. In fact, we had begun to feel in common, to experience the same emotions; our hearts had secretly drawn near to each other, so that the ingenuous pleasantry of the preceding evening had, with this young girl, already begun to give place to the modest restraint of sentiment.

We returned to the hotel. The two gentlemen, entirely absorbed in business, were eagerly despatching their affairs, so as to close them and return. They hardly observed that a great change had come over the young girl. For my part, I was so thoroughly convinced of the error which I had just imprudently committed, in disturbing the calm that had reigned in her heart, and opening poetry to its reception, at the very moment when she was about to contract the most holy, but the most prosaic of engagements, that I felt some degree of compunction at what I had done. It was true, that I could not now remedy the evil, but I might increase it by continuing to travel as her companion, which I desired to do, with a degree of eagerness that told me there was already something culpable in the wish. Summing up all my resolution, therefore, in order to resist the affectionate solicitations of the father and brother, and the timid but earnest entreaties of their companion, I separated from them, after

thanking them for the kind reception I had met with. I remained at Aoste, experiencing, in the midst of the crowd around me, a bitter feeling of solitude, and heart-sick melancholy, which I went to nourish in the very spot where, in the morning, we had sat beneath the oak trees.

The next day, and for some days afterwards, I continued in a state of abstraction, that allowed me to feel but little curiosity respecting the districts or the cities which I had come to visit. I passed through Ivrée very early in the morning, and it required a strong effort on my part to forbear spending at least a few hours there. The streets were deserted, the Doire scarcely as yet lighted up by the first faint gleams of the early dawn, and still it seemed to me that that district was the pleasantest in Italy, and that city the only one in which I should have liked to spend my days. I felt an inclination to walk through it. While passing along, I saw several hotels, and paused before each, uncertain whether it was the residence of my young friend, who was probably slumbering at that hour, or perhaps thinking of the emotions she had experienced on the preceding evening, and the young man who, if he had not been the object, had at least been the occasion of them. As I had forgotten myself in these successive halts, my coachman, whom I had commanded to be in attendance at the farther extremity of the city, drove back to call me. I followed, the vehicle rolled on, and as the pavement of the last street ceased to resound beneath the wheels, I experienced a feeling of inexpressible sadness. Still, in the course of a few weeks this pre-occupation imperceptibly disappeared, and the ardent passion that I had carried away with me, changed into a tender recollection. I visited Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, and when it became necessary to think of returning, I decided on crossing the Alps by way of the Simplon; for my heart, being now free, no longer turned towards Ivrée, and I should have feared, in re-passing through it, to dissipate a remembrance so full of purity, tenderness and freshness.

On my arrival at Geneva last autumn, I went, according to custom, to visit my aunt Sarah. I have spoken of her above, in connexion with my cousin Ernest's duel. My aunt Sarah lives in the country; which, in the environs of the city, means a little garden, separated by a wall from the little gardens adjacent. This little garden possesses the advantage of a swing, and a pump that never fails except in dry weather: at the north-east corner my cousin Ernest has made an artificial mountain, on which he has constructed a Chinese pavilion, painted green, commanding a fine view of the tax offices and the fortifications of the city.

My aunt Sarah is an excellent lady, now somewhat advanced in years, having experienced, through the whole course of her life, only one misfortune,—that of having lost her husband, forty years ago, after three months of unmixed happiness, as she herself artlessly confessed. Six months after that catastrophe, she gave birth to a posthumous son, in whom all her affections were centered. This son was my cousin Ernest, whom she brought up as a fond mother, who had been a governess in her youth, might be expected to bring up an only son, and he, too, a posthumous child. In his childish years, methods of order, habits of propriety, and lessons in self-restraint; afterwards, to educate the heart, sentences, verses, examples of morality, vice punished, and virtue rewarded; still later, to form the understanding, the rules of politeness, and the art of conversation; in early adolescence, gloves, small talk, a frock coat, the habit of turning the toes out, and similar matters; later still,—nothing. At fifteen, my

cousin Ernest was a complete, perfect, model man—the joy of his mother, and the delight, too, of certain jovial and dissipated comrades, whose manners my aunt held in the utmost abhorrence. My cousin Ernest, still eccentric and posthumous, is now a confirmed bachelor; prim and precise, he cultivates his violets, waters his tulips, and goes every day to the city, at eight in summer and seven in the winter, to borrow the newspaper after the general perusal, and to exchange with the librarian the first volume of the novel that my aunt is reading for the second. If the road is damp, he carries overshoes; if dusty, he encases his shoes in yellow skin; if the rain falls, or the barometer is threatening, he takes his seat in the omnibus.

It is strange, that although I belong to the army, am of quick temper, and extremely punctilious on the point of honor, I have never yet been engaged in a duel. My cousin Ernest spends his days in the society of good old ladies; he goes little into company, or public assemblies; he is of a mild disposition; he is unique, posthumous, and fate had determined that he should have his affair of honor. The fact is, that his habits are to my cousin Ernest what passions are to others; and the right of being *en route* at eight o'clock, when he has taken the eight o'clock omnibus, is as sacred in his eyes as the right of singing the Marseillaise, or smoking in a countess's face, is, with certain hot-headed revolutionary characters. Now it happened that one day, just as my cousin was taking his seat in the eight o'clock omnibus, the driver, at the request of a young stranger, consented to delay his departure a few minutes, to allow a lady whom this young stranger expected, time to arrive. This distressed my cousin, who saw in it the germ of a general derangement of the whole ceremony of his daily life. The clock struck a quarter past; this annoyed my cousin, who imagined that this young lady was destined to become the cause of a continuous series of irregularities, one recochetting on another, and terminating in the disarrangement of his dinner hour, his coffee hour, the hour of his siesta. At twenty-five minutes past, he could endure it no longer, but began to grumble. The devil take the young lady! The young stranger immediately gave him his card, requested my cousin's in return, and the whole matter was arranged for eight o'clock the next morning—"eight o'clock precisely," added the stranger. On that occasion, however, my cousin was not quite so punctual as usual. He offered apologies, but they were rejected. Then, like honest witnesses and good relatives, we did the rest, and honor was satisfied.

But to return to the visit that I paid my aunt Sarah last autumn. Having been invited into the garden, I found her seated in the Chinese pavilion, employed in reading to some of the good people of the neighborhood. The subject must have been very touching, for I found the whole company deeply affected, with the exception of my cousin Ernest, who, always unique and posthumous, was seated on a rustic bench, under the shade of an acacia, carelessly smoking his cigar. After having saluted the company, and embraced my aunt, I begged these ladies not to interrupt their reading on my account, and accordingly seated myself also, and smoked my cigar on the rustic bench, beneath the shade of the acacia. My aunt read distinctly, just as a tender mother reads, who has been a governess in her youth; with a didactic emphasis, according to established principles, and in strict conformity to all the rules of pronunciation, so that it was a pleasure to hear her. After replacing her spectacles on her nose, she thus continued:

"This young lady had one of those pale female countenances that seem to be surrounded, as with a crepuscular veil, by a bluish auriole of secret sorrow. Condemned by fate to submit to the authority of a father incapable of comprehending the mysterious aspirations of a soul that seeks to attain the object of its hopes, and to complete the realization of its being, she was a prey to unheard sighs and stifled lamentations. This plant, born to flourish on the radiant summit of the Appenines, had germinated amid the cold acclivities of Helvetia, so that on the point of expanding into a brilliant carolla, the chill blasts of the upper regions compelled it to take shelter in the unwelcome envelope of its pale calyx."

"What plant is it, cousin?" asked I, of the posthumous celibatary who was smoking beside me. "It is—a delightful feminine creation." (My cousin was in the habit of repeating his mother's peculiar expressions.) "And this book—what is it?" "Reminiscences of Travel." "Not very sprightly?" "No." "Sad?" "Very much so." And my cousin, much more disturbed by these questions than by the stifled lamentations of the pale female, resumed his cigar, with an expression that seemed to indicate, that although he would not undertake to listen, still he would prefer to be let alone.

"Thus, while she sought in vain, among the matter-of-fact individuals by whom she was surrounded, one being who might open and people with his love the desert palace of her heart, her father, ('Cousin! who is this father?' "Hers,") one of those vulgar beings, whose whole life is spent in mercantile operations, ('he means a merchant, eh?' "Yes,") her father, instead of proposing as the object of her affections, one of those exiled nobles that volcanic Italy, at the period of its eruptions, had discharged beyond the Alps—('Ciani? Mazzini?' "Don't know")—one of those rich and glowing natures, such as Naples, or the city of gondolas, still produces—('Venice, eh?' "Hum")—had cast his eyes on a young Swiss, of massive form, with full, ruddy cheeks, and flaxen hair, the sickly symbol of a weak, apathetic mind. Thus the pale flower, incessantly agitated by the icy winds, instead of receiving an elastic support from the flowers around it, stood exposed to the rude contiguity of these two blocks of granite, that did but kill, while desirous of affording it a shelter."

Here my aunt, who was a governess in her youth, could not forbear remarking how delightfully this book was written. She found in the style, an infinitude of verbal peculiarities, which corresponded with the thousand harmonies of a fine imagination, and she insisted particularly on the unexpected recurrence of a comparison which threw so much light on the colorless condition of the heroine's countenance. The old ladies, who entirely coincided in her opinion, testified, moreover, the utmost disdain for the two miserable blocks of granite, and one of them espoused with such marked fervor the sorrows of this unknown personage, that I began to conjecture that she herself had probably been a heavy sufferer from the stupid indifference of our undiscerning sex. "Is that lady married?" I whispered to my cousin. "No." For my part, although I was yet far from suspecting that this blanched plant was my blooming companion of Aosta, and this block the hotel-keeper at Chanberry, I was still deeply interested in the narrative, which, without in the least degree disturbing my cousin's composure, excited to a high pitch the sentimentality of the ladies, and elicited from them remarks which were as delightful as the style that prompted them.

"When I met them," continued my aunt, as she resumed her reading, "they were journeying toward the plains of Italy, in the vain hope that the milder airs of a balmy climate would arrest the ravages of the destroyer. But I, whose soul comprehended her soul, I saw the maiden advancing, as it were, through an alley of cypress trees toward her expectant grave, and the burthen of a mighty grief weighed down my afflicted spirit. Beside her, her fair-complexioned lover, displayed to the light of heaven the massive amplitude of his form, the dull repose and prosaic movements of which, seemed never to be affected by any interior glow; a dull stupidity, like an armor of lead, covered the man, so that even the approach of a frightful avalanche (here I listened with all my ears) was insufficient to inspire him with even the selfish alarm of the most ordinary fear.

"Meanwhile night drew on, the dark indentations of the mountain-tops seemed as if they were biting the evening clouds, and the gorges of Saint Bernard, like enormous throats, swallowed up the last splendors of sunset. The avalanche was there; yawning, fathomless, pale as a shroud, greedy as a tomb. Suddenly, a white apparition appears, pauses a moment, and falls into the abyss. 'Tis Emma! ("Emma," said I to myself.) Quicker than lightning I followed her track—I rolled, I bounded, I plunged from depth to depth, striving to outstrip death, who was following close behind, until, having come off victorious in the fearful contest, I reached the pale and shivering maiden. She had sought in this chasm a refuge from her sorrows. I then allowed her to see that I, the stranger, the unknown, had anticipated her design. Understood at length, for the first time perhaps in her life, her eyelids opened to exhibit the glow of delight, and a radiant smile of ineffable beauty played over the violets (!!) of her lips.) There arrived, just at this moment, the molossian mastiffs (!!) of the convent, loaded with cordials, and greeted us with a bark that told of succor and assistance at hand. From the height above, a cable was let down; the good fathers came to meet us. I left the victim of the world in the hands of these men of heaven, and this duty discharged, went on my way in a state bordering on desperation."

I here burst forth in a loud explosion of laughter. The ladies arose, in a state of high indignation—my cousin looked at his mother, my aunt looked at me, I looked at the whole assembly in tears, and being no longer able to suppress a feeling of the ridiculous which such a spectacle excited to the utmost pitch, I saluted the company, and took my departure, apologizing for the scandalous conduct of which I had been guilty. As I regained my hotel, I thought of the words of my stout friend, when he said, "Epitaph, all is epitaph!"

NATIONAL CALAMITY.

The other night I, in a patriot frenzy,
Discuss'd the theme of the Mosquito King—
The printer—(d——n him)—changed what did my pen say,
And made my vengeance a Mosquito *sting*.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(Continued.)

Having read what is presented to us of Poe's life, our first thoughts are canvassed with regard to the weather-cock, unsteady, and many-minded career of his early days; and were we not convinced that he is one of the greatest literary men, even in respect to intellect, power, copiousness, capacity, intensity and execution, that has as yet arisen in this country, we might pass those days by with a few sentences on their romance, indecision, inconsistencies, carelessness, spoiled-childishness and poetic fervor of youth. But one whose name rushes to our lips nearly in the same breath with Charles Brockden Brown, must not be treated so lightly, or without at least briefly looking over the pathway by which such an intellect travelled into its position in the literary realm of its land—and of power over our sympathies.

We see him amid the heat and spur of untoward occurrences, vainly endeavoring to machine himself to some life-track, but which his undecided, or more likely, too quickly-suggesting brain, constantly prevented, by ever raising a new and more enticing road, in his own opinion, as he had just entered upon that of his last whim's determining. We see him passing through the alembic of his own brain, and through the probationary misfortunes, which seem a necessary test, as well as mirror of a literary life; and after many romantic speculations and some inglorious experience, expand himself into his native element of mind, as naturally as an eagle would take to its native air and mountains after the caging of half a century, or as the spirit of Liberty and Religion prove themselves immortal by being opposed.

Here let us live with him, through his school and early days, ere we become the critic and admirer of his maturity and genius. In early life Poe lost his parents, the principal misfortune of which was his finding in the persons of a Mr. Allan and his lady too indulgent substitutes, who adopted him. This misfortune solely lay in the extraordinary kindness they manifested towards him, by leading him to look forward to them as the prop of his manhood; and we doubt not, that had his kind guardians exercised a more temperate display towards their young charge, we would have found him less vacillating and more steady-minded in that peculiar portion of man's life which has such an empire over his coming maturity; we mean that doubtful period between school-days and the arrival of manhood—the poetic age—the Augustan era of existence. With regard to the still earlier portion of his life, we find that to their love and benevolence he owes the benefit of travel in foreign countries, and the blessing of a good education; which, as will be seen, was not lost, though it might have been, at times, misapplied by him.

Edgar Allan Poe, born in Baltimore, January, 1811, was the son of David Poe and Elizabeth Arnold. From his grandfather, General Poe, much distinguished in the Revolutionary War, he evidently derived his spirit of chivalry, which manifested itself in his joining the struggles for liberty in Poland and Greece, and which, if it does not give evidence of

much forethought, at least speaks favorably of his enthusiastic and ardent love of human freedom, and is a prelude to that spirit which forms a constitutional ingredient of the poetic mind. His family had long been one of the most respectable in Baltimore. About his parents there is a little romance. Here it is, as told by Dr. Griswold:

"His father, David Poe, jr., the fourth son of the Quarter-Master-General, was several years a law student in Baltimore, but becoming enamored of an English actress, named Elizabeth Arnold, whose prettiness and vivacity, more than her genius for the stage, made her a favorite, he eloped with her, and after a short period, having married her, became himself an actor. They continued six or seven years in the theatres of the principal cities, and finally died, within a few weeks of each other, in Richmond, leaving three children, Henry, Edgar, and Rosalie, in utter destitution."

In 1816, young Poe accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allan to England, and after passing some time in Scotland, was left for five years at Stoke-Newington to complete his education. Under the assumed name of William Wilson, in the Sketch of the same name, he thus remarks on his school-life: "My earliest recollections of a school-life, are connected with a large, rambling, Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with ineffable delight, at the deep hollow note of the church-bell, breaking, each hour, with sullen and sudden roar, upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere, in which the fretted Gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep." This ancient place, with its crypts and Gothic arches—quaint old staircases, pointed windows and oak ceilings—gnarled trees and angular enclosures, indelibly impressed his mind and character for life. A poetic mind never loses anything which may co-operate with imagination, but ranges about the world a silent collector of all that is beautiful and imposing; taking impressions and biographies, as it were, of all that is delightful, worthy, quaint, or artistic, till a million lives revolve within its own; and like a rich Mosaic, the world of the poet's brain is peopled with the choicest beings and things of earth and fancy. On this fulcrum, which the experience of observation gives him, the poet often raises even worldly men from their natural sphere, into the joy and beatitude which the revolutions of fancy and culture create in his. Even a casual reader of Poe's Tales will perceive how true these remarks pertain to him. His minuteness of description was undoubtedly the effect of minute observation, and he tells us himself that the quaint old building of his school-days was to him "veritably a palace of enchantment," and in his description of it we can readily perceive a very graphic portraiture of his own mind. He says: "There was really no end to its windings—to its incomprehensible subdivisions." His time at Newington was peculiarly qualified for impressing and feeding his young poetic aspirations. Its ancient structure, and the fact of the students being confined to the antique enclosures contiguous to the academy, with its labyrinth of little staircases; seeing the outside of the ponderous gate, with its "iron bolts and jagged iron spikes," but thrice weekly, "once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, they were permitted to take brief

walks, in a body, through some of the neighboring fields—and twice during Sunday, when they were paraded, in the same formal manner, to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village," of which church the schoolmaster was pastor; created a world of teeming thoughts and inquiries. The house was a sort of labyrinth, and, in his mind, was not far different from the ideas which he connected with infinity. Says he: "During the five years of my residence here, I was never able to ascertain, with precision, in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars." All this mysticism, and the analysis which it led to, was not without working its effects on Poe's mind, and unlike school-days in general, he passed "not in tedium or disgust the years of the third lustrum of his life." We have every assurance in his candor, when speaking of the impressions of childhood in regard to after life, he says: "In childhood I must have felt with the energy of a man, what I now find stamped upon memory in lines as vivid, as deep, and as durable as the *exergues* of the Carthagenian medals." So passed his school days in England.

On his return to America, he subsequently entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, and, it is said, led rather a dissolute life, exercising his abilities alternately in caricaturing the professors and carrying off the first honors of the college. His career here was careless and unthinking, but is another evidence of his power and ability when applied. By the latter he was always enabled, notwithstanding his idleness, to hold a respectable place before his tutors, and at last rousing himself from his precarious mode of study, he swept the first honors. 'Twas about this time he formed the idea of setting off for Greece, with the intention of joining in the revolutionary struggle in that land, which every student looks upon as a birthright. A companion, who had entertained the like feelings, abandoned the idea, and left the enthusiastic young poet to revel alone in dreams of freedom for his loved classic land. He consequently set out, and having reached St. Petersburgh, got into difficulties, we are informed, through an "irregularity in his passport;" or, as Dr. Griswold, seemingly better informed, tells us, that Mr. Middleton, of South Carolina, then Minister in the Russian capital, "was summoned one morning to save him (Poe) from penalties incurred in a drunken debauch." Whichever way it was, through Mr. Middleton's kindness our author was set at liberty; but, instead of prosecuting his idea of becoming a Greek Patriot, returned to his native land. On his return, one of those incidents, which seem, by some inscrutable design, the lot of poets and men of genius to encounter, awaited him. His benefactress, Mrs. Allan, for whom he had much regard, was dead. He arrived at Richmond the day after her obsequies. Fortune seems ever toiling after dramatic effect, in playing foul of the literary man. Fancy the poet going to liberate Greece, all but in the Russian chains; and returning disappointed, to unbosom himself with his friends, to find his benefactress dead—his hopes of joy, like his Grecian campaign, a vision. Reconciling his past thoughtlessness with Mr. Allan, he determined to enter on a military life, and with this intent sought a home in West Point Academy. Again fortune was at her tricks, and only seemed anxious to get him out of the way to place another in his stead, in the shape of a young wife for his old benefactor. The birth of a child followed this ill-matched union, and coeval with that event the death of Edgar Poe's hopes of inheriting

his adopted father's property. At West Point he prosecuted his studies energetically for a few weeks; but the evil habit of dissipation, to which he had been unfortunately prone, waylaid and prostrated him. "He neglected his duties and disobeyed orders; and in ten months from his matriculation he was cashiered." Fortune, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, now struck a light over Poland, and thither our disappointed youth looked for refuge, hoping, no doubt, to divert his mind from the maddening thoughts which his situation must have given rise to.

Again his resolves were frittered to the air. Warsaw fell, and with it Poland. He returned to Baltimore, and, to continue the melo-dramatic effect of his life of effects, was in just at the death of Mr. Allan. Of course he had nothing to expect from the widow but coldness; and it were well for him if he had had to work his own way from boyhood, *minus* the hopes of a fortune from a benefactor. He had energy enough, if well guided, but it was only when a dispute occurred with his adopted parents, that a momentary flash of independence lit up his mind and actions, and he then darted off on some grand scheme, which his own unsteady ideas overrated; not always guided with that stoic fortitude which is a presage of success. A slight thing could turn him from his purpose, and then thinking it better to make up with his friends, and live happy, he would return until another match set a train of disquietude agoing. Such occurrences were but too frequent; his unstable, and anything but filial conduct, towards one who acted with more kindness than a sensible parent should, and a mode of action, to us, unaccountable under the peculiar circumstances, together with his unquiet temper, bring those occurrences, alas! but too often before our view, and, we are sorry to believe, into an importance which his character, as a man, cannot afford to contrast. Nevertheless, it is right we should view them impartially, and in good faith to our conscience. His return from St. Petersburgh we think an instance of the unsteadiness of purpose we have spoken of. Perhaps the Consul could not get his passports regulated, or new ones for him; but we think it highly possible that he might have made southwards in another direction towards Greece. He was much nearer to it than America, but his mind was of that construction which cherished desultory action, and the fire of anticipated glory was burnt out at the prospect of a life in chains, dungeoned or in Siberia. Cowardice we do not aver it was; but the fatal effects of meeting a benefactor, and the ideas of comfort which the having such reared in his brain. A farther proof of this is his falling out with his adopted parents; if, instead of the desultory action which his mind manifested, he had had a well-regulated train of ideas, he would not have incensed his friends against him. He knew that he was indebted to them for his education, and more, and, at least, he ought to have shown gratitude and respect, if he did not love them. Whereas, it is evident he rarely tried to conciliate them, or seek the advice, which a person acting as a father had a right to give, and be heard in giving.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

MAJOR-GENERAL AARON WARD, OF NEW-YORK.

GENERAL AARON WARD, of Westchester County, New-York, has long been known to the public as one of those unwavering democrats of the old school, whose guiding star through the storms and darkness of political life, is principle, and who therefore holds a straight course, uninfluenced by the thick fogs of false theories engendered by time-serving demagogues, or the false lights hung out by concealed enemies to lure patriots to destruction. During the sectional storm which swept over the democratic party in the last presidential campaign, the blue lights of Van Burenism, more successful than those of the Hartford Convention, lured to destruction many a less clear-sighted statesman than Gen. Ward. His steady patriotism, based on the revolutionary traditions of his family, saw only in the general welfare of the whole Union, flowing from the federal constitution, an object worthy of political effort. His, therefore, is an example of value, and a history of interest to the young men of America.

Under the Colonial Government, a large tract in Westchester county, on the Hudson, composed the manorial estate of Frederick Philips, a tory. This estate being forfeited in consequence of his attainder, a portion of it, including the present village of Sing Sing, was purchased, in 1785, by Moses Ward, the father of General Aaron Ward. Where there are now many flourishing towns, at that time there were but three dwellings, one of which was the old stone fortress which had long been a place of refuge for the settlers during the Indian wars, and which became the dwelling of the purchaser. The family of Moses Ward was one of the oldest settled in the country. Its members had been conspicuous on the side of the people in the disputes of the crown. One of them fell at Saratoga, an officer in Philip Van Courtland's regiment. While Moses took an active part in the great struggle for liberty, he married the niece of Colonel Drake, of the Continental army. From both sides of his house, therefore, General Ward inherited his republican ardor.

With the view to the profession of the law, Aaron Ward, at an early age, was placed under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Nelson, principal of the Mount Pleasant Academy, and then entered the law office of Alexander M'Donald, Esq., an eminent lawyer. Ere he had made much progress, however, in his profession, all the fire of his ancient republican blood burst forth at the declaration of war with Great Britain, and he instantly abandoned the library for the camp. The Secretary of War being at Albany at the time, Governor Tompkins procured him a lieutenancy in the 29th regiment of infantry, and he was ordered to report for duty immediately.

Lieutenant Ward, on his arrival in Albany, to report for duty, and to commence his military career, was in his eighteenth year. He was offered the appointment of aid to Gen. Brown; but learning that a conditional promise of the same office had been made to Lieutenant Spencer, (son of

the late Chief Justice Ambrose Spencer,) notwithstanding that in the opinion of the governor he was entitled to the post, Lieutenant Ward regarding the claims of Judge Spencer on the executive as superior to his own, magnanimously declined in favor of Lieutenant Spencer, who subsequently fell at Lundy's Lane.

Gov. Tompkins then procured for Lieut. Ward a staff appointment in the 29th regiment, who, however, preferring active service, was, at his own request, removed into the line. One or two incidents of his first campaign will illustrate his character as a brave soldier.

In August, 1813, while the army under Gen. Hampton was on the march towards Montreal, Lieutenant Ward, with a company of picked men, was sent forward as an advanced guard. Not far from the American lines they saw the enemy, and pressing on to meet them, were saluted with a sharp volley from an advance force. A second and a third volley ensued, but nothing daunted, the gallant band pressed forward, until their young officer gave the word "Halt! ready, my lads! steadily, coolly. Let every ball tell. Fire!" and springing to the front, he shouted, "Forward! quick march! charge!" The brave men, not a whit behind their brave leader, scattered the enemy like chaff. The rout was total, and the retreat of the British so prompt, that their dead and wounded were left on the field.

On the 25th of November, a division of the same army, then under command of Col. Purdy, broke up its encampment before sunset, with a view of reaching the Chateaugay river, in the rear of the enemy. They had orders to cross and commence the attack at one o'clock the next day, at which time it was also to be made in front. The division being compelled to march through a dense forest, did not reach the ford in time. Brig. Gen. Izard commenced the attack, and drove the enemy from the out-posts. But finding that Col. Purdy, who had command of most of the light troops, could not bring his men into action, he withdrew his brigade, and orders were sent to Col. Purdy to construct a bridge and cross the river. But before this could be accomplished, the enemy fell on his command, threw them into confusion, and many of his officers fled ingloriously from the field. In this emergency, Lieut. Ward, with a few brave companions, uniting with Col. J. E. Wool and the officers in command, rallied the men and brought them into action. Lieut. Ward found himself at the head of a company of a hundred men, with only one officer to assist him. The enemy being repulsed, renewed the attack at ten o'clock P. M., and continued it till morning. The gallant conduct of Lieutenant Ward during that fearful night, elicited the highest approbation of his superiors, and the next day he had the honor of leading the rear of the army safely into camp.

In 1814, he was promoted to a captaincy. On the 29th of March, in that year, the northern army under General Wilkinson, concentrated at Champlain, preparatory to marching against the enemy, then in Canada, 2,500 or 3,000 strong. The march began at an early hour in the morning. Lieut. Scofield had been ordered to the right flank, with a command of fifty men. He was instructed to keep at a distance from the main body, to protect it against scouting parties of the enemy. He was attacked by an advance of the latter, who were securely posted in a forest near which the army should have passed, but for a mistake or the treachery of the guide. A halt was ordered, with a view of giving the advance,

then two miles distant, an opportunity to countermarch, and the general in command perceiving the exposed situation of Lieut. Scofield, sent Capt. Ward with a company to his support. Assuming the command, Capt. Ward strengthened his position, and maintained it against a largely superior force; and ultimately, by a well-directed movement on their flank, he drove the enemy from their post.

At this time he received orders to maintain his position at all hazards; and he not only did so, but, after a severe conflict, he compelled the enemy to retreat.

The limits of this sketch forbid our entering farther into the military career of Gen. Ward. It will be sufficient to say, that he continued in the service till the close of the war, adding new laurels to those already won, and discharging every duty with rigid exactness, and in such a manner as to obtain for him the repeated approbation of his superior officers.

At the close of the war, at the head of a battalion, he conducted the first detachment of British prisoners, numbering some six or seven hundred men, from Pittsfield, Mass., to Canada. His kindness to them on their march, in an inclement season, drew from them an expression of hearty thanks, and they begged him to accept a valuable watch, as a token of their esteem and gratitude. Capt. Ward was, of course, highly gratified by this unexpected tribute, but although he received their vote of thanks, and replied to it, declined receiving the present with which it was accompanied. The circumstances of such an offer are far more gratifying than the most costly presents from crowned heads.

The war being terminated, and his services no longer required, Captain Ward resumed and completed his legal studies in the office of H. Van Derlyn, Esq., of Oxford. On his admission to the bar, he returned to his native village, and commenced the practice of his profession.

In January, 1820, he married the only daughter of Elkanah Watson, of Albany, a lady who has always commanded, by her worth and amability, the highest esteem of all who have the honor of her acquaintance. Mr. Watson is well known in the state, as a philanthropist of the noblest order.

Capt. Ward was soon afterwards appointed district attorney for Westchester county. On the 1st of September, 1824, he was elected colonel of a regiment in Mount Pleasant. On the 6th of June, 1830, he was elected Brig.-Gen., and on the 10th of February, 1830, was promoted to the rank of Major-Gen. by Gov. Marcy, in which rank he is still continued under the new constitution.

Devoting himself with patience and perseverance to his profession, he soon attained a high standing at the bar, which in connection with his private worth and great popularity, indicated him as the most fitting representative of his district in Congress, to which he was elected and rechosen six terms, his last term expiring in 1843. This unusual length of time passed in Congress, indicates how fully he possessed the confidence of his constituency.

In the broad field which then opened to the talents of Gen. Ward, he speedily evinced that commanding character among the national statesmen which had long attached to him in his own district. Pursuant to his election, Mr. Ward took his seat as a member of the 19th Congress, Dec. 5, 1825, and immediately his influence began to be felt. At the battle of Plattsburgh, efficient service had been rendered by a company of young

volunteers, some of them not more than 16 to 17 years of age, without pay, and at their own expense. Their services had been gladly accepted and handsomely acknowledged by Gen. Macomb, who promised them each a new rifle, as both a reward and a testimonial. This promise was sanctioned by the department, but no bill to authorize the issue of the arms was got through Congress until Gen. Ward took the matter up, and it was passed, 161 to 58. Numerous meetings were held in consequence, by his companions in arms, acknowledging his zeal and capacity. In the following year his eloquence, on more than one occasion, drew forth the warm and spontaneous encomiums of the press. The records of Congress show, that during his long membership, Gen. Ward was always the champion for the redress of wrongs; and no district was ever better represented than was that which sent him to Congress. The interests of the Union, his state, and his district, were always uppermost; and he contrived, while serving all, to harmonize their interests. The tariff, soon after his entrance into Congress, became the subject of that controversy, of which the increasing warmth resulted in the nullification of South Carolina, and the vigorous proclamation of Gen. Jackson. Through all that controversy Gen. Ward maintained the soundest economical principles, siding with the south in her just demands, but firmly supporting Gen. Jackson when the question was of the supremacy of the laws. He was always the friend of home industry, rightly understood, that is, of the just reward of the *labor* of the country, and not bounties to *capital* at its expense. His service was active and his vote effective against the black tariff of 1828. But when that most iniquitous scheme of monopoly and corruption roused the southern blood into resistance, Gen. Ward, although sympathizing with their wrongs, rallied to the support of the executive, but at the same time labored sedulously for the compromise bill of Mr. Clay, which was the remedy. His speech in favor of that bill, was one of the most able of the time, excited as were men's minds upon that subject. It is known that the manufacturing interest of which Mr. Webster was the great representative, claimed the interference of the government in their behalf, at the expense of their fellow citizens. He alleged that ten years would place them beyond the need of protection; and on this allegation Mr. Clay's compromise was based. The tariff of 1828 was to be reduced every two years, by a reduction, until a horizontal duty of 20 per cent. should be reached in 1842. This was carried, and Gen. Ward most effectually supported it. Although the compromise was infamously violated when the time was up, and the tariff of 1842 restored the obnoxious principle of protection, the compromise worked well while it lasted. The alarm and agitation in relation to nullification was, in 1842, as great as recently upon the slave question, and curiously enough Mr. Van Buren was seeking his own aggrandizement in both agitations. Some portions of Gen. Ward's speech will throw light not only upon the tactics of that day, but evince the bold bearing he always assumed when principle was at stake.

"And, Sir, I should not now have risen for the purpose of submitting any remarks upon the bill at this time, but for the speech which the Hon. gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Wilde] made a few days since on the bill, when he took occasion to read a paragraph from a Baltimore newspaper, wherein it was stated that the Governor of the State of New York had written to the friends of Mr. Van Buren in Congress, from that State, to vote against this bill. I am now, however, entirely satisfied, from the explanation which that Hon. gentleman has

since made, and I take great pleasure in making this acknowledgment, that he did not intend to make the remarks he did in any spirit of unkindness. But, Sir, as one of the Representatives of this House from that State, I feel it to be my duty to say, that my vote on this bill will be, as I hope it ever has been, based upon principle, and not influenced, in the slightest degree, by considerations of personal favor to any man. And, Sir, I take occasion further to remark, that if I had a father a candidate for the Presidency, and I believed I should promote, or even secure his election to that high office by voting against a bill, the rejection of which might hazard the prosperity of our free and happy Union, I have no fear that I should hesitate between duty and affection, even in such a case."

* * * * *

"Sir, there are no men upon the face of the earth more deserving the sympathy of the brave and patriotic, whether we consider the perils to which they are exposed, or the spirit with which they meet it, than the friends of our great Union in South Carolina. Pass this bill, and you save them from a state in which it is to be apprehended they must either engage in deadly strife with their brethren or submit to an usurpation the most cruel and unrelenting. Sir, I confess I am not insensible to this claim on my sympathy, and while I avow my desire, by the passage of this bill, to give relief to them and peace to our whole land, I do avow that I am ready to give to the administration of the general government (as I trust we shall do) the most ample powers for their protection, that it may be enabled to defend this gallant and patriotic minority from its oppressors, and to save with the shield of the Union those who have dared to be faithful to the Union.

"And when an appeal is made to the patriotism of our fellow citizens, in behalf of the institutions of our country, when they are told that their Constitution is in danger, that their peace and prosperity will be blighted, their Republican principles trampled upon, their hopes of happiness in their beloved land for ever blasted—tell them this, and a spirit would go forth, rousing the sons of Liberty in their strength, and millions would go forth and beg the privilege of dying as their fathers died, and of leaving to their children the legacy of a martyr's name."

* * * * *

"It is well known that we are making the grand experiment of self-government, and on our success or failure hang the hopes of a rising world. There have been governments styled Republics and ruled by tyrants who taught the people that they were free, while the chains were forging for their necks. Rome was a Republic; but liberty there was only a name for licentiousness or a cloak for despotism. Greece was a Republic while a demagogue swayed the ignorant and deluded multitude, and needed but a sceptre to make him a King.

"But where are these Republics? The sepulchre of nations is inscribed with their epitaph. The flames that consumed their foundations still burn as beacons to warn us of their fate, They perished (as we must perish, if we ever perish) by their own hands. Invincible in arms, a world could not enslave them, while the factious spirit of a few spread the elements of discord among the people and rendered them an easy prey to a foreign enemy. And thus it may be with us. Sunder the cords that unite us together, erect each State into an independent nation, arouse the jealousy and ill will and contention that would naturally spring from such a state of things, and the last ray of liberty is extinguished."

Up to the year 1832, although Congress had framed many private bills for the relief of the militia-men of the revolution, no general law to meet this case had been passed. In that year a bill came before the House for the relief of those who served prior to 1780; that is to say, of those brave militia who fought and won our earliest and most brilliant triumphs. General Ward made one of his most brilliant efforts on behalf of this bill, which aroused all the latent fire of his republican heart, and stimulated his energies and his genius. He remarked:

"I am, sir, for one, exceedingly gratified that it contains a provision in favor of the militia of the revolution. It is well known that the first militia men started as patriots, and risked everything for their country. And although several private bills have heretofore been passed by Congress, granting pensions to a number of the militia men of the revolution, yet it is much to be regretted that no general provision has been made for that meritorious class.

"Nor, sir, can the names of any of these brave militia be found on the pension list, who fought and won the battles of Bunker's Hill, Trenton, Bennington, Saratoga, King's Mountain, Guilford Court-House, the Cowpens, or Eutaw Springs. Nor, sir, can the names of any of the followers of Marion, Sumpter, Shelby or Clark—to whose gallant achievements an ample page is given in the annals of our revolutionary conflict—be found among those who now share the country's bounty.

"Sir, it is a remarkable fact, and doubtless within the knowledge of all who hear me, that from the commencement of hostilities up to the declaration of independence, and whilst our forces consisted of *militia only*, our affairs had prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of the wisest amongst the patriots of that day; and the armies of independence had succeeded in almost every enterprise, and had completely frustrated every attempt that had been concerted against them."

This bill became a law, and was one of the most gratifying of the Congressional triumphs of General Ward. It was the expression of a nation's gratitude to those brave men who laid with their blood the corner-stone of our nationality.

In the same year, the important subject of the coast survey came before Congress. That work had hitherto been considered the peculiar property of the army and navy, and its execution had been limited to the officers in those services by law. Under the system pursued, but little had been accomplished. Chiefly through the efforts of General Ward, this subject was brought to the attention of the President. He urged the adoption of the chronometric mode, instead of triangulation, showing the former to be the most prompt, effective, and least expensive.

"The coast survey," said Mr. W.; "will not be completed, if the method of triangulation is again adopted, under sixty years, and that too at an expense of many millions of dollars, and our navigating interests will derive no earthly benefit from it whatever during all that time. Whereas, if the chronometrical mode should be adopted, (and he hoped the committee would propose an amendment to the bill to that effect, when it shall have been reported to the House,) it may be completed in five years, and the results will be of use immediately to the commercial and shipping interests of our country."

Unfortunately the triangulative system was adopted, and the prophecy of General Ward has been fulfilled to the letter. Little or no progress has been made in the survey, while its expense and patronage are annually increasing, and now absorb very nearly $300,000. That is to say, eighteen years have elapsed, and nearly $4,000,000 been expended since General Ward spoke on the subject, and scarcely any progress beyond verification has been made. What General Ward contended for was a prompt and accurate survey, which should be of use to the commercial interests, and not a political job to enhance patronage.

In the year 1834, a cry had been raised in certain quarters against the West Point Academy, as inexpedient, unconstitutional, and as a hot-bed of aristocracy. The Legislatures of the States transmitted resolutions to Congress for inquiring into the expediency of abolishing it. The matter

was referred to a Committee of the Whole; R. M. Johnson was chairman, and his most able report in favor of the institution was adopted. On the coming up of the appropriation bill, Mr. Dickerson, of Tennessee, moved to strike out the enacting clause. General Ward then delivered a speech in favor of the institution, which put the subject to rest. He showed conclusively the great importance of keeping alive the military spirit of the country, and throwing off annually among the people numbers of young officers, skilled in military and engineering science, and ready on all occasions to give efficiency to that indomitable spirit which, from the first rifle-crack at Lexington to the last shot in Mexico, has pervaded our national militia. How strongly the events of the Mexican war have sustained the sound views of General Ward, is known to all. While that gentleman strongly advocated the preservation of the means of scientific education for officers, in a school open to all, he no less ardently advocated schools for the soldiers. In this view he introduced two resolutions. One was to establish schools at such military posts as should be the station of soldiers enlisted at the ages of sixteen or seventeen, for the purpose of teaching such branches of education as should prepare the soldiers for future usefulness in life. Another was to retain the whiskey portion of the ration, to be paid either in money, equipments, or some suitable badge of honor. Mr. Ward, in enforcing his resolutions, remarked that schools had been established at some of the military posts for the purpose of teaching the children of the soldiers, but not the soldiers themselves; and his information led him to believe those schools had done much good. But in consequence of various alleged evils connected with the army, especially that of desertion, he believed that some powerful moral remedy should be applied.

Against efforts to reduce the army, similar to those which had been directed against the West Point Academy, General Ward opposed the force of his argument and eloquence. A bill was introduced in 1842 for the reduction of the number of privates in the army by about 3000, leaving the officers the same. This General Ward opposed, in a speech which afforded a valuable exposition of the character, services, condition and importance of the army, as connected with the militia and its various systems in the several states. And coming from the lips of one so admittedly familiar with historical and military science, commanded profound attention. The wisdom of his view is evident in the following prophetic paragraph in the speech:

> "The chief objection to the reduction had been the state of our foreign relations, especially with England. These had assumed recently a more pacific aspect; but our relations with Mexico remained the same, or were become even more hostile in their appearance. This was a reason against weakening our military force at the present moment. Besides which, there was to be considered the peculiar situation of our brethren in the West and South-west, whose wishes seemed very much opposed to the reduction, especially of the mounted corps."

Four years subsequently, the storm which, with the eye of the statesman, he then saw in the horizon, burst upon the country, which did not fail to benefit by the means he had advocated in relation to volunteers, to the West Point Academy, and the efficiency of the army.

Pursuant to that enlightened view of our national resources for defence, which did not restrict itself to the prejudices of a soldier of the

"regular army," although he himself had been one of its bravest members, General Ward recognized the fact that ours is a citizen soldiery,—the best, the cheapest, and as brave as any in the world; and while he supported the nucleus of science in the Academy, and a small regular force, he gave full weight to the importance of the volunteer system. His views on this subject were fully and clearly laid before Congress in 1836, upon several occasions, in connection with the service of volunteers in Florida, and the Blackhawk war. The statesman-like views then laid down contrast favorably with the vacillating conduct of certain officers high in command in the Mexican war, who, while professing the most narrow-minded contempt for volunteers, built their fame and fortune on their blood and bravery. Although on all occasions he was the firm and zealous friend of the army, he never allowed his predilections for that arm of the service to blind him to the importance of the other. On the contrary, when, in 1841, Mr. M'Kay, of North Carolina, moved to strike out the enacting clause of the navy appropriation bill, General Ward stepped promptly forward to its defence. He advocated the placing of that arm on an efficient footing, and to increase the pay, more particularly in respect of our West India connections. That net-work of intrigue which England has for so many years been weaving in the islands of the Mexican Gulf, did not escape his attention, and he reminded the House that not only were English agents at work in Texas, Mexico, Mosquito and Cuba, but that the army of 10,000 black troops in the service of England, and officered by whites, had been recently increased to 25,000. That pretended mail steamers, in the pay of the English Government, were accumulating in the Gulf, ready to transport those black troops, and that no opposing American force was there to assert our rights, protect our shipping, or defend our coast. He remarked:

"By reference to the map of the West India mail lines, it will be seen that, in our present defenceless condition, a force composed of armed steamers and troops of that description would not only give great annoyance to our coast, but most effectually and at once put a stop to all communication around Cape Florida, or through the passes of the West Indies, to or from the Gulf of Mexico; and, consequently, the commerce of the great valley of the Mississippi must fall into the hands of the enemy, or its vast productions, cut off from market, be rendered valueless.

"Such being the present attitude of the two nations," said Mr. Ward, "it seemed little less than folly to delay preparing for defence. It seemed to him that to put off preparation for a moment longer, while we were engaged here in acting on subjects of infinitely less moment, was unworthy of the country and its cause. If we are to expect justice from any power, we must put ourselves in a condition to resent injustice."

Throughout that long and severe contest against the corrupt power of the National Bank, which commenced under the administration of General Jackson, and was not effectually destroyed until the defeat of Mr. Tyler's "fiscality," General Ward was the open, bold, fearless and unremitting adversary of a government bank, in all its aspects. Possessed of great financial knowledge, and clearness of perception, he was never misled by change of plan or alteration of names. Fully convinced of the erroneousness of the fundamental principle, he detected it

——"in all its shapes,
And scorned them all"

In 1841, the party newly come to power, after twelve years' retirement, rushed recklessly into alterations of all that had been done, or that had grown up under the three previous administrations. The Independent Treasury law was repealed; the public lands distributed among the States; a special session of Congress called, at great expense; projects for new loans put forward; internal improvement schemes projected, and every means of exhausting the treasury adopted, in order to make a pretence for breaking the solemn pledge of the government in relation to the Tariff compromise, and returning to the protective theory. Here again General Ward was found the firm supporter of the Jackson policy, which had been so triumphantly sustained by the people. In his speech of July, 1841, he thus ably sketched the course of affairs in relation to the Tariff:

"At the session of 1827–8, this project, thus recommended, was brought before Congress. Mr. W. had then, he said, the honor of a seat here, and he was proud to say that he voted against it; but the measure, after a warm contest, prevailed. This odious act—well called at the time the 'bill of abominations'—passed this House by the ominous majority of *eight* votes; the same majority by which the House, at this session, have passed the land bill—another hasty and ill-advised measure, which was destined in like manner to public condemnation. He well remembered, he said, the sensation produced in this body by the annunciation of the final vote on the passage of the bill. There was the stillness of death in the hall while the Clerk was reading the yeas and nays; and when the Chair pronounced that the bill had *passed*, the deepest excitement prevailed here. He well recollected that, on this occasion, a representative from the South, who was justly esteemed for moderation and dignity of character, as well as for intelligence, rose, under great excitement, from his seat, and declared in an under tone, though loud enough to be heard by many around him, that this oppression was too much to bear, and that he was prepared to advocate secession rather than submit to it. What followed in South Carolina and elsewhere, in consequence of the passage of this odious law, forms a part of the history of the country. It was deemed oppressive, and an abuse of the powers of government, and the people were everywhere resolved on its repeal or modification. It was not only oppressive and odious to the people at large, but it was soon found to be injurious to the very interests which it was designed to benefit. By inducing large investments of capital, and creating an undue competition in several branches of manufactures, it had the effect to embarrass and break down many establishments that were previously in a thriving condition. So loud were the complaints of the country against this act, that it soon underwent a revision. The act of the 14th of July, 1832, was passed, to take effect on the 3d day of March, 1833. * * * *

"The public mind being still unsettled as to this subject, and general dissatisfaction prevailing in the country in regard to the existing tariff, Mr. Verplanck, at the session of 1832–'33, brought forward his bill for its modification. The subject attracted universal attention, and the public mind was deeply agitated by the various considerations connected with it. The happy result of the deliberations of the session was the passage of the act of March 2, 1833, to modify the several acts imposing duties on imports, commonly called 'the compromise act.' Mr. W. would now give some facts in reference to the history of this act, which would, he hoped, independently of the considerations which he before presented, render it apparent to the committee that it ought not to be disturbed at the present time. He would be able to show that the faith of the government was pledged, in the most solemn manner, that it should not be disturbed before the 13th June, 1842. * * * * * *

"A measure which was introduced and adopted under such peculiar and impressive circumstances; which was sustained on a principle of mutual accom-

modation to all the interests affected by it; which allayed the discord and discontents that then distracted the Union, and which had the approbation of so large a majority of both Houses of Congress, and the concurrence of the executive department of the government, could hardly be regarded as an ordinary act of legislation, which we were at liberty to alter at pleasure. He submitted that it was impolitic and improper to infringe upon the provisions of an act passed under such solemn sanctions. But it is urged on the other side, that one of the provisions of the compromise act is, that nothing in it contained shall be so construed as to prevent the passage, prior or subsequent to the 13th June, 1842, of any act or acts that may be necessary to detect, prevent or punish evasions of the duties on imports imposed by law, nor to prevent, in the contingency either of *excess* or *deficiency* of revenue, the altering of the rates of duties on articles subject to duties under the revenue acts. They allege, further, that the contingency thus provided for has happened; and that it is necessary to alter the rates of duties, in order to supply a deficiency in the revenue. But Mr. W. contended that there would be no deficiency, unless the administration chose to make it by alienating a portion of the revenue to objects unconnected with the expenditures of the government. It certainly could not be contended that a deficiency thus created was such a one as the bill contemplated."

The bill under consideration provided for a tax on coffee and tea, and an increased tax upon sugar, under the name of luxuries. Firmly and heartily did General Ward denounce this burdening of the enjoyments of the poor throughout the land, in order to feed the extravagance of government-jobbers. The faith of the government was, however, broken, and in the Tariff of 1842 the system of monopoly was restored.

In the following year, 1843, his Congressional term having expired, he declined a re-nomination. When, according to the vote of the people, the Constitution of the State of New-York was to be revised, General Ward was of course nominated as a member of the Convention. This honor he declined, but such was the enthusiasm of the people of the county whom he had served so long and so faithfully in Congress, that he was induced to withdraw his declination. His election followed, as a matter of course. In relation to the judiciary and the finances of the State, he displayed, in brilliant speeches, his great ability. Although alive to the importance of the internal improvements of the State, he advocated their prosecution in such a way as to relieve the River Counties of New-York from too oppressive a taxation for their construction.

His constituency were by no means backward in appreciating the great merits of their Congressional delegate, and on the expiration of each succeeding term for which he was elected, the enthusiasm in his favor increased in fervor, and enhanced majorities, ranging, after the first election, from 1,300 to 1,500, swelled the measure of his triumph, and the testimony of public confidence.

In making extracts from the numerous speeches of a long career, we have been attracted less by the flowers of his brilliant eloquence, than by those remarkable passages which disclose the profound forecast of the statesman. General Ward acquired, while in Congress, a high reputation as a presiding officer. In discharging the duties as Chairman in Committee of the Whole, but few men possess greater tact in the despatch of public business, or in preserving order in debate.

Although not ambitious of being heard on any question, he spoke on all proper occasions; and whenever he rose, he shed light upon the subject he discussed.

Throughout his whole career Gen. Ward afforded an eminent example of the patriot. Prompt and eager to offer his blood in defence of his country, and when peace rendered such efforts no longer necessary, his unremitting labors in the cabinet displayed the true character of an American statesman. A practical representative of the interests of his district—by every inhabitant of which he was known and honored—as well as for the interests of the neighboring commercial emporium, which is indebted to him for eminent exertions in behalf of many commercial measures. Prompt and vigilant in behalf of the just rights of his own State, but ready to compromise conflicting interests, and sacrifice himself if necessary for the preservation of the glorious Union and the welfare of great national interests. It is of such men that republics are formed, and through them that the system of self-government becomes successful. If ever we feel desponding in relation to the cause of human progress in Europe, it is when we search in vain for men cast in such a mould.

As a debater, Gen. Ward speaks with grace and fluency. Open, frank and courteous, he left Congress with the cordial respect of all. Although ever faithful to his party, his gentlemanly course never gave his opponents reason to complain of a harsh word or a rude remark.

Gen. Ward is a devoted friend to literature, and has distinguished himself by continued exertion in favor of all institutions whose object is the promotion of knowledge. The village in which he resides is especially indebted to him for these efforts. He is a warm advocate of the poor and the oppressed, as all who know him will bear testimony. The cares of public life, and the weight of political troubles, of which he has borne so considerable a share, have never been so great as to cause him to forget social duties. He is still living, in the vigor and prime of life, and whether he remain in private life or not, long may he live to honor his name, as the soldier, the statesman, the philanthropist and the friend.

IMPROMPTU.

ON HEARING JENNY LIND.

Methought some bird had left its native sky,
  To breathe its melody in mortal ear;
So wildly sweet, those strains now swell, now die—
  So exquisitely soft, so bold and clear.

I sit, and drink the pure delicious sound,
  Alone—tho' hundreds throng the crowded hall;
With rapturous joy, my throbbing pulses bound—
  I dare not break the soul's bewitching thrall.

For, oh! to waken from a dream like this—
  To feel the world's debasing touch once more!—
'Tis hushed! that voice that woke my soul to bliss;
  Sweet *Jenny Lind*, my dream of heaven is o'er.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THE abundance of money "on call" continues, and loans are easily made at 5 a 6 per cent. on good stocks, and lower on governments. The supply of paper is not large, and the demand is good. First class names go at 5 a 7 per cent. for short dates, and 6 a 8 per cent. for long dates. The rates have rather a downward tendency. The receipts of the banks are very large, and they are discounting freely. In many cases they are not able to employ their receipts, and therefore are more anxious to extend their stock transactions. About $2,000,000 were disbursed on the 1st for dividends on stock, and of this amount a considerable portion may have been remitted, or, as is most likely, re-invested in stocks. There also came upon the market over $3,000,000 for dividends on bank, insurance, rail-road, and state government securities of all descriptions. These are circumstances which add to the previous abundant supply upon the market.

Much speculation exists, however, in relation to the probable effect of a European war, now so threatening, upon the market for United States securities in London. Recent letters from that quarter held the opinion that the effect of military preparations would be to make money scarce, and by doing so affect the prices of securities to a degree which would prevent the sale of the quantities already sent forward, and advices were received, therefore, not to send any more. We apprehend, however, that as far as the United States government securities go, the effect must be the reverse. Thus, those persons who have purchased American stocks hitherto, are those whose fears for the stability of the present state of affairs in Europe overcame their prejudices against America, and induced them to invest. An increase of the difficulties which those governments encounter in raising means, will not operate to restore the confidence of those who mistrusted them, but on the contrary must hasten the migration of capital from the disturbed countries. The prices of the rail-road and other securities which go forward, may, in some degree, be temporarily affected by a stringency in the market, but a decline in rates would only stimulate larger investments.

There is now little hope of averting a general war in Europe, and as a consequence, the value of money abroad must continue to advance, drawing upon our supplies not only for silver, but for gold also. The former is used for hoarding, to a considerable extent; but gold is indispensable for military-chests, as being less cumbersome and more easily transported.

This demand may, unless counteracted by a demand for American stocks, make the market stringent in spite not only of our California supplies, but the large stocks possessed by the banks of France and England.

The receipts of California gold per official reports, have been as follows:

RECEIPTS OF GOLD AT UNITED STATES MINTS.—CALIFORNIA GOLD.

	At New-Orleans.	At Philadelphia.	Total.
In 1848	—	44,177	44,177
January 1 to August 31, 1849	175,918	1,740,620	1,916,538
August 31 to January 1	489,162	4,740,810	4,229,972
January 1 to February 28	938 050	2,974,393	3,912,443
To March 31	365,869	1,296,321	1,662,990
March 31 to May 1	298,130	1,843,002	2,111,132
May 1 to August 1	316,181	7,707,484	8,023,665
August	—	3,250,000	3,250,000
September	—	3,400,000	3,400,000
October	445,060	2,508,790	2,953,850
November	893,565	4,400,000	6,293,565
Total	$3,921,935	$32,875,591	$36,797,526

The receipts of gold at New-Orleans for August and September are not reported. Exclusive of those receipts, whatever they may have been, the whole amount to December 1st, is, in round numbers, $37,000,000, of which nearly $15,000,000 has been received since July, and in December the receipts were very large, not included in the above return. The large exports of the country at improved prices added to the products of the mining regions, are prolific causes of abundant capital. The occurrence of war in Europe, while it may diminish the value of cotton and cause a demand for gold, will also improve the value of farm produce, and give an impulse to the migration of capital to the United States. More especially that the infamous agitations in relation to sectional questions have subsided, and with them, whatever fears might have been engendered abroad in relation to the stability of our Union. The machinations of the English aristocracy are yet at work among us to stir up obnoxious discussions and engender the seeds of discord, which alone can prevent our national progress. The intelligence of the people, it is to be hoped, is quite sufficient to defeat any such insidious attempts without any other manifestations than that of contempt, whether the agent be a minister, a novelist, or an itinerant lecturing member of parliament.

The official returns of the imports and exports of the United States for the year 1850, afford much interesting matter, and are, as compared with former years, as follows:

UNITED STATES EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

Products.	1846.	1849.	1850.
Of the sea	$3,453,398	$2,547,650	$2,824,818
Of the forest	6,807,284	5,917,994	7,442,503
Food	27,163,449	38,796,664	26,371,756
Tobacco	8,478,270	5,804,270	9,951,023
Cotton	42,767,341	66,300,077	71,984,616
Other agriculture	418,451	62,540	152,365
Manufactures	5,623,069	11,249,777	15,144,405
Coal	—	40,396	167,090
Lead	614,518	30,198	—
Ice	—	95,027	107,018
Salt	—	82,972	75,103
Miscellaneous	1,490,303	769,557	679,556
Total domestic	$101,718,042	$131,710,081	$134,900,233
United States coin	423,851	956,874	2,046,679
Foreign coin	3,481,417	4,447,774	5,576,315
Foreign goods	7,865,206	8,641,090	9,375,493

Products.	1846.	1849.	1850.
Total exports	113,488,516	145,755,820	151,895,720
Import goods	115,331,513	141,206,199	173,507,456
Import specie	6,360,284	6,651,240	13,710,118
Total imports	$121,691,797	$147,857,439	$187,217,574

The export table presents a very satisfactory return. That which we particularly remark is, that under the present tariff the export of manufactures has increased three-fold—that is to say, they are fifteen millions in 1850 against five millions in 1846. The reason is obvious: manufacturers, being enabled to procure certain raw materials on better terms, are enabled, through the facilities afforded by the warehouse-system, to compete more successfully in neutral markets. The manufactures of iron articles were exported in 1846 to the extent of $921,652, and in 1850, $1,677,792. It is in this mode that manufactures are encouraged. The exports of lead have been severely affected by the influence of California emigration upon the miners. In 1846, the exports of food had already been swollen by the failure of the Irish potato crop. Since then the general market has greatly expanded; and although the fiscal year 1850 was, on account of the abundance and cheap prices of Europe, the most unfavorable for exports that has occurred for twenty years, the exports were good. The great staples of the south have steadily and wonderfully improved in value, as seen in the following table of quantities and values exported:

EXPORTS OF RICE, TOBACCO AND COTTON FROM THE UNITED STATES.

	Rice.			Tobacco.			Cotton.		
	Tierces.	Value.	Per tierce.	Hhds.	Value.	Per hhd.	Lbs.	Value.	Per lb.
		$.	cents.		$.	cents.		$.	cents.
1841	134,725	2,182,468	16.20	163,042	8,397,255	51.53	663,663,465	54,063,601	8⅛
1847	144,427	3,605,896	24.90	135,732	7,242,086	53.40	527,218,958	53,415,884	10⅛
1848	100,403	2,331,824	23.25	130,665	7,551,122	37.75	844,274,431	61,998,294	7⅜
1849	128,861	2,569,362	19.90	101,521	5,804,207	52.75	1,026,602,269	66,396,976	6⅜
1850	127,069	2,631,557	20.75	145,729	9,951,023	67.50	635,381,604	71,984,416	11⅜

In these figures we have a very marked improvement in the value of the crops. Thus, as compared with 1845, twenty-five per cent. *less* cotton realized $20,000,000 more money! 2,000 hhds. less tobacco realized $2,500,000 more money! and an increase of 37 per cent. in rice was accompanied with an increase of 25 per cent. in the money it realized. In the general results of the exports, it would seem that there is an increase of $33,000,000 in the produce exported, and of $46,700,000 in the net import of foreign goods—an apparent excess of $13,700,000. We are, however, to take into consideration the circumstances of the trade. Thus the official export value is the cost on this side; the actual value is what the exporter sells it for abroad, which includes the freights earned by the American shipping and the profits. Tobacco, for instance, pays $22 per hhd. freight. Hence the freights of 1850 amounted to $5,206,038; the profits, &c., amounted to perhaps $3,000,000—making altogether $18,000,000, to be returned to the United States as the proceeds of its tobacco. If the export trade is prosperous, the sales on American account not being made at a loss, the actual export value will much exceed the official value, and manifest itself in increased imports—these latter being of late years more on American

account, and less consigned. At this moment, however, consignments are increasing on a falling market, and the losses will fall upon the foreign owners: therefore, for 1851, the apparent import value will perhaps exceed the actual amount to be paid. As the past was generally a prosperous year, the excess of imports is not more than should have resulted from the profits on exports.

The quantities of breadstuffs exported have been as follows:

EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
Flour.....barrels...	4,382.496....	2,119.393.....	2,108,013....	1,385,448
Wheat...bushels...	4,399.951....	2,034.704.....	1,527.534.....	608.661
Meal.....barrels.....	948.060.....	528,339.....	405.169....	259,447
Corn.. ..bushels..	16,326.050....	5,817,634....	13.257.309....	6,595.092
Rye Meal, barrels.....	48,892.....	41,584.....	64,830.....	69,903

This year, that is to say, 1851, the quantities of these articles may possibly range as high as for the year 1847. They have already reached a high figure.

A great revolution is apparently being wrought in the public mind in relation to the causes of manufacturing prosperity; and this is chiefly brought about through the development of the resources of the western country. It has become evident that those localities which possess of themselves the greatest number of those bulky materials of which wrought fabrics are produced, possess advantages which the most adroit legislation cannot counteract. The advantages hitherto enjoyed by Great Britain have mostly consisted in her geographical position, through which, surrounded by water, she had the most ready access to the resources of other countries. No wind can blow across the British islands but that it is fair for some of her immense merchant-marine to depart, and for others to arrive. No matter from what quarter of the compass the breeze comes, it is favorable to her ships, bringing raw materials from one country, and carrying goods to another. This facility of transport has virtually made her ports the most accessible depot for the produce of all countries, and herself the most efficient manufacturer in combining those products into wrought fabrics, by which she sells her labor;—that is to say, the facility with which materials were commanded created a market for labor, until finally the increase of her population exhausted her natural capacity for the supply of food, and that has become added to the number of articles which she must import, and it is the most bulky. Up to within the last twenty years England was possessed of wool, flax, iron, tin, copper, land, (or, which is the same thing, food,) and labor within herself. Under the competition of European manufactures and extended markets, she has gradually outrun her own supplies, and now imports wool, flax, cotton, and land or food. To facilitate this, she has removed import duties, and thrown open her navigation laws; but she finds constantly, that those nations which are possessed of all those articles free of transportation are gaining upon her, and her own demands for them are becoming more onerous. In 1814, the restrictions upon the importation of provisions, live animals, and other descriptions of food, were relaxed. Since then, the sugar and coffee duties have been reduced one-half, the foreign articles admitted to consumption, the duties on cotton, wool, oil, and other materials abandoned, and every facility given to lessen the expense of bringing raw materials to England for the use of operatives, and also food for them to eat. The practical operation of this is to increase the breadth of the soil of England for the growth of food and materials.

The following table shows the weight of grain, all articles of food and of cotton, wool, silk, flax and hemp, imported annually into Great Britain:

QUANTITIES OF ANIMALS, GRAIN, FOOD, AND RAW MATERIALS IMPORTED INTO GREAT BRITAIN FOR CONSUMPTION.

	Animals.—No.	Grain.—Quarters.	Food.	Raw materials.—Lbs.
1836	none.	92,432	772,275,871	528,052,717
1842	5,340	2,486,351	778,971,593	732 507,490
1843	2,100	1,355,382	799,362,260	884,286,381
1844	8,000	2,763,164	843,214,168	922,924,124
1845	28,675	1,267,152	948,615,050	1,038,859,643
1846	122,458	4,767,591	961,234,984	741,607,365
1847	219,679	12,303,751	1,576,810,655	764,849,425
1848	203,440	6,327,244	1,433,205,932	1,053,221,501
1849	185,235	11,882,900	1,490,480,228	1,183,092,444

It will be seen at once that the operation is progressive, irrespective of bad harvests. That of 1846-'47 had no other effect than to give an impulse to the import of food, and check that of raw materials. Not only because the high price of food in England decreased the demand for clothing, but because the urgent demand for the means of transporting food prevented the transportation of bulky raw materials from a distance, freights were too high. When ships demanded 50 cents per bushel freight for wheat from New-York to Liverpool, the transportation of raw materials was too costly. In that fact we recognize the insurmountable obstacle which England now encounters to her further progress. Steam has done what it can to extend, by quick and cheap transportation, the surface of her soil;—but the same element has made as cheaply available the great resources of Western America.

It is to be observed, that while England imported in 1849, 40,000,000 quarters of grain, worth $200,000,000, and also 700,000,000 lbs. more of other articles of food, worth $40,000,000—say together an increase of $240,000,000, without mentioning $50,000,000 increase in raw materials—the value of the textile fabrics exported in 1849 was £40,414,956, against £39,480,298 in 1842—so great has been the diminution of value in the manufactured articles, caused by increased competition and improved machines. It is now obvious, that the cost of transporting the materials bears a continually increasing ratio to the goods. Thus, at ten cents, the present freight of a bushel of grain from New-York to England, the transportation of grain to England cost $7,500,000 more in 1849 than in 1842. The freight of cotton is one-third of a cent per pound, at which rate the food and raw materials cost $4,000,000 more than in 1842; or, in other words, the grain, food, and raw materials in 1842 cost $7,019,081 freight, and the same articles in 1849 cost $18,346,320 freight, while the exported fabrics brought no more. This was over $11,000,000, or five per cent. against the manufacturers. This operation it is which has driven the manufacture of the coarse goods, or those of which the raw material constitutes the chief cost, to the localities where they are produced, viz., the western country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We had occasion, in the number of April last, to say something about the Writers, or New-York Society, who swarmed at that time; in doing which we were so unfortunate as to offend the *Revue du Nouveau-Monde*, who rapped us severely over the knuckles in the journal of the following fortnight.

Now the Societists have vanished. The Day-Book soon used up his scanty materials. The Lorgnette exhausted our patience, and the Revue du Nouveau-Monde wore out his subscription list. *Multis ille bonis flebilis*—we mean the *Revue*. He died gallantly, laying stoutly about him with an epilogue among the non-subscribing public. "Stupids," he cries, "I had only a few subscribers; *they* were *lecteurs d'elite*. For you, I soared too high. I wrote for fiery youth, *ardente à jouir*, not for mature fogyism, which reads the Journal of Commerce. I gave philosophical and literary articles *de grande portée*, to you who have no *portee*, except in carrying over a balance. I gave you, slow creatures, who spend your evenings at home with your wives, jewels of stories about those of other men; *des joyaux d' un fini d' une delicatesse—sacrebleu!*—full of sound French sentiment, and lively love scenes, ending abruptly with pregnant asterisks: matters which the riper intelligence of Europe appreciates, but you are not up to that sort of thing yet, my poor fellows! You read your stupid papers and magazines, and conceive of nothing better. Like the boor at the supper of Apicius, you prefer pork to peacock's brains, and beer to *limonade gazeuse*. Therefore I have stopped. The more shame for you!"

For ourselves, we regretted the fate of the *Revue*. So early lost! The feeling that we had never been subscribers, and were thus in some measure guilty of its demise, added to our sorrow. But it was not our fault. We did not deserve these reproaches. We felt that we had drunk deeply of the *coupe de la vie*, and could claim to be *lecteurs d'elite*. We knew that we were French in our principles; loved wicked women and asterisks; that we were, in a word, capable of appreciating the *Crise* and *Leonora Zorsi*; but—shall we confess it?—we had not the six dollars. Our only disposable literary fund had long since been invested in Blackwood's and the Edinburgh, tiresome journals, which too often, alas! are not above a *niveau ordinaire*.

About the same time last spring, the Home Journal distinguished itself by three clever papers on Polka Society, signed *Pensez-y*. They were done by a man who knew his subject thoroughly, and they were very well done. Yet *Pensez-y* could hardly have furnished another article. There is little material for describing, or for moralizing among extremely young persons, who think of nothing, and do nothing but work out their *redowas* and German cotillions. In truth, such a Society must be as innocent and as uninteresting as an eclogue. No occasion for asterisks—violent exercise proverbially keeps down the devil—and verily they keep him down, and the polka up, until you can say of an American belle, what Ovid sang of the Nymph Echo—*Vox tantum atque ossa supersunt*—sharp bones and shrill tones.

This somewhat exhausted theme has been exported to England by an enterprising scribbler. Since May last, four or five articles have appeared in Frazer, on Society in America, "by a New-Yorker"—by a native American unmistakably—born and nurtured under the star-spangled banner; one might even think the hero of the tales a native of Plato's amusing ultra democracy, in which "the puppies looked more pert and the asses more independent than elsewhere." There is a briskness, a self-contented smartness about our unknown society-painter, which is charming. Our readers will certainly feel an interest to know what the model-being is like, who is sent abroad, to the World's Fair, as it were, as a specimen of the American gentleman—and our country friends may be pleased to learn what the correct *get-up* is for a visit to the city. They shall—

The author describes the pattern-man at the start. He is "five feet ten in his boots, which help him an inch"—thin legs—moustache feeble and dyed—"hair glossy as a woman's"—"extremities delicately small"—"his figure more slender in the waist and hollow in the back than one would have expected from his height." This is the natural Adam, unadorned, and knowing how true the saying is: *Le costume c'est l'homme*, the author dresses his hollow-backed and slender-waisted sample in costumes varied as Proteus, and variegated as Arlequins. Like *M. Vieuxbois*, in Topfer's caricatures, who, *change de linge* at every event in his career, M. Model presents himself in a different garb on every page radiant in the artistic triumphs of Beman and of Brooks.

It is winter, clear, cold, and good sleighing. The model-man, who is named Benson, drives a fast horse and a fast friend out on the Third Avenue, has trials of speed with various teams, and meets distinguished New-Yorkers. Benson is accoutred on this occasion in "a very white overcoat, with a white velvet collar, and large white silk buttons, and very black pantaloons, chequered with a white bar, so large that there is not more than a square and a-half of the figure on each leg"—"for a muffler he wears a red India scarf, *leaving a little aperture under the knot at the throat, to let us have a glimpse at the diamond pin* that fastens his red and black satin long cravat." The chaste effect is completed by an otter-skin cap. Mr. Benson returns home safely, and dines with his grandfather, "old Buckus."

Shortly after his drive, the model commits matrimony with a young lady of Dutch descent, clever, pretty, with a dash of the devil in her. As a preparatory measure, he sends to his father-in-law's house "seven coats, twelve pairs of trowsers, thirty waistcoats, no end of linen, carpet-bag, smoking cap, and numerous cigars." We hope the partner of his bliss did not learn to smoke them. On this great occasion he appears "in a mulberry blue coat, resplendent with gilt buttons, and white satin skirt-lining"—his white-watered, satin waistcoat, three inches too long for him, "is set off by a heavy gold chain, streaming down from a little watch-pocket under his left arm, to the lowest button-hole, where it fastens." A flagrant case of purple and fine linen! Purple by Brooks—linen by Beman. "In the embroidered cambric bosom sparkle three splendid diamonds, set in dark blue enamel." A lace tie—"little white hand and fine sapphire ring" complete this costume, which must have made the bride the envy of her female friends. The groom's men are despatched briefly, as Virgil does the trusty companions of Æneas: *fortem que Gyan, fortem que Cloanthum*—the flashy Ludlow, and the flashy Vanhorne.

A year or more has passed; a "beautiful boy" totters about the country house, in which the model-man receives an English friend, Ashburner, who "certainly never saw a handsomer couple." Certainly Ashburner never saw a more gorgeous male unless in the land of Cockatoos. "He wore, (model, of course,) a magnificent shawl-pattern dressing-gown, orange cashmere without, rose silk within, confined at the waist by a tasselled cord, that looked like a superior style of bell-pull; very wide light-blue trowsers, slippers of the same color, embroidered in gold, a blue and white silk cravat, and a red smoking cap." After allowing Ashburner to recover from the dazzle, the indefatigable Benson changes the many-colored robes for a "cutaway," a "long-napped white beaver," "cloth boots, tipped with patent leather, like a woman's"—and ordering his red-wheeled wagon, drives the Britisher to his hotel, makes him drink three sherry cobblers in rapid succession; takes him home again to Devilshoof, and treats him well, except in the matter of leaving his magazine articles "where he was sure Ashburner could read them." This was taking an ungenerous advantage of a stranger-guest. Ashburner and the family next betake themselves to a watering place, Oldport. They experience on the road the American stage, the American rail-way, and the American bug, *de nuit*, concerning whom Benson makes a joke, which we hope is not intended for a model-pleasantry. They met a French Vicomte—a pleasant fellow—and arrive safely at Oldport—Description of Oldport, and watering places generally. The model introduces his

English friend to types of American beaux, and enumerates the "rig" of types. Previously, however, model had arrayed himself "in the extreme of summer costume—a very thin, white grass-cloth coat, about the consistency of brown paper, so transparent as to make the lilac pattern of his check shirt distinctly visible through the arms of it, white duck vest, white drilled trowsers, long white napped hat, a speckled cravat, to match his shirt, highly-varnished shoes, with red and white striped stockings—altogether very fresh and innocent-looking." Mrs. Model, also very fresh and innocent-looking, dances with the types, and flirts with the types. Model abuses an acquaintance, nicknamed "the bird," who "nursed him like a brother in a dangerous illness on the frontier;" and model swears snobbishly in Spanish, and "spits ostentatiously" at two gentlemen connected with the press. This is all, thus far.

Ourselves have never enjoyed Mr. Willis' or Mr. Lorguette's advantages in the fashionable world, and cannot say if this picture is correct there. But in the name of the democracy we protest against such dressing and such doings. Mulberry and orange! lilac and rose! blue and red! what Pawnee in his war point, or what North River sloop in her streaks was ever more like a rainbow? No! dear country friends! a thousand times better is your simple national costume: black throughout; satin for the waistcoat, and kerseymere for the continuations.

Who the author of these papers may be, we cannot guess. It is supposed that they are the production of a literary tailor, *sus minerram* the heat of whose goose has mounted to his brain. We incline to this opinion. For, who except a tailor or a woman ever thought a hollow back an anatomical beauty in a man? Observe how accurate the "New-Yorker" is in his sartorial details, and what a professional pleasure he takes in dwelling upon them. A mere mortal would have been contented with writing: "Benson wore a white coat;" but your Schneider adds naturally, "with a white velvet collar and large white silk buttons." The same thing again at Oldport, he gives us the materials of Benson's summer clothes: duck, grass-cloth, drilling; the check shirt has a lilac pattern and the cravat is speckled. Why, any snip could cut from this description—and that "little aperture under the knot at the throat, to let us have a glimpse of the diamond pin," &c., is an inimitable touch which reveals the tasteful hand of the "getter up for cash only." Remark too, what manner of man the sample is: flashy in dress; partaking of the *gent;* prattling about his conversations with Webster and Clay, his wine and his wagon wheels, his magazine articles and his stump speeches—hinting at fastness in early life, and in distant countries: such as setting fire to grisettes in Paris, and to chimneys in Naples; ungrateful to the man who nursed him like a brother, because he is not in "our set;" spitting ostentatiously at poor devils who are in no set at all; is not this a man-milliner's ideal of a gentleman and a gentleman's ideal of a snob? And all this costumery, jewelry, perfumery of model and wife, this medley of Edwards, Whites, and Ludlows, who dance the polka, and travel in Greece, is sent out to Fraser as a sketch of American society. The two reporters who caused the expectoration of the model could not have traduced it more.

Clearly these sketches are a tailor's revery. Some cutter fondly saw himself in dreams of fashion: dashing, clever, fast. What induced him to ease his mind in Fraser—whether to kill time, or to appease the scribbling demon who is remorseless when once aroused, or because he had committed "a nuisance" *in patrios cineres*, as the poet suggests, *non satis apparet.* At all events, in describing his brilliant appearance in fancy-land, he makes the usual mistake of underbred people, and runs over into petulance, swagger, and snobbishness. Not that we object to his papers. Quite the reverse. We like them. They are amusing. We only wish to change the caption. They should be entitled: "A tailor-type view of American Society," or, after the manner of Alton Locke, "Harry Benson, tailor and magazine writer."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE GIFT BOOK OF THE REPUBLIC.—THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS.—Brady, D'Avignon & Lester, New-York, 1851.

This great national work, which has now been twelve months in course of publication, is just issued complete, in its first series. The second part will come out during the year 1851. This portion, however, is perfect by itself, and as such we now notice it. The design of the publishers was to bring out the most magnificent national work ever published, and they have done it. No such portraits have ever been made of our public men, and better ones could not be desired. The work is published on drawing paper, 17 by 23 inches—and now in tasteful bindings, "*The Gallery of Illustrious Americans*,' is the noblest ornament to a library or drawing-room ever issued. The biographies are written by C. Edwards Lester, the editor, and one of the proprietors of the work. Mr. Lester has long been known as one of the most popular and powerful of our American writers. But these sketches will doubtless be regarded as his ablest production. The work has been, perhaps, more generally noticed with favor than any of its contemporaries. We have seen nothing said against it—and nothing could be said. Every American should be proud of such a publication; and those who desire a great work, which is embellished with exquisite engravings, and will forever mark the middle of this century with a splendid monument, to our great men, should possess this Gallery.

We are glad to see, that the publishers have made arrangements to send a finely bound copy of the Gallery to any part of the United States, whenever $15 are forwarded to them by mail, to their address, 205 Broadway, New-York.

CHANTICLEER, A THANKSGIVING STORY OF THE PEABODY FAMILY. Second Edition. J. S. Redfield, New-York.

When a writer makes a hit, one of the best evidences of the fact is, that every body is set wondering why he or somebody else did not do it before. It is the new version of the old story of Columbus making the egg stand, so often repeated in various forms, and to be repeated, we trust, many times to come; for invention, we would fain hope, is never to grow old and die.

Here we have been reading Christmas books from our childhood, enjoying them, and regarding them as much component parts of the pleasures of that happy season as the Christmas greens of the churches, or the plum pudding of the tables. Yet, at Thanksgiving, so near a neighbor to holy father Christmas, no one has ever thought of tickling our mental as well as our physical palates. Thanks then to the anonymous gentleman, since anonymous he chooses to be, who has at last broken the egg for us; who has dished Chanticleer in a book, as he has long since figured *in propria persona*, at the head of the family feast. Never was a better seasoning bestowed upon him than the author's sprightly wit and genial humor affords us.

Chanticleer is of course a story of American life—of country life—of New-England life—to which we New-Yorkers are not to object, New-England being the unquestionable father-land of Thanksgiving. The author, however, by the happy device of assembling the scattered members of a numerous family round the home's fireside of a sire, whose head is whitened by the cares, though his eye is bright with the remembered joys of a hundred winters, has succeeded in giving his work a truly national interest. We have representatives from all parts of the wide domain of American soil, or American enterprise. Thus we have the fine lady from the city, the broad-shouldered, hard-fisted farmer from Ohio, the hardy, sun-bronzed sea captain from his broad seas; and last, not least in moping, the black cook, a representative of a humble, but not unimportant class of our varied social constitution. After this bill of fare, our readers will naturally expect a slice or two of the dainty we have commended to them, but we shall be compelled to refer them to the complete dish.

THE ARTIST'S CHROMATIC HAND-BOOK, being a Practical Treatise on Pigments; their properties and uses in painting, to which is added a few remarks on vehicles and varnishes. By John P. Ridner. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This is a most useful and reliable work on the nature and properties of colors.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS, a Dictionary of Dates, with Tabular Views of General History, and an Historical Chart. Edited by Geo. P. Putnam, Member of the American Ethnological Society; of New-York Historical Society; Honorary Member of Connecticut Historical Society, etc. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

That an eminent publisher may also be a maker of admirable books, the present volume affords decisive and agreeable evidence. It is an amplification, as the author informs us in his preface, of a Chronological Manual, compiled by himself, at the age of fifteen. This, with improvements and additions brought down to the present year, including contemporary tables, form a work of extraordinary utility, not only to the reader of history, but as a work of constant reference in every library. Almost every important historical event is arranged in alphabetical order, with date, and short sketches of the facts. The obvious convenience of such a work will strike every one.

POEMS OF HOPE AND ACTION. By Mr. Oland Bourne. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

A collection of poems of much merit.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS. By one who went to it. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is a very pleasant narrative of a supposed school-boy, at a New-England District School, representing its operations in contrast with the more improved system of the present day.

THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL. By Henry James Slack, F. S. S. of the Middle Temple. A. Hart: (late Carey & Hart,) Philadelphia.

This is a series of conversations of a most attractive and agreeable nature.

POPULAR EDUCATION: for the use of Parents and Teachers, and for Young Persons of both sexes, prepared and published in accordance with a resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of Michigan. By Ira Mayhew, A. M. Harper Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

This is a most able and elaborate treatise, embracing physical, moral, and intellectual education, with the proper training of the five senses. It is the philosophy of the free-school system, and should be widely read.

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID COPPERFIELD THE YOUNGER. By Charles Dickens, with Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Lea, Blanchard & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a very neat edition of this most popular work, called the last of Dickens'. It has five illustrations, and is sold at the low price of 37½ cents.

THE TWO BROTHERS: or the Family that Lived in the First Society. A Novel. A. Hart: (late Carey & Hart,) Philadelphia.

A very interesting work, complete in one volume, at 50 cents.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS. New-York: published from Brady's Gallery.

The eleventh number of this great national work is illustrated with an admirable portrait of W. E. Channing, the great American genius. It affords another unmistakable proof of D'Avignon's unrivalled genius and masterly power as an artist. The brief letter-press sketch of the life and character of Mr. Channing, by C. Edwards Lester, scarcely covering two pages, affords one of the finest specimens of comprehensive biography that we have ever seen. It condenses many things in a few words; and that without sacrificing that graceful elegance of diction which characterizes the best efforts of the gifted editor.

THE PARADISE LOST. By John Milton, with Notes Historical and Critical. Edited by Rev. James Robert Boyd, author, &c. Baker & Scribner, New-York.

This greatest epic in the English language has been produced in an elegant and substantial style, by the Messrs. Baker & Scribner. A new edition was much wanted, and it has been supplied with taste and skill at a cheap rate, by this enterprising house.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS, with Introductory Remarks and Notes, Original and Selected. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth numbers of this beautiful edition, comprising the "Third Part of Henry VI.," and "Richard III.," have been received. They contain fine engravings of "Lady Grey" and "Lady Anne." The letter-press is an elegant specimen of the typographic art.

HISTORY OF PROPELLERS AND STEAM NAVIGATION. With Biographical Sketches of the Early Inventors. By Robert Mac Farlane, C. E. 12mo. pp. 144. New-York: George P. Putnam.

The object of this history is to arrange and describe many of the devices which have been invented to propel vessels, in order to prevent ingenious men from wasting their time, talents, and money on such projects; and also to present an interesting history of steam navigation, especially so far as relates to the attempts of the early inventors in this department of mechanics. The author has evidently enjoyed unusual advantages for obtaining a familiar knowledge of the subject which he has undertaken to describe, and his book will be found worthy of perusal by all who feel any interest in steam navigation.

A PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS IN 1636. A Tale of Olden Time. By Mrs. H. V. Cheney. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

To those who, in spite of the unpoetical character which many persons addicted to the romance of old world antiquities, must adhere to the early history of our country, cling with patriotic ardor to the story of early times in New-England, and sympathize with the sufferings of that stern land of pilgrims, the story before us will prove one of interest. It introduces in its course most of the men whose names are household words.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. CHALMERS, D. D., LL. D. By his son-in law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL. D. 3 vols. Harper Brothers.

The life of Dr. Chalmers, one of those great men who stand out upon the page of the present century, is one of great interest, as well to the statesman and philosopher as to the mere member of his sect. He was one of those who by his authority and example gave direction to one of the great movements of the age, and which in times when the power of repression was stronger, would have raised him to the dignity of an hero of history. The present is the second volume of the Memoirs, and is produced in a beautiful style to accompany his posthumous works.

MANUAL OF THE FINE ARTS, Critical and Historical, with an Introduction. By D. Huntington. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

It is an unquestionable fact, that a taste for the fine arts has in the last few years received quite an impulse in the popular mind, and the attention of the young and fashionable has been more strongly directed to substantial accomplishments, than the mere frivolities, which require little labor and less thought. The work before us, well printed and handsomely bound, is well calculated to cater to this growing taste. It affords in small compass a vast deal of information in relation to painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, the several masters, schools and styles, and is well calculated to excite the mind to further and more elaborate investigations in the direction of each divine art. It is a work necessary to every young person.

ABBOTT'S HISTORIES. THE HISTORY OF MADAME ROLAND. By John S. A. Abbott. Harper Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

The fate of Madame Roland, the wife of the Girondist minister of the French revolution, has always excited the sympathy of the public mind. Her sex naturally and justly induced those sympathies, and also cast a semblance of importance over her political actions which otherwise they did not merit. Her story nevertheless involves the most important and instructive portion of the revolution. It was at that turning point that true republicans ran into destructive licentiousness, which by trampling upon the rights of others in the name of liberty, resulted in the most fearful despotism, and by reaction destroyed the hope of republicanism in France. It is a story which should be well studied with us, when similar dangers loom up in our political future.

BERANGER: two hundred of his Lyrical Poems. Done into English verse. By William Young. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The great lyrical poet of France, is comparatively but little known in this country, far less so than he should be, or than he will become through this volume of translations by Mr. Young. That gentleman, who since some two or three years has been favorably known to the English public in America, as the editor of the "Albion," having succeeded Dr. Bartlett in its proprietorship, put forth in London a volume of these translations. With some of those our readers are familiar, they having appeared in the Review. The high merit of the translations is indisputable, but Mr. Young seems more than ordinarily impressed with that bigotry of nationality so peculiar to our English friends, and we cannot but apply to him in that respect the remark which his preface affords in relation to some passages of his author. "The ultra squeamish censors, who pounce upon every objectionable thought or phrase in pages of surpassing merit, remind us of those poor-hearted travellers who spend days amidst the sublimest and most lovely scenery, and yet can but concentrate their attention on the mud that has gathered on their boots." We trust that, however strong may be the attachments which the translator expresses for the "monarchical institutions of his native land," time and the prolonged exercise of his vocation as journalist in a republican country, may soften his stern toryism and inspire him with sympathy for the doctrines of those who, with Beranger, appreciate the advantages of popular government.

THE DIOSMA: A Perennial. By Miss M. H. Gould. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston

The title of this book of poems is the name of a shrub sacred among the ancients. Miss Gould has adopted it to represent her collection of poems, of which many are of her own production, now first published. These retain all that playfulness of the fancy for which Miss Gould is as remarkable as was Mrs. Osgood. It is a seasonable publication. Sold in New-York by Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune buildings.

MARSTON OF DUNORAN: A Tale. Office of the Little Age. Littell & Co. Dewitt & Davenport, New-York.

An interesting and well printed work.

ALTON LOCKE, Tailor and Poet. An autobiography. Harper Brothers, New-York.

This is one of the class of novels which has come up in the wake of Thackeray, Dickens and others, who have formed a school descriptive of existing society, its grades and characteristics, and it possesses much interest, but highly wrought and trashy in its general tone.

THE LEATHER STOCKING TALES. By J. Fennimore Cooper.

THE PIONEERS: or the Sources of the Susquehanna, a descriptive tale. By the author of "The Deerslayer," &c. Complete in one volume, with Introductory Notes by the author. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The great success which attends this great standard edition of Cooper's works now in course of publication by Mr. Putnam, is known to the public. The Pioneer, which forms the fourth of the series, was published in 1823, and with great success, although probably in the growth of public demand the present edition may prove larger than any that has preceded it. The scene of the work is that of the author's early youth, and is described with great fidelity and interest.

THE FARMER'S GUIDE to Scientific and Practical Agriculture; detailing the Labors of the Farmer in all their Variety, and Adapting them to all Seasons of the Year. By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S. E., assisted by JOHN NORTON. Part 10. New-York, Leonard Scott & Co.

This work, which is now issued in a series of parts, abounds in fact and information relating to the practical details of agriculture. Such is the abundance and fulness of its suggestions, that while no individual could find time to execute the whole, yet all can derive information and advantage from them. When completed, it will contain all the leading information, both scientific and practical, which we possess on agriculture.

OURSELVES.

During the past six months, Mr. Theodore Augustus Foster, connected with this Review, has made a tour of the Southern and Northern sections of the States, calling personally upon all the leading democrats of each locality. In every quarter he has, without exception, met with a warm-hearted and generous response to the claims of this work upon the great Democratic Party, as the national exponent of those great principles for which it has ever contended. The confidence reposed in the course of the Review is expressed in the following paper, signed by more than two thousand democrats, of all sections. We append a portion of the names in this number, to be continued in successive numbers, with the additional names furnished by Mr. Foster, now on his Western trip.

We, the undersigned, subscribers to the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, feel deeply interested in its success, and recommend it to all our democratic friends. Its primary objects are to advocate and disseminate true Democracy, (such as was taught by Jefferson and Jackson,) and we feel confident, that such being the character of the work, all true democrats will feel the same interest that we do in the promulgation of those principles, and will be found to contribute to its support and development. We feel a national pride as well as duty in liberally supporting the only organ of the National Democratic Party in this great republican country; and we are confident in assuring our friends, that if they will do their duty, that the editor and proprietors will make this organ, both as a literary and political Magazine, equal, if not superior, to any work published in this country or Europe. We would further add, that their general canvassing agent, Mr. Theodore A. Foster, is now on his Southern and Western tour, and we earnestly recommend all good democrats to avail themselves of the present opportunity of enrolling their names on the books of the Democratic Review.

TWO THOUSAND NAMES CONTINUED:

John Greenleaf,	*Columbus, Ohio.*	James Cole,	*Brooklyn, N. Y.*
M. R. Dunlap,	do.	Samuel Smith, Mayor,	do.
W. R. Dunlap,	*New Castle, Pa.*	Peter Bergen,	do.
Thedore Martine,	*New-York City.*	A. Barmore,	*New-York City.*
William J. Peck,	do.	John Coverdill,	*Springfield, Ohio,*
Alexander M. Alling,	do.	Thomas Bell,	*Urbana,*
John M. Genin,	do.	John A. Corvin,	do.
Thomas H. Farren,	do.	James Taylor,	do.
Garrett H. Stryker,	do.	Elias Plume,	*Troy, N. Y.*
Robert J. Dillon,	do.	Amos Pilsbury,	*Albany,*
Francis B. Cutting,	do.	John McKnight,	do.
Thomas Gilmartin,	do.	S. W. Bowman,	*South Adams.*
Frederick C. Havemeyer,	do.	Thomas S. Henry,	*New-York City.*
William C. H. Wardell,	do.	Coleman & Houghton,	*Aberdeen, Miss.*
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William H. Ellis,	*Midway, Mo.*	J. F. Trowbridge,	*Syracuse, N. Y.*
J. H. Brower,	*Brooklyn, N. Y.*	J. M. Jacobs,	do.
James P. Knapp,	*Dresden, Tenn.*	Josiah Brintnall,	do.
John A. Lott,	*Brooklyn, N. Y.*	J. W. Barber,	do.
A. G. Stevens,	do.	H. Baldwin,	do.

William Green,	*Syracuse, N. Y.*
W. W. Teal,	do.
W. D. Burnet,	do.
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S. W. Caldwell,	do.
Silas Titus,	do.
R. J. Eaton,	do.
W. W. Brewster,	do.
Lewis J. Gillett,	do.
H. L. Denmore,	do.
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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1851. NO. CLII.

FREE TRADE.*

START not, reader dear! The bill of fare is no doubt formidable; and of a verity thou mayest well entertain some gastric misgivings. But we are yet in holiday times, good friend, and there is digestion in the winter breezes, coming down upon us booming from far lake and forest. So be of good cheer; take an easy chair, or a hard one, if none other be at hand, and, cocking your toes, and nose if so minded, "draw near the ingle," determined to go it with right good will, and we assure thee, if thou be not a man of the "*dura ilia*" stamp, or a woman after the heart of Lucinda Stone, thou shalt find nothing in the above, or our reficiamento thereof, to breed thee mental spasms, impart a twitch of statistical nightmare, or raise one blue devil or blue stocking before thy distempered vision. In sooth, good friend, 'tis not our intention to make a book. "*Some books*," thou knowest, "*are lies frae end to end*," as that ungodly Vates, the highland chiel, hath in malice sung; and some—but it is submitted that the "o'ergrown bulk" of many a goodly volume has resulted from "taking the sow by the wrong ear" at starting, and waddling, splashing and stumbling through the remainder, endeavoring to convert it into the right one; the application of which philosophy is, in this instance, left to thine own sagacity. Having, as we trust we have, by this time established ourselves in thy intimate confidence, we beg thee to be assured, that of Mr. Carey's facts and figures we shall be as sparing as possible, leaving some millions thereof untouched or unhashed for thy palate's tempting. So, too, of the American Review. We shall not seek to solve the problem "*who feed the English?*" inasmuch as we are determined they shall not be fed by us Americans, unless for a substantial "quid pro quo."

With the red hot bolts both have flung at the heads of that "iniquitous" people, this child does not purpose to meddle, albeit he is impressed with the conviction that they are brimful of mischief and destructiveness, and very undeservedly hurled at that mildest, most inoffensive, and most forbearing type of Christianity and thrift, "*Johann Bool.*" Whether he abstains

* The Past, the Present, and the Future. Harmony of Interest. By Henry C. Carey. British Policy here and there. American Review, November and December. Horace Greeley, *passim*.

from handling such hot and hissing combustibles through simple respect for his fingers, or that he believes the peculiar chivalry which would, without further aim or cause, stake its life of life for injured innocence or outraged virtue, is gone clean out of the world, he does not choose to explain. With respect to Ireland, that she hath been used as a pack horse, a poor dumb drudge, a long and callous-eared donkey, goaded, scourged, blasted and tortured by steel, and whip-cord, and flame, he is willing, for the argument's sake, to admit. Nay, to the end of redeeming her from that unworthy comparison—alas! too meet for her condition—he will not gainsay that, although she sitteth wailing by the way-side, betrayed, ravaged and desolate, with ashes on her head and agony in her heart; and although she is crowned with a crown of thorns only, yet is she a rightful queen, and of royal beauty ineffaceable. Whether true or not, he has not the heart to deny that her grace and loveliness have been to her a fatal dower, serving only to lure her despoiler. And, if, shaking off her dream of death, she turn her to the rising sun, and invoking freedom fresh from the breath of God, spring at her defiler, then would he proudly deck her brow with garlands of everlasting radiance. But, meantime, he has his own views in her regard. The stain upon her name of damnation's deepest dye can only be removed by her own hand. He fancies that until it is removed, 'tis vain to tell her sorrows—how her rich luxuriance hath been plundered, and her fecundity made the *nurse* of death. The real difficulty in solving the problem of her destiny, is, that her courage and the conscience of England have been both *negative* quantities. One never will change, the other may; then, and not till then, will her day begin to date.

These are, in part, his reasons for thus in the outset dismissing these topics, on which two of the writers, whose views he proposes to test, are so nobly eloquent. The question he purposes to discuss cannot be illustrated by the sufferings and wrongs of Ireland; nor can it subserve her prospects or her hopes. If other interests were out of view, and that it remained to be considered how her injuries could be avenged, then possibly the plunder committed upon her would be entitled to weight in the commercial polity of the United States. But, even then, it would be little worthy of a great nation to baffle her rival through the medium of a little custom-house thimble-riggery. If we, in good earnest, desire her downfall; if her day of retribution be at last come; if she is to feel reacting, on her own heart, the broadcast felony she has scattered over land and main; and if it be ours to speed the bolt of justice, let us, in God's name, go right straight about it, as we would to bore the blue mountains, or marry the oceans.

Having premised thus much, we proceed to the consideration of the works above quoted, in the order in which they are given.

Mr. Carey's elementary book is exceedingly agreeable. It is evidently written with a purpose intensely in earnest. By many it is deemed original, by some profound, by some instructive, by some abstruse, and by some absurd. With this man it is "authority," with that a paradox or a burlesque. One thinks it infallible—facts, figures, deductions and conclusions—the other heterodox and heretical all. Here, either general commendation or condemnation is needless; it is needless even to refer to more than a few of its leading propositions and arguments. For instance, its first chapter is an original picture of primeval rusticity—whether it be

according to nature or not, is immaterial. But, supposing it a fancy sketch, it is not void of attractions. There stands the naked man confronting the old Titanic forest, accustomed to bow to no influence but the spirit of the tempest. How he fells it, tree by tree; how he stitches his garment of fig leaves, sows his first seed grain, and builds him a rude wigwam, and how he fares therein, is an interesting inquiry to all. To break a spell so agreeable would be rude and ill-natured. But how it so chanced that the lucky settler, when selecting the mountain slope for its freer air and lighter soil, should find ready to his hand, iron, and copper, and zinc ores, and how he was blessed with means and sagacity to smelt, and mould, and temper them to use, is a question intended to affect the one now in discussion; and while we freely admit that it is well calculated to set village wonder all a-gape, may we humbly hint that in the mind of a rigid philosopher it would possibly provoke a sneer? It serves the same purpose, and stands on the same basis, as the prophecy sung by Virgil for Anchises some thousand years after the old seer had gone to his everlasting rest. The trapper's protectionist instincts are so immediately developed, and the agencies, resources, and essential elements necessary for a prosperous forest manufacturing interest are so available to his hand, that one wonders a beaver or a griffin is not found to present him with a veritable, ready-made, "spinning Jenny." Nevertheless, the connexion between the brass hatchet and the present inquiry (the very one Mr. Carey had in view) is not so clear. Nor is it explained in the text whether this original feller of pine would or would not prefer, or would or would not be benefited, if a keen polished steel axe had come to him, no matter if from the moon, so he got it for the produce of one day's labor, instead of ten he must have lost tinkering at, and hundreds he must have lost tinkering with, the blunt instrument. We have our suspicions on that head, and if we thought them needed, we would print them. For the rest, Ricardo's philosophy of rent supplies Mr. Carey with an opportunity for much eloquent and indignant commentary. The discussion turns on the question whether the first cultivators do not naturally select the "best soils," and proceed downwards as these are exhausted, which Mr. Carey denies with vehement enthusiasm. They naturally, he asserts, begin with the worst, like children at a feast, and leave the choice morsels for the last. Hence is deduced this consoling philosophy, that the supply afforded by the earth will always be in proportion to the demand of its inhabitants; and that as rent increases, so will the prosperity of those who pay it, the cash of the landlord and that of the tenant making a harmonious jingle together. This is gratifying to more than the mere philanthropist, the only drawback being, that stiff-necked and stiff-willed tenants in general can, with extreme difficulty, be made to believe that the more they pay out the more they have left. To every appeal in proof they would be inclined to answer by a useless fumble in their empty pockets. If Mr. Carey takes three from six, and tells them that three remain, they will comprehend and assent; but if he takes four from six and assures them that four remain, in the absence of practical proof they must only refer the thing to some occult science, and go their way, lamenting their ignorance of such lucrative philosophy. "Dub, you know what be animal magnetism?" said a Yankee Moor to his sable brother, fresh from the South. "No; for what should I noo? Massa noos." "Well," replied the philosopher, "I'se larn you; hab you a half dolla?" The coin being

produced, he placed it between his digit and palm, and interrogated the proselyte: "Dub, you see that there half dolla?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi." "Am you sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi." "Am you quite sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi; ha, ha, hi, hi." "Well, you will neber see him again, and that be animal magnetism." The tenant who pays his half dollar to the landlord for the purpose of experiencing our friend's philosophy, would find himself equally wise and equally empty handed. But the rent discussion does one thing: it shows how much can be made of the lana caprina logic, and how a man can become violently earnest in proving the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. If Ricardo's meaning be that men will naturally select the soils which yield most, as it evidently is, then Mr. Carey simply re-asserts the same thing exactly; for he admits it is because it will yield most to such labor as he can apply, the rude cultivator selects the light, dry land of the hills. It is, under the circumstances, the "best soil;" and thus antagonistic results are drawn from precisely the same axiom expressed in different words. Mr. Carey's experience is of a wilderness, and as far as locality goes, he is right; but if he extended his inquiry to other countries, he would find, that where the land is cleared and cultivated, and men are free to choose, the rich valleys are first seized on. Let him take England at the time of the Norman invasion, or Ireland at the period of the Cromwellian one, and he will find the track of the freebooters every where along the teeming vales, and their castles rising in the lap of fertility. The present writer has often looked from Irish green hill-sides on scenes of luxuriance and abundance unrivalled. He has dwelt with gladness on the western prairies, seemingly illimitable in extent, and inexhaustible in fecundity, and on the blithe and prosperous homesteads of Pennsylvania; but while acknowledging the grandeur and sublimity of lea, and wood, and lake, and gushing river, in his glorious home, he must be permitted to say, that from ruined abbey walls and the ivy towers of long fallen fortresses in Ireland, he has beheld scenes bright as morning rays, and fruitful as omnipotent mercy, spread out before him, which no time, no expenditure, and no labor can produce the equal of in this country. And these are the scenes that tempted her robber invaders. These are the scenes which became their booty; and upon that theatre has been tested the problem, which to Mr. Carey seems inexplicable. Ricardo's theory has been there realized—there, on the richest soils in the world. Rent has eaten up the whole produce of the land, the most fruitful land, mark you, Mr. Carey, ever yet brought into activity. Rent has been increasing, and the produce decreasing, year by year; and as men spread themselves out on bog and moor, and mountain, to raise clammy potatoes, the rent on the good soil has become higher and higher. Rent, more recently, has devoured the produce, and at the same time the sweat and marrow of the tenants. At last their vitals only remained, and it took them. Rent, more insatiable than a vampire, has fed on human flesh and blood. However irrelevant to the topic in issue, this sanguinary fact suggests one ominous warning to America. From many an Aceldema it shrieks, *no rent! no rent!* Yes, "*no rent!*" for of all the curses that ever befel humanity, socially considered, rent—the institution of landlordism—is the direst. No matter what the form of government under which it exists, in its very nature it contains the germs of slavery. When one man *owns* the land and another pays him rent therefor—pays him, in fact, for the privilege of toiling thereon, the privilege of raising the produce, and transmitting it to the

owner, for his sole use, sinking his flesh and blood in the soil, that it may become richer, with the chance of being turned to beg on the high road in the end; that man is a slave, and the vices of slavery stamp their impress on his heart. This is so, however much wealth may increase. This is so, no matter on how large a scale the "richer soils" are cultivated.

To some extent we have digressed. We are not canvassing the question of landlordism; and Mr. Carey does not, in words, commend the relation it expresses between man and man. He does, however, call rent national wealth; he justifies it as the consequence of capital spent in improvements; and he tells the tenant, that by increasing the landlord's wealth he increases his own; and, on the whole, rent is so mixed up in the theory as to justify this brief commentary.

How far Mr. Carey's philosophy controverts the principle of Free Trade, it is not very easy to find, though the purpose lurks through his entire argument. Nevertheless, he sometimes unconsciously affirms it instead. Not a few of his inferences would make it even ancillary to that highest aim of social economy and Christian philanthropy—bringing the "*good soils*" into cultivation. Here, for example, is one—page 115:—

"A change has come over the system, and England is now making a market at home, for labor and capital. She is at present fairly engaged in building up the great food-producing machine, and preparing to bring the supply of the necessaries of life up to a level with the demands for consumption."

The change above indicated is the repeal of the corn laws, which Mr. Carey elsewhere condemns as arbitrary impediments in the way of "Freedom of Trade." These laws furnish the strongest instance of protection, and that which is most pregnant with instruction and warning. Though for a long period the object of gigantic intellectual assault, before which they at last fell, their most vehement assailant never predicted the result, which Mr. Carey says has actually occurred, namely, the advancement of agriculture itself, which he announces in our quotation; and he thus further emphatically testifies to the necessary consequences of this advance.

"She (England) is substituting the permanent for the temporary, and with each step of her progress in this direction, capital and labor are becoming more valuable."

The only protectionist recommendation discoverable in the work, is the perpetual advocacy of centralization. Mr. Carey's highest stage of progress is in mixed communities, in having the consumer side by side with the producer, so as that, as he expresses it, the machinery of exchange would become as inexpensive as possible. As this position is more forcibly urged and more practically illustrated by Mr. Greeley, we shall defer examining it until we come to review his opinions and arguments.

That cultivation begins on the poorer soils and proceeds to the richer ones, is not the leading idea; it is the one idea of the book. It is repeated in one form or other at least a thousand times. There is not a single proposition used, of which it is not the minor or middle term. Upon it every thing depends, and, in turn, it depends upon every thing. It is at the same time cause and effect, effect and cause. Where there is wealth, men cultivate the "richer soils." Where men cultivate the "richer soils," there is wealth. In peace, men cultivate the "richer soils." Where men cultivate the "richer soils," there is peace. Morality, integrity, all the

cardinal virtues, are concomitants of the cultivation of "rich soils," and such cultivation is sure to be accompanied by the virtues. So in like manner of the vices and the cultivation of the "poor soils." Take one example:

"The lonely cultivator of the almost desert land is forced to depend on the thin soils of the earth for his support, and is in constant fear for his life and the safety of his little property. In every stranger he sees one as poor as himself; one to whom his little stock of wealth, trivial as it is, would be a treasure. Or if perchance the stranger comes from distant and civilized lands, from among a people who cultivate the rich soils of the earth, the lonely man sees in the nails and beads of his visitor what "would make him rich indeed," and avarice seizes on his soul. His labor, severe as it is, scarcely yields him food, and he has no means wherewith to buy it. He murders his visitor, and seizes on his goods. Here we have combined, fear, rapacity, cruelty, and such are uniformly the characteristics of men who are forced to rely on the poorest soils of the earth."

This is a gloomy picture; of which not the least startling figure is the poor foredoomed stranger. Let him doff his rich gear and ask shelter as a beggar, he is murdered because he is poor; let him display his wares, even a horse nail or a wooden comb, and he is massacred, because he is rich. Herein is to be found the clue to the first murder. No doubt, Cain shed his brother's blood, not because he was thereunto tempted by Satan in the guise of jealousy or pride, or because he had been corrupted by his mother's sin, but because he was forced to cultivate the "poorer soils." 'Tis somewhat of a marvel, that even now a new sect of predestinarians, starting at this point, and making this discovery their gospel, have not grown into sturdy existence. No doubt they would have followers. The creed would be saving and attractive, conferring blessings innumerable in time, as well as eternity. But, how far it is flattering to the pilgrim fathers, on whom the writer elsewhere bestowed an enthusiastic eulogy, we leave to Mr. Bulwer or Mr. Webster to determine.

Dismissing Mr. Carey's elements of economy, and descending to his practical knowledge, our feeling is one of unmixed astonishment. While the picture is imaginary, he has a shade appropriate to every theory. He butters his parsnips with soft words, notwithstanding the apothegm. He manures by a phrase and enriches by a dexterous turn of his pen. But when he comes to handle a spade or a reaping hook, he is at once confounded. Hear what he says of an acre of potatoes and an acre of wheat—page 299.

"An acre of potatoes will outweigh an acre of wheat a dozen times, and its refuse will fertilize an acre of poor soil; but from the produce of an acre of wheat sent abroad to be exchanged, nothing goes back on the land."

The coolness of this assumption is amusing. It may pass muster, notwithstanding, with the philosophers. But there are few rustics whom it would not tickle exceedingly. Because the potatoes weigh a dozen times more than the wheat, therefore the former is a preferable crop. But this is not so bad as the assertion, that the refuse of an acre of potatoes will manure another acre. It is, of course, after such fashion, that he would perpetually fertilize the earth, so as to keep its produce up to the level of the demand of its inhabitants. There is not a man, however, who has tilled a rood of land, that does not know, that the refuse of ten acres of potatoes would not manure a square perch. No vegetable is so substance-

less as the potato-stalk—it is, in fact, almost as perishable as the argument that is based on it. Thus far with respect to the refuse of the acre of potatoes. Then as to that of wheat, he says it is nil. But it so happens, nevertheless, that the straw on an acre of wheat would yield more manure than fifty acres of potato-stalks.

Before passing to Mr. Carey's other book, we are tempted to give an illustration of his grand theory in his own words:

"A and B have each a horse and cart, and a farm, from which they can have 300 bushels of wheat, or its equivalent. An offer is made to give them each that quantity: but the distance is so far, that the hauling will occupy precisely the same time that the raising would do. A accepts, and B does not. A spends his time on the road, and B stays at home. When it rains, A stops at the way-side tavern, B spends the same day at home repairing his house. When A's horse feeds and rests, his master has nothing to do; B grubs up an old root, or repairs a fence. A's horse deposits his manure in the road, that of B goes on his farm. A's horse hauls every day, and the service performed, nothing remains. B opens a marl pit and puts on his land manure for two or three years. At the end of the year A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost as good as new. The farm of A has deteriorated, while that of B. is greatly improved. Both have done the same number of days' work, and both have received the same compensation, yet A is poorer, and B richer than at first. Every diminution in the quantity required of the machinery of exchange tends to increase the quantity of labor both of body and mind, that may be applied directly to production, and such labor is rewarded with an increased return, and an increase in the powers of the machine itself. Such has been the case in all past time, and such will it ever continue to be."

The naked proposition at the base of this comparison is incorrect. That proposition and the supervening facts are contradictory. Some of these facts are false statements, and all the intervening deductions are false logic. The comparison, to be a fair one, should rest on an immutable basis. This would require that the 300 bushels should be a fixed and absolute maximum, *in the production of which alone* all B's labor is to be absorbed. If he can apply some to meliorating his farm or his house, then he gets more in fact than A, and the fallacy in stating the question is apparent. Again, if the return be not determined and definite, we might calculate a tolerable column of casualties against B, such as the worm, the wet, the drought, the blight, while A's bushels remained sound and whole, and every grain available. If again A and B get the same thing exactly, then one cannot be richer; and if, on the other hand, one be richer, they cannot get the same remuneration; one must get a higher and a better one. But the supervening facts not only contradict the terms of the proposition, they contradict each other, and each contradicts itself. Suppose we take these two:

The hauling will occupy precisely the same time and *labor* that the raising would do. B manures three acres, and he raises besides; yet A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost new. The first and second branch of this sentence contradict each other. If it be true that the "hauling" and raising occupy precisely the same time, then it is untrue that there is time for manuring three acres. The second is self-contradictory.

How A's horse became a year older, while B's remained as young as before, is a phenomenon that Mr. Carey does not deign to explain; or how the cart which is most worked continues new, while that which does least is worn out, supposing them equally new, strong and durable at the

beginning of the year. He leaves us hopelessly in the dark on the subject, and utterly incapable of comprehending it, save on the principle that, in political economy at least, the less is greater than the greater; while even that will scarcely aid us, in regard to the age of B's horse, which must be referred to some process similar to, and more successful than, that tried by the daughters of Jason when they boiled their father's old bones. The exact meaning or bearing, we should say, perhaps the depth of the conclusion is, we must needs confess, beyond our powers of comprehension. But if the offer of Mr. Carey were made, subject to every disadvantage and casualty, for our parts, we commend the choice of A. If not, the deductions are false in fact as well as logic. Land does not improve by growing corn; it seriously deteriorates, a fact which may be learned without the lights of philosophy or chemistry. It must be restored by manures. Some of these are enriching, some of a stimulating character only. The latter in the end will make rich land poor, instead of poor land rich. Even the former have their limits, both as to quantity and power, and there is a point of fertility, beyond which the earth cannot be pressed, so that, twenty to one, B's farm must have been deteriorated by being worked, A's improved by lying fallow. This would surely be the case, were Mr. Carey at hand to help B with his bundle of potato-stalks.

It will be seen that we have, in our last quotation, inserted the word labor. Mr. Carey must have intended it, or he intended to deceive. We prefer believing the former. Without it, the question would be unfair and unintelligible, and would bespeak a design on his part, which we would be sorry to impute to him, of relying on a contemptible "arriere pensee." But supposing A poorer and B richer, where is the connection between that fact, and the general conclusion which follows, upon the truth of which, standing alone, every fact stated in the comparison must depend? To us it is precisely as intelligible, and we suspect it must have been used with about the same view, as Professor Fiechte's celebrated data. The professor having duly stroked his moustache, as it becometh all bearded thinkers to do, and having meditatively paced the floor in sight of a small class of admiring disciples, thus began: "Gentlemen, *think the wall.*" After due time was allowed for this rather flinty performance, the man of learning asked the pupils whether they had in fact thought the wall: to which, in proof of their capability, the disciples gave an affirmative response. Now he resumed, "*think the thing that thought the wall;*" wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey's Elements, confessing our incapacity to comprehend either the data of the professor, or the conclusion of the economist.

CHAPTER II.

We proceed to the examination of the "Harmony of Interests." Here our task would be a light one, if we had to deal only with the writer's figures. Their correctness and the unsoundness of his theory are not compatible. It is even possible that the results are all exact, and not one of them referable to the facts, with which they are either concomitant, or which they follow in order of time. He must have

been impressed with this opinion and afraid of it: for he goes a step farther, and assumes, that the results must be what in reality he has attempted to prove they are, as an inevitable consequence founded on one of nature's immutable laws. Bearing this proposition in mind as that which we have finally to controvert, we at once take up Mr. Carey's tables in the same order he has himself given them. His object is to prove not alone the prosperity of the interest protected by a tariff, but the general prosperity of the country: which, according to his argument, progresses or retrogrades in the same ratio as protection to particular interests rises or falls. With this view he divides the time between 1820 and 1851 into six unequal periods. They are as follows:—

First. The period between 1820 and 1830, as exemplifying the working of the tariff of 1816–'24.

Second. That between 1829 and 1835, as exemplifying that of 1828.

Third. That between 1834 and 1841, as exemplifying that of 1834.

Fourth. That between September, 1841, and June, 1843, as exemplifying the revenue duty then to come into operation.

Fifth. That between June, 1843, and June, 1847, as exemplifying the tariff of 1842.

Sixth. That between 1847 and 1850, as exemplifying the act of 1846.

A table is affixed, giving the average amount of imports during these six periods. It is offered in proof of the most difficult of Mr. Carey's results, namely, that the people consume most of taxed produce when it is most taxed. Of the two first periods, he gives the result thus:

For the nine years, beginning with 1821, and ending with 1829, total consumption	$508,000,000
Annual average	56,400,000
Average, per head, of the population	$5
Average population	11,247,000

The second period, including the years 1830 and 1834, is given in detail:

1830	$55,500,000	Rate per head, $4,32	Population, 13,698,000.
1831	81,000,000	6,10	
1832	75,500,000	5,51	
1833	88,000,000	6,20	
1834	103,000,000	7,08	

Let us test this arithmetical reasoning so far. No authority is given for the figures, except the census for which the treasury reports are vouched. For the rest, Mr. Carey alone is responsible. But no matter; at present their correctness is assumed; and taking them as we find them, we shall see how far they sustain his conclusions. We give that which has reference to these two periods.

"The facts derivable from an examination of the above accounts, are as follows: First, that the amount received from foreign nations, in exchange for our products, largely increased during the existence of the tariff of 1828."

This large increase, to mean anything, must be in comparison with the increase during the preceding period. And, at the first look, the result would seem to justify the assertion in that sense. It only *seems*, however. The fact is exactly the reverse. Let us see how this is so. First, the

comparison is unfair, inasmuch as the first period extends back into a remote time, when the resources of the country were almost in their infancy. The comparison, to be just, should be with the five last years of the first period. Secondly, the average of the two periods should be given, or the particulars of each. Thirdly, even taking the average of the first period, and Mr. Carey's own figures, he actually miscalculates in his own favor. The total is $508,000,000. This divided by 9, according to our calculation, gives a product of $56,444,444 and a fraction, instead of $56,400,000, making a difference of over $44,000.

We have no statistical tables before us, and we are too much pressed for time, to consult them at the present moment. Consequently, we cannot convert his average into its particular items: but we can take the average of his yearly table in the second period. We find it to be $80,600,000, yielding a consumption per head of $5 30. Here we have the "great increase." According to our mind, it is a beggarly increase; and, contrasting the two periods in other respects, no increase at all. But there is no disputing tastes. Mr. Carey may regard it, in the language of Lord Brougham and Vaux, as *prodigious*, "an he will." Let us, meantime, proceed to the next period, the examination of which may, possibly, enlighten us on this question.

Mr. Carey gives us only the average. He states it thus: Total, $684,000,000; annual average, $97,700,000; amount per head, $6 02; population, 16,226,000.

In this case, as in the former, Mr. Carey presents to view two figures: one, $7 08, representing a single year of his prosperous period, and the other, $6 02, representing the average of the declining period. But the average of the prosperous period is actually only $5 30; and, keeping the two averages in view, let us read Mr. Carey's conclusion, and wonder. Here it is:

"Secondly, that the amount so received diminished greatly in this period."

Certainly, if between $5 30 and $6 02 he discovers a great diminution, he must regard the increase from $5 to $5 30 as too big for any plain English word to express. But why take the average? 'Tis for Mr. Carey to say. He is now precluded from asserting that he can show a continual increase in the periods of prosperity or high tariff. Who knows that the same continual increase does not occur in the other periods? If the particulars be useful and requisite in one case, are they not equally so in the other, and vice versa? But, be it remembered further, that the periods do not actually correspond with the tariffs which they illustrate. He avows this, and justifies it:

"It will be observed, that I have placed 1829 in the first period, and 1834 in the second. It is not the passage of an act that produces change, but its practical operation; and the first year of the existence of a new system, is but the sequel of that which is passing out."

No doubt: but, in some instances, this piece of abstruse wisdom would amount to the following proposition: MEN BUY IN LARGELY, IN ANTICIPATION OF LOW PRICES. Such is its import, exactly applied to his facts. But it serves the argument to place 1834 in the second period. It supplies him with his largest figure, and he uses it for the purpose of a double fallacy. Now, suppose we change the order, placing 1829 in the second period, and 1834 in the third. The result would then stand thus, assuming 1829 to give the same amount as 1830:

Second period, total, $355,500,000; annual average, $71,100,000; rate per head, $5 12, of which $6 02, Mr. Carey's average for the succeeding period, is, according to him, a great diminution.

But to refer once more to the averaging one period, and giving the details of the other, let us see if we can discover any other possible motive. It has been shown that 1834 yielded the highest figure; and the highest figure was necessary for that period. But notwithstanding, it would not have the highest figure, if the separate years of the next period were given. 1836 was the year of largest consumption since the discovery of America. For that fact, Mr. Secretary Corwin is the authority. In his report of this year, he says:

"The past year has been exceeded in amount only by the year 1836; and, if the official figures could be made to represent the true cost of the imports of the former year, even 1836 would, it is believed, not be an exception. The imports of the first quarter of the present year show an increase of more than $18,000,000 over the corresponding quarter of last year, indicating an importation, for the current year, greater, by many millions, than the imports of any previous one."

Before passing further on, it may be as well to contrast this citation with a prophecy announced by Mr. Carey on the faith of one of his inevitable results. It is contained in the following:

"Seventh. That the amount of debt, incurred in the last two years, must tend to produce a further diminution in future ones."

Reader, dear, contrast this fact and prophecy, and decide for thyself. According to the prophecy, the past year, 1850, was to be that of most diminished consumption; according to the fact, it is that of most increased consumption. It is well nigh time to give up this table: yet, dry as it may seem, it is exceedingly seductive. What blue-devil could withstand the beautiful solution of the fourth period? It begins in September, 1841, and concludes in June, 1843, and is applied to test the working of the tariff which was to come into operation in 1842, but actually never did come into operation at all. Mr. Carey writes as if some special tariff law was passed in 1841. To explain what really took place, a brief historical resume is necessary.

There were, in place of five periods, as given by Mr. Carey for the operation of the tariff of 1828, in fact, eight periods, in each of which a distinct tariff operated. Thus, the tariff of 1828 came into operation September 1st, 1828, and continued in operation to March 3d, 1833, when considerable reductions took place in duties on most goods, and on a long list the duties were removed altogether. At the same time this important change took place, viz., that instead of paying cash for duties, merchants were allowed to give bonds for the amount, payable in three and six months—thus enabling the importer to sell the goods and realize the proceeds, before he paid the money for duties to the government. This was in March, 1833. In December of the same year, the "compromise tariff" took effect, under which linens, silks, worsteds, rail-road iron, and a large number of other articles, were made *free;* and the same law provided for *biennial* reductions of duties, until, in July, 1842, no duty should exceed 20 per cent. Thus this law provided for six reductions, each of which operated as a distinct tariff. The law was not, however, carried out in good faith, as far as the free articles were affected. In September, 1841, 20 per cent. duty was imposed *forthwith* upon most of the articles made free in 1833. And this

operated one year, until August, 1842, when the fraudulent tariff of that year was imposed. That tariff continued to operate until December, 1846, when the present tariff came into operation. We have now, to test Mr. Carey's principle, constructed a table of the average imports per annum for each of these periods; also the average duties, and showing the average per cent. of those duties upon the dutiable imports, and their average upon the whole importation. It will be observed that all the property which comes into the country, whether taxed or not, is in payment for some property sent out of the country, and returns generally come in the shape which will pay best. The table will show the very large proportion which arrived as *free* goods. All the figures are from official reports, as follows:

Tariff of	Imports specie.	Free goods.	Dutiable.	Duties.	Duties per cent. of dutiable.	Total average imports.	Duties total av'ge imports.	Per cent.
1829-33, 5 years,	$35,843,393	48,862,381	373,002,394	146,193,078	39½	91,541 629	29,238,615	32
1834-35, 2 "	31,043,079	115,294,594	133,798,401	44,851,432	33½	138,208,537	22,426,716	16¼
1836-37, 2 "	23,917,298	137,389,213	169,662,740	48,952,459	28½	165,484,626	24,476.229	14¾
1838-39, 2 "	23,342,292	113,919,505	138,547,739	45,257,359	32½	137,904,718	22,628.679	16½
1840-41, 2 "	13,871,446	109,344,489	111,871,961	35,042,283	31½	117,543.848	17,512,141	15
1842, 1 "	4,087,016	26,540.470	69,534,601	16,622,246	24	100,162,087	16,622.746	16½
1842-46, 50 months,	37,362,569	79,134,645	304,872,155	101,551.653	33½	101.130,084	23,895,204	23¾
1847-50, 43 "	40,397,694	59,939,417	482,238,103	115,678,052	24	162,570,756	32,282,244	19¾

The first period was five years, embracing the entire operation of the tariff of 1828, except for the last half of 1833, when, under the law of that year, from March 3d to September 30th, many goods came in free. Under that tariff of 1828, nearly all the goods were charged with duty, and the average charge was 39½ per cent. The duty averaged, on the whole importation, 32 per cent. On the 1st of January, 1834, the first reduction under the compromise took place, and also at the same time the remission of duties upon silks, &c., &c. The import of free goods, for the two years, was very large, nearly equalling, in amount, those which paid duty, while the average duties declined 6 per cent.; and the average tax upon the whole importation was *one-half* what it was under the tariff of 1828. In the next two years, viz., 1836–37, the speculative spirit culminated and retrograded. The second *biennial* reduction, which took place January 1, 1836, reduced the average duty from 33½ to 28½, and the duties averaged, upon the whole importation, but 14¾ per cent. This arose, partly from the fact, that in the depression of 1837, those goods which bore the highest tax could not be sold, and only the free and low taxed goods could be imported profitably. In 1838–39, the reaction took place, credit sales were renewed, and the high taxed goods, under the third biennial reduction, found buyers. In 1840–41, the fourth reduction in duties took place, and the general average tax was 15 per cent. In 1842, the 20 per cent. tax on goods before free, was imposed, with ruinous effect. The importation of free goods declined $28,000,000, from the average of the two preceding years, and the taxed goods only increased $13,000,000. Merchants who had ordered goods under a law making them free of duty, found them taxed 20 per cent. on arrival; and in January of that year, the last and largest reduction, under the compromise act, took effect. In September, 1842, the tariff of 1842 began to operate, after one month's interregnum. That is, in July, 1842, no duties were higher than 20 per cent. Thirty days after, the tariff of 1842 raised the average to 33½ per cent., the same as in 1834, on dutiable goods, and the average tax on the

whole importation to 23¾. That tariff lasted 50 months, to December, 1846, when the present tariff took effect, and operated 43 months, to July, 1850, and has yielded an average of 24 per cent. on dutiable goods, or 19¾ on the whole importation, or 3 *per cent. less* than that of 1842.

The reader of this tariff sketch will now be able the better to understand Mr. Carey's honesty, in embracing the year 1834 in his second period, which was designed to support his assumption that people buy more goods when they are taxed the highest. As we have stated, the law of 1832 came into operation in March, 1833; and as the fiscal year ended September 30, one-half the year 1833, and the whole of 1834, was under the operation of that law. In order to show the precise operation of the law, we have made a table of the duties under the tariff of 1828, and as modified by that of 1832, on leading articles, and given the quantities of those articles imported in 1830, and in 1834, as follows:

	Imports in 1830.	Duties of 1828.	Imports of 1834.	Duties of 1832.	Reduction of duties.
Blankets,	594,044	35 per ct.	1,068,065	5 per ct.	30 per ct.
Worsted Goods,	1,397,545	35 "	5,055,121	25 "	10 "
Silks,	5,932,242	25 "	10,998,961	7½ "	17½ "
Tea,	2,425,018	12a50 cts. pr. lb.	6,217,949	free.	12a50 cts.
Coffee,	4,227,021	5 " "	8,762,657	"	5 "
Sugar,	4,630,922	3 " "	5,538,102	2½ cts.	½ "
Fruits,	520,275	3 " "	1,218,000	free.	3 "
Iron, (bar)	2,273,612	1-12 per cent.	3,787,837	90 cts.	22 "
Iron, (pig)	25,644	62½ "	270,325	50 "	12½ "
Hemp,	279.743	3-00 "	514,743	2 00 "	1 00 "
Cocoa,	137,453	2 cts. pr. lb.	299,147	free.	2 cts. pr. lb.
Molasses,	995,776	10 " pr. gal.	2,989,020	5 cts.	5 cts.
Spices,	457,723	6a100 " pr. lb.	493,932	free.	6a100 cts.
Oil cloth,	2,596	25 " pr. yd.	27,328	12½ cts.	12 "
Total,	$23,899,614		$47,241,187		

In addition to these articles, very many others were made free, and on still others, the tax was reduced. The whole dutiable importation of 1830, was $58,130,675. The list we have given comprises 40 per cent. The effect of the reductions is apparent. It will be borne in mind, also, that the Gold Bill of 1834 promoted the importation of that metal. The general effect is seen in the following table, showing the consumption of foreign goods in these years:

	Specie.	Free goods.	Taxed goods.	Total.	Taxed goods, per head.
1832	$1,727,829	7,247,896	68,330,956	77.306,681	5 00
1833	4,458,667	20,578,517	63.258,392	88.275,516	4 61
1834	15,834,874	40,125,025	47,248,632	103,208,531	3 40

Now, it is observed, that the increased consumption of imported goods, in the last eighteen months of Mr. Carey's second period, arose altogether from an important modification in most duties, and a removal of others. Yet he had the temerity to parade that increased consumption of free goods, under the tariff of 1832, as a consumption of taxed goods, under the tariff of 1828. It is apparent, that no little labor is requisite to expose the gross fabrications with which the whole book abounds; and they are of such a nature, that few have the means of exposing them.

Mr. Carey was aware of the facts, or he was not. If the latter, he wrote in ignorance of his subject, and a not overharsh criticism would

pronounce him a quack. If the former, the sangfroid of the following deserves a still more disagreeable name:

"That the amount so received was still further and largely diminished under the strictly revenue clauses of that bill," (the compromise.)

What we have said of the act of '32 applies equally to that of '46. It became well-known in 1845, that it was in preparation. Merchants informed anticipated it. It became the law in 1846, and the large transactions which Mr. Carey credits to the tariff of '42, were undertaken in contemplation of it. Thus his highest figure, his strongest argument, as far as this table is concerned, is a palpable fraud. In the previous year the increase is less than 15 per cent. In '46, '47, it was over 25 per cent. Naturally enough there was a decrease in the next year, owing to the market being so glutted.

The deductions for debts contracted abroad have little to do with the point. Except Mr. Carey, there is not a man in the Union who could not trace these debts to far other causes. And, even if it were not so, the object of the table being to show the power of the country to consume it, is enough, if the goods were purchased in the market here. That there would naturally be a larger consumption where there is a less price to pay, would seem self-evident. But Mr. Carey's logic contradicts it, on no better ground than that extremes meet, and that paradoxes alone are reliable truth. If his periods were chosen and adapted to the question, in good faith, it could be easily shown that there were countless circumstances which affected our imports besides the amount of the tariff. But the periods are so determined; years are so taken from one and added to the other, with sole reference to the result; every fact needful for that purpose is so supposed, and every deduction so assumed, that it is difficult to treat his reasoning with anything but contempt:

> "Hickory, pickory, my black hen,
> She lays eggs for gentlemen,
> Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
> Hickory, pickory, my black hen."

Mr. Carey may feel indignant at being referred to the nursery for an illustration. Nor have we the least disposition to speak of him with levity. But remembering the unerring accuracy with which a clever little girl would apply our quotation, so that begin with what playmate she may, let the number be what it would, she would be sure to escape having the last word fall on herself. We could not resist its appositeness to Mr. Carey's periods. With him, too, the last word—the evil consequence, is sure never to fallon a protective tariff. Our original purpose was to follow him through the entire of his calculations, bringing them within the narrowest compass possible, with the view of showing that even though the calculations were correct, the conclusions were in a great measure fallacious. Nor, though the errors were not a few, and always made in his own favor, if they could possibly be traced to accident or an incorrect view, should we deem them damnatory of his book. But with every disposition not to be harsh, we cannot follow him from chapter to chapter, everywhere meeting the same fatal taint. One table more we shall here refer to—the emigration table—it is as follows:—

1830	27,153	1834	65,336	1845	102,417
1831	23,074	1835 to 41	67,520	1846	147,251
1832	45,287	1842-3	88,133	1847	224,742
1833	56,547	1844	74,607	1848	229,492

This table is given according to Mr. Carey, with the view of showing how far the wages of labor tended to invite the people of foreign nations to come and reside among us, and thus does he announce the result:

"We see here a large increase from 1830 to 1834, followed by a gradual diminution, until we reach 1843, after which the rise is very rapid."

"On a former occasion, I stated that emigration was not affected by changes of policy, until after the lapse of more time than was required for other of the subjects we have had under consideration. A change tends to raise or depress the value of labor—to raise or depress the price of men—and after a rise has been effected, men come to offer their labor for sale. It will be seen that the number in 1831 was less than in 1830, and that it was not until 1832 that it rose. With the exception of 1835, it continued to rise until it reached 1836-7, when it reached 78,083, after which it fell. In 1843-4, it felt the effect of the disastrous year, 1842, and the number was only 74,000, and it was not until 1844-5 that it began to grow rapidly. At the present time it is large, because of the great demand for labor in the years that have passed."

The difficulty here is, where exposure is to commence. Let us take the fallacies in the order in which they occur. First, we have this assertion, "the number diminished gradually from 1834 to 1843." But the figures—Mr. Carey's own figures—say it increased. Here they are: 1834, 65,333. Average from 1835 to 1841, 67,520, "gradual diminution," quotha; average 38-42, 76,000, "gradual diminution,"—critical, figurative, statistical Mr. Carey: 1842-3, 88,133. The average fails to serve its proper purpose in this instance. But Mr. Carey is not satisfied with committing a palpable error. He undertakes its exposure himself, and commits another and a worse one. It was necessary to have recourse to an axiom, and one is invented, though it be a positive refutation of the foregoing facts and figures. Here it is in brief. "A change of policy does not affect immigration until after the lapse of some time." Thus, he says, "the number was higher in '31 than in '30." Marry, it was; but what that proves unless the very opposite to his philosophy, we cannot divine. Here is the syllogism. The higher the tariff, the higher the figure of immigration. The tariff was highest in 1828, therefore the immigration figure must be higher in 1830 than in 1831. This looks rather awkward, but then the axiom remedies the defect. Time is required for the operation of the spell. Aye, in truth, but here it works like the crab's motion, backward. But though missing '31, it takes effect again in '32, and becomes more and more potent up to '37, increasing in the same ratio as the square of the distances. But it was not in fact till forty-four, the disastrous act of 1834 could check it. Then it yielded to the influence, and the very next year the tariff of '42, by a sort of leap-frog process, began to act, when the increase once more became rapid, and since then, and in consequence of the impetus it at that signal era received, it goes on with the most alarming rapidity, although the cause ceased in '46. But Mr. Carey anticipates a diminution soon. No doubt, and more especially if we have a new tariff in this year of grace and protection, 1851. We remember once being in a court of justice, where three sages meditated in ermine and horse-hair—Scraggs, Snaggs and Sambo will represent them as well as any other names. Scraggs had keen wit and deep learning. Snaggs was sagacious and accurate. Sambo was light and windy. A gnarled piece of law was under dissection. Sambo spoke first. He was long, luminous, and he thought unanswerable. Snaggs differed from him

in every thing, and was curt and cutting. When it came to Scraggs to decide, he gravely said, I agree with brother Snaggs for the reasons given by brother Sambo. Possibly Mr. Carey could discover whether the case applies.

Although, reasoning *a pari*, we might credit the prosperity of the country as far as that is evidenced by a largely increased immigration to the approach made towards the principle of Free Trade in '46, we are by no means disposed to avail ourselves of so questionable an argument. The wages of labor have been, we know, an inducement to some, yet the number comparatively has been very trifling. Many causes have tended to swell the tide of emigration. Revolutions proscribed some in all the countries of Europe, but want of bread whole races. Men came here for shelter, and men came here to die. The halt, the maimed, the blind, were among them. Of all the thousands, amounting to nearly one million, who left Ireland since the potato blight, what one man, or woman, or child, calculated on the wages he or she was to receive in these States? The attempt to fly was through every step a struggle with death, from whose very gripe they were escaping.

We pass from the tables. It is a great relief. In the remainder of the work there is more room for fancy. If an error be encountered, it is pleasant to be able to trace it to a fallacy instead of a fraud. The argumentative part of Mr. Carey's book consists of sixteen chapters devoted to the proof of the service which is rendered by protection, to production and consumption, to commerce, to the quality of production and machinery, to the increase of population, to the machinery of transportation, to the farmer, to the planter, to the landowner, to the manufacturer, to the capitalist, to the laborer, to the slave, to the currency, to the cause of peace, to the exchanger, to the social condition of woman, to morality, to the development of intellect, to public credit, and to liberty. How each of these interests is affected, depends in a great degree on the tables, of the accuracy of which we have given a specimen. We now cite two assertions, from Mr. Carey's deductions, connected with the tables given above. They are to be found in chap. 4, p. 2:—

"If, now, we examine the period between 1834 and '43, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact, that the power to consume foreign products not only did not increase as domestic production diminished, but that it was *actually less in quantity than under the system of protection.*"

And again:

"We adopted a course that we were assured would raise the wages of labor, but *immigration ceased to grow. So it is now.*"

It will be remembered we have proved, that comparing the two periods before and after 1834, of one of which he only gives the average, and of the other the particulars; the average of the period of diminishing protection was 6 : 02, and that of the high tariff period was 5 : 30. But this is the rate per head of the population, which is more favorable to his position. The actual average consumption by the year is $80,600,000 for the prosperous period, and the actual annual average for the other period $97,700,000, after deducting a debt of $170,000,000 which he was not strictly entitled to deduct. And here are the figures to which he is reckless enough to refer in proof of the allegation, that the consumption was *actually less in quantity*, under the lower duty, than under the protective system.

"Again, as to immigration, he says, it has 'ceased to grow;' and in same page, 'immigration is '*diminishing.*'"

Who doubts it? Yet the table says, that between 1844 and 1850 it more than doubled. But speaking of immigration in another place with the table under his eye, he says, "at the present moment it is large;" thus in words and figures distinctly and unmistakably contradicting himself.

Having thus established the incorrectness of the tables and the fallacy of the reasoning as far as both have been tested, and having incontestably shown that both are self-contradictory, we dismiss them. But ere taking up the other protectionist authorities, we are tempted to compare for a moment Mr. Carey's two books. In his first book, page 115, he says:—

"England is the richest nation in Europe. . . . . A continuance of the system which is now in course of being pursued, will lead, if even the experience of the last few years has not already led to the conclusion, that the judicious employment of labor and capital begets a market for both. The rail-roads that have been made have caused the absorption of both, which in its turn, produces a demand for new roads, and they produce a demand for labor. Wages rise and houses are wanted, and coal and lime, and marl, and clothing, and the demand for labor and capital again increases, and thus on and on, each producing and produced by the other, with a constantly augmenting wealth and constant improvement of condition."

Let us add to this the corroborating view of the able Secretary of the Treasury:—

"With a profound conviction of their truth, I repeat the opinion and words of my predecessor on this vital subject, in his annual communication to the Congress at the last session: 'All history shows that where are the workshops of the world, there must be the marts of the world, and the heart of wealth, commerce and power.'"

One glance now, at the other side of the picture. We present it as we found it in Mr. Carey's other volume. Chap. 13:—

"But the fare of the man who is expected by his labor to develop year after year the agricultural resources of England, is little better than bread and water, the fare of the condemned cell. . . . . Contrast his condition with that of the slave in the southern states of America. In Virginia, the great slave state, it is seldom a day passes, that the slave does not eat butchers' meat of one kind or other; in England he eats it perhaps once a week, and not always that. In addition, when the slave is old and infirm, he has a claim on his master for support; in England, when the labourer is disabled, or loses his work, he must starve, or as the alternative, become a vagrant, or the recipient of a formal and organized charity."

This is rural England. Now for a peep at England in the great heart of the kingdom, in the heart of what Mr. Corwin designates as the centre of wealth, commerce and power—we cite from Chap. 20:—

"The greater portion of these poor creatures (the needle-women of London,) living as they do far beyond the social state, resort to prostitution as a means of eking out a miserable subsistence. Whenever the pressure threatens their extension, then they turn into the street, and pauperism runs into inevitable vice."

And lo! here is a glimpse at the manufacturing districts:—

"The direct tendency of the existing monopoly of machinery, which it is the object of Free Trade to maintain, is towards barbarism. It drives hundreds of thousands of Englishmen to abandon mothers, wives and sisters, and barbarise themselves, while a large portion of those who remain behind, are too poor to marry, the consequences of which are seen in the immense extent of prostitution, and the perpetual occurrence of child murder."

This is truly simple-hearted. Mr. Carey demands protection, and on the faith of his picture which he presents as the result of the highest protection which exists in the world. If the sentence read, the monopoly of machinery which *protection has produced*, it would state a fact, instead of assuming a consequence, and it would state it truly. Is not the "workshop of the world," which presents to the gladdened eye of Thomas Corwin, the realization of this very monopoly of machinery? Let no man mince the matter, it is the precise object which protection contemplates; and here is the result,—it makes man a barbarian and woman a prostitute.

But all this is to be changed after the following fashion. Mr. Carey's system has for its end, among other benevolent objects, that of raising wages abroad. He would elevate the savagery and vice of other lands by inviting hither its excess. And as an inevitable result, a time will soon come when Europe can find ample employment for its own hands. "Excellent, i'faith." We need immigration, says Mr. Carey; therefore let us betimes take such measures as will check it for ever. A suggestion occurs to us which we have not time or space to follow out; but which if we could attend to, would afford infinite amusement in this season of merriment. It is to cull some scores of Mr. Carey's contradictions, and give them by way of square readings. They would present as pretty a specimen of the "concordia discors" as need be desired in the very heart of New Harmony—the identical consonant jumble which inspired Pope's famous paradox:—

"All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;"—

wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey, wishing him a thousand years to enjoy his dream of universal harmony.

"Dii tibi dent annos nam dele cetera sumes."

In dealing with the Whig Review, few words only are needed. The reason is, we scarcely think the writer had in view the inculcation of a protective tariff, or any tariff at all. His chief aim is to show that "Free Trade" in the mouth of England is only a cabalistic word, and in its application by her to international policy, covers a swindle. This we feel no inclination to deny. That she robs whomso she can, without scruple, remorse or mercy, we care not to gainsay. Nay, that her arrogant pretensions to freedom of trade, freedom of institutions, and liberality of laws, is a massive solid juggle, we are ready at any time to assent to. And furthermore, it needs no seer to inform us, that in free commerce she will have the balance of advantage at her side, if force or fraud avail her. But the question is, whether Free Trade, in its most comprehensive sense, or a high protective tariff, is more calculated to compel justice at her

hands; or rather, (for that is at best subordinate,) would the one system or the other ensure the greater amount of prosperity and happiness to the citizens of the republic? In one instance the propriety and policy of protection is more plausible. 'Tis when we are compelled to it as a measure of retaliation. But this is the exception, and not the rule. If I am driven to the wall, and the assassin's knife is at my throat, I strike him down, and justly; but this does not sanctify the shedding of human blood. We will suppose a case. If the states impose a tariff on cotton goods, knives and forks, wrought iron and every other article of British manufacture, England, in self-defence, would be justified in imposing a similar duty on our products, and turning all her attention and energy to the production of the same articles in her eastern or Australian colonies. No doubt she would do so under such circumstances. It may be a losing game, but play it she should to the very last card. So the United States, under similar circumstances, even though obliged to convert her farmers into miners, and smiths, and bellows-blowers, might pursue such a war of mutual material injuries.

But the question here is, whether the general prosperity of the United States would be benefited by giving the capitalist a premium at the expense of labor—giving to money a further advantage over the thew, and the sinew, and naked hand of the working man? The example of England shows that the people at large would suffer. How far Ireland and India, (and this country, while a province) have been laid bare and desolate, in their helpless state of dependence, is beside this question, and it must be determined on its own merits. But the Reviewer states, Dec. No., page 647.

"We have erred a little from our fair path, to exhibit, in its true colors, a short history of a plot, for baseness and hypocrisy unexampled in the annals of mankind. May it not be without exciting those who read it to careful thought on that country, in whose teeth every man with fat on him seems privileged to throw an insult; may it not be either without exciting the reader to consider, whether the policy whose results we have been describing, *is not actually practised towards this country, with results less only in degree?*"

The policy described is that adopted by England against Ireland, the most nefarious in the annals of national plunder. For proof of its application to this country, we must refer back to the former number, where we find it in the shape of an exceedingly amusing and able illustration. It begins page 524.

"Johann Bool's store is filled with merchandise of all kinds: fine cottons of the handsomest patterns; shoes ready made, and of all shapes and sizes; beautiful penknives; Britannia metal spectacles with shagreen cases; everything, in fact, saleable, as manufactures, but no food.

"Opposite to this is the quiet cottage of a worthy cobbler, who, beside knowing his trade, has a small garden producing cabbages and stuff sufficient for his family. He can make shoes if he likes, and has made great numbers of pairs of shoes for the villagers before Mr. Johann Bool stocks the store opposite, but now getting lazy, he determines not, and needing a pair of shoes for his own feet, he takes a different way of coming at them besides making them, and bringing several baskets full of his best cabbages, carrots, &c., over the way, where everything is *so* cheap, and there barters them for a pair of shoes."

The process whereby the cobbler is brought to ruin in his exchanges with Johann, is detailed with critical minuteness, and wonderful power and tact. To ruin he does come inevitably, as every lazy dog of his

kind ought. But so marvellously well hung together is the story of his fate, that one could not for worlds cut it short by a word. The cobbler is the hero of the epos, and 'twere a thousand pities to tear one rag from his idle carcass, until his proper destiny had been fulfilled. Even now that he is properly "laid out," we are not disposed to interfere with the propriety of the last rites. Let the libations be poured out, and the adieus be spoken. Even then we feel loth to say, his fate only applies to illustrate the familiar maxim, "ne sutor ultra," &c., and not at all the operation of free trade. The true illustration would be, a kitchen gardener or ploughman becoming metamorphosed into a cobbler. Free trade says, let every man pursue the avocation for which he has capacity or natural aptitude. Protection says, let men be compelled to pursue that for which they have least aptitude, and from which they will have least return. The cobbler's fate would actually illustrate the working of the corn laws in England, but to the operation of the principles of free trade it has not the most remote application; if anything, it proves the reverse of the position of the writer. An episode in the epos is Johann's carrier boy, nibbling the carrots and cabbage-heads. This is laughing through the philosophy of Mr. Carey with a vengeance. Who that reads it can fail to see the wisdom and appropriateness of his objection to the cost and consumption of the machinery of exchange? Nowhere could it be better illustrated than in a great romance or grand epic, of which, wonderful invention is the topmost excellence, and in no epic could it be dealt with by an abler master hand. But when we compare the carrier boy, no matter what he represents, with the calibre and capacity of the American marine, he is signally dwarfish and singularly unsuited to the purposes to which he is applied, namely, to be the common carrier of the raw produce of America, and the manufactured products of England. One glance at our ships or the docks of Liverpool, ought to allay this alarm for ever.

We are now come to the grand proposition of the Protectionists, philosophically announced by Mr. Carey, and practically enforced by Horace Greeley. It is this, that the prosperity of a people consists in having the consumers and the producers side by side with one another, and that it is the first duty of government, through the operation of the excise, to realize that result.

This involves two inquiries; first, what would be its practical operation; and secondly, how far is it possible.

H. Greeley tests the first by an illustration. He calls it his strong point, and assumes that it is incontestable.—"*American Laborer*," page 278. He takes two neighboring towns, Londonderry and Lowell; and two periods, one without and one with protection, and thus shapes his equation:

First period,	Londonderry buys 1000 yards of cloth at	.....	$4.000
Second	do. do	.....	$5.000
	Loss to Londonderry by protection	.....	$1,000

"But this is one side. Here is the other"—

First period, Londonderry sells		Second period, Londonderry sells		
4,000 bushel Apples	$500	do.	do.	$1,000
1,000 barrels Cider	1,000	do.	do.	2,000
1,000 cords of Wood	1,000	do.	do.	3,000
2,000 bushels Potatoes	500	do.	do.	750
1,000 Turkeys	500	do.	do.	1,000
1,000 bushels Corn	500	do.	do.	5,000
	$4,000			$8,500
				4,500

Loss to Londonderry on sales	$4,000
Gain to do. on purchase of cloth	1,000
Free trade	$3,500

This calculation is grossly defective. It omits, in the first place, many of the necessaries, and most of the superfluities of life. It omits, in the second place, to debit Londonderry with the increased cost of other exciseable articles, such as silk, iron, tea, coffee, sugar, &c., &c., in each of which it gains a loss. But its main and fatal fallacy consists in the assumption, that there are no people in Londonderry but farmers and orchard men, and none in Lowell but cloth manufacturers. If the latter had no purchaser but the farmer, their accounts would be soon and easily closed; and if the former, on the other hand, were the only persons to devour apples and turkey pie, Mr. Greeley's prolific supply would serve them to the day of doom. But there are in fact multitudes of others in Londonderry and Lowell, whose interests are something, though not worthy a place in his consideration. Nay, these others are as nine to one of the population. There is the ploughman, and the milk woman, and the stable boy, and the orchard man, and he who presses the apples, and he who makes the press, and he who makes the barrels, and he who drives the team, and the carpenter, and the smith, and the tailor, and the milliner, and the millwright, and the small trader and the large, and thousands, too many to enumerate, to each of whom the enhanced value of apples and turkeys would be a loss instead of a gain; not $1,000 to balance the $1,000 lost on the cloth, but $2,000 added thereto. These people (surplus or refuse) all earn their bread by labor. The wages of labor either rise with the tariff, or they do not. If they do so as to purchase an equal quantity of cloth, apples, and cider, as when they were cheap, then the producers who pay them, instead of being gainers, must be losers. And if they do not, then the mass of the people lose the first $1,000, or nine-tenths thereof, and also the $3,500 to the back of it. How much more they lose in the increased cost of iron, and the other exciseable articles, we commend to Mr. Greeley's study.

The farmers of Massachusetts must have taken this view of the matter, or in perverse unbelief of Mr. Carey, they resist the seductions of the tariff, and tend notwithstanding towards the thin soils and barbarism. For thus stands the case in that region:

MANUFACTORIES.

	1840.	1850.		1840.	1850.
Factories	422	537	Spindles	737,997	1,433,584
		422			737,997
Increase		115	Increase		695,587

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

	1840.	1850.
No. of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, bushels of grain, lbs. of hops, tons of hay,	3,871,331	3,061,193
		3,871,331
Decrease		810,138

This is the agricultural prosperity which Mr. Carey prophesies from philosophy, and Mr. Greeley deduces from facts.

For his next illustration, Mr. Greeley selects Illinois.—"*American Laborer*," page 357.

Free trade gain on cloth, 500,000 yards	$250,000
Do. loss on wheat sent to a foreign market	2,000,000
	$1,750,000
Protection gain on sale of wheat	$2.000,000
Do. loss on cloth	250,000
Net gain	$1,750 000

GOOD AGAIN.

"Gold, still gold, nothing but gold,"

so sang Hood of the Kilmanseg household and Kilmanseg kine. Mr. Greeley travesties it into

"Cloth, still cloth, nothing but cloth;"

leaving every other article which the Illinois farmer would buy, and which a high tariff would enhance the value of at least 50 per cent., out of the account, and leaving out of it moreover and more unjustly, the thousands and tens of thousands, and in process of time the millions, who would wear cloth, and shoes, and hats, and want spades and shovels, and sometimes, God help them, drink tea and coffee, and carry over their heads an umbrella, and many who would raise cabbages instead of corn, &c., &c., &c., ad infinitum. But we have laid this ghost before; and now suppose it out of view, is the benevolent wish of Mr. Greeley possible to be realised? He knows the old saw—you may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?

And suppose he had the power to-morrow to ensure them, to create, as it were by magic, a cotton factory in the heart of Illinois, is it to make long cloth for the state, or for the Union, or for the world? If the first, a single mill will suffice for one month in the year, that would give, let us suppose, an average of forty hands the year round. We certainly overstate in this. Well, granting that there are needed four other manufactories with an equal number of hands, which would give us an average of 200 hands, and allowing each a family of three, this would give 800 mouths to make a market for 5,000,000 bushels of corn. Think of that, Mr. Greeley.

But Illinois will manufacture for the Union. Then Massachusetts will refuse to take her goods, or buy her corn. And the Carolinas, too, will say, why not manufacture our own cotton? why not place the consumer side by side with the producer?

But Illinois will be a workshop to the world. If she can, let her; but let it be by protection, and the world will take care of itself. We are done.

Good reader, we bid thee farewell. Another time we may take the affirmative of our own position, instead of the negative of our opponents.

JOHN RANDOLPH.*

A CELEBRATED author justly remarks, that after the death of a great man, all his actions, whether for good or evil, belong not to himself, but to history, whose task is faithfully to portray them for the benefit of future ages. The industry and research of Mr. Garland, in the volumes of the life of John Randolph, of Roanoke; his easy and flowing style; his deep investigation into American history, and particularly those parts of it with which the subject of his memoir was identified, stamp him as a gentleman of ability, industry, and great powers of analysis and arrangement. At the time of Mr. Randolph's birth, the spirit of English customs, both social and political, reigned in full force in the "Old Dominion." The gay cavaliers resembled rather the old English country gentleman, before the Protectorate; acknowledged the Episcopal ritual, and were strongly attached to the crown: but at the same time, the love of Saxon liberty, for which Hampden had contended, which had cost Charles his life and sceptre, banished his ill-fated son, and placed a foreign prince upon the throne of the Stuarts, formed an essential part of their political creed; and the moment that their freedom was invaded, all ancient ties were forgotten, and the sacred palladium of their rights alone was considered. This sentiment prevailed in Mr. Randolph's after life; and in 1814, writing to his friend, F. S. Key, he expressed the following remarkable phrase, when commenting on the affairs of New-England:

"When I speak of my country, I mean the commonwealth of Virginia. I was born in allegiance to George III. The Bishop of London (Terrick, the same who ordained Bishop White,) was my diocesan. My ancestors threw off the yoke of the mother country, but they never made me subject to New-England, in matters spiritual or temporal; neither do I mean to become so, voluntarily."

Having thus sketched the position of affairs immediately preceding his birth, let us proceed at once to the subject of the memoir. John Randolph was the son of John Randolph, and was born at Cawsons, the ancient family seat, and for many years the abode of the most lavish and princely hospitality, but of which not a vestige now remains. His mother was Frances Bland. Her father had been famous during the revolutionary struggle. At sixteen, she was left a widow. Our author thus describes her:

"The high, expanded forehead, smooth, arched brow, and brilliant dark eyes; the well-defined nose, and full, round, laughing lips, pregnant with wit and mirthfulness; the full figure and expanded chest; the dark hair, winding in massy folds round the neck and bosom; an open, cheerful countenance, all suffused with that deep, rich, oriental tint that never fades, made her the most beautiful and attractive woman of her age.

"Though clad in widow's garments, and on her brow lay a pensive smile, as of one dreaming, she was yet young and beautiful. By her side, or on her

* Life of John Randolph of Roanoke, by Hugh A. Garland. New-York: D Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

knee, as inseparable as her own shadow, was a child, her youngest child, a little boy, her favorite John, the very image of his mother. In his dark eyes were reflected the sadness of her own soul; on his orphan brow was imprinted a kiss, that ever and anon a tear was washed away. So much of subdued loveliness could not fail to win the sympathy of young and old, and to call for the sighs of pity and regret."

A woman of her great mental powers exercised a strong influence over the mind of the boy, who, even at that age, was remarkable for his intellectual endowments; and, at the distance of thirty-five years, he thus recalls to a friend recollections of her tender piety:

"When I first could remember, I slept in the same bed with my widowed mother. Each night, before putting me to bed, I repeated, on my knees, before her, the Lord's prayer, and the Apostle's creed; each night, kneeling in the same bed, I put up my little hand in prayer, in the same form. Years have since passed away; I have been a skeptic, a professed scoffer, glorying in my infidelity, and proud of the ingenuity with which I could defend it. Prayer never crossed my mind, but in scorn. I am conscious that the lessons above mentioned, taught me by my dear and beloved mother, are of more value to me than all I have learned from my preceptors and compeers, on the day I said my catechism, a great part of which, at the distance of thirty-five years, I can yet repeat."

Governor Tazewell, and a distinguished member of Congress, speak of him, in early boyhood, as a person of great moral purity, and entirely free from vicious habits. At the age of twenty-six, his widowed mother bestowed her hand on St. George Tucker. No regular scheme of education was then pursued, either with him or his brother, but a closet in the old mansion house of that day opened to him its literary treasures.

The history of Charles XII., of Sweden, engrossed his whole soul. The adventures of the bold Scandinavian pleased his wayward fancy, and fired his keen imagination; and before eleven years of age, he had read Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Quintius Curtius, Plutarch, Pope, Homer, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Tom Jones, Orlando Furioso, and Thomson's Seasons. The invasion of Arnold, in 1781, broke up the household, and, for a season, they resided with Mr. Ward, of Wintpoke—a name of ominous signification for Randolph, as his daughter, in after years, won his heart, and clouded his future life.

He spent a few months at the school of Walter Maury, where he formed a close intimacy with Littleton Tazewell, who subsequently ranked as one of the ablest jurists of Virginia. Kindred minds always seek their peers; congeniality begets sympathy, and the boyish friendship ripened into an attachment which ended with his life.

At that seminary he remained but a little while, and finally went to Columbia College, in New-York. About this time he lost his mother, the only being, to use his own words, who knew him. She died in the bloom of youth, at the age of thirty-six. He always wore her locket, and never visited her home without shedding tears on her grave. But other objects, for a time, soothed his domestic griefs. Some of the most eminent men in the state clustered around the fireside of his father-in-law. Richard Henry Lee, Bland Tucker, and Page Grayson, were his chosen friends and associates, and deeply did he ponder on the lessons of wisdom that he learned from their lips.

The yoke of Britain had just been cast off, liberty was the popular theme of the day, and vast intellects were engaged in disseminating the principles of both parties. The fearful struggle and divided feelings between North and South, were but in embryo, and he, in his latter days, saw them spring up into full life. The eloquence of Henry, nature's great orator, still resounded in the senate chamber, and the hoary brows of the aged revolutionary sires mingled with the younger scions in the legislative debate.

The writings of Edmund Burke—his letters on the French revolution—exerted an unbounded mastery over the mind of the future statesman, "and he appropriated to himself those rich treasures of wisdom to be found in its pages—the massive ingots of gold that constitute the greater part of that magnificent monument of human intellect." The works of Edmund Burke are the key to the political opinions of John Randolph. After a short sojourn in Philadelphia, he travelled to Georgia and South-Carolina, to visit Mr. Rutledge. The venerable Thomas thus describes his appearance:

"An old gentleman one morning entered my store, and with him was a tall, gawky, flaxen-haired stripling, from sixteen to eighteen, with a complexion of a good parchment color, beardless chin, and as much assumed self-confidence as any two-footed animal I ever saw. This was John Randolph. I handed from the shelf volume after volume, which he tumbled carelessly over, and handed back again. At length he hit upon something which struck his fancy. My eye happened to be fixed upon his face at the moment, and never did I witness so perfect, so sudden a change of the human face. That which was before dull and heavy, became, in a moment, animated and flushed with the brightest beams of intellect. He stepped up to the old gray-headed gentleman, and giving him a thundering slap on the shoulder, said, 'Jack, look at this!' I was young then, but I never can forget the thought that rushed upon my mind at the moment, which was, that he was the most impudent youth that I ever saw."—Vol. 1, page 65.

About this time, his brother died. From that stroke he never recovered; and fifty years after, writing to his brother, Henry St. George Tucker, he says:

"Dear Henry;—Our poor brother, Richard, was born 1770. He would have been fifty-six years old on the ninth of this month. I can no more.

J. R., of R."

He finally settled down at home, and to escape from solitude, often visited Williamsburg, but, with the exception of light reading, paid little or no attention to literary pursuits. But an important era was approaching in the life of Randolph. In 1799, at the age of twenty-six, he was a candidate for Congress.

In the war of independence, the continental congress, and all measures in which the common good was concerned, party feeling was banished, and sectional rivalry discarded; the pupil of the Jesuits, the graduate of St. Omar, the Yankee shoemaker, the gay cavalier, the luxurious Boston merchant, the investigator of Nature's laws, the experienced financier, and the hardy mariner, acted in concert to cast off a yoke, which was hateful to their souls, because their liberties were invaded; but in the federal revolution the elements of discord first arose. Alexander Hamil-

ton, Secretary of the Treasury, a lawyer of distinction, a fascinating and brilliant orator, a man, to use the expression of his great and equally gifted antagonist, Aaron Burr, of fertile imagination, decisive intellect, vigor and rapidity of thought; in his official capacity developed certain financial schemes, which excited in some admiration, in others fear and disgust. The republican party were charged with being disorganized levellers, the enemies of all government, with promoting discord and insurrection; the legislative measures enacted from time to time to carry them into effect, brought on a crisis in the whiskey insurrection, as it was called; when the people of western Pennsylvania flew to arms to resist the execution of the excise law, the other party, headed by Patrick Henry and George Mason, were the strenuous advocates of States rights.

In consequence of the French revolution, Europe was plunged in all the horrors of war, and there was scarcely an inch of her territory that was not bathed in blood. Neutrality was the only cause left for the United States to adopt, and by the unanimous vote of the cabinet, Thomas Jefferson (then Secretary of State) issued a proclamation, signed by the President, setting forth "that the duty and interest of the United States require, that they should with sincerity and good faith, adopt and pursue a course of conduct, friendly and impartial to the belligerent nations, and that the citizens of the States should avoid all proceedings whatsoever which might in any manner tend to contravene such a disposition;" but England molested the frontiers, practised every hostile aggression, and mistrusted the declaration of neutrality.

France, seeing the impunity and boldness of England, acted in the same manner, and a war with those powers seemed almost inevitable; but the administration were unwilling, in the existing finances of the country, to enter into a war with two powerful nations, and John Jay and James Monroe were despatched to France and England as ambassadors extraordinary, "to demand redress for our grievances, and to conclude a treaty of amity and commerce, should the occasion seem favorable;" and on the 24th of June, 1794, the treaty was ratified and signed, the consent of the Senate having been previously obtained.

Early in the session of 1798—99, the assembly of Virginia denounced the Alien and Sedition Laws as unconstitutional, and strong efforts were made to prevent the popular current from turning against the administration. Virginia was the battle-field, and on her all eyes were anxiously turned;—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Giles and Taylor, were the chiefs of the party.

It was at this juncture that Randolph was a candidate for Congress, opposed by Powhatan Bowling; in extreme old age, Patrick Henry again girded on his armor, and lifted his voice.

Randolph's appearance at that time is thus described: "A tall slender youth was he, light hair combed back into a cue, pale countenance, a beardless chin, bright quick hazel eyes, blue frock, buff small clothes, and fair-top boots." His opponent, Powhatan Bowling, is sketched in colors equally graphic: "There also was Powhatan Bowling, the other candidate for Congress, dressed in his scarlet coat, tall, proud in his bearing, and *a fair* representative of the old aristocracy, fast melting away under the law that had abolished the system of primogeniture." (Page 129, vol. 1.)

The great orator, Henry, addressed the people for the last time; age had not dimmed the lustre of his eyes, nor cracked the silvery tones of his sonorous voice. He dwelt earnestly upon the preservation of the Union. This scene is well drawn:

"When he concluded, his audience were deeply affected; it is said that they wept like children, so powerfully were they moved by the emphasis of his language. the commanding expression of his eye, the earnestness with which he declared it to be his design to exert himself to allay the jealousies which had been fomented in the State Legislature, and the fervent manner in which he prayed, that, if he were deemed unworthy to effect it, that it might be restored to some other and abler hand to extend this blessing over the community. As he concluded, he literally sank into the arms of the tumultuous throng; at that moment John H. Rice exclaimed 'the sun has set in all his glory!'" (Vol. 1, page 133.)

Tradition, after the lapse of fifty years, has preserved some fragments of the speech of Randolph on this occasion; he dwelt strongly and forcibly on the Alien and Sedition Laws, on the right of petition, and the powers of the constitution, commenting on popular rights in an argumentative and eloquent strain. The effect on the people is thus described:

"He spoke for three hours; all that time the people, standing on their feet, hung with breathless silence on his lips. His youthful appearance, boyish tones, clear, distinct, thrilling utterance, his graceful action, bold expression, fiery energy, and manly thoughts, struck them with astonishment; a bold genius, and an orator of the first order, suddenly burst upon them and dazzled them with his power and brilliancy. A prophet was among them, and they knew it not. When he concluded, an old planter, turning to his neighbor, exclaimed, 'He is no bug-eater now. I can tell you!'

"Dr. Hogue turned from the stand and went away, repeating to himself these lines from the Deserted Village:—

> "Amazed, the gazing rustics ranged around:
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

"Mr. Henry, turning to some bystanders, said, 'I have not seen the little dog before since he was at school; he was a great atheist then. He made no reply to the speech, but approaching Randolph, he took him by the hand and said, Young man, you call me father: then, my son, I have somewhat to say to thee, (holding both his hands,) keep justice, keep truth, and you will live to think otherwise. They dined together, and Randolph ever after venerated the memory of his friend, who died a few weeks from that day; they were both elected, one to Congress, and the other to the State Legislature." (Vol. 1, p. 141.)

In December, 1799, he first took his seat in the House of Representatives, and on the 10th of July, 1800, first participated in the debate to augment the army of the United States, and shortly after he addressed the celebrated letter to the President, concerning the privilege of the members, not to be questioned elsewhere, for any speech or debate made in the house. The measure was, however, ruled out of order by the speaker, and entirely postponed.

It was about this period, that, judging from the letters he wrote to his friend Thompson, that he received the heart-wound that tormented him to the day of his death. He expresses himself energetically on this head:—

"One that I loved better than my own soul, or him that created it. My apathy is not natural, but superinduced. There was a volcano under my ice, but

it is burnt out, and a face of desolation has come on not to be rectified in ages, could my life be prolonged to a patriarchal longevity. The necessity of loving and being beloved, was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau and Byron's creation more imperiously than myself. My heart was offered up with a devotion that knew no reserve. Long an object of proscription and treachery, I have at least, more mortifying to the pride of man, become an object of utter indifference."

The presidential canvass a third time agitated the Union: Jefferson, Burr, Adams, Pinckney and Jay were the candidates, (if the latter may be so considered, as he only received one vote.) The civil wars and fiery revolutions of Europe had reached across the Atlantic; Anglo-mania, and the attachment for the French party, produced such a ferment, that the country was almost plunged into civil war. Burr and Jefferson had an equal number of votes, and the question was referred to the house of representatives; Randolph, in his seat, was a silent, keen observer of the parties, and daily despatched a bulletin to Judge Tucker of the proceedings.

"Mr. Randolph attributed the result of the election to Alexander Hamilton. That gentleman was the influential and popular leader of the federal party, and when he saw the extremity to which things were likely to be driven by a longer persistence in their course, he advised his friends, rather than produce a revolution in the government, or excite popular emotion, to give way and suffer Mr. Jefferson to be elected. Mr. Randolph often expressed the opinion in after life, that we owed the safety of the republic to Hamilton, and that his course on that had elevated him very much in his estimation." Vol. i. page 188.

The judiciary bill was another measure passed at this session, which excited much discussion both in and out of the house, and upon which he made his first speech in reply to Mr. Bayard. (The speech was published in a collection of speeches styled Specimens of American Eloquence.) He was strongly opposed to the tenure of judges in office during good behaviour; thirty years after, alluding to the subject in the Virginia Convention, he thus speaks:

"At the very commencement of my public life, or nearly so, I was called to give a decision on the construction of that clause in the federal constitution, which relates to the tenure of the judicial office; and I am happy to find, that after the lapse of thirty years, I remain precisely of the same opinion that I then held." Vol. ii. page 189.

Congress opened under the new administration, December, 1801, and Mr. Randolph was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. He introduced a resolution to appoint a public printer, and to that wise measure may be attributed the economical reform of the house in that particular. But the public debt was the main object, and a sinking fund was created with commissioners to superintend the disbursements, whose conduct was subjected to the most vigorous investigation. The acquisition of Louisiana was another prominent feature of that administration.

Mr. Livingston, the minister to France, had received full powers to treat for the purchase of that rich and extensive province, and with him was associated Mr. Monroe, as envoy extraordinary, but the ability and despatch of Mr. Livingston had completed the negotiation; and on the

payment of eleven million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, it was ceded to the United States.

To the encroachments of Georgia, in the Yazoo claim, and the barefaced imposture and swindling to which it gave rise, he was a determined opponent ab initio; and in this session rose to a high degree of eminence and usefulness. His career was brilliant and successful.

The stormy session was passed, and in his retirement at Bizarre, the youthful statesman vainly looked for the repose he needed; but a cruel disease invaded his tranquillity, and he was prostrate on his bed for many weeks, racked with agony.

Aaron Burr, former vice president of the Union, like a troubled meteor, appears again on the public scene. Gifted by nature with an ardent, enterprising temperament, a restless, subtle and intriguing spirit, a bold and thundering eloquence, but at the same time cautious and calculating, with his ambitious views inflamed to madness, his hopes crushed and destroyed by the desertion of his native state, and his neglect in the public forum, strove to mend his broken fortunes. Vague rumors of a projected invasion of the Spanish territories, fleets of armed vessels covering the western waters, eminent names lending their sanction to the enterprise, were evidences of a deeply laid and widely extended conspiracy, which is yet veiled in mystery. Allusion was made to it, in the message of the President, and the matter was commented upon in the house, and followed by several resolutions proposed by Randolph;—Burr was arrested in Alabama, and tried in Virginia in May, 1807; Randolph was foreman of the Grand Jury that found a true bill against him.

The affairs of Europe were still far from tranquil, and it was difficult for the United States to hold an even neutrality, in consequence of the Berlin decrees and the British Orders in Council. Though disavowed by the British government, the affair of the Chesapeake excited the public mind to the highest degree. Commerce was almost prohibited, and not a vessel could sail to any port unmolested. To obviate all difficulties, in a secret message to Congress, December 19, 1807, the executive recommended an embargo on all vessels of the United States, and in a few days, a bill was passed, that no vessel could sail from port to port, or foreign ports, without a special license. The fatal effects of the act were soon felt: the merchant was deprived of his usual return of capital, the sailor and day-laborer were unemployed, crops were rotting in the warehouses, and "labor was driven to every shift to keep from starvation." Sailors flocked to the English marine, and smuggling was universally practised.

The plan was at first advocated by Randolph, and he introduced the resolution; but on its final reading, containing many features which he could not approve, he opposed its passage, though regarding such a step as a war-measure:—

"An embargo of sixty or ninety days, collecting and protecting all our resources, followed by a declaration of war at the end of that time, against that one of the belligerents whose restrictive course manifested the strongest spirit of hostility, would have fulfilled Mr. Randolph's idea of such a measure."—(Vol. i, p. 67.)

The opinion of Mr. Randolph was general throughout the country; and upon the representation of a learned statesman from Massachusetts, that

a perseverance in the act might endanger the Union, though the executive thought it most advisable, the measure was repealed.

Thomas Jefferson now retired from office, and James Madison was nominated as his successor. From many of the opinions of that gentleman Mr. Randolph differed, although his efforts in the Virginia and Federal Conventions to frame and ratify the Constitution, and to blend their national and federal features, entitled him to great and well-merited approbation. But when party feeling raged strongly; when the minds of western Pennsylvania were exasperated during the whiskey insurrection; when the Attorney General was dismissed from office; he was accused of having sought safety in retirement, and of having abandoned his post in Congress. Monroe was his political opponent in Virginia, and De Witt Clinton in New-York. A compromise was, however, effected. Mr. Monroe's name was withdrawn, and Mr. Madison was ultimately elected. In the campaign, Randolph had not been idle, and cast defiance into the very teeth of his antagonists, with a volley of sarcasms which goaded to the quick.

Shortly after the accession of Mr. Madison, he issued his message, in which he recommended war with Great Britain. The matter was ably debated in the House, and, in the course of the argument, he delivered a masterly speech, hostile to the measure, which, however, passed, and the following day he addressed a letter to his constituents, vindicating his course in Congress, but which is too lengthy to be here inserted. Two of the most remarkable men that ever stood upon the floor of the House of Representatives for the first time, appeared in the national forum. Both were from the Southern section of the Union,—both endowed with uncommon abilities: the one was the organ of the South,—the other the protector of Northern interests; both possessed brilliant powers of eloquence in public,—both were thoroughly acquainted with human nature, and could almost, at their will, bend intellects under their seductive and persuasive conversation. The nature of the one was like the Senator of the ancient Genoese and Florentine republics,—the other, impelled by a warm and enthusiastic temperament, rather resembled the Crusader, who thirsted for the battle-field, and strove to rescue from the turbaned infidel the sepulchre of his crucified and risen Lord, and to plant the cross where the crescent glittered. One was Speaker of the House of Representatives,—the other Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs; and none could escape the contagion of their influence. One was John C. Calhoun,—the other, Henry Clay.

Randolph, a few months after the opening of the session, thus comments "on the new lights of the administration:"

"They have entered this house with their eyes on the presidency, and, mark my words, sir, we shall have war before the end of the session."

A very correct idea is here given of the feelings of the American people in regard to the war:

"The democracy of America, which constituted the great mass of the people of America, were thoroughly anti-British. A common origin and a common tongue, seemed only as points of contrast. There was a deep-rooted antipathy between them and the proud, pampered aristocracy of England. Their sympathies were all on the side of France, and her struggles for liberty. General Bonaparte came in for a share of their regard. His boldness, his humble origin,

his brilliant success, shed such a halo of glory around his brow as to obscure the darker features of his tyrannical nature. Then there were the old memories of Bunker's Hill, Monmouth, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and Yorktown;—these household themes were familiar to every domestic fireside. And the long catalogue of national grievances—the plunder of our commerce, the capture of our seamen, the insults to our national flag, the proud, contemptuous and haughty bearing of British officers, even in our own ports,—this is too much; we will not endure it; we will fight, rather than suffer their aristocratic insolence any longer. Free trade and sailors' rights—God and liberty—we will fight for them, come what will of it; we will teach these insulting English better manners, or blow them to the devil."—Vol. i., page 309.

The war party prevailed, by a triumphant majority, and those who opposed them were compelled to retire. He again solicited their suffrages, but the note of popular feeling had changed, and the opponents of the war were driven into temporary obscurity.

[To be continued.]

THE VALLEY OF POMPERAUG.

Know'st thou that region fair of hill and dale,
Where stately elms bend in the summer's gale?
In rows the leafy maples graceful stand,
Planted, perchance, by some forgotten hand;
And many a meadow, from whose perfumed flowers
Comes odorous incense through the summer hours,
With the low murmur of its busy throng,
Woos us to linger all its sweets among.
There graceful winds a stream unknown to fame,
Though unsurpassed by some of loftier name;
O'er whose low banks the willow soft inclines,
Or pensive waves in evening's gentle winds.
And can I e'er forget the joyous throng
That cheer and gladden with their artless song?
The painted oriole, whose melodious note
Gushes spontaneous from his happy throat?
The merry bob'link, on some waving bough,
Or the shrill lark, whose strain yet ringeth now,
And many a bird of humbler plumage still,
Whose notes the air with sweetest music fill?
No! your several beauties evermore shall find
Their due remembrance in my grateful mind;
The elms majestic grace the humble rill,
The enameled meadow and each sloping hill;
The bee's low murmur, and the warbling bird,
In memory's twilight hour shall oft be heard.
But boast you not, for not in *you* reside
The powers to bind me to your lovely side;
A nobler beauty, grace far more refined,
Alone could rule my yielding heart and mind;
A voice far sweeter than the softest trill
Of yours, ye birds, could mould me to its will;
A mind as pure as heaven's own falling dew,
As softly blessing, and as gentle, too,
The soul her secret, cherished wish could give,
And make it heaven on earth with such to live.
Therefore, boast not, since not in you reside
The charms to bind me to your lovely side;
For human beauty and the light of love,
Earth's fairest, noblest scenes are far above.

S. E. B.

VERGNIAUD.

Of the many factions and parties into which France was divided during her revolution, the greatest interest has clustered around that of the Gironde. Its members were not confined to the deputies representing the district whence its name originated, nor even to the legislature. It enrolled in its ranks some of the most distinguished persons in the country, dwelling on both sides of the Loire. That it embraced names that posterity will not willingly let die, we have only to mention in proof those of Vergniaud, Condorcet, Guadet, Brissot, Louvet, Bailly, Gensonne, Petion, Barbaroux, Languinais, and Madame Roland. The splendid talents of its leaders, their brilliant eloquence, their attachment to republicanism, their heroic struggles with the jacobins, and their final overthrow and lamentable fate, have invested their career with the dignity of history, the charms of romance, and the virtues of martyrdom.

The most attractive and commanding figure in this group of remarkable men, was Vergniaud. Condorcet was widely known through Europe, as a profound philosopher, a ripe scholar, and an able writer on natural science and social economy. Brissot was distinguished for attainments in various departments of learning, was familiar with the constitutions and politics of modern states, and claimed to be the civilian and statesman of his party. Bailly was an eminent member of the French Academy, had presided over the first National Assembly, was the friend of Fox, Jefferson, and Franklin, and was esteemed for his stern integrity and spotless virtue. Petion enjoyed great popularity with the people of Paris, was mayor of the metropolis, had rendered essential aid to the populace in the early struggles of the revolution, and possessed executive talents of the first order. Guadet was a ready, versatile and fiery orator. In every conflict between parties in the convention, he promptly ascended the tribune, where he poured forth a current of bold, dashing eloquence, sparkling with antithesis, and rippling with wit and repartee. He rarely declined the conflict which the Jacobins tendered to the Girondists, and they as seldom found occasion to congratulate themselves on the result of the encounter. His acknowledged ability, his unquestionable courage, and his fondness for displaying his powers, gave him the leadership of his colleagues on the floor of the convention. Louvet, a vigorous writer, a splendid declaimer, and knowing neither fear nor fatigue, kept his eye steadily fixed on the chiefs of the Mountain, and hurled his shafts at Marat and Robespierre with unerring precision and telling power. When the latter ventured to say, "No one will dare accuse me to my face," Louvet rose, and, stretching his hand towards him, said, "*I* am he who dares accuse you; yes, Robespierre, *I* accuse you!" Barbaroux, he who first brought the Marseillais to Paris, and caused its streets to echo with their immortal hymn, was a generous and enthusiastic son of the South, whose impassioned oratory could inspire courage in his friends, and bring them back to the conflict under the most dispiriting circumstances. He was among the earliest to fathom and expose the ambitious designs of Robespierre. Gensonne was endowed with sterling sense, and held a ready and luminous pen, which was often put in requisition to

draft reports and decrees, and digest materials for the use of his party. Though thrown into the shade in the tribune by the more brilliant gifts of several of his colleagues, he exerted great influence in their councils. Lanjuinais founded the Breton club, out of which rose the Jacobin. Though an ardent republican, his sense of justice induced him, on the trial of the king, to demand that two-thirds of the voices of the Convention should be requisite to condemn him, and he exclaimed, " we vote under the daggers and cannon of the factions." Just before the fall of the Girondists, when processions of petitioners poured through the hall, clamoring for the accusation of the twenty-two deputies, he braved the torrent, clinging to the tribune, whence several of the Jacobins attempted to drag him by force, and amidst such a terrific scene as had never been witnessed before, hurled his burning ejaculations right and left on the threatening multitude and the yelling Mountain. Roland possessed solid qualities, and enjoyed the *prestige* of having held a port-folio in the ministry. He owed most of his influence with his party to the animating genius, generous courage, fascinating conversation, and eloquent pen of his celebrated wife, whose sway over the younger members of the Gironde was unequalled.

But on great occasions, when unforeseen exigencies were to be conquered by the powers of oratory, and decisive crises were to be mastered by luminous arguments, comprehensive views, brilliant illustrations, and persuasive appeals, all the minor figures of this group stood aside, and the naturally indolent Vergniaud was summoned to the tribune, with a mighty theme opening before him, and inviting him to define its great outlines and trace its subordinate relations: the beaming eyes of his friends riveted upon him; the Mountain watching his every gesture; thronged galleries bending to catch his lowest whispers; then he towered among his colleagues, the monarch-spirit of the Assembly. Again and again did he wrest victory from the standards of the Jacobin leaders; awe to silence the mob of Cordeliers that infested the hall; turn the indignation of the deputies upon St. Just and Marat, and drive them back to their midnight clubs, there to re-kindle passions which his persuasive reasoning had subdued. Again and again did his words of wisdom and power, his candor and courage, recall the Assembly to a sense of its dignity and responsibility, and inspire its moderate members to rise superior to the clamors of faction, and consult only the interests of the common weal.

Vergniaud was a native of the south of France. He was educated for the church. At the last moment, he shrunk from taking orders, and commenced the study of the law in the city of Bordeaux. Admitted to the bar, his efforts in that arena were early crowned with success. He was practising his profession, when he was elected a deputy from Bordeaux to the Legislative Assembly of 1791, being then in the vigor of manhood. When he repaired to Paris, to take his seat in that body, he was a stranger in the metropolis. His oratorical powers were then unknown even to himself. Obscure, poor, and modest, he had no presentiment of his future greatness. His private letters to his sister and friends, written at this period, show that he was living in straitened circumstances in Paris, and evince the tenderest affection, and an anxious longing, for the delights of home. Says Lamartine, " This young man, who, with a gesture, crushed a throne, scarce knew where to lay his head in the empire which he was shaking." The exciting events by which he was surrounded, and in which he was summoned to play a part, sufficed to overcome his natural

indolence and love of ease, and he early rose, not only to be the first orator of the Girondists, but the most eloquent man in the Assembly. Until his party was overborne, and finally prostrated by the Jacobins, he occupied a still more commanding position in the Convention than he had attained in the Assembly.

It is impossible to trace intelligibly the public career of Vergniaud, without estimating the character of the party of which he was confessedly the most powerful champion, and with which his whole political life was identified. Much of eulogy has been bestowed upon the Girondins. The purity of their motives has generally been conceded. Their services in the cause of republicanism have received the warmest encomiums. Liberal minds have glowed with admiration, when reviewing their heroic contest with the Jacobins. Generous hearts have throbbed with sympathy, or burned with indignation, at the sanguinary doom to which they were consigned by the Mountain and its allies. Yet history has not done them full justice. They have been usually represented as visionary enthusiasts, whose theories of government and social progress were beautiful in the abstract, but utterly incapable of being reduced to practical uses; mere splendid declaimers, rich in talents for dazzling a highly imaginative and profoundly excited people, but wholly destitute of those solid, statesman-like qualities, which their times demanded; and, though possessing a firmness of purpose that riveted them to the post of danger, and an intrepidity of soul that led them to the scaffold with unfaltering step, they were devoid of the sagacity to devise, or the nerve to execute, measures essential to curb an infuriated populace, and crush the leaders of anarchical factions. In a word, such writers as Scott and Alison, (from whose prejudiced pages American readers are too apt to draw their opinions concerning the French revolution,) have described them as ideal theorists, endowed with many captivating gifts, but having too little breadth of comprehension and energy of action for the crisis in which their lot was cast.

No doubt this stereotyped portrait of the Girondists bears some resemblance to the original. But, to render it a perfect likeness, will require essential modification. They endeavored to seize upon the revolution, and guide its forces towards the consummation of their cherished wishes—the establishment of republican institutions. In this they wholly, lamentably failed. Their failure is attributable, in a large measure, to their haste to obliterate all the realities and semblances of the monarchy; to their too favorable estimate of the existing capacity of the French people to maintain a republican system of government, and quietly submit to its mandates; and to their erroneous measurement of the momentum towards anarchy, which three years of revolutionary license had given to the masses of the nation.

At the opening of the legislative assembly in 1791, the times required that a curb be put in the mouths of the populace, rather than a looser rein in the hands of the demagogues who guided them; that such dark conspirators as Marat be hunted from their dens, and driven into the open field of exposure; that such canting fanatics as Robespierre be stripped of their guises, and exhibited to the eye of virtue in their naked deformity. Yet, during the entire sittings of the Assembly, the Girondists were continually, though unintentionally, placing weapons in the hands of these factionists; and it was not until they were sheathed in their own bosoms, that they discovered their fatal error. Had they, at the outset

of their career, and before the guillotine became the arbiter of the national destiny, moved cautiously forward on the middle line between the extremes of ultraism and conservatism, their known attachment to republican principles would have drawn to their support all the rational friends of progress and reform. The false step they made in the Assembly was not retrieved in the Convention. During the first weeks of its sittings, (and weeks are centuries in revolutions,) they more frequently combated the antagonists of the Mountain, than accepted the battle which it tendered to the moderate friends of liberty.

Vergniaud adopted the line of policy pursued by his party with some modifications. His humane heart revolted at the cruelties of the revolution. His sense of justice condemned its crimes. His manly soul despised the demagogues, who befouled each other with its mire and blood. Yet he was penetrated with a conviction of its paramount necessity; longed for the complete overthrow of the monarchy; and had full faith in the ability of the nation to maintain republican institutions, provided the confidence of the populace could be wrested from the violent men who wielded the power of the masses for the overthrow of all orderly government. He occupied a medium position between the two classes of liberalists represented in the principles and persons of La Fayette and Robespierre. Less conservative than the former, he had none of the ultraism of the latter. Agreeing sometimes with the party of the one, and sometimes with the party of the other, and frequently with neither, he not only lost the support of both, but was fated to endure the distrust of the virtuous patriot, while encountering the hatred of the unscrupulous Jacobin. He and his associates were crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the timid friends and implacable foes of liberty and law.

Vergniaud and his party made many strenuous efforts to arrest the downward course of events. These were frequently nullified by the assent they were forced to give to violent measures, in order to clear themselves from the charge of sympathizing with "monarchists," "aristocrats," and "federalists." Having made a false step at the commencement of their career, they were driven afterwards to assent to what they should have denied, and to yield when they should have resisted. Their adversaries were not slow in taking advantage of these errors.

As an illustration of our assertion, that the Girondists were often placing weapons in the hands of the Mountain, which the latter subsequently turned against them with terrible effect, we quote a passage from Vergniaud's attack on the king, in the Legislative Assembly. The first continental coalition against France had just been formed. Louis was supposed to be in secret treaty with the allied powers. They declared themselves his friends. At the close of a long discussion, Vergniaud ascended the tribune. He said, (we cite only a paragraph,) "If, while France was swimming in blood, the king were to say to you, 'It is true that yourenemies pretend to be acting for me, for my dignity, for my rights: but I have proved that I am not their accomplice. I have sent armies into the field; they were too weak, but the constitution does not fix the degree of their force. I have assembled them too late, but the constitution does not limit the time for collecting them. I have stopped the general who was on the point of conquering, but the constitution does not order victories. I have had ministers who deceived the Assembly and disorganized the government, but their seleo-

tion belonged to me. The Assembly has passed useful decrees which I have not sanctioned, but I had a right so to do. I have done all that the constitution enjoined me. It is, therefore, impossible to doubt my fidelity to it.' "If," continued the orator, "the king were to hold this language, would you not have a right to reply: 'O king, who, like Lysander, the tyrant, have believed that truth was not worth more than falsehood—who have feigned a love for the laws, merely to preserve the power which enabled you to defy them—was it defending us to oppose to foreign armies, forces whose inferiority insured the certainty of defeat? Was it defending us, to thwart plans for fortifying the interior? Was it defending us, not to check a general who violated the constitution, while enchaining the courage of those who were serving it? Did the constitution make you the head of the army for our glory, or our disgrace? Did it leave you the choice of the ministers for our prosperity, or our ruin? Did it confer on you the right of sanction, a civil list, and so many prerogatives, in order that you might constitutionally destroy the constitution of the empire? No! no! man, in whom the generosity of the French has excited no corresponding feeling, insensible to everything but the love of despotism, you are henceforth nothing to that constitution, which you have so unworthily violated—nothing to that people whom you have so basely betrayed!'"

This able, elaborate, and vehement speech, sealed the fate of Louis. Six months from the day of its delivery, he was sent to the guillotine. And the offences of the king against the constitution, enumerated in this speech, were thrown in the teeth of the Girondists by the Mountain, when the former, on his trial, endeavored to save his life.

When the Jacobins proposed to bring Louis to the bar of the Convention for trial, Vergniaud and his friends were aroused to look at the awful declivity down which the nation was hurrying. Having been the most able in exposing, and eloquent in denouncing his follies and crimes, the Girondists could make but feeble resistance to the proposal. They desired his dethronement, but sincerely wished to avoid shedding his blood. The sensitive heart of Vergniaud shrunk with horror from the thought. During the protracted proceedings, the deputies of the Gironde were compelled to pass through a terrible ordeal. They saw their wily antagonists drawing conclusions, tending to the destruction of the king, from premises which they had proclaimed and maintained. Vergniaud heard the words he had pronounced in the Assembly, quoted with bitter emphasis by Robespierre and St. Just, and he was filled with anguish. He made a generous effort to preserve the life of Louis. His speech in favor of the appeal to the nation, (and had the motion been successful, it would have saved the king's head,) is one of the most splendid specimens of continental eloquence on record. It became his duty, as President of the Convention, to announce the awful sentence of death against the fallen monarch. He spent the whole of the following night in tears.

Though we have no good report of this speech at hand, we cannot forbear giving a single passage from the one before us. He is speaking of the consequences which may follow, by yielding to the popular clamor and is replying to the charges of the Jacobins, that the existence of the king was the cause of the scarcity of bread, of the depressed condition of the army, and of all the evils that afflicted France. Said he, "Who will guarantee to me that these very men will not, after the death of Louis, cry out with greater violence than ever, 'If bread is dear, the cause

is in the *Convention*; if money is scarce, if our armies are scantily supplied, the cause is in the Convention; if the machine of the government is scarcely kept moving, the cause is in the Convention; if the calamities of war are increased by the declarations of England and Spain, the cause is in the Convention, which provoked these declarations by the hasty condemnation of Louis." Who will guarantee to me that these seditious outcries of anarchical turbulence will not rally against us the aristocracy, eager for revenge; poverty, eager for change; and even pity itself, excited for the fate of Louis? Who will guarantee to me that, amid this tempest, in which we shall see the murderers of September issuing from their lairs, there will not be presented to you, dripping with blood, and by the title of Liberator, that Defender, that Chief, (Robespierre,) who is said to be so indispensable? A Chief! Ah! if such were their audacity, the instant he appeared, that instant he would be pierced by a thousand wounds! But to what horrors would not Paris be consigned,—Paris, whose heroic courage against kings posterity will admire, while it will be utterly incapable of conceiving her ignominious subjection to a handful of brigands, the scum of mankind, who rend her bosom by the convulsions of their ambition and their fury? Who could dwell in a city where terror and death would hold their empire? And ye, industrious citizens, whose labor is all your wealth, and for whom the means of labor would be destroyed,—ye, who have made such great sacrifices in the revolution, and who would be deprived of the absolute necessaries of life,—ye, whose virtues, whose patriotism, and whose sincerity have rendered your seduction so easy, what would become of you? What would be your resources? What hand would dry your tears, and carry relief to your perishing families? Would you apply to those false friends, those treacherous flatterers, [he is alluding to the Mountain and the clubs,] who would have plunged you into this abyss? Ah, shun them rather! Dread their answer! I will tell you what it would be. You would ask them for bread: they would say to you, Hence to the quarries, and dispute with hungry hounds for the mangled flesh of the victims we have murdered! or, Do you want drink? Here is the blood we have shed—take it. Blood and carcasses—we have no other food to offer you. Ye shudder, citizens! Beware, lest France become like those monuments in Egypt which have vanquished Time. Their magnitude astonishes the passing stranger. If he attempt to penetrate them, what does he find? Inanimate dust, and the silence of the grave! O my country, I call upon thee to attest the efforts I make to save thee from this deplorable crisis!"

This speech produced a prodigious impression upon the Convention. But, it was wasted on too many uncongenial and obdurate minds to secure the appeal to the nation. The populace of Paris, stimulated by the ferocious spirits of the Mountain, clamored for the death of the king. And, through the terrors of the timid, the malignity of the wicked, and the frenzy of the fanatics, a majority of the Convention was found to yield to the demand.

From this hour, the star of the Girondists steadily paled before the lurid fires of the Mountain.

Their next descending step was their failure to procure the condemnation of Marat, as a traitor to liberty and law. It was a bold measure: success only could render it safe. Defeat was ruin. They caused him to be accused in the Convention, and sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal

for trial. The Cordeliers, the Jacobins, and all the incendiaries of the metropolis, rallied to the support of him, whom they proclaimed "an austere philosopher, formed by adversity and meditation, combining great sagacity, and a deep knowledge of the human heart, with a soul of fire, and whose penetration discovered the traitors in their triumphal car, at the moment when the stupid herd were yet offering them incense!" He was arraigned before the tribunal. The mob crowded every part of the gloomy room where it conducted its proceedings. After a brief consultation, he was acquitted by acclamation. He was crowned with an oaken wreath, mounted on the shoulders of the populace, carried to the Convention, and, with an immense rabble shouting at his heels, placed in the middle of the hall. Men and women poured in, pell-mell, venting threats at the president, brandishing weapons at the Girondists, taking the seats which affrighted or disgusted deputies had abandoned, the spectators clapping their hands, waving their hats, and howling like demons, while the little hero of the scene, mounted on a chair, grinned his acknowledgments to the multitude. This victory of Marat sealed the fate of the Girondists.

On the occasion of the proposal of Robespierre, in the spring of 1793, to send to the revolutionary tribunal the accomplices of General Dumourier, and the members of the Orleans family, that arch demagogue attacked the Girondins, in an adroit and elaborately prepared speech, distorting their acts, and anticipating their explanations, with extraordinary skill. With a satanic sneer, he concluded by saying: "As for the deputies, Guadet, Gensonne and Vergniaud, it would be a sacrilege to accuse such upright, such virtuous men. Feeling my impotence in regard to them, I leave them to the wisdom of the Convention!"

In response to this malicious, premeditated and unexpected attack, Vergniaud delivered an extempore reply, worthy of the crisis which had suddenly overtaken him and his party. He saw that the hour was approaching when they must conquer or fall. Leaping to the tribune, he demanded a hearing. After a tumult, he began—"My voice," said he, "which more than once has carried terror into that palace whence I have assisted to hurl tyranny, shall strike terror into the souls of the villains who desire to substitute their own tyranny for that of royalty." He replied one by one to the charges of his accuser, exposing his falsehoods, deriding his cowardice, stripping the veil from his affected virtue, and tracking him through the dark and devious paths he had trode since he entered public life. With all the eloquence which conscious innocence, warm friendship for his colleagues, and unmingled detestation of his adversary, could inspire, he vindicated his own conduct, eulogized the policy of his party, and contrasted the humanity and nobleness of their aims with the factious and bloody schemes of their enemies; and concluded by saying, "You know whether I have endured in silence the mortifications heaped upon me during the last six months, and whether I have sacrificed upon the altar of my country the most just resentments. You know whether, without being deemed cowardly, without confessing myself guilty, without compromising the little good I am still allowed to do, I could longer avoid placing the impostures and malignities of Robespierre in their true light before you."

This vehement speech—at once able, eloquent, and scathing—shook the

Mountain from base to apex. Robespierre skulked into a corner, that he might hide from the glittering shafts of the aroused Girondin. The liveliest tokens of approbation were showered upon Vergniaud, and for the hour it seemed as if he had subdued his enemies.

But, alas! such triumphs were but temporary in a body composed of such materials as the revolutionary elections had deputed to conduct its proceedings. The Mountain, controlled by such determined spirits as Robespierre, Danton, and St. Just, cried continually, "Vengeance on the aristocrats!" The vacillating and cowardly Plain, made up of the weaker members of the Convention, shifted its voices and votes from side to side, as their hopes or fears predominated. The galleries, filled with the scum of the clubs, applauded the most violent orators, and vomited threats and blasphemy upon all who uttered moderate and humane sentiments. The Girondist deputies were not unfrequently torn from the tribune by force, or held it almost at the peril of limb and life. Mobs, mad with fanaticism, poured into the Convention under the guise of "petitioners," interrupted its business, demanded the expulsion or accusation of such members as were obnoxious to their hatred, and were invited to "the honors of the sitting." Such was the arena in which the Girondists battled for liberty and law, during many a long and weary month.

Beyond the walls of the Convention, the signs of ultimate triumph were as faint as those which appeared within. The adherents of the monarchy had fled to foreign lands. The friends of a constitutional republic spoke with bated breath, or were sent to the prisons or the scaffold. The blade of the guillotine dripped day and night with the best and the worst blood of the country. One half the nation was stupified with horror, while the other looked on in silence or gloated over the sanguinary scene. The small band that gathered around Vergniaud, Guadet and Brissot, left to maintain the unequal conflict single-handed, were at length wearied out, and they fell before the irresistible approach of the reign of terror.

About a month after the contest of Vergniaud with Robespierre, which we have mentioned, a horde of petitioners broke into the Convention, and demanded the accusation of twenty-two of the Girondist deputies. Soon, the number required to be proscribed was increased to fifty-three. The decree was passed amidst a scene of violence and terror, to which other scenes in the revolution afford the only parallel. Some of the parties avoided the decree by flight; others were sent to the revolutionary tribunal.

The story of the trial of the Girondins has been often told. Knowing that their death was decreed in advance, they made but little effort to defend themselves. With two exceptions, they acted a dignified part during the protracted proceedings. Vergniaud in particular never betrayed any petulance but once. When he and his friends were charged with having favored the massacre and robberies of the Garde Meuble, he sprang to his feet and indignantly exclaimed, "I am not bound to justify myself against the charge of being the accomplice of robbers and murderers!" In his principal defence before the tribunal, he dwelt little upon his own case, but seized the occasion to vindicate the characters and motives of his party, and to expatiate with all his accustomed eloquence upon their services and sacrifices in support of republican principles. The auditory was deeply moved by his generous and persuasive appeal. The Jacobins even feared that he would be acquitted. They addressed a petition to

the Convention, praying it to expedite the proceedings; and Robespierre carried through a decree to cut short the trial. At midmight, on the 30th of October, after a session of seven days, the jury rendered their verdict —DEATH. As the doomed deputies left the tribunal, they chanted the Marseillais Hymn. Only a few hours of life remained to them. These they spent in partaking of a last supper in their cell. Vergniaud addressed them in such strains as he alone could command. They wept tears of joy at their approaching deliverance, and of sorrow over the expiring liberties of their country. The next day, their heads fell successively under the axe of the guillotine.

Of those of their number who escaped the tribunal, some took poison; some fell on their own swords; some died of hunger in the mountains, or were devoured by the wild beasts of the forest, till this splendid group of learning, genius, humanity and eloquence, was utterly extinguished.

Hardly had they ceased to live, ere France sunk exhausted into the arms of anarchy, and received a baptism of blood, which years of expiation have not sufficed to wash out. Though all their fond hopes perished with them, the fame of the Girondists is cherished among the hallowed memories of Frenchmen; and no name of the party is more sacred than that of Vergniaud.

The conflict of the Gironde with the Mountain, is one of the most sublime spectacles of modern times. Learning struggling for the supremacy with ignorance—genius with fanaticism—humanity with cruelty—magnanimity with malignity—republicanism with despotism—liberty with anarchy—eloquence with the guillotine. Unqualified admiration of the one party, tends to produce unmingled detestation of the other. We think, however, that too much of inherent cruelty and rooted malignity have been imputed to such men as Robespierre, Danton, and St. Just. They were the ruling spirits in an era of unprecedented excitement and convulsion, when "men's hearts failed them for fear," and when an intoxicated nation punished with death those whom it regarded as "enemies of the people." The temper of the times must always be regarded when estimating the characters of those who bore a leading part in them. We should be slow to condemn, without qualification, the motives of the chief actors in the darkest scenes of the French revolution, while shielding with our excuses those who, in the name of the Christian faith, slaughtered the Indians of Massachusetts, because they were "Heathens," and sent to the gallows old women and little children, because they were "witches."

Robespierre was ambitious; but he used only the popular instrumentalities for putting down his foes, and exalting himself. He was an austere fanatic, and believed he had a special "mission" to perform in the regeneration of his race. He was wily, cautious, and vain, and was ever eulogizing virtue and liberty. There was an air of sincerity about all his words and deeds. The same qualities of mind which made him a French Jacobin and a regicide, in 1793, would have made him a Roundhead and a regicide, had he lived in England a century and a half before. Danton possessed many noble traits of character. He was bold, generous, and inflammable. In the midst of the September massacres, he saved the lives of all who applied to him for succor, and released from prison and death, without solicitation, three of his personal enemies. He was jovial and

simple in repose; but when the arrows of his foes quivered in his flesh and roused his lion passions, he became an exterminator on system. St. Just was a republican from conviction, and a fanatic from temperament. Austere in his habits, fond of dwelling in a world of reveries, created by a brain in which melancholy and enthusiasm strove for the mastery, he possessed a soul which no perils could daunt, and a will which no obstacles could subdue. It was he who said, on the trial of the king, "To reign is of itself a crime, an usurpation, which nothing can absolve, which a nation is culpable in suffering, and which every man is bound to avenge!" Of this triumvirate, which so long fanned the fires and hurled the bolts of the Mountain, Robespierre was the most cautious and cowardly, Danton the most manly and courageous, and St. Just the most sincere and inflexible. Of Marat, it is impossible to speak patiently. There *may* have been redeeming qualities in his nature. But history will ever be eager to paint him as the most brutal, bloody, despicable, devilish wretch, that even the French revolution vomited forth to pollute the earth.

Though the Girondists failed to control the revolution and establish a republic, it is unjust to their memory to charge their defeat to the absence among them of the noblest qualities that expand and adorn the human intellect. They were not puny men, but among the rarest that the eighteenth century produced. When they appeared in the Legislative Assembly, but few of their number had had any actual experience in conducting public affairs. The Girondists proper—the deputies from Bordeaux, and its vicinity—were then for the first time to participate in administering a government. They found themselves suddenly invested with the responsibility of controlling a great nation, torn by domestic factions, stained with fraternal blood, enduring the throes of a revolution, and on the eve of a war with half the powers of Europe. Signal must have been the gifts of those who could have triumphed in any crisis where they were overthrown! Well is it for their fame, that our Washington and his compatriots were not put to such a trial as they endured. They failed not for the lack of great qualities, noble aims, and pure motives, but because they were thrown into the very vortex of one of those convulsions in national affairs, before which human wisdom stands baffled, and from which human nature shrinks appalled. It was the gala day, the saturnalia, of hell. They failed because they were not angels, and would not consent to be demons. Had their fortunes been cast in the midst of an orderly, liberal government, they would have played a brilliant part in its administration. and been hailed by posterity as eminent benefactors of mankind. They possessed those gifts and attainments, that secure distinction and influence in moulding the policy and shaping the destiny of commonwealths. As subjects of Great Britain, or citizens of the American republic, where free scope would have been afforded to their talents, and where experience in affairs would have gradually ripened their powers, they would have enrolled themselves among the followers of Fox and Jefferson, and risen to the highest stations in the government.

Though Vergniaud was a member of the Girondins proper, warmly attached to his party, and acknowledged by his friends to be their most eloquent advocate, he rose above the passions and prejudices which too often swayed them, took little part in their purely personal contests, was often calm when they were excited, often impartial and tolerant when they were uncandid and illiberal. This position of comparative indepen-

dence, was partly the result of his disinclination to assume the leadership of his colleagues, partly of his simple and indolent habits, and partly of the upright manliness of his nature; and this position gave him great influence with those not fully committed, either to the Gironde or the Mountain. The waverers he drew after him by winning appeals, as Mirabeau drove them before him by thundering anathemas.

In forming our estimate of his oratory, we should remember that he was in public life but two years, and that these were sufficient to give him a world-wide reputation in an age prolific of eloquence.

Vergniaud has been called "the Mirabeau of the Convention." Lamartine has been called "the Verginaud of the Chamber of Deputies." Both these comparisons cannot be correct, for two orators could hardly resemble each other, less than Mirabrau and Lamartine. They are worth something, however, as showing the impressions made on different classes of minds by Vergniaud's eloquence. Sometimes he uttered startling apostrophes, which electrified his auditors—then he spoke like Mirabeau. Anon, his flowing sentences sparkled with the effervescence of poetic fancy—then he spoke like Lamartine. Now, his vehement rebukes fell with scathing power on his antagonists—then he was like Mirabeau. Again, his persuasive appeals won the admiration of his enemies, and captivated the hearts of his friends—then he was like Lamartine. Mirabreu's eloquence was like the angry waters, that plunge down the cataract, and foam, and leap, and roar, in the abyss below. Lamartine's, like the gentle lake, lying in the lap of picturesque hills, its bosom agitated by the breeze, and imperfectly reflecting the blue arch of the heavens. Vergniaud's, like the deep, broad river, flowing majestically between banks variegated with rocks, trees and flowers, while fresh breezes sweep its surface, and break it into waves which dance and glow in the sun. It was not abrupt and fragmentary, vehement and electric, like that of the great tribune of the assembly; nor classically imaginative and elaborately transcendental, like that of the poet-orator of the chamber; but it was flowing, perspicuous, elegant and penetrating, mingling in happy combination argument with illustration, fact with fancy, narrative with appeal. His elocution, always graceful and dignified when discussing ordinary subjects, rose with the occasion and the theme, till it became sonorous, grand and sublime.

Unlike Lamartine, in his private intercourse and public displays, he was not affected, girlish and romantic, but natural, manly and practical. Unlike Mirabeau, he was not vindictive, turbulent and selfish, but humane, gentle and generous. The integrity of his character, and the purity of his motives, were above suspicion; and he was as incapable of betraying his friends or selling his principles for a bribe, as of being seduced by the flatteries of the court, or awed by the threats of the Jacobins and Cordeliers.

In person, Vergniaud was of the middle size, strongly and firmly built, with a pale countenance, black eyes of peculiar brilliancy of expression, and brown hair, which he permitted to fall in luxuriant locks over his finely formed head.

We might fill pages with choice extracts from his speeches. We close our imperfect notice of this extraordinary man, by quoting two brief passages, as remarkable for their beauty of diction, as for the impressive truths they convey. Said he, addressing the assembly: "If our princi-

ples are propagated but slowly in foreign nations, it is that their splendor is obscured by anarchical sophistries, by disorderly movements, and above all, by a blood-stained crape. When the peoples of the earth fell prostrate for the first time before the sun, was it, think you, when he was veiled with those destructive vapors which engender the tempests? No; doubtless, it was when, in the full effulgence of his glory, he was advancing through the immensity of space, shedding on the universe fertility, life, light and joy."

When the Jacobins made their first attempt to overthrow the Girondists, Vergniaud delivered a speech before the Convention, in which occurs a passage that not only stated existing facts, but uttered a prophecy which was soon fulfilled in the persons, both of his own party and their exterminators. Said he: "We march from crimes to amnesties, and from amnesties to crimes. The great body of citizens are so blinded by their frequent occurrence, that they confound these seditious disturbances with the grand national movement in favor of freedom; regard the violence of brigands as the efforts of energetic minds; and consider robbery and murder as indispensable to public order and safety. You are free, say they; but unless you think with us, we will denounce you as victims to popular vengeance. You are free; but unless you join us in persecuting those whose probity or talents we dread, we will abandon you to the fury of the populace. Citizens! there is but too much reason to dread, that the revolution, like Saturn, will successively devour all its progeny, and finally leave only despotism, with all its attendant calamities."

THE SOUTH.

It is now more than one year since we, in reference to the sectional ill feelings that were growing in asperity, took occasion to show, in an article in this Review, entitled "The stability of the Union," how intimately the interests of all sections of the Confederacy depended upon mutual peace and prosperity. It was then necessary to show, from official data, that the industry and material well-being of the North, depended, in an eminent degree, upon the productions of the South: that the only difference between the retrograde condition of Canada with the provinces, and the prosperity of New-England, grew out of the connection of the latter with the Southern States. Canada, occupied by an Anglo-Saxon race, with great capital at its command, and resources second to none on this Continent, is daily becoming more distressed, while the people of New-England, occupying the worst land of the continent, are accumulating wealth more rapidly than the people of any other section. It is, because the latter have free intercourse with those sections where the great natural wealth of the Union is produced, and a large proportion of that wealth is drawn into their possession through the operation of federal laws and the progressive influence of capital. The view we then took, produced a strong impression upon the public mind, and we had the satisfaction of observing that it stimulated reflection, the results of which were a manifest subsidence in the suicidal cry against Southern institutions. The more the mind contemplates the existing state of commerce, the more it investigates the basis of existing capital, and the springs of industry, the more thoroughly

is it convinced of the criminal folly of attempting to disturb the only conditions upon which society may almost be said to exist. The great tropical productions which are the chief objects of European commerce, are the results of slave-labor, as is, also, that raw material, which furnishes one-half of all the employment in the civilized Christian world, and one-half its commerce, and one-half its capital. That is to say, one-half of the existing commerce and industry depends upon raw products, raised by Africans in servitude. In return for that servitude, the Africans receive civilization and Christianity, in addition to physical support. Without that condition of service, they would be Pagan cannibals. If civilization and Christianity are things of any value, why should they be left out of the account of black remuneration for service by those who profess to hold the precepts of Scripture, as they understand it, to be the highest law for our government. That the blacks, on their own continent, advance neither physically nor mentally above the brute condition, no one presumes to deny; and that, in that condition, they are of any service either to themselves or to the rest of the world, it would be difficult to show. As far as the United States are concerned, the operation of the slave trade and slavery has been to transfer from Africa, a race of men, naturally but little distinguished from the brutes, to confer upon them civilization and Christianity, and from a state of utter uselessness, to cause them to become the indispensable foundation of civilized prosperity. There are now in the Union 3,000,000 black servants, whoare earning not only a better living, free from care, than any similar number of persons in any country, but are also paying for the inestimable blessings of civilization and Christianity conferred upon them by white agency. In addition to these there are 500,000 Christian blacks, who, in addition to the blessings possessed by their race, also possess individual freedom, and they number more free converted Pagans than exist on the face of the globe besides. The experiment of freedom is, however, not satisfactory: it does not prove a blessing to the race. It seems, certainly, to be a matter of deep regret, that the blacks are not capable and intelligent, as also that there are unfortunate whites; but the facts are so, and it becomes a sincere Christian to accept the fact, and bow to the superior wisdom of the Creator, and not vainly strive to change what he has ordained. In the inscrutable ways of Providence, the white race upon this continent, amid the manifold blessings that have been conferred upon them, have been charged with the care of a race the most benighted on the face of the earth, and it well becomes the Christian to reflect in how far a desire to cast off that race and leave them to their own unaided resources, is compatible with obedience to a manifest divine will. It is useless to allow a sickly philanthropy to bias the judgment in regard to the facts, and these show conclusively that the element of the blacks is not freedom. Those who wilfully shut their eyes to the teachings of experience, would not believe, although "one should rise from the dead" to instruct them. The lesson taught by the events of the present century, in relation to the nature and position of the black race, is of vast importance, and requires the deepest reflection of the statesman, the most profound contemplation of the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the patriot, together with the most earnest desire for the true interpretation of the divine will, in relation to that race, on the part of the devout follower of Christ. At the commencement of the present century, the slave-trade was in active

operation. England was buying and shipping Negroes to the West Indies, at the rate of 10,000 per annum. Spain, Portugal, and France were each supplying laborers to their respective colonies by the same means, and the United States had not yet abandoned the traffic. At that time coffee and sugar for the supply of the United States, Great Britain and Europe, were the chief results of slave labor. England derived her supplies of those articles from her own colonies, while Spain and the United States were supplied with the same products from the colonies of the former nation. France drew her supplies from her own possessions. In such a state of affairs, no one of those colonies was indispensable to other countries; on the other hand, the ruin of St. Domingo by black emancipation, only improved the condition of other slave colonies, by enhancing the demand for their products, as sugar and coffee were produced in many countries, under different climates. The ruin of one of other countries could not jeopardize the whole production, or deprive any government of its accustomed supply, but would stimulate the culture in other countries still prosperous. At that time the labor of the blacks of the United States was of little importance, either to this country or the world at large; but the planting of cotton just then began to assume importance, and on the development of the culture of that article alone, has been based almost all the advance which has since been made in the manufacturing and commercial prosperity of Europe and America. This is a startling fact, but its truth becomes the more vividly impressed upon the mind, the more rigorously it is investigated. It was the development of that culture which gave England the means of paying the armies of Europe in her campaigns against Bonaparte, and it was the continued increase of the manufactories which has since enabled her to support as well her debt as her means of defence, and her central government. This article alone embraces all the advance in United States commerce, and in European industry.

If we compare the aggregate exports of the five years ending with 1807, with the five years ending with 1841, and with the same period ending with 1850, we have results as follows:

UNITED STATES EXPORTS.

	Products of the Sea.	Of the Forest.	Tobacco.	Cotton.	All other agricultural products.
1803–7....	$14,872.423..	25,102.466..	47,333,117..	30,589,000..	88,997,195
1841–45...	15,639,035..	27,504,154..	52,635,511..	256.856,760..	79,169,533
1846–50...	14,174,866..	33,522,912..	39,026,688..	296,563,102..	199,016,054

The last period of five years embraces the European famine, in which, aiding the policy of England, a large export of food has taken place. Prior to that period, no increase in the external commerce of the United States took place, except in the article of cotton; and the increase in the export of that article furnished the material, out of which England's labor extracted the means of buying the food which was become necessary to feed her operatives, and without which the food would not have been sold; thus the whole entire increase of our national trade has been founded in cotton.

While this immense interest was growing up, the problem of black freedom had never been solved; but it was directed that England should make the experiment with her sugar colonies, thus to test with (compara-

tively) little harm, a question, which, had it been tried in the United States, with that article now so important to the modern world, and decided unfavorably, its solution would almost have jeopordized civilization. If England lost her sugar colonies, there remained the slave colonies of Spain and the Brazils to continue the supply. If the culture of the Union should be overthrown, millions of white operatives would starve, and an almost limitless amount of property become valueless. England made the experiment, and it failed, throwing her back upon the slave colonies of other nations for her supplies of tropical productions. France has repeated the experiment on a smaller scale, with still more disastrous results locally. These two examples form the great practical lesson of the first half of the present century, and they have not failed to convin ce the thinking men of England of the extreme folly of their course. A remarkable instance of this is found in the following paragraph, from a recent article in the London Times, in relation to a mercenary agitator, George Thompson, who, in seeking to disturb our institutions, is a living monument of the moderation of our government, since in contemptuous silence, it permits him to preach sedition far more grave in its object, than that for which American citizens were thrown into prison in England, on mere suspicion of countenancing Irish agitation.

"No Englishman, with a single-minded intention for the good of the slaves and the free-colored men, would propose and agitate for immediate abolition. He would not demand an act which would at one stroke deprive masters of servants and servants of masters, capital of labor and labor of capital, and, in fact, shake a long-established state of society, not merely to atoms, but to discordant and hostile elements. Such, however, is the innocent recreation in which Mr. George Thompson is beguiling the interval of his parliamentary labors!"

The principles of freedom, which were enunciated by the founders of our government, at the close of the last century, and applied to white equality, have hitherto made but little (if any) practical progress in Europe or England. In France, the head of the Government has changed its name, but practically the people are governed by the same extraordinary oligarchy of office-holders which ruled under the iron sway of the Emperor. The Provisional Government has not been relaxed in any degree, but the nations of Europe have sought to apply to the inferior race, those principles which have proved themselves sound only in their application to the white race. In the same period in which the truth of the theory of self-government has been demonstrated, its inapplicability to the black race has been made evident by experiment upon a sufficiently large scale. Among the whites, there are many classes incapable of self-government, and these, determined by many tests, are subjected to the control of others. These embrace all those of both sexes under the age of 21,—all those too poor to support themselves—those incapacitated by nature,—and those who, in their depredations upon society, demonstrate their unfitness to be at large. All these together, constitute a very large proportion of the white population, and they are subjected to control, the poor being compelled to work as far as their physical abilities extend, the proceeds being applied towards their support. In many States, particularly of New-England, the poor are put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder. In relation to this subject, we have received, in reply to our inquiries, the following from an eminent citizen:—

"With regard to your question, concerning the bidding off of paupers, the facts, so far as I know, are as follows:—

"It is the custom in many towns in Connecticut, to set up the paupers at auction every year, and knock them off to the lowest bidder—that is, to the man who will take them for the year, at the lowest price. This was the case to my knowledge in several counties. I have always understood it to be a general thing in Connecticut. When we were in H. they were sold to the number of sixty for the year to our next door neighbor for 15 dollars a head, and he got all the work out of them that he could, though most of them were infirm and not able to do much. They hoed his corn and sawed his wood, and weeded his garden; and being an extensive fisherman, they assisted in dressing his fish, and "did chores" generally. They are made to work all that they are able. In H. the contractor, as I said, was a fisherman, and during the fishing season, a principal article of food for the paupers was the heads and tails of shad, which were cut off when dressed for salting. They were all lodged in a little one-story house, with an attic not to exceed 25 by 30 feet, and were all stored in together, male and female, with, as appeared to me, very little regard to decency. In case of the death of any of them, the contractor got a specified sum for their burial, and also, I think, secured the whole amount contracted for, for the year; indeed, I believe the probable death of some of them, was a contingency calculated on in making the bid; so that the contractor had a direct interest in starving them to death, or in neglecting them when sick."

These persons whose only crimes are poverty and misfortune are not called slaves, nor are they supposed to be deprived of any of their inherent rights. The black race holds to the whole human family the position which minors and incapable persons hold among the whites. They cannot, or at least will not as a mass, support themselves when left to their own resources. When they exist in a community by themselves, they become, through idleness, utterly depraved and destitute. When they exist in a white community, that community is obliged directly or indirectly to bear the burden of their support. This fact comes home to the experience of all, and the black laws of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other states, are sufficient evidence of the strength of the public conviction upon that point. Some of the states forbid free blacks to settle within their borders without giving sufficient bonds not to come upon the public for support, but in many cases where such bonds are given, theft is substituted for beggary. The Hon. Henry Clay recently presented petitions from Indiana to the Senate, praying for the removal of free blacks from the country to Africa. The African coast slave trade is carried on by the English to a great extent The slaves brought down for sale to the regular traders are "made free" by presents of West India rum sent from Liverpool for the purpose, on condition of their "emigrating" to the Cape and other English colonies to become subject to masters, and a strong interest is now being made to permit these "emigrations" to the West Indies. The process is called "supplying the labor market."

The institutions of the South contain the general principles of the poor-laws of other states. They simply compel able bodied paupers to work for their own support; and in the process of black emancipation in the Southern states, it seems that those blacks who, from white crossings, or from the possession of an inherent vigor above the average of the race are capable of self-government, obtain their freedom in the only way in

which it can be valuable, viz., by their own exertions. By the laws of what are called free states, no matter how intelligent or capable soever he may be, the earnings of a white person, until he reaches 21 years, are the property of his parent, and very many go into the world and seek their own living, paying the parent for their time. In the same manner the earnings of a married woman of any age are the property of her husband; the earnings of paupers are the property of the community which supports them. In the same manner the earnings of blacks are the property of the owner who supports them, not for a certain period as in the case of the white minor, but for life, as in the case of the white wife. The support which the blacks derive from the proceeds of their own industry, under white surveillance, is far superior to that which they derive from the same means in a state of freedom, and also far better than that which white paupers obtain when compelled to labor in the establishments of the state. It is to be considered in this connection that the products of the slave states have not increased per hand in the present century, exclusive of the cotton crop. If we take a table of the export values of the leading Southern staples with the total number of slaves, the total production will appear to be nearly as follows:

	Naval Stores.	Rice.	Tobacco.	Sugar.	Cotton.	Total.	No. Slaves.	Production per hand.
1800..	460,000..	2,455,000..	6,220,000..	——— ..	5,250,000..	14,385,000..	893,041....	16 10
1810..	473,000..	2,626,000..	5,048,000..	——— ..	15,108,000..	23·255,000..	1,191,364....	19 50
1820..	292,000..	1,714,923..	8,118,188..	1,500,000..	26,309,000..	37,934,111..	1,543,688....	24 63
1830..	321,019..	1,986,824..	8,833,112..	3,000,000..	34,084,883..	45,225,838..	2,009,053....	22 66
1840..	602,520..	1,942,076..	9,883,957..	5,200,000..	74,640,307..	92,292,260..	2,487,355....	29 10
1850..	1,142,713..	2,631,557..	9,951,023..	14,796,150..	101,834,616..	130,556,950..	3,005,036....	43 51

These figures for naval stores, tobacco, and rice, are the export values, and not the whole production of which there is no accurate record. The figures for cotton are the crop valued at the export rate in official returns. Those for sugar and molasses are those of the New-Orleans prices current. As all these products are the results of slave labor, in addition to what supplies food for consumption are given, they are very nearly the exchangable values produced per hand, and the increase has been pretty regular with the exception of the decade 1820–30, during which the oppressive tariffs of 1816–24–28 were in operation. The increase ,by this scale has been in fifty years $27,41 each hand, and the comforts of the workers have increased in a similar ratio. If now we deduct cotton from the aggregates, it appears that the production per hand in 1800 was $11, and in 1850, $8, a decline of $3 per hand. Probably one reason of the decline is the less rigorous treatment of the blacks. Their natural idleness of temper has been more indulged; consequently there has been an absence of those devastating insurrections which were so frequent in the West Indies. Thus cotton has been the main article for employing the blacks as it has also been of Northern industry. The manufacture of cotton at the North has now reached the same extent as had that of England in 1830. Thus the quantity consumed in the United States in 1850 was 597,000 bales, which at 400 lbs. per bale, gives 238,800,000 lbs. M'Culloch gives the extent of the English cotton trade in 1830, and if we assume his figures as the rate for the manufacture of the same quantity in the United States, the result is as follows—

McCulloch's Cotton Trade. 1830.		*United States Cotton Trade.* 1850.	
240,000,000 lbs. cotton, 7d.	£ 7.000,000	238,000,000 lbs., 11¼c.	26,775,000
Wages. 800 weavers, spinners, bleachers, £22 10s per year,	18,000,000	Wages, 700,000, at 200	140,000,000
100,000 engines, machinists, smiths, &c., at £30 each,	3,000,000	80,000, at $400	32,000,000
Wages, superintendence, machine materials, coals, &c., and profits, &c.,	6,000,000	Wages, metals, profits, &c.	35,000,000
Total,	£34,000,000		$233,775,000
Value goods exported	19,428,664		4,734,424
Value consumed at home,	£14,571,336		$229,040,576

By this calculation, the value of cotton goods made in the United States, is $233,775,000, from the same quantity of cotton which yielded a value of $173,000,000 in England in 1830. This calculation gives the raw cotton at the actual export average of the year, which was not quite so high as the price in England in 1831, but does not embrace the cost of transportation to the factories. McCulloch gives the average wages of spinners, weavers and bleachers, at about $2,00 each, per week. The American wages is $3,00 for girls, including board, and $4,00 male and female. The average wages of other parties employed are higher in the United States than in England. This result follows, however, that England sold more than half the whole manufacture, while the United States consumed the whole of the same quantity made, and they found a market among those who produced the raw material, and the producers of the raw material paid for the wrought goods, prices enhanced by the tariff 30 per cent. above what the same goods could have been purchased for elsewhere. That is to say, on $230,000,000 worth of goods, $80,000,000 tribute was paid to the manufacturers by the consumers of goods. By these means it is that the aggregate production of the Southern States average, on data furnished by the census of 1840, $58 per head of all the population, while those of the New-England states average $84 per head. The manufacturers, almost with one accord, assert that they cannot continue operations without a tariff, which shall enable them to obtain such prices from the consumers of goods as will enable them to pay high wages to operatives. That is to say, slave labor must pay the high wages of white labor at the North. Suppose now, that slave labor did not exist, that neither raw material was furnished to manufacturers from the South, nor a market for their wrought fabrics furnished for that region, would the wages of the North average as high as they have hitherto done? If the process was reversed, and the North had to pay the South 30 per cent. advance on their products, the average of the Southern products would by so much be enhanced, and that of the North be diminished in the same ratio. That is to say, from an average of $84 per head, at the North, production would sink to an average of $60, and the average Southern production, from $58, would rise to $71 per head; instead of being $24 less, it would be $11 per head more than the average of Northern productions.

A great change has now been wrought by improvements in steam; not only has the means of internal communication become abundant and cheap, but motive power has been conferred upon the South through

improvements in steam machinery. All that natural wealth of the North which consisted in water-power, has become comparatively valueless; raw materials are no longer compelled to travel to the motive power, but motive power comes to the raw material, and is successfully working them up into fabrics for the markets of the world; and the present glutted state of the markets for manufactures, is the result of southern success. A number of southern mills have come into operation, making coarse cloths better and cheaper than the same description of goods are made at the North; and the northern mills not having been sufficiently on the alert to change the description, there is an overstock of heavy goods. The northern mills are now, however, changing to delaines and finer cotton goods, leaving the heavy fabrics to their successful southern rivals. The results of this revolution will be vast: as the northern mills abandon the competition, the markets will become firm, and southern capital acquire strength. Not only will the slave labor be employed in the more successful production of the raw material, but poor whites and free blacks will find in those factories the employment and wages to which they have hitherto been strangers. By the above table it appears that over $200,000,000 per annum are earned by those connected with the manufacture of cloths, while the growers of the raw material get but $27,000,000. If, now, one-half that sum comes to be distributed among the free operatives of the South, and retained, then that section of the country will hold a far more advantageous position than did England in 1830. England then sold $100,000,000 worth of cotton per annum. There is now sold by the South $70,000,000 worth of raw cotton abroad, and $30,000,000 worth to the North; total, $100,000,000. If in place of sales to the North, she sells, as did England in 1830, $100,000,000 of goods, her exports would be $170,000,000, and the $70,000,000 per annum would be earned by those classes who are now little better than idlers. The farm produce of the West, instead of descending the Mississippi to find a market in New-England in payment for Lowell goods, will find a nearer market in thriving factories. The effect of factory earnings is to stimulate the small trades, shoes, hats, cloths, &c., the prosperity of all of which enhances the value of real estate, and promotes the accumulation of capital, while the tendency of factory capital is rapidly accumulating. A large manufacturer of Lancashire, alluding to this fact, said in reply to a remark upon the increase of mills, "they build themselves." In Massachusetts, in the last ten years, the number of spindles have doubled, and the process is explained by Mr. Lawrence, of Boston, in a late publication. Thus a large factory, having in four years declared cash dividends averaging 11 per cent., had a large accumulation of profits which they wished to apply to increase of machinery. They therefore paid in 1846, 12 per cent. cash dividends, and 25 per cent. in stock. On this increased stock the company has since paid an average of 8 per cent. per aunum. That the entire manufacture of coarse goods will be transferred to the South, is now no longer a problem; but this progressive tendency of capital to accumulate at the most favorable points, will act irresistibly in that direction, causing an increased amount of industry and prosperity; and it is probably by the operation of this skilled industry that the most capable blacks will be trained to freedom. The stimulation of overwork and rewards will be found to be to the interest of both parties. But these, experience has shown, have no influence upon the

genuine black. Idleness is to him a reward superior to all other considerations, and his welfare, spiritual and temporal, as well as the best interests of humanity, require, that lacking a moral stimulus to industry, it should be supplied to him, without which, therefore, the incapable blacks would be kept to the production of indispensable raw materials. We may confidently look to the great manufacturing prosperity on which the South is now about to enter, as the avenue through which black capacity, if it exists, will find means to advance. The great West, with its boundless resources and natural avenues of commerce intersecting the South, will become the granary and garden of the world.

STANZAS.

TO THE LIGHT IN AN OPPOSITE WINDOW.

The mariner through the stormy night,
  With eye of hope looks out for day,
And fondly trusts with morning's light
  The tempest's rage will pass away.

So, when upon life's bustling sea,
  That throbs and throes with leap and bound,
My care-worn soul is toss'd too free,
  And torn by many a rankling wound:

I seek the quiet of my room,
  And watch the flickering flame afar,
Which, shining through surrounding gloom,
  Seems pure and lovely as a star.

I feel that while all else is dark,
  With vice, corruption and despair,
There blooms near yonder glim'ring spark
  A gem of light, unstain'd and fair.

A wand'rer o'er life's stormy main,
  A single kindly ray can charm,
Can ward away each stroke of pain,
  And blight the hand that offers harm.

Rest, fair-one, where yon taper gleams,
  In slumbers peaceful, pure, and mild;
And may thy sleep be bless'd with dreams,
  Sweet as the visions of a child.

And may'st thou ne'er be doomed to bear
  The pangs that wring this aching breast,
But may thy working-hours all share
  The joys that lighten in thy rest.

Sleep then, and let that kindly gleam
  Which lends a charm to night's dark hour,
Still, still attract my waking dream,
  And soothe me with its winning power.

Oh! I would ask no happier fate,
  No higher claim has life for me,
Than that bright taper's blissful state—
  Like it to spend my life for thee.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF CONGRESS OVER PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

To the Hon. Lewis Cass,

Senator in Congress from the State of Michigan.

Sir: An excise law by Congress, caused, in 1799, an insurrection in Pennsylvania—the protective tariff of 1828 created nullification by South Carolina, and recent slavery legislation has caused half the Union to deliberate on secession. These examples of national discontent during the several short periods in which the general government has not been under democratic ascendency, contrast significantly with the content and prosperity that pervaded our confederacy during the long periods it has been under democratic ascendency. The cause of this phenomenon can be found in the strict construction which is the fundamental axiom of democrats in their interpretation of the Constitution, and in the more latitudinous construction that characterizes other politicians. How these opposite modes of construction produce effects that are so different, I explained in the Democratic Review of last month: and the explanation shows that no new Union party is necessary to preserve our confederacy—the existing Democratic party being sufficient therefor, if it shall confine itself to its original principles. Any way, a Union party founded on a cessation of slavery agitation, (leaving unregulated, protective tariffs, internal improvements, abandonment of the veto power, executive responsibility transferred to cabinet ministers, and other results of latitudinous construction,) is like the bed and coverlet spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, "shorter than a man can stretch himself on, and narrower than a man can wrap himself in."

The power of the general government over public improvements under a strict construction of the Constitution, the following pages will endeavor to explain; but in claiming that my speculations are an exposition of democratic principles, and in dedicating the present essay to you, I owe to you the avowal that I am moved thereto by your position, as head of the party, and not by any communicated knowledge that your opinions concur with mine.

The Author.

Utica, New-York, February 1st, 1851.

CONSTITUTIONAL KNOWLEDGE INCREASES WITH THE DURATION OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

We are prone to suppose, that the higher we ascend towards the period when our political Constitution was framed, the greater must be the constitutional knowledge of the period; but the Constitution contains permissions and limitations that were not seen by its framers, and our descendants will understand its scope more definitely than we. The like may be said of Christianity, which by the study of eighteen centuries, has received developments that render the knowledge therein of a modern divine, more comprehensive than the knowledge of the ancient fathers. These consequences result from the nature of language. Every verbal proposition is like a mirror. It reflects not the image of its maker, but the lineaments of the man who looks into it; hence, as successive ages of men increase their knowledge by study and experience, they see in every verbal proposition, what may have been unseen by all their predecessors; just as the Siamese twins can see in a mirror, what was never seen previously to their own advent. We need not, therefore, be surprised at the diversity of practice, which our government has exhibited on the constitutionality of public improvements, nor at the still conflicting opinions thereon of our statesmen.

Obedience to the Constitution is more than a moral duty.

Obedience to the Constitution is not idolatry, but a principle, on which, by the nature of our confederacy, the durability of our Union is connect-

ed. The connection is not conventional, but organic; like the connection between virtue and happiness, or vice and misery. We shall assume this connection, having in the last preceding number of this magazine, elaborately proved it, under the title of the "Philosophy of the American Union, or the Principles of its Cohesiveness." We proved also, that the Union will be durable, in proportion to the strictness with which the existing powers of the Constitution shall be construed; hence, should the powers of the general government be enlarged by duly authorized amendments, the enlargement will diminish the cohesive principles of the confederacy.

The more our confederacy increases in number of confederates and extent of territory, the greater becomes the necessity for restricting its powers.

Proverbially two families cannot live peaceably together in the same house, nor can the general and state governments live peaceably together where they possess jurisdiction over the same matters; hence the more numerous our confederate states become, the more numerous will become the occasions in which the action of the general government will be liable to conflict with the local interests, feelings or notions of some members of the confederacy; and the more salutary will become the limitation of its powers. A bankrupt law is constitutional, but it has always created uneasiness, by interfering with state laws in relation to debtor and creditor; so the law enacted by Congress some few years since concerning pilotage, was constitutional, but it created dissatisfaction in New-York, whose laws it overruled. The law which divided the states into single congressional districts, was for a period openly nullified by at least one state, who continued to elect congressmen according to its own enactments.

The states, in being jealous of their sovereignty, obey an impulse that is conducive to social progress.

Personal freedom is about as great in the provinces of Canada as in the United States; but the inhabitants of Canada are not accustomed (as we are) to invoke their own energies in aid of their social progress. They petition the mother country, and listlessly await the result, like a farmer, who, after sowing his seed, leaves the issue to Providence. The principle which makes the blacksmith's arm strong, makes strong our states, and makes the Canadas weak. When New-York first seriously contemplated the connection of Lake Erie with the Hudson River, she felt like a child that was beginning to walk alone, and deemed the assistance of Congress an indispensable preliminary. That assistance fortunately failing her, she first timidly, then boldly, called forth her own energies, and soon—(her strength increasing with her efforts)—completed the undertaking, and many kindred ones, besides rail-roads, and suddenly became the Empire State. And better: her example taught other states their latent energies, by which instruction our confederacy is become intersected with canals and rail-roads to an extent that the general government could not have equalled in centuries, had it possessed all requisite constitutional powers.*

* In further elucidation of this principle, see the author's article in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for December, 1850, entitled "The advantages and disadvantages of private corporations."

The Constitution must be construed with special reference to the limitary clause, by which it was amended.

The Convention which framed the Constitution intended to make a limited government, for they say, in Congress shall vest "all legislative powers herein granted;" thereby implying, that the powers of Congress are to be limited by the grant. Still the preamble of the Constitution, and section 8 of article 1, speak of "providing for the general welfare," an expression from which some statesmen deduce almost unlimited powers in Congress.

The states feared that a latitudinous ambiguity existed in these clauses, and hence, on adopting the Constitution, expressed a desire, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added. The first Congress accordingly proposed, and the states subsequently ratified an amendment, that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people." This clinched the granted powers, and keeps them unextensible. The amendment being subsequent to the Constitution, becomes the master-key to all that the Constitution permits; the pitch note, and all constructions, must harmonize with it, and be controlled by it; hence every expression in the Constitution which would seem to confer unlimited powers, like "providing for the general welfare," becomes unmeaning, except as the general welfare can be promoted by the powers that are expressly delegated.

Public improvements can be made by Congress only as a means to execute some granted power.

We may proceed now without difficulty, in deciding, theoretically, the extent to which public improvements can be constitutionally prosecuted by Congress. The power is nowhere granted expressly; hence it exists only in the power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution all powers vested by the Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or office thereof." The war power may render "necessary and proper," that ships of war which are in Lake Erie shall be locked down into Lake Ontario; and any other public improvement or work will be constitutional, that shall become necessary and proper, to the execution of the war power. The power to "provide and maintain a navy," "to collect duties and imposts," &c., may render "necessary and proper" the erection of docks and light-houses; the construction of harbors and piers; the improvement of channels and rivers; and the placing of buoys and beacons. The works that may become constitutional are, therefore, as illimitable and various as the means which shall become "necessary and proper" to execute any of the granted powers; and without reference to whether the works are on a lake, inland river, or sea; except that the location must result from the necessity and propriety for which the works are undertaken.

Public improvements can be made only when the granted power to whose execution they are necessary, is sought to be enforced.

After finding as above, that harbors may be constructed and rivers deepened, when the improvements are necessary to the collection of duties, the improvements can be authorized thereby, only when the motive is in good faith, the collection of duties. To make the collection of du-

ties a mere pretext for the improvements, would constitute a fraud on the Constitution. The improvements in this case are constitutional, to the extent only that they are necessary in the collection of duties, and to the extent only that we are endeavoring to execute the granted power of collecting duties. A United States Bank may be necessary and proper "to collect taxes, duties and imposts," but this will not render such a bank constitutional, unless Congress establish it for the purpose of such collections. The Constitution tolerates the bank as a means, and in no other way, just as the law tolerates homicide in self-defence; but, if for the purpose of perpetrating a homicide, we concoct a case of self-defence, we shall no longer be within the protection of the laws, but become murderers.

No discretion of Congress, nor long acquiescence by the states and people, nor judicial decisions, are authoritative against the Constitution.

On Congress devolves the discretion of deciding what means are necessary and proper for executing the powers granted by the Constitution; but the discretion, how honestly soever exercised, will not make a bank constitutional, if such an agent is not necessary and proper in the premises; or the limits of the Constitution would exist in congressional discretion. The Supreme Court of the United States can always review the discretion and control it. But this is not final, nor is any continued acquiescence of the states or people in any given discretion, nor any concurrence therein of former presidents, or other eminent statesmen. These may lead a man to believe, that the discretion must have been constitutionally exercised, and will measurably influence every man; still they cannot work an enlargement of the Constitution. Precedents can palliate subsequent errors, but not transmute them into rights, any more than the continued circulation of a spurious dollar can transmute it into a genuine dollar. Precedents are properly authoritative in courts of law, for they prevent a vacillation in judicial decisions, which, if erroneous, can be corrected by new legislation; but, if our national legislature (Congress and President) shall deem itself bound by legislative precedents, no mode exists for correcting errors: "the salt will, indeed, have lost its savor, and wherewith shall it be salted?" and written constitutions, the American great improvement in government, will lose its quality of rendering principles immutable.

No construction must enlarge a granted power, or it will produce a compound enlargement of the Constitution.

The power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, will not authorize the improvement of rivers, lakes, and inland harbors, unless we enlarge the granted power by deeming it synonymous with a power to increase, create, and facilitate commerce among the several states. This enlarged meaning is accordingly given to the power "to regulate commerce among the several States," by persons who favor public improvements, and who thus bring within the power of Congress many river and lake improvements, which otherwise Congress would have no pretence for undertaking. We see, therefore, that to enlarge a granted power, effects a direct enlargement of the Constitution, and an indirect one, founded on the direct. We need not, however, insist, that the granted power, "to regulate commerce," will never require, in

its execution, the construction of any public improvement. It can, like every other granted power, be executed by every means that are "necessary and proper;" but we insist, that the "power to regulate" must be strictly construed, so that the public improvements, if any, which alone can be founded thereon, must be such as shall be necessary to execute the regulations.

A granted power which possesses a definite meaning, should be construed to mean what is definite, or the Constitution becomes indefinitely extensible.

The power "to regulate commerce among the several states," possesses a practical meaning, without resolving the word "regulate" into any word of a larger or different import. The State of New-York attempted to give Robert Fulton and others a monopoly in steam navigation of the Hudson river; but the monopoly was adjudged to be unconstitutional to the extent, that it excluded steam vessels under a coasting license of the general government. The power "to regulate commerce among the several states," found here a useful exercise, and we know historically, that the power was granted by the Constitution for just such purposes. Indeed, nothing but this regulating power of Congress prevents any state from instituting a species of the English navigation laws, and thereby to monopolize the carrying trade within its state limits, and to prohibit, except in its own vessels, the entry into its ports of any productions of other states:—just as each state restricts to its own citizens its state offices, excluding new-comers till after a residence of some years. Besides, if to regulate is deemed equivalent to create, increase, and facilitate, and we apply the construction to the whole constitutional clause, namely, "to the commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes," Congress will obtain the power, not merely to improve inland rivers, and create lake harbors, but the power to create roads and canals everywhere, and nearly every other power. Startled at such a result, some statesmen limit the claimed power to rivers and lakes that connect two or more states,—forgetting that you can scarcely travel a highway that will not lead from one state into an adjoining one, and over which highway commerce, between the two states, is rolling its wagons, and would beneficially glide its cars, if a rail-road could be substituted by the general government in place of the existing earth road. But the numerous arbitrary limitations that the advocates of such a construction adopt, to render limitable the power which they claim, shows that the assumed construction is untenable.

Our confederacy derives no powers from its nationality, not granted specifically to it by the Constitution.

At the Chicago Harbor and River Convention, in 1847, eighteen states were represented. The Committee on Resolutions reported through a statesman of national renown, who embodied in his remarks the views of the committee. He said, "A stranger unacquainted with the disputes which have arisen, would be surprised at the existence of a doubt, whether any human government could be so badly constituted, as to be incapable of applying the means at its disposal, to the protection and maintenance of any essential interests of the community, for whose benefit the government was instituted!" President Adams had previously used the same argument in his first message to Congress. He said, "No govern-

ment, in whatever form constituted, can accomplish the lawful ends of its institution, but in proportion as it improves the condition of those over whom it is established. Roads and canals, by multiplying and facilitating communications and intercourse between distant regions and multitudes of men, are among the most important means of improvement."

Arguments like the foregoing are become common, and that they are true no man need doubt; but the governments of which they speak, are not our limited federal agent, but our state governments, in whom and their citizens, rest all the ungranted powers of nationality, and who, accordingly, have exercised such powers, by constructing rail-roads, canals, harbors, electric telegraphs, steam-boat and steam-ship navigation, &c., to a degree that exceeds the coetaneous improvements of European governments. Indeed, the fact that our states and people possess the power to accomplish internal improvements, negatives the alleged absurdity, of denying that such powers exist in the federal government, and even proves that the powers are not possessed by the federal government; otherwise, the federal and state governments would constitute two families occupying the same house, and proverbially no house is big enough for such a joint occupancy. The federal government was not instituted to supersede the state governments, except where the states would conflict injuriously with each other, and in some particulars (external defence, &c.) in which the general government could act for the whole more advantageously than each state could act for itself.

Congress possesses a latitudinous power over the public lands.

Nor is the assertion probably correct, that any of our rivers are unimproveable except by the federal government. All our rivers and lakes are within the limits of some one or more of our states; and where a river or lake traverses more than one state, each state knows the part over which it possesses jurisdiction; and to make therein all navigable improvements is among the unquestioned powers of every such state. If, however, any river or lake shall be so peculiar, that its improvement will constitute a common benefit to the United States, the general government possesses in the public lands a constitutional resource adapted to the occasion. The resolves of the old Confederative Congress, of Oct. 10, 1780, show that the lands were "to be disposed of for the common benefit of the United States;" accordingly the existing Constitution gives to Congress unlimited power "to dispose thereof." The power is not to sell, but to dispose of;" and the mode of disposition is subject to only the discretion of Congress, as is also the purposes of common benefit for which the disposition shall be made. River, lake or harbor improvements, roads or canals, may constitute the greatest common benefit which the lands can subserve. To obtain the settlement and cultivation of the lands may constitute a common benefit that alone would make a donation of lands constitutional and desirable. Such a cultivation will probably be facilitated by giving the lands for common benefit public improvements, and thus we may derive from such gifts a benefit in the public improvements, and a benefit in the cultivation of the lands.

The lands also acquired by purchase from France, Spain and Mexico, Congress has power "to dispose of," and the power must, in the absence of directions, imply a discretion in Congress as to the purposes for which they shall be disposed of. The means that we thus possess for public improvements, are exempt from the excesses which have been

apprehended from making such improvements by drafts on the public treasury; for the quantity of land is limited that can, at any given time, be advantageously available in making the improvements; hence improvements of diffusive utility will probably be alone undertaken.

Public improvements can be aided by a tonnage duty. Nor need the public lands be applied as above except as an auxiliary to other constitutional means. The veto message of President Polk, of March, 13, 1848, suggests a tonnage duty by the states, (with the assent of Congress, conformably to the Constitution,) as a resource by which a state may make public improvements within its jurisdiction. A vessel deriving a benefit from the improvements will as cheerfully pay therefor a reasonable tonnage duty, as a Philadelphia wagon pays cheerfully a toll in passing over a good turnpike road into New-Jersey. The state exactions which were objectionable under the old confederation, were paid without any equivalent to the payer; but the proposed tonnage duty will be graduated by Congress, and bear only a small proportion to the benefit that will result to each vessel in safety, increased draught, and facility of progress. A state furnished with such means for improving its navigable waters may grant the tonnage to private corporations; and thus our rivers, lakes and harbors would become improved on the principle of private emolument which has covered our country with canals, rail-roads, electric telegraphs, dry docks, &c.; and which is connecting the Pacific and Atlantic oceans; besides furnishing steam conveyances for mails and passengers over all the states, and to foreign nations. If we had perversely sought these services only at the hands of the general government, who sees not that the government could not have performed them to the extent we possess them, even if no constitutional impediment had existed?

Finally, when our original thirteen states formed the existing Union, its speedy dissolution was predicted by Europeans, for they supposed it was but a repetition of the old experiment of consolidating several antagonistic sovereignties into one. Indeed, so little was the element which preserves our Union, (the reserved powers of the States,) understood by many who founded the Constitution, that a deficiency of consolidation in the general government, was deemed its main defect. To remedy this defect, by a latitudinous construction of the Constitution, became a cardinal object of one of the great parties into which our citizens soon divided; and it has constituted ever since the chief element of our party divisions. Europe, however, is beginning to see why the predicted dissolution of our confederacy has not occurred; and Germany and Italy are attempting the melioration of their respective dominions, not by the absorption, as formerly, of smaller neighboring states, but by confederacies after the manner somewhat of our Union. Should such confederacies be formed, we may well doubt whether the respective confederates (especially the more powerful ones) will be always content with the exercise of only such powers as will abridge the sovereignty of each confederate as little as shall be indispensable for the good of all. But we, the originators of the system, who under it have enjoyed, for more than sixty years, unexampled domestic peace and prosperity, have learned, we may fondly hope, that all our patriotic anticipations for the future are dependent, almost wholly, on the strictest practicable construction of our federal powers. We will be tender of our confederates even within the admitted powers of the Constitution; and, like St. Paul, "if meat make any brother to offend, we will eat no flesh while the world stands."

THE NAVY.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The annual report of the head of the Navy Department is always regarded with interest by a considerable number of persons; and now, when it is generally admitted that the naval service demands important changes or modifications in several branches of its constitution and organization, it attracts attention.

The document begins, as usual, with a brief history of the services of ships of war during the past year; states the number of the several classes of vessels afloat and building, and enumerates the dry-docks and navy-yards. The Secretary doubts the necessity of so many navy-yards; but does not think it would be judicious to discontinue any one of them. Although, it is possible, good ships of war might be constructed at private building establishments, without any yard or dock belonging to the government, and at less expense than under the present system, it would not be wise to place the department, in time of war, at the sole mercy of private contractors for vessels. Even in peace, it is questionable whether any contractor can construct a ship of war, in all respects equal to those built under the immediate supervision of the government. The strength, durability, and ability to resist the shock of battle, which characterize public ships, have never been equalled in those war vessels built by contract. In war, private building yards would be important sources to aid in meeting a demand for a rapid increase in the number of our public vessels.

Exclusive of the various appliances and machinery for constructing and repairing ships, such as ship-houses, dry-docks, &c., the naval property on hand at the several depots, is estimated to be worth $6,500,000.

It appears there is a disproportion between the number of officers and the employment for them; the grades of those whose duty it is to command are especially full. The Secretary proposes a reduction. He assumes that 7500 men and boys, distributed in six squadrons, are to constitute the naval force. From his own data the following table has been constructed, which exhibits at one view the basis of his calculations.

	Required for duty.			Total No. now in the Navy.	Secretary's Reduction.	Reduction Proposed.
	Shore Station.	Afloat.	Total.			
Captains	18	24	42	68	60	56
Commanders	21	30	51	97	80	68
Lieutenants	56	156	212	327	300	282
Surgeons	27	36	63	68	.....	84
Assistant Surgeons	10	60	70	80	.....	93
Pursers	14	42	56	64	.....	74
Chaplains	12	6	18	24	.....	24
Midshipmen	60	396	456	464	.....	608

By comparing the total number required to perform the service demanded of the navy by the country in time of peace, with the number now in the navy, it is manifest there must be a great many unemployed.

Adopting the language of the report, "in a service subject to hardship, danger, and the deprivations of the comforts of domestic life, there should be at all times, such a number of officers as to allow a reasonable respite between active cruises at sea, and to provide against losses from sudden casualty. But, as duty on shore is itself a relief from duty at sea, it is believed that the above list of supernumerary officers, at least in the three highest grades, is greater than is demanded "for an effective naval establishment." He therefore recommends the reduction stated in the table; but he does not indicate a rule by which he deduced these numbers. By adding one-third to the number of each grade required for duty, to afford respite and provide for casualty, the numbers stated in the column of the table headed "reduction proposed," are found. It is desirable to ascertain a rule by which to determine what number of each grade is required to afford proper and fair relaxation. We have assumed one-third more than the number employed. But the same degree of respite from duty is not required for all grades alike. Among midshipmen, who are not absolutely essential, perhaps, and who are to be regarded as holding a position similar to that of cadets at the military academy, an alternation of duty between ship and shore would probably afford sufficient respite. But as men advance in life, their ability to labor continuously diminishes, and they require longer periods of repose. The rate of wear and tear of life from exercise or toil of body and mind at different ages is not known; but as a general rule, citizens who have attained the age of forty-five, are no longer considered eligible for military service. The efficiency of a seaman is supposed to be consumed by twenty years' service; and on this basis admission into the naval asylum is regulated. The ages of captains in the navy now, probably range from 55 to 70. Commodore Jacob Jones, who died not long since, was 84. The ages of commanders range from 45 to 60; and of lieutenants from 28 to 50; of surgeons from 35 to 70; of assistant surgeons from 21 to 40; of pursers from 25 to 70, and the same for chaplains. The wear and tear of those who bear the responsibility of command and its attendant anxieties and cares, of those responsible for the sick and wounded, and of those responsible for large amounts of money and property, are probably much greater than in those who act in subordinate positions.

"While the propriety of this curtailment would appear to be manifest," says the Secretary, "to give symmetry to the naval corps, and to infuse life and animation into all its parts by more active employment, and, therefore, to be demanded by the public interests, justice to those who have devoted themselves to the service of their country, and have given to it the prime of their manhood, requires that it shall be effected in the most delicate manner to the feelings of those discharged, and that suitable remuneration shall be made to them for the disappointment and change in their means of livelihood."

For the excess of officers in the navy, we are indebted to statesmen and politicians, who have always had appointment to office under their control. Is it just to impose on the officers the penalty of statesmen's errors, and want of foresight; and begin by discharging eight captains, no one of whom has served less than 37 years, totally unfitted, at the age of at least 55, to commence any vocation under private patronage? Does the condition of the people's treasury demand such an act of cruelty at the hands of the government? Will the people sanction an act

of cruelty or injustice, for the sake of a paltry sum of money? The pay of eight captains, waiting orders, is $20,000 a year; the mortality in the grade is on an average nearly three per cent., so that in all probability the grade of captains would be reduced, were no promotions made, to sixty, the number proposed by the Secretary, in four years. Therefore, simply by arresting promotion until the number of captains be reduced to sixty, the reduction would be effected in four years, at a cost of not exceeding $50,000, assuming the decrement by death to be two every year. Supposing the eight captains be discharged at once without a cent, will the nation be any richer, or happier, or stronger, for having saved $50,000 in four years, bearing in mind that it spends from 30 to 40 millions of dollars every year? But it may not require even four years to make this reduction, for during the year 1850, no less than four captains have died, and one resigned.*

By computing the percentum of mortality in the several grades, which may be easily done, it may be readily ascertained what number of years must elapse to reduce the officers to the numbers required in each grade. Five or six years at most would probably be sufficient, if promotion be arrested.

After ascertaining the proper number in the several grades for an efficient navy, the Secretary's object may be accomplished by placing the surplus numbers on a retired list at a reduced pay, equal at least to one-half their pay respectively when at sea. And to such retired list might be added, all those who become decrepit in mind or body, or unfit for service, and thus create room for promotion. The vicious and corrupt should be placed at the disposition of courts martial.

By reference to the table it may be seen, that while reduction is demanded in the three highest grades of the line, the medical staff, as well as the grade of pursers, should be increased in numbers, to place all grades on an equal footing of respite from active duty.

By common custom, promotions in the navy have been made without regard to any circumstance, other than the age of the commission, the senior being always preferred. The Secretary recommends, that hereafter discrimination in favor of the meritorious should be made in promotions to the grade of captain. In the British navy, promotions are made by selection through all the grades below that of captain; when an officer is once posted, his further advancement depends exclusively on the seniority of his commission. If due care be exercised in promotions through the several subordinate grades, it is presumable that the captains are all "picked men," and there can be little official choice among them.

Besides a reduction in the number of officers, the Secretary recommends an increase in the number of grades. He suggests the creation of the grades of rear-admiral, and of commodore; and it is understood, a board of officers now in session, (December, 1850,) will recommend a grade of lieutenants-commanding, whose duty will be to command brigs and smaller vessels. Supposing these recommendations to be adopted, the line of the navy would probably consist of the following grades, for the six squadrons:

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* Captains Jacob Jones, Daniel Turner, Benjamin Cooper, and Andrew Fitzburgh, died during 1850, and Captain Robert F. Stockton resigned.

2 Rear-admirals.
15 Commodores.
43 Captains.
80 Commanders.
100 Lieutenants-commanding.
200 Lieutenants.
60 Masters.

The Secretary proposes to employ one rear-admiral, to command in California and the Pacific; and the other to act in the navy department as adjutant-general, whose occupation would consist in detailing officers for duty, keeping a register of the personal services of officers and privates, &c., &c.

The mode of employing these two rear-admirals proposed is very remarkable, when contrasted with the arguments for creating the grade. The Secretary says:

"This increase of rank in the navy, often proposed in the earlier history of the country, seems now to be demanded by the highest considerations of policy and duty. Not to speak of its effect in promoting discipline and effectiveness by an increased and concentrated responsibility in the highest grades of the service, it would *add to the dignity of our officers*, not unfrequently the representatives of their country in direct intercourse with foreign governments, and to *the respect accorded to them* by other nations, in their *intercourse abroad*, and furnish a new and powerful incentive to excellence in the minds of the meritorious and aspiring of all the inferior ranks [grades?]

"It is not perceived how captains or commodores abroad will be more respected by foreign nations, and acquire increased dignity, through the existence of two rear-admirals employed at home. By adding superior grades, those of commodore and captain are lowered in the scale, because instead of being first in their vocation, they sink down to be second, third, or fourth, and consequently they are entitled to less official respect."

Again:

"We have, at this time, veterans in our navy, with the commissions only of captain, and the titles, by courtesy, of commodore, because they have commanded squadrons, who meet on the ocean as rear-admirals and vice-admirals, co-temporaries in other services, with whom in early life they associated as co-lieutenants, and who now, with superior rank, have often commands numerically inferior to their own."

If this argument has any force, it is based on an assumption, that our naval service should be modelled after foreign navies. It touches merely the vanity, or that feeling of envious rivalry which some may experience, if they do not manifest, on meeting former acquaintances, advanced in position or fortune beyond themselves. It is the amount of power under control, combined with authority to exercise it, and not the mere official title, which secures respect and consideration. Plain Mr. Jefferson, or Mr. Franklin, was not less effective or respected abroad, as our diplomatic agents, for want of the title of Lord, Marquis, or Duke. Let not a name be mistaken for substance.

Again:—

"Our navy, in the aggregate of persons, is about equal to the army. The commanders of some of its squadrons have actually under their command more than

a division, the command of a major-general; and yet its highest commissioned officer, a captain, ranks with a colonel. By a resolution of the Continental Congress, in 1776, providing a navy for the war of the revolution, the relative rank of the land and naval services was established as follows, viz., an admiral as a general; vice-admiral as a lieutenant-general; rear-admiral as a major-general; commodore as a brigadier-general; captain of a ship of forty guns and upwards, as a colonel, &c.

Another view may render the position plainer:—

A frigate of forty guns is assumed to be equal in force to a regiment, and the same is the case of any single ship of larger size; therefore, the command of a single ship of forty guns and upwards being equal to the command of a regiment, the captain of the ship and the colonel of a regiment are relatively of the same rank. Sloops of war being reckoned equal in force to a major's command in the army, the commander in the navy (captain of a vessel of from twenty to thirty guns) is on a level in relative rank with a major in the army. The crew of a ship is divided into companies, called divisions, each of which is under the immediate command of a lieutenant; therefore, a lieutenant in the navy, and a captain of the army, are relatively of the same rank. It must be apparent, that the present organization of the navy (which is in fact a floating army) provides only grades enough for the control of single regiments—ships of forty guns and upwards—and parts of regiments—sloops of war and smaller vessels. No provision has been yet made by law for a grade of officers to command two regiments (ships); but the title of commodore is given by courtesy to a captain placed in command of two ships or more employed in the same service and place. Two or more ships constitute a squadron. A fleet is a large number of vessels, sufficient to form two or more squadrons.

According to the received systems of naval organization, it is necessary to provide different grades of captains for single ships of different classes, and they are commonly designated by the names, captain, commander, and lieutenant-commanding; as well as different grades to command squadrons and fleets, commonly termed commodores, rear-admiral, vice-admirals, and admirals, as above stated.

If it be desirable, and who doubts it, for the United States to send squadrons to sea, why should the government not provide a grade of officers proper to command them? In other words, if there be a squadron, there should be a commodore to command it; if there be two squadrons combined, there should be a rear-admiral to command both; if there be three squadrons combined, a vice-admiral is needed; and where four squadrons or a larger fleet be sent to sea together, an admiral is necessary to command the whole.

Does the size of our navy and the manner of employing it in combinations of several single ships, as squadrons or fleets, require additional grades to those now included in its organization? The answer is clearly in the affirmative. The proposition is self-evident; it needs no argument to demonstrate it. The Secretary tells us that our navy is to consist of six squadrons, or rather of small fleets of seven effective ships each. According to the naval system, each fleet should be under a rear-admiral: and though the commander-in-chief of each of these fleets may possess no other legal title than that of a captain, he is in fact a rear-admiral. Then why should he not be legally recognized by the proper title?

The navy of the United States, in organization, might be compared to an army, composed of several regiments of infantry, artillery and cavalry, brought into the field under control of the senior colonel, called general only while in command. Can any one not imagine that such an army might be inefficient on account of the absence of grades of officers superior to a colonel?

But a radical defect of naval organization lies in the mode of creating its officers. There are many more midshipmen appointed than can be promoted to masters and lieutenants, before the young gentlemen reach a period in life when they should be fit for the responsibilities of command.

A Naval Academy has existence: upon it must depend the excellence of naval officers in future. It is proposed to send every year from each congressional district one boy, and to give the President the privilege to name 17 at large, making an aggregate of 250. A scrutinizing examination of these boys will be made, and all who are not adapted for the service will be rejected. An examination will be held every six months, and those who are not approved to be sent home to seek some other vocation. At the close of the academic course, these cadets will compete for the number of appointments to be made; those approved to be appointed midshipmen, and after a cruise at sea, they will again compete for the places of master and lieutenant. Of the class of 250, there may be 200 who compete for say 30 warrants as midshipmen; then 170 leave the academy educated and at liberty to pursue other vocations, or to seek the merchant service. Of the class of 30 midshipmen, 25 may become candidates for ten vacancies in the grade of lieutenant and master, and 15 will return into private life. Or, if the system be extended so as to fill up the staff-corps, consisting of ordnance officers, hydrographers, steam-engineers, and professors; and even marine officers and pursers might be selected from among the graduates of the naval academy.

The academic course of the naval cadet should be four years, spending each summer on board a practice ship. Naval cadets are admitted between the ages of 13 and 15; and complete their course between the ages of 17 and 19, having had in the aggregate about one year's experience at sea. Then having served three years as midshipmen, they would graduate as masters, or lieutenants of the line, or as one of the several staff-corps above mentioned, at the age of from 20 to 22—with a prospect of living long enough to become commanders and captains.

Under such a system, there would be probably an average of five or six hundred young men at the academy under instruction, from all parts of the country, at an expense not exceeding for every thing, $300 per head. This expense would secure to the country under such a system a navy of picked men; and furnish to the community well trained officers for merchant steamers and sailing vessels.

Under the present system, supposing midshipmen to be promoted at the end of ten years, it costs the government at least $6,000 per head in pay alone, to create its naval lieutenants; and then they are at an age when they should be commanders, instead of dwelling on the prospect of keeping watch for twenty years, and finally, when all the ambition of youth and early manhood are exhausted, at the age of fifty, they become elegible to command a sloop of war, though unfilled by long dependence on superiors, to bear its responsibilities.

The first step in establishing such a system would be to abolish the grade of passed midshipmen, at any cost. It would be economy to buy them out at $6000 or even $10,000 per head, with liberty to seek their fortunes. It must be borne in mind that passed midshipmen constitute the material of which masters and lieutenants are made, and are of no other indispensable use: yet, they are on hand so long, they are too old for the object for which they are kept.

The naval academy should be the depot from which all officers should be supplied; and they should not be kept beyond the age when, if not fit to be masters or lieutenants, they would be still young enough to make their way in the world without the aid of the government. The system proposed is republican, democratic, and would enable the general government to contribute its mite towards the common cause of educating the people.

The abolition of the lash renders a thorough revision of the naval code necessary without delay. The navy is now governed by a law which was framed fifty years ago, and which in its spirit and letter is just a half century behind the times.

The above remarks have been thrown together, in hope they may suggest something to those interested, which will result in giving the nation a modern navy in all respects worthy its ancient prowess and renown.

"SECRETS WORTH KNOWING," FOUND OUT.

I.

There was a Yankee man
And his name it was Dan,
And he said, "Harry B–lw–r, let us try, try, try
If 'tween us we can't poke
Our fingers for the joke
Into jolly uncle Sammy's little eye, eye, eye,
Into jolly uncle Sammy's little eye!"

II.

Says Harry, "Here's my hand,
For there's no one in the land
Can mesmerize old Sammy with a spout, spout,
As you, my Godlike Dan, [spout,
While I digest the plan; ['bout;
But, first now let us see what we're about, 'bout,
But, first now let us what we're about."

III.

"You know, my glorious Dan,
You're by far the wisest man
Great New-England ever raised. "Danny [bow'd low, low.
And, said he, "My dearest sir,
May I never hope to stir,
If John Bull is not the greatest man I know, [know, know,
If John Bull is not the greatest man I know."

IV.

"Your country well may brag,"
Quoth B—lw—r, "of its flag.
But its galaxy of stars shine less bright, bright,
Than thy genius." Danny bow'd, [bright,
Saying—"Sir, I'm vastly proud, [sight;
I but mirror him who stands in my sight, sight,
I reflect the man who stands in my sight.

V.

And long they toadied on
With a bait for number one,
Until Dan was getting drowsy with his fame, [fame, fame,
When said B——, "Call me a liar,
If that National E. Squier,
By his bullying don't shame your fame and [name, name, name,
By his bullying don't shame your fame and [name."

VI.

"And so he will—a pen,
And I'll have him back again—"
That is right, said Harry B., with a civic, civic,
Nod; and then "my dearest Dan, [civic
You're by far the greatest man.
Won't you give us that small door of the Pacific, ['cific, 'cific,
Won't you give us that small door of the Pacific?'

[What followed, we deem not suitable for the public eye; but, as Perkins stole out, Sir H—y B—lwer was chanting *cum jollificatione boisterosa*, substantially as follows:]

VII.

We're a precious pair of blades,
And our temper never fades,
Though the Yankee press keeps buzzing in our [ears, ears, ears.
We'll *cut* out, my old chap,
The Isthmus from your map,
And your Anglo-Saxon Bull will guide the [shears, shears, shears,
Your Anglo-Saxon friend will guide the shears."
[*Left jollifying.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(Concluded.)

In those transactions, on Poe's part, we find little common sense and less courtesy. That he was capable of love, we have proofs; but that he used his first benefactors as circumstances prompted, we have also proofs. We attribute this to the unbounded affection and promises lavished upon him by them from boyhood, until he had actually grown into the idea that he was entitled to the patrimony, and that they liked him so much that he could conciliate them at any time. We do not say those things to lessen him, for we are predisposed in his favor, by his genius and rare mental power; but conscientiously reviewing his life, those things prominently stand out, as leading to all his after-life misfortune; and we say again, they were the effects of having a great benefactor, whose extreme kindness in youth had waylaid the otherwise steady and well-intended energy of the construction of the future man. There were other failings in his character which, unfortunately, "grew with his growth," and it is with extreme sorrow that we have read anecdotes of him which the circumstances prove to be true; and heard anecdotes of him, from respectable sources, which betray a cunning, that even misfortune cannot excuse. We may try (as we have done repeatedly) to excuse them to ourself, through a willingness to do so, and a wish to blot them from our memory; or to our friends, when they introduce the subject of his private life; through our appreciation of his genius; but we find the very fact of their gaining on us but slowly, has made their tenure on our mind of a more redoubtable nature than we anticipated.

We approach, however, (and we are glad of it,) the period when we must look at him otherwise than into his private matters and character; when we must, as it were, close the book of his life, and open that of his labors. And we would wish to shut him up in the tomb, as he is, and think alone of his books. This in many cases is extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible; for, as Dr. Griswold tells us, "nearly all that he wrote in the last two or three years, including much of his best poetry, was in some sense biographical." Yet can we not still think of him as the hero of a poem or tale, and be blind to him as a man? We will try and promise our readers our candid impressions. We henceforth view him as a LITERARY MAN.

We capitalize those words—Literary Man—in the same spirit as we would, on a friend's tomb, inscribe his name in larger letters than his age, birth, or death; and because Fate has made those words of world-wide import. Over how many graves might they not be sculptured with the same meaning; and to how many various men do they not give the sorrowful indices of unhappy lives and fates! Combined, those words have more sorrowful character, yet more nobility withal, than the Martyrology can furnish to support its claims to the title of the one, or the Peerage Books of France or England, with all their haughty emblazonings and crowded shields, can herald for that of the other. The mere whispering to ourselves of those words makes us the centre of a blessed crowd, who rise to the conjuration, as the attendant genii waited on the lamp of Alad-

din. Crowding memories and crowding spirits are here—here—from Homer to Tasso, from Milton to Mangan and Poe. Our heart chokes as they show us and open to us a pathway to antiquity—that brilliant pathway, palpitating with a surge of moans and tortures. They must think we are some hellish epicurean, that we could enjoy a journey over this strata of skulls and immortality. No, we must turn hence to the last and nearest plank on that "bridge of sighs," and contemplate the grotesque adamant of which it is shaped. If, at the convulsion of matter, when this little earth—this little fret-work of immortal bones, is shaken, the heralding angel would divide mind from body, it needs but think those talismanic words, to raise the genius of a world in a thought.

Poe had, in a fit of disappointment, and under the despair caused by his West Point disgrace, the death of Mr. Allan, and an unsuccessful attempt to attract some attention by contributions to the public journals, enlisted as a private soldier. How long he remained in the service, Dr. Griswold was unable to ascertain, and the fact is not mentioned by other biographers. Suffice it to know, "he was recognized by officers who had known him at West Point;" and efforts were being made to obtain for him a commission, when it was found that he had deserted.

He seems now to have made up his mind for a Literary Life, and an occurrence of rather a hopeful nature determined him in that course. The "Baltimore Visitor" having offered a prize for a Poem and Tale, to be won by competition, Poe was fortunate enough to gain both, and also a declaration from the judges, that, of six tales which he sent in, the worst was better than the best of all the other competitors. Prize essays have been generally awarded the distinction of always being much inferior to works composed under different circumstances, and, we believe, with much truth. However it may be, Poe's proves an exception to that conjecture, which is fast gaining the importance of a literary dogma. The Tale, which received the prize, was that intense and exciting performance, "MS. Found in a Bottle." The Poem, which was in blank verse, betrays much of that power of contrast and description, which his pen moulded into such extraordinary and exciting forms afterwards. Here is an extract to our purpose. It is from the "Coliseum," the prize poem alluded to.

> "Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
> Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
> A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
> Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
> Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
> Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
> Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
> Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
> The swift and silent lizard of the stones!"

This affair procured him some true friends in Baltimore, among whom was Mr. Kennedy, author of "Horse Shoe Robinson," who lost no opportunity to serve the young author. It takes genius to appreciate genius, and Mr. Kennedy saw through the texture of Poe's mind. Shortly after, we find him writing to Mr. White, Proprietor of the Southern Literary Messenger, then but a few months started.

"BALTIMORE, April 13, 1835.

"Dear Sir—Poe did right in referring to me. He is very clever with his pen—classical and scholar-like. He wants experience and direction, but I have no doubt he can be made very useful to you. And, poor fellow! he is *very* poor. I told him to write something for every number of your magazine, and that you might find it to your advantage to give him some permanent employ. He has a volume of very bizarre tales, in the hands of———, in Philadelphia, who for a year past has been promising to publish them. This young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the *terrific*. He is at work upon a tragedy, but I have turned him to drudging upon whatever may make money, and I have no doubt that you and he will find your account in each other."

Mr. White engaged him as editor, and continuing in that position on the "Messenger," with some slight interruptions, nearly two years—he raised the circulation from four hundred to the healthy enjoyment of "rather more than five thousand." This was chiefly owing to the ability, and, in most instances, candor of his literary criticisms. He determined the profession should not degenerate in his hands, and mapped out in his own mind a course of earnestness and a critical standard, which he followed with decision and defended with ability. That his estimate of genius and talent, and the schools of literature, was generally correct, we are convinced. Of course we do not take into account those essays and sketches, in which embittered feelings or whimsical enmity seduced him to deal in personalities. But denuding his writings of those ill feelings—which we too often find genius ready to indulge in—and looking through their deformities, we find their critical opinions, with some exceptions, correct. Taking them as they are, like most deformed creatures, they are malicious, sneering, too apt to look down on people, when it required no effort to look them straight in the face. Perhaps, in the power of analysis, he has no equal at the present day; and, in our mind, he is seen more to advantage when using this particular faculty than in any other. That he makes the fabrics he afterwards takes asunder, is true. That he weaves a beautiful web, with all the assiduity and industry of a spider, and then unravels, even the most seemingly everlasting knot, in our opinion, entitles his genius to even more admiration than his critics will allow him. They consider the fact of his making all his plots to be solved; or ravelling, for the sake of unravelling them, a sin which deducts from his meed of reputation. We think otherwise. If a man maketh a labyrinth, which not only defies the ingenuity of all others, but actually bewilders the maker, so that having penetrated into its depths he stands in despair of egress, decidedly we may consider the labyrinth a triumph of skill in its way, yet our opinion of the man shall not be so decided. But if a man maketh a labyrinth equally bewildering to mankind, and after seducing persons in, and appalling them at their situation, but in the end can unravel that which he has ravelled, we consider him of superior ingenuity: one whose brain was more comprehensive; who did not rely on the situations or occurrences of such and such a turn, but whose mind comprehended the entire thing, as though it looked down on it from above, and saw it in a glance. The one is the martyr, the other the master of his own creation. The one loses, and never finds himself. The other loses himself to create an excitement, and finds himself to double the effect. The fact of an author knowing what he writes, and letting others know likewise, we do not think a fault, but quite the con-

trary. Our opinion seems to be backed up by some authors' experiences. For instance, when Dickens was writing his "Dombey and Son," and had created such a sensation by the masterly delineation of young Paul, he quite unexpectedly announced the demise of that "wondrous boy." It was asserted that even Dickens could not keep him alive. There is little doubt but his original idea was to have done so, or why call the book as he had? The fact seems to be, he began without a plan, as he generally does, and lavishing too much genius on the child, without knowing what he was going to make him, found he had made him too good for anything; consequently, had to smother him quietly, lest he should prove the bane of the author's life. Thus we see how an author may get into a labyrinth, and not get clean out. Yet, as it is, the grisly skeleton of that sweet child enjoys an immortality which its maturer years, had it been permitted to have lived, perhaps might have dissipated. The greater pains an author takes in showing his acuteness and ingenuity —provided he does not become tiresome, which Poe never does—we consider the more praiseworthy, and entitles him to our good-will. One of the most noted painters of the "Old Masters," Raffaele or Leonardo da Vinci, we believe, (our memory serves us not with the name of the painter, but the circumstance we have perfect,) used to paint his figures thus—first he would draw and paint the skeleton in the position the destined figure should occupy. Layer over layer he would then paint the muscles, beginning with those nearest to the bone, and thus gradually introducing the nerves and arteries, perfecting the origin and insertion of each muscle in its peculiar action, heighten the figure all but to nature, and then paint the skin over all his labor. Should we find fault with the artist for all this routine of study? Certainly not. It is only a genius who would dare such a self-test, and only a genius could pass through it with triumph. The time spent—not lost—in this exercise of pictorial anatomy, more than repaid his enthusiasm as a student by his perfection as an artist. And the praises of the comparative few, who saw the picture in its various stages of anatomical growth, to the many who saw the finished painting, decorating and enriching the gallery, palace or cathedral, was of more real gratification to the artist, because appreciated by *his* visitors; and because genius is always self-reliant in mesmerizing—so to speak—the many, while it is only doubtful of the appreciation of congenial intellectuality. The artist was an adept in the anatomical science, and we cannot but admire his ingenuity in its display. It is not enough that the sailor can rig a "seventy-four," he should know the use, and how to use, every rope. The æronaut, who could but raise his balloon, and who could not lower it, would excite neither praise for his daring, nor pity for his fate, but sneers for his impudence. And the mesmerist, who would put you to sleep, and could not awake you, in our opinion, ought to be tried for something more than manslaughter. Ingenuity, so long as it is vigorous, cannot be overtaxed; for by its own very power it will defy detection by the reader. It will become so very ingenious as to lose all appearance of it, as Tennyson's poetry, being the work of a supreme artist, has the appearance of exquisite simplicity. It is artistically made to appear simple, as Poe's fictions are ingeniously wrought to look like facts. This, in our opinion, is one of Poe's great recommendations—a rare gift, and so seldom to be met with fully sustained by the power, with which he supported all his plots,

that it strikes even the most casual student of his works. We have lent his books to friends, who, having read one of his tales, returned the book, saying it was a horrible detail of circumstances, and that they wanted a story—a fiction, not a finely-written account of a blood-freezing occurrence. On being informed that it was a fiction they had been reading, they could with difficulty be persuaded of the fact, and on re-borrowing the book, had alternately to put it down in wonder, and read in delight, as we ourself had done. This is the very thing which argues his great power, and strengthens our opinion; and you feel that if he told you, that you yourself had paraded Broadway, walking on your hands, your legs in the air, and an umbrella, held at an angle of forty-five, under your right knee-pan, so circumstantially would he tell you how you managed it, and detail the incidents that might take place had you done so, that you should feel in most distressing doubt, if such was really the fact, and of your own sanity. But let us return to his career.

He married in Richmond with his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a beautiful girl, poor and gentle. From Richmond he went to Baltimore, thence to Philadelphia, and subsequently to New-York. In those cities he lived by his writings, and was connected with several of the leading magazines of the day. He was engaged with Dr. Hawks in writing for the "New-York Review," in 1838. Had been chief editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," owned by Burton, the comedian, himself a writer of remarkable ability and comic power, in 1839; at the same time that he wrote for the "Literary Examiner," of Pittsburgh—and in the autumn of that year published all the stories he had then written, in two volumes, under the title of "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." He continued his connection with "Burton's" until June, 1840, and on the merging of that gentleman's magazine with the "Casket," Poe was engaged by Mr. G. R. Graham as editor of the new magazine, which has been so favorably known since as "Graham's." With this he remained a year and a half, and in it wrote several of his finest tales and criticisms. It is to be regretted that an uncertainty of character, formed by habits of dissipation, was the only spring of disagreement which rendered it necessary by the proprietors of the magazines he had been connected with, to seek for some other person, of more steady action, to guide their publications. After his dissociation from "Graham's," he stayed some time in Philadelphia, to establish a magazine of his own, to be called the "Stylus," and might have succeeded, but for the "unfortunate notoriety of his habits." In 1848, he removed to New-York, and was received into "circles capable of both the appreciation and the production of literature." Soon after he had made New-York the field of his toil, he published that extraordinary poem, the "Raven," which greatly increased his reputation. This he followed up and sustained by his "Mesmeric Revelations," and "the Facts in the case of M. Valdemar;" two of the most exciting and truth-looking narratives ever penned,—and afterward was critic of the "Mirror," editor of the Broadway Journal, a contributor to "Godey's Magazine," this Review, and other periodicals.

The situation of writer for the Reviews and Magazines is, at most times, of a very precarious nature, and in his case was more than usually so from the causes we have previously alluded to. Still, an author of his vast resources and power should have made both an easy living and a wide reputation, even through the magazines; but having, with his other

infirmities, raised, through the best motives towards his profession, so many personal enemies, he found his efforts unsuccessful in striving to obtain the former, and would not have attained the latter, if the same tide could have swept both away. In this precarious life was he bound, going through many misfortunes, and heightening them by his whims and caprices, until friendly death quieted his unquiet brain too prematurely for his country's literature, but nearly a life-time behind his happiness. He died on Sunday evening, October 7th, 1849, aged thirty-eight, in a hospital in Baltimore.

As a poet, Edgar Allan Poe is entitled to a proud position among the poets of his country. Looking at his poetical productions with a view to their construction, power of exciting, or popularity, we find he is no way behind any other native poet. If the latter be taken as a criterion of his genius as a poet, then would he rank in the first place, for, undoubtedly, the most popular native poem is the "Raven," excepting, perhaps, Mr. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and that we have no hesitation in saying is more widely appreciated "beyond the wave" than in its native country. Mr. Poe's construction is always admirable, and his power of exciting intensely peculiar. Yet, Poe is far from being a *great* poet. There is a something more than admirable construction, and a power of excitement wanting, to constitute the poet. Soul—not the soul so frequently spoken of by canting theologians, which generally amounts to the renting of a fashionable pew in Trinity Church or St. Patrick's—but *soul*—heart—that beautiful and transportable, but indescribable something, which illumines our feelings and sensations, as the smile of Omnipotence lights up, and makes buoyant a verdant valley,—that feeling which swells us into heroship, as we ponder over the Crusade wars,—that makes us a soldier of the cross at Ascalon, or a preserver of the Holy Tomb at Jerusalem. That blessed feeling which makes us be a world-man—to see nature by inspiration, if we never left our birth-room. *That* is to be a poet—to have a mind and heart as large as a universe in an expanding ray of beatitude emanating from a point so small that, amid the brilliant halo, the origin is forgotten, and the soul is only seen. This is not always the case in Poe's poetry. He is constantly before us. We see the point from which the light is coming. We are diverted from what ought to be the only attraction. No matter how fine Poe's verse, there is too frequently a mechanism about it, which we would rather forget, but cannot. He seems to take pride in this feature of his poetical compositions, as is very evident from his account of the manner in which he composed the "Raven." This does not detract from its merit, but does from its effect. Yet it is all that he intended it for. In that exquisite poem, there is a consciousness of effect, sometimes too evident for its author's purpose, at the same time that there are some passages of fine natural passion and expression: for instance,—

> "Prophet," said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
> By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
> Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
> It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,
> Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
> Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

> "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend, I shrieked, upstarting—
> Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

In those elegant stanzas, the question in the first quoted is not more beautifully put than the lover's passion is portrayed in the second, on the answer of "Never more." The contrast, a peculiar power of Poe's, attracts much attention: the one-worded bird, with its wiseacre look and dark guise stoically quaint, driving to madness the ardent, yet bewailing lover. The naturalness with which human passion finds vent, in our opinion, conveys the finest passage of the poem—"Be that word our sign of parting," &c.; also, the cooling down, when there is more thought, and less violent passion, "Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door." The management of the situation and objects of this poem is quite in Poe's vein, and is consequently perfect. The mechanism which makes us be conscious of the author's presence in his poetry, is not at all evident in his prose. The reason is obvious. The very putting the thought into rhythm and rhyme, makes a consciousness of effect, while in the prose tale of the "Gold Bug," or the "Adventures of Hans Pfaall," you read the uninterrupted narrative as you would a piece of *bona fide* news in a daily paper. The very *bound* with which this fine poem, "The Raven," springs along, leads to this consciousness, which cannot be perceived in the prose relation of his most extraordinary concoctions. You *know* the poetry is the relation of something in the mind,—you are persuaded the prose is the relation of a fact. As we have said, this takes not from the merit of the poetry, but adds to that of the prose; and, on that account, we consider him much superior as a prose writer, than as a poet; at the same time, that we accord him a distinguished rank as a cultivator of the divine art.

As an artist of refined taste and exceeding skill in melody, his best poems bear striking testimony. Indeed, in this respect, he has no superior. He wields his power to the best advantage, and in some instances with remarkable potency; for instance, in that very exciting and fine chant, "The Bells." It is really a most fascinating production, and we never read it but we have to rest after each verse, to let the reverberations of the "Bells" in thought die away

"On the bosom of the palpitating air."

that we may commence the succeeding in silence. There is a strange *swing*, if we may use the word, in the concluding lines. As they front you on the page, they look redundant and uncalled for—but read—read aloud; and the voice will naturally, and by identification with the poet, sink, and swell, and modulate its tones into mimic peals of joy or alarm bells. No writer knew better how far he could lead a reader, and how to hold his attention, than Poe; the poem in question is a striking evidence of this power. It is one of his poems in which you are not conscious of the author's presence, the melody is so perfect, and the method so apt to the subject. The poem "to Helen" is really beautiful, full of the true poet's aspiration, clad in exquisite language and rhythm. "Annabel Lee" is scarcely less beautiful, but decidedly less artistic. "Lenore,"

"Eulalie," and "Ulalume," each have peculiar and catching traits; the last especially, which is not inferior to any of the author's poetical compositions. The melancholy and metaphysical are Poe's best opportunities, and he never loses either to indulge his favorite and most congenial faculties. "Ulalume" is of that combined class; and after you have read it, and set the book down, your brain is beating with the internal revolutions of some of the lines which contain the chief burden of the poem. Unwittingly you are repeating

> "The skies they were ashen and sober;
> The leaves they were crisped and sere—
> The leaves they were withering and sere;
> It was night in the lonesome October,
> Of my most immemorial year;
> It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
> In the misty mid region of Weir—
> It was dawn by the dark tarn of Auber,
> In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

In the seventh stanza of this poem, how Poe could allow such a rhyme as "*Vista*," and "*Kissed Her*," and "*Vista*," and "*sister*," to take place, we are at a loss to imagine. In the case of any other poet using such cockney rhymes, we might pass it unnoticed; but in his, who spoke and wrote so much about these things, it strikes our ear rather awkwardly. Another instance of this is in his (*slanting*dicular) sonnet on Frances Osgood, entitled, "A Valentine," where the rhyming of "*Lœda*" and "*reader*" occurs; also "*early*" and "*dearly*," in the sonnet "To My Mother;" and "*valleys*" and "*palace*," in the "Haunted Palace." The following passage appears in "Al Aaraaf:"

> "Some have left the cool glade, and
> Have slept with the bee—
> Arouse them my maiden
> On moorland and lea."

For the rhyming of "*glade, and*," with "*maiden*," he gives an excuse (which is no excuse) in a note as follows:

"It is, however, imitated from Sir W. Scott, or rather from Claud Halcro, in whose mouth I admired its effect:

> Oh! were there an island,
> Tho' ever so wild,
> Where woman might smile, and
> No man be beguil'd, &c."

"*island*" and "*smile and*" are perfect in rhyme, which "*glade, and*," and "*maiden*" are not, as the most uneducated ear will at one perceive. At best this sort of criticism reminds us of the book-pedler that Gerald Griffin met in a London coffee-house, where some singular though unknown characters used to carry on a 'Noctes.' On some occasions all the parties present used to read a poem, the person following the reader to criticise the manner of the previous reading, and conclude by reading as he thought perfect. On one of these occasions Byron's poem of "Fare

thee well, and if for ever," &c., was selected, and it had been read and twisted into all shapes and received all sorts of criticisms by the time it had arrived to the pedler's turn to "give an opinion as was an opinion." The last lines it will be recollected are—

> "Seared in heart, and love, and blighted,
> More than this I scarce can *die*."

The pedler admitted the reading admirable, and the pronunciation of the last speaker up to the last line—up to the very last word—perfect; but here he thought he observed a fault—"I speak under correction, gentlemen," said he, "but it appeared to me that he pronounced the word die in the last line as if the dot was off the *i*." We should not have spent time on those things (slight when compared with his attractive characteristics) but for the anomaly they present. He must have been quite conscious of those errors, therefore is the less excusable for their appearance, especially as he—supposing his critical writings to have had the effect sought for—created the taste which he thus unconcernedly rebels against.

The peculiar style of rhythm and expression in which some of his best known poems are written, and which is getting to be recognized as the "Poe school," is erroneously supposed to have originated with him. The characteristics of that "style," or "school," have been long and well known in the British isles, as the peculiar feature of one of the finest modern poets—James Clarence Mangan. The readers of The Dublin University Magazine, and they are many in this country, will readily remember the poems of this lately deceased poet, which for many a year formed one of the principal attractions in that magazine. The poems entitled "Echoes of Foreign Song," and purporting to be translations from every language from ancient Irish to modern Chinese, but which were in general the fruit of the rich and varied brain of Mangan, display the most remarkable power of quaint yet perfect expression, flowing through the most eccentric meters and into the most harmonious rhyme, to be found within the poetry of any language. His professedly original poems were even more quaint, and nearly all, as in the case of Poe, tinged with a hue of autobiography. Like the latter, he was most unfortunate, but was of the gentlest disposition, and always on the most amicable terms with his brother authors. As a poet, Mangan had more varied genius than Poe; more soul, pure, lofty and ethereal. He walked the earth like a prophet, and lived, unfortunately for his land, to see some of his prophecies fulfilled. He devoted his entire life to poetry; his prose would fill a dozen octavo pages; his beloved mistress held him a slave to the last. And, save two duodecimo volumes of "German Anthology," his works are uncollected, and lie hidden amongst newspaper by-gones and magazine still-borns. If he had been a tenth-rate Scotchman, or a hundred and tenth-rate Londoner, his poems would long ago have read wondrously on vellum paper, or blinded window gazers with the gilt embellishments. All the wind of the quarterlies and the machinery of the London presses would have annihilated each other in praising him; but alas, the curse of Swift was upon him, he was a "genius and an Irishman." He wrote some of the most beautiful poetry of the century—walked a path in verse, which closed up behind, and you see nothing but the light gleaming from his brain as he passed—gave a nation striving for

its highest benison—its freedom—some of its highest aspirations and most forcible thoughts, and—our heart nearly chokes in the utterance—died—died in a fever shed. Poe was too acute an observer not to profit by the remarkable poetry of Mangan, and the similarity of their styles is too evident to need more than a passing notice. The same features of expression, strength, aptness of application, quaintness of metre, and bound of rhythm, are prominent in both. Mangan is equal to Poe as an artist, but his art or mechanism is not so perceivable from the whole-heartedness, the flow of soul which forms the staple of his poetry. The difference is this: Poe could *make* a quaint piece of poetry—Mangan *was* a quaint poem himself. Poe found refuge in melancholy and metaphysics—Mangan *was* a melancholy soul. Mangan was a fact—Poe made things look as like fact as can be. This comparison only stands good as to poetry. As a prose writer Poe is of a very superior class, powerful and exact; and albeit, there are a few of his poems which will live with his land and language, it is as a prose writer he will go down to posterity with the full tide of reputation.

Of Poe's prose poem "Eureka," we can say but little here, as it would take up much space were we to canvass its opinions, which, after all, perhaps it does not deserve. Mr. M. A. Daly, writing of Poe, in a weekly literary paper, says, "Poe was much given to philosophical studies, more particularly towards the close of his life. His writings in this branch do not, however, do him much credit. They are invariably replete with all the errors of the German schools, and the last work he ever published, 'Eureka,' is but a weak apology for that curse of all modern literature—pantheism." From the same gentleman, who was acquainted with the deceased author, we learn that Poe had a work in MS. which he entitled "Phases of American Literature," and from which he read for our friend at Fordham. We trust it may be added to his published works; as any ebullition of a genius so strange and so strong, much less one on the subject we have named, must be of remarkable interest to his admirers, and readers of American literature generally. We had hoped to have presented our readers with a *resume* of the most remarkable of Poe's tales, with a view of showing the capacityof his genius, and acuteness of his analytical power, but the length to which our article extends already, precludes the idea of giving aught but a general word on those points. Perhaps it is as well, for his tales have been so widely read and enthusiastically appreciated, that it might seem unnecessary to more than refer to them.

Poe had a strange and unearthly delight for the horrible and revolting, as well as the nicest appreciation for the beautiful. The latter he very evidently used in subservience to the former; and *that* he worked up with such power and circumstantiality, that all the horrors of Monk Lewis, Anne Radcliffe, and Henry Fuseli, grow childish before his. Nothing can be more disgustingly horrible, or recited better, than the "Black Cat." Than the "Pit and the Pendulum," we have never read anything producing a more breathless anxiety. The growth of evil in the former, and the power of mind in calamity in the latter, are miraculously conducted, every thought and turn of thought being accounted for with a precision of the most searching character, and powerful adaptation of words. One of his most distinguishing faculties is his admirable nomenclature of what he wants to describe, be they, the metaphysical read-

ings of the mind—the changes of the countenance, as indices of the passions, or objects of view. In all his descriptions, one could not probably take out a single word and insert another which would suit better, or be of more value to the purpose, than what he has adopted. His power of, and over language was consequently very great, when we take into consideration the peculiarly horrible and harrowing scenes and acts he describes—the remarkably minute lengths he goes into—the most seemingly unremarkable minutiæ—the fine drawn sentences and convincing hair-splitting he deals in, which take you along as the silken guide-string of a labyrinth into its very centre, resting occasionally to take breath, as you meet some unearthly spectacle or being, put there like the fiery dragons at the gate of the enchanted castle, to terrify and prevent you from proceeding. You burn to go on. Even though your nature sickens, you will be a bravo. You could no more leave unfinished one of his tales, than you could stay a comet. He has a fiendish faculty of seducing your will. His acquaintance seems to have changed your nature, and created in it a love for the terrific. You share his madness or his rage; his misery or guilt. You know he is horrible and unearthly, and devilish, but you also feel that he is inhumanly powerful and magically seductive. When we take into account these minute descriptions, and the power they hold over the reader, and see the pains he has taken to render every, even the smallest thing plain, we wonder less at the appreciation of the reader, and the ready reputation his tales meet with. The power of language vies with the conception of the plot, and only yields to it in its service of carrying it out in its most fiendish or loveable extent.

A word or two of Poe, and we are done. He is in the grave. Let him lie so. His works are here, let people judge *them*. Let us judge his works,—what he has presented us with, and feel towards him as we are pleased or pained with them. It would have been almost miraculous if a man, reared as he was, had been less unfortunate. We shall not dwell on it,—but would wish our readers not to rattle his bones, but read his books. His earthly life is dead. His labors alone are alive. He can never harm us. *They* may or they may not. To them let us see until a little time shall have passed away, and the community can look at *him*, minus the undercurrent of sneers which is drifting through society at him now. There is no writer or public man but has his enemies. Poe had more than his share, but, perhaps not more than he deserved. He could not please every body. He did not strive to please any body. But there were many whom he did strive to displease, and he succeeded in that as in every thing else. Some say he displeased, (that is a gentle word,) those persons rightfully—others, wrongfully. That the latter was sometimes the case, our better judgement must give in. But now that he is gone to that *somewhere* which even his supernatural imagination and "supernatural eloquence" could not picture, let him be gone with peace; that is, the part of him that is gone; and it is the minor part. Let us deal with that of him which is alive, his books, with candor; or, if we think of him, let us be generous, and end with a verse of our own:—

"Tho' all spleen's arrows straight he hurl'd
At mankind's breast, to you
I cry—in common with the world—
Priez pour le malheureux."

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

THE HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE.

One of the most remarkable features in the history of the public men of the United States, consists in the fact, that they are, in a large majority of instances, what are called *self-made men.* This term has grown into such general use, and its application so generally understood, that it has become a part of the American language. "Self-made" denotes only the basis of the individual and public character of the man. The superstructure erected thereon is the result of circumstances and advantages, which are improved by the innate power of each individual. It has been said, that all are creatures of circumstances, but this is by no means a truism—for such incidents are not effective, unless there exist a capacity to use them for an object. Of themselves, circumstances are powerless; it requires something of an intellectual quality to mould them into elements of success.

The generally received idea, that self-made men are but the sport of material combinations of effects from natural causes unintelligently operating to a result, which is neither foreseen nor premeditated, is unsound in philosophy and in fact. Such an opinion deprives mind of all power, and denies to intellect a controlling agency. It is most certainly true, that no general rule can be found to regulate individual cases; no system, as a system, which, strictly adhered to, will conduce to a certain condition. Elementary principles exist which lay at the foundation of human action, when it ends in success—but these principles are different only as differently exercised. That object, to be gained, is higher or lower in the scale of human excellence, which is to a greater or less degree in accordance with the soundness of these primary principles. Against the danger arising from the conception, that circumstances alone make the man or his public position, a word of warning is uttered. Against the degradation attendant upon such a dogma to the mental constitution of man, a word of protest is uttered.

We have prefaced the sketch now engaging attention with these remarks, because it will be our duty to elucidate them during its progress.

Thomas B. Florence was born January the 26th, 1812, in the city of Philadelphia. He was the son of David Florence, ship-builder, of Southwark. The parents were honest and exemplary persons, and reared a large family with care. The mother was of that class of parents whose maternal solicitude for her children arose from the dictates of sincere Christian piety. She felt the high responsibility of her station, and knew well that the lessons imparted in childhood bore their fruit in manhood's years. The father was constantly engaged in his business, and devoted but little of his time in the training of his children. He was satisfied ith the competency of the mother for the task, and had an abiding faith in her devotion to her duties. This family was a type of the households of American citizens the length and breadth of the Union. In city, hamlet, mountain, and prairie, homes are blessed by these penates of the

people. Thus cared for—thus trained—thus taught, at the fire-side of his home, young Florence, at the age of six years, was placed at school for mental education. He was quick, active, and acquired rapidly; so much so, that at the age of eleven, it was thought he was sufficiently far advanced to apply his acquirements to a useful purpose.

With a family dependent on the father's business, which was carried on upon the principle that idleness was loss, the son, at eleven years of age, and so well improved, was looked upon as entitled to contribute to the domestic charges. His father having died at this early age of the son, left the family to the sole protection of the mother. The force of their early impressions was never lost on the character of the man: the mother had inculcated the lessons of rights and duties in the moral relations; the father had imparted those practical principles of the social condition, which give force to the citizen in his avocations.

Young Florence was an impersonification of the American boy. The mother formed the morals—the father impressed the mind with strong practical rules of conduct—both contributed to an education sufficient for the general concerns of life, and thus the boy was clothed at the outset for his journey through life. The first step of the lad was to seek an employment congenial to his tastes and capability. He engaged with a house-carpenter to learn that handicraft, and for some time devoted himself to gain a knowledge of the business. At that period of our industrial history, it was not unfrequently the habit for employers and their assistants to use stimulating drinks. Such was the case in this instance, and before the habit could be circumscribed, it became the master of the persons who carried on the business with whom young Florence was employed. It was a source of grief to his impressible mind to be in contact with those so lost to all propriety. The boy was aware of the prejudicial influences that were destroying his employer and the business. It was a striking lesson to a sensitive and observing mind. It had its effect.

Young Florence left his employer, disgusted at the scenes often brought to his notice, and sought more happy associations.

During the years thus devoted to acquiring the foundation of a livelihood, much opportunity was afforded to contemplate the laboring class in the most intellectual of the mechanic branches. The want of proper education—the evil example—the effect of habits acquired without either consideration or control—led the subject of our notice seriously to examine, even at that early day, into the disadvantages to which our youth were exposed, during their mechanic pupilage. This was one of those circumstances in the life of young Florence, which, improved by honest conviction of duty, gave him the confidence of those who toil. He has from that time to the present devoted himself to the cause of labor and its rights—to the cause of the working-man and his wrongs—not because of any self-aggrandizement thus to be produced—but because he was early taught those lessons which require the dictates of duty to be pursued, if the heart is honestly engaged in co-operation with the head.

Having abandoned the employers first engaged with, young Florence entered into the hat-maker's shop of an experienced manufacturer of hats. Here he learned the business with facility, and became an adept at this branch of mechanical skill. Like most young men of his character and disposition, he was engaged in those pursuits which attract the tastes in leisure hours.

Politics, as presented to the young, ardent, honest and impulsive, occupy the time often to the exclusion of other objects. In many instances this is true. So at least was it the case with Mr. Florence. Long before his majority, he united himself to the democratic party, and labored in the sphere appropriate to his years, with his entire energy. He did good service. Having arrived at the age of twenty-one, he began business for himself. With funds saved from his wages, and with the help of an honest name and character, he was enabled to command sufficient means to start on his own account.

Soon after he became the master of his own establishment, and sought by all the means in his power to build up a reputation in the business community. The commercial and trading interests were involved in the issues of political contests. Ever memorable will be the struggle through; ever glorious the result of the conflict between Jackson and The Bank. That contest proved the American democracy could neither be frightened nor bought. Those who did not take part—those who did not look on—can never know the bitter, persecuting, relentless tyranny lavished by the United States Bank on the men of the people. Business men were prostrated unless they sided with the money-power; not only such of our citizens were thus assailed, but the honest, retiring, private citizen, who expressed opinions of a democratic-Jackson character, were hunted down even in social and domestic intercourse. Mr. Florence was a democrat; like his friends, he stood the storm with fortitude, and though almost ruined, he was able to continue in his business, till Jackson put an end to the monster and defeated its objects—a severe ordeal for a young democrat. The courage of Mr. Florence, and his conduct during the panic, gained him many friends. The working-man sustained him. The honest portion of the people supported him, and these circumstances, controlled by the teachings of his youth, made him successful.

Mr. Florence continued for a considerable period in his business, respected and prosperous, making money, and increasing his establishment. Of generous impulses and high-toned morals, he thought all men were his equals in this respect. But he was mistaken—loaning means to less fortunate friends—and to others, whose faults were predominant, he was forced at the end of a few years to abandon his occupation, and settle his affairs. This he did with honor.

Unoccupied, with his good name, and a large body of friends, he looked only for a position to be usefully employed. This was soon presented. The Board of Controllers of the Public Schools for the City and County of Philadelphia, elected him its Secretary. Here was a post admirably adapted to Mr. Florence's capacity. It was a highly responsible position. It brought him in contact with the youth of the city and county. It gave him opportunity to do much service in the cause of popular education. It required energy, tact, capacity, and industry. Mr. Florence brought all these to bear upon the discharge of his duties. He did his duty faithfully. In this district, comprising the entire city and county of Philadelphia, there were about six hundred schools, and nearly 45,000 children under course of education. The whole management of the Secretary's office was in Mr. Florence's hands, and for nine years he filled that office to the entire satisfaction of the public and the Controllers. In the Board, for a great portion of this period, were some of the devoted friends of public instruction. They aided Mr.

Florence, seconded his views, and supported his proceedings. Among this number, we feel it but just to say, such men as Recorder Vaux, (then the Recorder of the City,) Judge Campbell, George M. Wharton, Esq., George Emlen, Jun., Esq., Thomas H. Forsyth, (State Senator,) J. Robbins, Jun., M.C., and others, were prominent, as we find by the reports of the Controllers in our possession, these names being familiar to us.

Mr. Florence, after a faithful service on this arduous post for nearly nine years, resigned. We give a copy of the minutes of the Board on the occasion, to speak for itself:

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLERS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
First School District of Pennsylvania.

At a meeting of the Controllers of Public Schools, First District of Pennsylvania, held at the CONTROLLERS' CHAMBER, on Tuesday, June 12th, 1849, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That this Board accept the resignation of THOMAS B. FLORENCE from his office of Secretary, so long and faithfully filled by him, and that in retiring from his office, Mr. Florence will bear with him the respect and confidence of those with whom he has so long been associated in public duties, and their best wishes for his continued welfare and prosperity.

Signed, GEORGE M. WHARTON, *President.*
Attest, H. J. HEMPHILL, *Secretary.*

To Colonel THOMAS B. FLORENCE.

During the progress of the temperance reformation, Mr. Florence took a decided part. He had in his youth witnessed the evils of the vice, and united with the discreet friends of temperance to propagate its teachings.

In the year 1846, Mr. Florence was nominated for Congress for the district in which he was born and lived. The contest was well conducted, but Mr. Levin, the native American candidate, was elected. The friends of Mr. Florence were those of his youth, the working-men—the boys of his boyhood, and the men of his manhood. They knew him well, and the "boat-builder's son" was identified with their political and individual history. At the Congressional election next ensuing, in the year 1848, Mr. Florence was again the nominee of his party. Devoted to the principles of the republican cause—consistent in their support—self-sacrificing in all his relations with his fellow citizens, in each sphere of his duty or action—his manly and courteous bearing satisfied his friends, and rendered him a general favorite. The opposition majority was too large to be overcome, and at this election Mr. L. C. Levin, the native candidate, was again returned by a union of Whigs and Natives. Mr. Florence sustained himself under defeat with the same spirit that always actuated him. His only regret was that his party was unsuccessful, and expressed the fear that he was not the most available candidate. No lukewarmness marked his conduct. His party continued to receive all his energy. It noted his conduct, and made him its champion.

During the time of interval between the elections for Congress, Mr. Florence devoted himself to the cause of popular education, to the temperance cause, to charitable and voluntary associations for the benefit of his fellow-beings in various ways. In a word, he was always engaged in some public measure with which self-advantage was unmixed. The proper authorities appointed Mr. Florence, in the year 1850, one of the Board of Mercantile Appraisers for the city and county. He performed the duties of this post admirably, and to the satisfaction of the business community of Philadelphia.

Before the war against Mexico, Mr. Florence was elected colonel of the 5th Regiment of the State Militia. Thus being connected with the military, on the opening of the war he applied to have a volunteer company, of which he was captain—"The Independent Rifle Company"—accepted for service in Mexico. But he was unsuccessful, so numerous were similar applications from Philadelphia city and county.

Again the period for the election of a representative in Congress, for the first Congressional district of Pennsylvania, arrived. The Native and Whig parties nominated their respective candidates. The Democracy rallied on Colonel Florence. The campaign was severely contested. The district contains about 13,000 voters. Every effort was made that could be devised, to sustain Mr. Levin, the Native candidate, but the people were acquainted with Colonel Florence; they had witnessed his labors in former contests; he had grown upon their affections; and the result showed that Colonel Florence carried his party to a brilliant triumph—a political victory—that will long be remembered by the Democracy of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Florence is yet a young man, much under 40 years of age, and a bachelor. He has improved his mind by study and reflection from his youth. He has been, till within a few months, in the editorial management of Democratic newspapers, in Philadelphia. His literary tastes are excellent; and the columns of "The Key Stone" and "Times"—both of which Democratic dailies he conducted—evinced a bold and strong political pen.

The opening of the public career of Colonel Florence is bright, and he has the ability to make it successful. In the Congress of the nation Colonel Florence will hold a marked position; and the interests entrusted to his care will be safe in the custody of their representative. Thus has risen, from the platform of the people, a man who has controlled circumstances, by the strong power of early education, both of morals and of mind.

EPIGRAM.

"There is now in New-York a regularly organized military company composed entirely of negroes."—*The papers.*

New-York has long been known to fame,
For "volunteers" and "crack" guards—
But now a *walking darkness* blooms,
A darkness fit for shade of "Tombs;"
Which heralds forth with loud acclaim,
A company of *black-guards.*

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The year 1851 has commenced with indications of the most extraordinary prosperity throughout the world; not only in England and the United States, but in Western Europe there is a very generally increased employment at remunerative rates, and the products of industry are created in greater abundance, and more advantageously exchanged, than perhaps ever before. The annual trade circulars of the leading British merchants, concur in the opinion that the year 1850 was one which fully answered the expectations of merchants and reasonable men of business. It was characterized by steadiness and progress, under circumstances which would have rendered such a state of the markets impossible before the adoption of those sound liberal principles of commercial legislation which came into action some five years since in both countries. The quantities of produce delivered on the great thoroughfares of the United States, have been much larger than for many previous years, perhaps ever before, and the proportion of those consumed in the country has been very much larger than usual, at prices above the average of former years. In order to test this, we have but to take the values, as given officially by the Comptroller, of produce delivered on the Hudson river at tide water, via the New York canals, and at New Orleans, via the Mississippi, and compare them with the exports of similar products from the United States. These are as follows :—

RECEIPTS OF PRODUCE AT TIDE WATER ON THE HUDSON AND AT NEW-ORLEANS, WITH THE EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
At New-Orleans,	51,105,246	90,033,256	79,779,151	81,989,692	96,897,873
" Tide-water,	77,193.464	73,092,414	50,883,907	52,335,521	55,480,941
Total,	128,298,720	163,132,670	130,663.058	134,365,213	152,378,814
Exports,	113,488,516	152,648,622	154,032,031	145,755,820	134,900,233
Excess receipts,	14,810,204	10,484,048	———	———	17,478,581
" exports,	———	———	23,368,973	9.390,607	———

This indicates a very enhanced power of home consumption, consequent upon the improved exports of the former years, and of the realization of means from California. If we deduct cotton from the receipts and exports, and compare the year 1845, when the tariff of 1842 was in full operation, with the year 1850, when that of 1846 was in full operation, we shall have results as follows :—

	Rec'd at New-Orleans, less cotton.	At Tide-water.	Total.	U. S. exports, less cotton.	Excess receipts.
1845,	23,483,180	45,452,321	68,935,501	56,914,900	12,020,601
1850,	55,011,000	55.480,941	160,491,941	61,914.957	48,576,984
Increase,	31,527,820	10,028,620	41,556,440	5,000,057	36,556,383

An increase of five millions in exports, has been accompanied by an increase of 36,556,000 in the home consumption of produce from two avenues only. The Erie Railroad, the Pennsylvania line of works, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the Georgia and South Carolina roads, have all fed the Atlantic demand

for Western produce, in addition to the above two great avenues. At the same time the Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois public works, have poured upon the bosom of the great lakes increasing supplies, which have fed the growing home markets of that vast region, at prices well sustained, through the influence of the foreign export trade in taking off the surplus. As an indication of the general increase of business, we make a table of the revenues on the leading avenues :—

REVENUES OF PUBLIC WORKS.

	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
New-York canals,	$2,756,103	3,635,381	3,252,212	3,266,266	3,226,503
Pennsylvania works,	1,196,977	1,295,494	1,587,995	1,633,277	1,713,848
Ohio canals,	612,302	805,019	785,882	713,173	728,085
Illinois "	———	———	87,890	118,849	136,331
Indiana "	———	———	108,104	134,659	157,173
Total canals,	$4,565,382	5,735,894	5,822,083	5,866,224	6,018,340
Erie Railroad,	210,130	248,320	302,326	805,053	1,600,700
Little Miami do.,	116,052	221,139	280,085	321,303	405,607
Michigan central	277,478	347,555	373,931	600,986	860,559
Georgia "	400,935	383,863	582,014	626,813	753,383
Macon and Western,	128,430	147,768	161,569	198,517	207,040
Philadelphia & Baltimore,	568,555	643,065	638,102	627,904	687,700
Reading railroad,	1,900,115	2,002,945	1,692,555	1,933,590	2,360,786
Baltimore and Ohio,	797,064	1,101,936	1,213,664	1,241,705	1,343,805
Total eight roads,	$4,398,759	5,096,691	5,244,246	4,355,871	6,219,582

These main roads, as well as canals, have increased their revenues 50 per cent. in the last four years, mostly through the increase of produce transported. That this is the case of the New-York canals, is manifest from the enhanced value of the delivery, as seen in the above tables, as well as in the tons weight delivered. The weight of goods on the Columbia Railroad, being the connection of the Pennsylvania canals, has greatly increased, notwithstanding the damage done by freshets to the canals of that State. If we compare the weight of tonnage on the New-York canals, with that on the Columbia road, we have results as follows :

	1849.	1850.	Increase.
Columbia roads, lbs.,	165,732,500	194,796,900	29,064,400
New-York canals, "	3,159,992,000	4,068,036,000	918,044,000
Total lbs.,	3,325,724,509	4,262,832,900	947,108,400

In all sections of the Union the same manifestations of wealth are apparent, connected with facility of exchange, and with rapidly increasing banking credits. The railroads which have penetrated new and fertile regions of the West and the South, have brought off produce, and carried back goods, while the modification of the tariff has permitted the excess of produce, after supplying the seaboard, to go out of the country for a profit. The manufacturing of all descriptions of goods is lucrative, except cotton, which at the North and East feels the influence of successful competition from the South and West. One item in relation to wools, will show the activity of manufacturing. The delivery on the New-York Canals were as follows :—

	Lbs.	Value.	Per lb.
1849,	12,731,402	4,072,358	32 cts.
1850,	11,987,356	4,372,578	36 "

That is to say, for 800,000lbs., less wool, the farmers get $300,000 more money, in face of a large importation and large delivery upon other avenues.

Amidst all this prosperity, which has resulted, in some degree, from the development of California resources, there is apparent a great commotion in the financial world, deranging currencies, and also the relative value of gold to silver. This subject has awakened much discussion in and out of Congress, and it is one of much importance to the future course of the market, albeit but little understood. It has been the case, that since the discovery of America, the relative values of the two metals has been changing very gradually—that is to say, at the rate of two per cent. per annum in favor of gold. Thus at the close of the 15th century, gold was to silver as 10 to 1, at the close of the 18th century it was 15 to 1, and just before the discovery of California 16 to 1. This rate of progress has been in consequence of the continual increase of silver as compared with gold, notwithstanding the enhanced use of the former metal for luxurious uses. When on the discovery of America, the metals became thus more abundant, the propriety of reforming the currencies forced itself upon governments, particularly that of England, which had before played with the sovereign right of coinage as with a swindling apparatus. Both France and England, at the commencement of the 18th century, were possessed only of confused and depreciated currencies, fraught with the greatest evils to commerce and industry. The American supplies having furnished material, a general re-coinage took place in France in 1726, when the weight and fineness of crowns and Louisd'ors were regulated, and so continued to the Revolution. In England the evil was arrested in 1717, on recommendation of Sir Isaac Newton, and an important difference took place in the currencies of the two countries. England adhered mainly to gold, which was becoming dearer, and France to silver, which was becoming cheaper. In 1803, gold Napoleons of 20 francs were made a legal tender in France; and in England, silver coin to the value of 40s. sterling, were made a legal tender. Under this regulation, gold has preponderated in England, and silver in France; and most of the countries of Western Europe have followed France in the use of silver. The French laws slightly under valued the gold, and the English laws gave silver a less intrinsic value than gold. In the United States, on the other hand, both metals were taken as a standard, and their relative values was sought to be obtained in adjusting the coinage. Necessarily, however, as silver was becoming cheaper, the standard adopted, in the course of 50 years, would become deranged; and as silver was slightly over valued, gold left the country,—and in 1834 the gold bill was intended to re-adjust the two values. Since then the value of silver did not vary perceptibly until the gold discoveries, and it is now apparently retracing its steps. To form some indication of the comparative use of silver and gold as money, we compile a table of the coinage of various countries:—

COINAGE OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, 1821 TO 1840, INCLUSIVE.

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
United States,	$ 20,659,577	43,104,004	63,763,581
Great Britain,	248,033,700	46,259,810	294,293,570
France,	116,178,697	580,575,927	696,754,624
Austria,	50,802,603	43,241,349	94,043,952
Prussia,	8,424,084	26,078,855	34,502,939
Spain,	3,466,928	2,032,884	5,499,812
Total, in	$447,565,649	741,292,829	$1,188,858,478

In the small German States, silver, or *billon*, a debased silver, is almost the exclusive currency, while England alone has almost an exclusive gold currency. In consequence of this fact, that the bulk of the European currency is silver, any civil commotion which causes alarm, and affects credits, produces a demand of that metal, manifesting itself in a fall in the price of goods, as compared with that standard, and the current sets thitherward. Up to the close of 1847, silver was rather abundant, but in the first months of 1848, the Revolutions caused a demand for silver, which has since continued. The export of silver from England and the United States, to France and West of Europe, was very large: and in 1848, the bankruptcy of English merchants, destroyed the character of bills on England, and caused silver to go thither to a considerable extent from India and other countries, and it went thence to the Continent, in all the countries of which the mints were very active, and the coins they issued to meet the demand, passed into the hands of those who hoarded it. Before any reaction from this state of affairs manifested itself, the California discoveries began to produce an influence, and the excitement in relation to the new supplies of gold was very great. Those countries, with Holland and France, which had used gold to some extent, showed a disposition to disuse it, and supplant it with silver. Russia was striving to enhance her silver currency; and at a moment when the paper credits, which had expanded under 30 years of peace, were driven off by hostile movements, causing a demand for silver for purposes of trade, as well as for hoarding purposes, governments added to the demand by disusing gold. It is also the case, that throughout Europe, banks and bankers held always more or less gold and silver in reserve; the California news induced them all to sell the gold, and buy silver. In order to observe the operation of this speculative action, we have taken a table of the reported quantities of gold and silver by banking establishments, as follows:—

GOLD AND SILVER RESERVES HELD IN EUROPE.

	Jan. 1848.		Nov. 1850.	
	Silver.	Gold.	Silver.	Gold.
Bank of England,	$ 6,585,250	55,000,000	219,201	70,921,146
" France,	15,000,000	4,989,000	85,842,697	5,760,000
" Amsterdam,	——	20,178,000	9,600,000	12,281,000
" St. Petersburg,	9,872.000	19,963,000	23,198,270	76,241,980
Banks and Bankers in Europe,	48,500,000	47.648,000	75,000,000	25,000,000
Total,	$79,957,250	147,778,000	193,859,668	185,209,126
Increase,			113,902,438	37,431,126

This shows an enormous demand for silver under the mere influence of speculative apprehensions, in relation to the effect of California in *depreciating* gold. The result was an appreciation of silver before the gold supplies took effect. In the last year there has also been sent back to India, rather more specie than was derived thence in 1848, and it is also to be remarked, that all the countries whence England usually received supplies, diminished their exports of silver last year. The migration of silver mines to the gold regions of California, was a reason added to speculative holdings. Thus the imports with Southampton were as follows:

1849	33,943,275	6,788 655
1850	28,702,098	5,703,216
Increase,	3,841,177	1,085,439

But it seems that the production of silver in Mexico for eighteen months, ending June, 1849, was immense. The European demand for silver has fallen heavily on the United States, and the prices of coins have advanced as follows:

PRICES OF COINS IN NEW-YORK.

	U. S. quarter and half dollars.	Spanish dollars.	Mexican dollars.	Mexicans.	Five-franc Pieces.	Napoleons. £. Ctn.	United States Gold Dollars.
Febr'y, 1850	par a ¼ prem	3 a 5	½ a ¾ prem	½ dis	94	3 87	par.
May,	" " a ¼ "	5 a 6	¾ a 1 "	½ "	94½	3 82	"
July,	" " ¼ a ½ "	5 a 6	1½ a 1¾ "	½ "	94½	3 82	"
Sept.,	" " ½ a ¾ "	4 a 5	1¾ a 2 "	½ "	95½	3 85	" a ½ prm.
Nov.,	" " 1¼ a 1½ "	5 a 6	2½ a 2¾ "	½ "	95¾	3 85	" a ¾ "
Jan'ry, 1851	3½ a 3¾ "	6 a 7	4 a 4½ "	1 prem.	97	3 84	" a 1 dis.

This is a rise of three per cent. in the value of American coins and of one and a half in the foreign fractions of a dollar, as well as small gold coins, these being wanted for currency to supply the place of the silver withdrawn and withheld. In the view of a possible depreciation of gold, or, what is the same thing, the appreciation of silver, all those into whose hands the silver brought into the country by immigrants gradually collects, and who formerly sold it at that season of the year when its price was highest, have latterly held on to it, looking for a further material advance, under the same influence that has operated upon European banks. All these circumstances, of enhanced demand on one hand, and diminished supply on the other, tend to elevate the price of silver, independently of the gold supply. At the same time the supply of gold has been sufficient to lower its price in comparison with silver, even had that metal maintained its position uninfluenced by politics and speculation. The substitution of gold for silver as currency has lessened the demand for the former in the same degree that it increased that for the latter. The circumstances of the two metals have conspired to the same end, viz: to raise the one and to lower the other—manifesting itself in a rise in the premium on silver. That the rise in silver is not altogether the result of abundance of gold, is shown in the fact that gold dollars have risen to one per cent, premium, in consequence of demand for circulation. Thus, in 1850 the mint coined $23,405,220 of double eagles, ($20 each,) and only 481,953 gold dollars, although the export from New-York was $10,000,000 in silver. At the same time the mint coined $420,000 in silver; that is to say, it supplied in gold and silver, $900.000, to replace $10,000,000 exported in small coins. Gold dollars are of course at a premium, and, what is of more importance to whig bankers, *small bank notes* are in demand, and absolutely needed for use, while the mint is turning out $20 pieces only to make a show of usefulness. The old policy was to coin small pieces and allow the banks only to issue large ones.

The new policy is to coin large pieces, and encourage the banks to issue small notes. This Pennsylvania mint-bank interest, now in the midst of the operation of causes, some of which are temporary, and perhaps none of them perma-

nent, proposes to go to work and alter the silver standard. Gold dollars are at 1 per cent. premium for circulation, because there is no mint to coin them out of the large supply of material furnished from California; and the remedy proposed is to alter the silver standard, and that, too, in face of the fact that not 5 per cent. of the silver brought into the country can be coined, for want of a proper mint, at any standard. Suppose in another year the political causes which in Europe have affected the price of silver should cease, and hoards flow freely out from private coffers into general circulation, causing the rate to fall, and inducing speculators to come forward and realize their stocks, removing all artificial demand for the metal, and at the same time the California supplies of gold should decline—and the chances are, that they will do so, for, no matter how great soever the quantity of gold there may be, as it does not appear that any diggers make money, digging will not continue on such terms while silver mines resume their productions—a return of the metals to their present relative value would again find our standard deranged, and the nation would be buying silver for gold at a great loss.

On the other hand, should, as many suppose will be the case, the gold continue to depreciate, the impossibility of fixing a new, permanent standard is apparent. The only alternative would be to abandon one or the other of the two metals as a standard, and permit the other to fluctuate with the market as a commodity. To adhere to gold under such circumstances would involve a continual relative advance in all descriptions of property, and a depreciation of the value of all rents, annuities, and stocks. On the other hand, an adherence to silver would depreciate property generally, and enhance the value of the government revenues, and all rents and annuities for long terms. Under these circumstances, all that is incumbent upon Congress to do, for the present, is to establish a mint in New-York, of such capacity as to give full effect to existing laws. If there is an increasing demand for small gold coins to supply the place of departing silver, they should be issued in place of the double eagles, that are of but little use to any body. But, above all, the silver which comes into the country should be promptly coined into dimes, half-dimes, and quarters. These are the most wanted, and the least likely to be re-exported. Yet the Philadelphia mint, for a whole year, has supplied but $200,000 of these pieces, against nearly *twenty-four millions* in $20 pieces.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Defence for Fugitive Slaves, against the Acts of Congress, 1793 and 1850. By Lysander Spooner.

If anything were wanting to satisfy every reasonable man of the perfect soundness and justice of the fugitive slave law, it would be the fact that this emanation of Mr. Spooner has been declared by a long list of papers and persons to be the *best* argument hat has appeared against it. Joshua Leavitt, Elihu Burritt, Richard Hildreth, and a whole host of abolition blue-lights, have published their opinions, that it is the best argument against the fugitive bill. This being the case, and the document itself being the most flimsy tissue of sophistical notions ever found in print, it follows that the bill is unassailable. To show that we are not captious, we will state that he grounds his argument on an old case in Pennsylvania. The United States Constitution provides for *fugitive slaves*, and the Pennsylvania law at that time allowed a slave-holder to *bring* his slave into the state and hold him for *six months*. In the case cited, the owner *brought* a slave voluntarily into the state, and after the expiration of *six months*, wanted to force him to return. He was not a fugitive under the Constitution, and the limit of the Pennsylvania law had expired;—consequently, there was no remedy, and would be none now;—yet, this case is cited by Spooner to show that the clause in the Constitution did not apply to slaves. Whether this is fraud or folly, or both, the readers of such trash may judge for themselves. Nevertheless, all the abolition men-stealers say that it is the best argument ever advanced against the law.

Reveries of A Bachelor: or, A Book of the Heart. By Ik. Marvel. Baker & Scribner, New-York.

The author informs us in his preface, that this book is justly described in its title. There is much of interest in those reveries, but they require to be imbibed in the same state of mind on the part of the reader as that which possessed the writer when his mind evolved them. The name of the author is well and popularly known, and that fact is sufficient evidence, that like all other objects which harmonize with the feeling of the day, his work will spread. Its appearance is in the German style, somewhat more elegantly executed, however, than the Leipsic tomes, seeing that Messrs. Baker & Scribner possess more of the American fire of genius than falls to the lot of our transatlantic brethren.

Celebrated Saloons; by Madame Gay—and Parisian Letters, by Madame Girardin. Translated from the French, by L. Villard. W. Crosby, and H. P. Nichols, Boston.

This is an interesting little work, as far as the matter translated goes; but the translator betrays little acquaintance with the authors, when she tells us in her preface that the celebrated journalist, Emile de Girardin, is his own wife, and that he *was* editor of *La Presse*, which he still conducts. The influence of the Saloons of Paris upon the events of the present century has doubtless been great, and could operate only in a society so highly artificial, and so well prepared for convulsion as that of France. The saloons of the present day have, however, as described by the Baron de Boique, less of interest than those described in the interesting work before us.

THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mary Cowden Clarke, author of "The Concordance to Shakspeare." Tale 1st, "Portia, the Heiress of Belmont." G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The idea is a novel one, of taking the individual characters, such as they are represented, and by a sort of analytical process, constructing a history of events, such as would probably produce known results; and the success of the undertaking is more or less commensurate with the difficulty of the task.

A COPIOUS AND CRITICAL LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Frieund; with additions and corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, &c. By E. A. Andrews, LL.D. Harper Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

This splendid work, founded on the best German Lexicon, contains the purest latinity, with a full and instructive preface in relation to the idea and elements of Latin Lexicography. It is one of the most important school-books of the season.

TRUE PROTESTANTISM: An Address Delivered at the Sunday Institute, Philadelphia. By T. Illman, Philadelphia.

This Address is a review of the Lecture of Archbishop Hughes, of New-York, "On the Decline of Protestantism," and of the reply to that address by the Rev. Dr. Berg, of Philadelphia. Mr. Illman steps into the arena to form a sort of three-cornered duel, and like Marryat's boatswain, seems to think that if he has a shot, and the other parties have theirs, it is of very little consequence at whom he lets fly: accordingly, both parties get peppered in their turn as they present themselves, and the flaws in their logical armour are reached with accuracy and skill.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES, connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Harper Brothers.

The high reputation of the works of Agnes Strickland, is such as to awaken interest in their mere announcement; but the Queens of Scotland possess an interest which excels that which surrounds the coronets of, perhaps, happier lands; and in this series their fortunes are drawn together in a manner to give full force to the pathos and dramatic power they possess.

THE MOTHERS' RECOMPENSE: A Sequel to "Home Influence." By Grace Aguillar. Harper Brothers.

This domestic story of "Home Influence" has acquired a high degree of popularity among the admirers of the moral and religious class of novels. Since the demise of the author, her mother has been induced to publish this Sequel, and she informs the public that the first work was completed when its author had attained her nineteenth year, and that the other works remain still unpublished.

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By B. J. Losing. No. 10. New-York: Harper Brothers.

This work, which will be completed in about twenty numbers, abounds in interesting incidents and occurrences which took place at the time of the Revolution, and which are too pleasant and valuable to be lost. It will be illustrated with more than six hundred engravings on wood—some of them are quite clever.

A New Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography. By William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the Dictionaries of Greek Antiquities, and of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Revised, with numerous Corrections and Additions. By Charles Anthon, LL.D., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. Harper Brothers.

The extent and value of the work, whose title is given above, have been so generally eulogised by the press, and, as far as we can learn, so fully recognized by the public admiration, that any further praise of its execution, or recommendation of its usefulness, may now be considered altogether superfluous. This is one of the few books which spring into the world all armed to defy and to contend with criticism at their very birth. It knows no infancy and requires no nursing. A great and useful work was generally expected from its distinguished author, and a great and useful work has been produced.

De Quincey's Writings; Miscellaneous Essays. By Thomas De Quincey, author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

Of the literary merits of De Quincey's book, no reader of taste can be insensible. There is a naturalness about the Confessions which impresses the reader with their truth. The style of the work is excellent, at times flowing along majestically, and bearing upon its bosom the grandest and most beautiful thoughts and images, and at others, dashing by with a quick, rapid motion, and sparkling with wit. The works of this author are being presented by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, in four volumes, of which, the Miscellaneous Essays is the second we have received. The first is the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and the other two will be the "Biographical Essays" and "The Cæsars." The volumes are in the well-known elegant style of the firm.

Faust: A Dramatic Poem. By Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Notes &c. By A. Raynard, Esq. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This celebrated translation of the great drama of Goethe first appeared in 1833, and is now re-produced with such slight additions as were apparently required for a more thorough understanding of the Poem, with the subtle conceptions and brilliant corruscations of the immortal poet. The edition should be in the hands of all.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, with Introductory Remarks and Notes, Original and Selected. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

The 30th and 31st numbers of this elegant edition have been issued. The former, contains Julius Cæsar, with a fine steel portrait of Portia, wife of Brutus. The latter contains Antony and Cleopatra, with a portrait of Egypt's Queen. It is a magnificent edition.

Henry Smeaton: A Jacobite Story of the Reign of George the First. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper Brothers.

Mr. James' last novel has not yet made its appearance, but the last story of the adventures of the Jacobins, is by no means inferior to some of his former made-to-order romances.

FADETTE: A Domestic Story. From the French. By Matilda M. Hay. George P. Putnam, Broadway.

This excellent translation of a popular French domestic story, is inscribed by the fair translator to Miss Charlotte Cushman, for whom she professes traveling friendship. The appearance of the work is very neat, being a new style introduced by Mr. Putnam, resembling the German mode of binding, but more chaste and elegant.

BRITISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE. *Republication of the London Quarterly, The Edinburgh, The North British, and The Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* Leonard Scott & Co., Publishers, 79 Fulton and 54 Gold streets, N. York.

These periodicals are the critical censors of the British scholastic and literary world. By their criticisms, they aid readers in the selection of standard valuable books; and by the epitomes which they present, often obviate the necessity of consulting works too voluminous for general examination.

The Edinburgh Review is the exponent of the Whig party in Great Britain, having from its commencement advocated freedom and the Rights of the people. The influence was becoming so apparent, that at length the leaders of the Tory party established the "Quarterly," or, as it is distinguished among the American reprints, the London Quarterly Review, whereby to counteract that influence which its powerful rival exerted against their measures.

The Westminster Review was established under the patronage and support of the ultra-liberals. It has ever been especially devoted to the great topics which interest the mass of the people: its pages have been rife, it will be remembered, with a series of powerful articles, tending to the reduction of Tory and exclusive privileges, hereditary rights, kingly prerogatives, &c.

The North British Review is a work of more recent origin than those already described —but is, nevertheless, destined to occupy as prominent a place in the Republic of Letters. The great ecclesiastical movement in Scotland led to its establishment.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine is less exclusive in its character than the works already noticed; its contents may be considered under the general heads of classical literature, biography, narratives, historical and fictitious, poetry, critical analyses of new works, &c.

These works are all reprinted and sold by Messrs. Scott & Co:. on terms as follow. Payment to be made in advance: For any one of the four Reviews, $3 per annum; for any two do. $5 do.; for any three do. $7 do.; for all four of the Reviews, $8 do.; for Blackwood's Magazine, $3 do.; for Blackwood and three Reviews, $9 do.; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, $10 per annum.

THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE. By George Gilfillan. Harper Brothers.

The poetry of the Bible is drawn together in an interesting and masterly manner, and, to those who relish the manufacturing of one book out of another, affords much matter of reflection and enjoyment. The persons and texts of the Bible are, however, handled with far too free a hand, and many readers of the sacred book will scarcely relish the commentaries of Mr. Gilfillan.

SCHMITZ AND ZUMPT'S CLASSICAL SERIES. T. Livii Patavini Historiorum. Libri i., ii., xxi., xxii.

This admirable series of School Books has now deservedly a claim upon the public estimation, and the present number is of great value to the classical student.

THE ISLAND WORLD; OR, THE PACIFIC: Being the Personal Narrative and Results of Travel through the Sandwich Islands, and other parts of Polynesia. By Rev. Henry T. Cheever, author of the "Whale and his Captors." Harper Brothers.

The discoveries in California, and the consequent excitement, have imparted a new and more immediate importance to all that concerns the Pacific, more particularly to that singular group of islands which lies midway on the path of California commerce with Asia and the rest of the *western* world. Mr. Cheever's book abounds with much information, and, although he is not a Melville in sea descriptions, it is entertaining. Bearing in mind the author's proclivity to exaggeration, and the bias of his judgment in relation to religious matters, it is a good book.

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS, with the Political Destiny of the Nations of the Earth, as foretold in the Prophecies of Scripture, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Seth Lewis, formerly District Judge of Louisiana J. S. Redfield, Clinton-Hall, New-York.

The destiny of the Jews has always been a subject of extraordinary interest. That singular people, in all ages and countries, have ever been a living monument of the truth of Scripture. How much soever the scoffer may be disposed to reject the Scriptural History, there stands the Jews, a scattered race in every land, testifying to their part of the Bible History. The conclusions of Mr. Lewis are somewhat strange, but require the perusal of his book—which is a neat and cheap volume.

THE PLOUGH, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL. By J. S. Skinner.

This Monthly is the great organ of the Protectionists, and Col. Skinner adopts that theory with earnestness, zeal and honesty,—a quality very rare with the monopolists But, apart from its protective notions, which carry their own antidote with them, the magazine has much valuable agricultural information, important to most parties in our favored land.

STATE DEBT.—The able speech of Mr. Stanton, in the State Senate, in relation to the Canal policy, should be read by every democrat. It is contained in the Albany Argus, of January 22. We regret that it came to us too late for extended notice in this number.

OURSELVES.

DURING the past six months, Mr. THEODORE AUGUSTUS FOSTER, connected with this Review, has made a tour of the Southern and Northern sections of the States, calling personally upon all the leading democrats of each locality. In every quarter he has, without exception, met with a warm-hearted and generous response to the claims of this work upon the great Democratic Party, as the national exponent of those great principles for which it has ever contended. The confidence reposed in the course of the Review is expressed in the following paper, signed by more than two thousand democrats, of all sections. We append a portion of the names in this number, to be continued in successive numbers, with the additional names furnished by Mr. FOSTER, now on his Western trip.

We, the undersigned, subscribers to the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, feel deeply interested in its success, and recommend it to all our democratic friends. Its primary objects are to advocate and disseminate true Democracy, (such as was taught by Jefferson and Jackson,) and we feel confident, that such being the character of the work, all true democrats will feel the same interest that we do in the promulgation of those principles, and will be found to contribute to its support and development. We feel a national pride as well as duty in liberally supporting the only organ of the National Democratic Party in this great republican country; and we are confident in assuring our friends, that if they will do their duty, that the editor and proprietors will make this organ, both as a literary and political Magazine, equal, if not superior, to any work published in this country or Europe. We would further add, that their general canvassing agent, Mr. THEODORE A. FOSTER, is now on his Southern and Western tour, and we earnestly recommend all good democrats to avail themselves of the present opportunity of enrolling their names on the books of the Democratic Review.

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THE AMERICAN BAR.

The opinion prevails pretty generally, among the older class of lawyers, that the Bar of this country is deteriorating in learning, eloquence and character. This opinion is attributable in part to the reverence for by-gone days and by-gone men, which forms so prominent and harmless a trait in the habits of thought and expression indulged by those who are about to pass from the stage of action. They are always glorifying the golden years of their youth; and their auditors, catching some of their inspiration, are wont to regard the actors in those earlier times as superior to the every-day persons whom they see around them. In all this there is nothing peculiar to the present generation. It was ever thus, and ever will be thus, from age to age, "to the last syllable of recorded time."

Another source whence springs the opinion to which we have alluded, is the fact, that the bar in our day does not stand so far above the mass of the people in regard to general intelligence, oratorical gifts, and knowledge of the law itself, as it did fifty, or even thirty years ago. During this period the common mind of the country has received a mighty upward bound. Education is now widely diffused. The works of masters in the arts and sciences, and the productions of accomplished writers in every branch of literature, circulate through all the avenues of society, and at prices which bring them within the reach of the humbler classes. Newspapers, "the poor man's encyclopœdia," and periodicals of every grade, and devoted to all conceivable subjects, are as omnipresent as the circumambient air. Then, too, the nation is converted into one great debating society, one grand mass convention, where nobody's seat is contested, where everybody is always in order, where the utmost freedom of speech is allowed, and where all sorts of questions, important, unimportant, and indifferent, are discussed, according to the several tastes of the disputants. Notwithstanding the abuses and absurdities that have been generated by this universal fermentation of the national mind, it has evolved many valuable principles, many rare facts, and has diffused through the masses of the community an incalculable amount of import-

ant information. It has, moreover, given to the common intellect of the country an independence of thought, a boldness of speculation, an ardor of investigation, in respect to old things and new things, which neither allows its instructors to beg the question in dispute, nor begs their pardon for disputing their premises or denying their conclusions. The three learned professions, law, medicine, and divinity, have seen their ancient monopolies and cherished mysteries subjected to the tests of scrutiny and utility set up by those who somewhat irreverently take nothing for granted, and demand that everything shall be proved. Especially is this true of the system of jurisprudence which we borrowed from our trans-Atlantic ancestors. During the past twenty years it has had to run the gauntlet of legislatures and organic conventions in nearly every state of the Union, with the cry of "Reform!" "Reform!" resounding at its heels. To an extent not dreamed of at the dawning of the present century, the people have taken the work of remodeling the whole body of American law into their own hands. They may have performed some portions of their task unskilfully; but the labor has resulted in giving them a knowledge of the outlines, and glimpses at least of the details of the judicial systems of the country.

If these things be so, then it may well be true, that though the American bar has not positively deteriorated in learning and eloquence, yet, because of the upward tendency of the whole body of the people, the relative distance between them may be very sensibly diminished, and, therefore, in the estimation of those who do not carefully survey the whole ground, the bar will seem to occupy a lower position than in the halcyon days of its undisputed supremacy, when Marshall took his seat on the Supreme bench at Washington, and Hamilton delighted select audiences by his luminous logic in the City Hall of New-York, while the people left the work of legislation to lawyers, and regarded the occult mysteries of jurisprudence as something too sacred for unlearned hands to touch, and too awful for uninitiated eyes to scan.

It may, nevertheless, be true, that owing to the undoubted increase of the number of legal practitioners, when compared with the increase of population, and owing to the greater ease with which admission to the bar is now gained, in consequence of the gradual diminution and relaxation of the tests of membership, we say, it may be true, that *every* lawyer in our day is not as learned as was every lawyer in those times when the rules of admission were more stringent in their nature and more rigidly enforced. Admitting this to be so, it may still be doubted whether the really-learned and competent members of the profession are injured in any way by the abolishment of the old monopoly of the bar, while it admits hardly of a question, that the legal reforms, and especially in the modes of procedure, of which this abolition was a part, tend powerfully to promote the ends of justice, by rendering the science of the law less occult, and its practice less difficult.

The age is gone by when the opinion will be tolerated, that the main end, or even *an* end to be sought by a system of jurisprudence, is the establishment of an abstruse science, and the creation of an "order" of men to practice it. It is now demanded, that the prime object of the law and its ministers, shall be, to mete out speedy and exact justice between man and man; that judges shall disregard the technicalities and crotchets of a scholastic age, and make forms yield to substance, in determining the mer-

its of controversies; that precedents which have outlived the occasions that originated them, shall not obstruct the current of equity; that rules which have survived the reasons on which they were based, shall give place to others founded on the enlightened wants of our own times; and that causes shall be dismissed from the courts as rapidly as the substantial interests of the parties will permit.

In the accomplishment of these desirable objects, radical changes have been effected, and others are yet demanded in the three main agencies by which the judiciary supplies the multifarious wants of the people—*Pleading, Practice, and Evidence.* These constitute the working machinery of the profession and the courts. The common law system of *pleading*, simple at its origin, has, through the refinements of times and men eminently pedantic, acute, and technical, become too transcendental for the ordinary uses of a practical age. It is an exquisite scheme of logic, hard to be understood by the most subtile minds, and incomprehensible to the great majority of common-place intellects, who are compelled daily to deal with its nice distinctions. The code of *practice* which most of the courts of this country adopt, and which contains the leading features of the English system, consists of a series of inflexible rules, extremely arbitrary in their structure, and generally enforced with great rigor, to the special benefit of a race of small attorneys, with memories as exact as the multiplication table, but with minds utterly incapable of comprehending general principles, and who look upon the law as a cunningly devised scheme for playing tricks upon suitors, and swelling up bills of costs. By lodging too little discretion with the courts, so that they may adapt their proceedings to the ever-shifting exigencies of causes, this system often works the greatest injustice to suitors. Some of the states of the Union have swept it utterly away, leaving their tribunals to the guidance of a few general rules, while exercising a large discretion in cases unprovided for, and which they are to meet as they arise. The rules of *evidence* furnished by the common law, are only less technical in many of their essential features than the systems of pleading and practice. Within a few years they have been subjected to great modifications in several of the states, and must undergo still greater, ere they become a perfect medium, rather than a partial obstruction to the rays of truth.

It is these grand defects in the machinery of the judiciary, that have generated the very common opinion among the spectators of its workings, that the law, and especially the practice of the law, is a system of chicanery, or, at the best, of quackery, and that every lawyer is by profession either a knave or a charlatan, or a compound of both.

This opinion respecting lawyers is not confined to the vulgar. It permeates all classes, tinging even educated and liberal minds with prejudice. It has crept into literature. Be it tragedy, comedy, or farce, if a lawyer be introduced, he is the villain or dupe of the piece. How many despicable rogues, in the garb of attorneys, have novelists depicted? A grave historian, recording the incidents of the trial of Charles I., tells us, that the president of the tribunal was "one Bradshaw, a lawyer!" Even clergymen have been known to read, with special emphasis, the "wo" denounced against the lawyers of Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, by the Great Teacher; forgetting that the same wo was pronounced upon the "chief-priests" of that generation.

In a recent number, we pointed to some of the good traits in the character of the profession, while portraying the many defects of a vicious

system. We will not repeat what we said then, but will merely add, that while we presume the Bar does not afford any more than its fair proportional share of virtue, we utterly deny that its members, as a body, are guilty of extraordinary departures from the path of integrity in the pursuit of their calling. That they combine together to enmesh clients in the net-work of litigation, for the sole purpose of picking their pockets, no well informed mind believes. That, through the ignorance, or caution, or willfulness of suitors, in stating their cases to counsel, the latter are often led to give erroneous opinions, is known to every member of the profession; and all persons competent to form a judgment in the matter, will tell you, that for every instance where a lawyer corruptly misleads his client, there are ten where a suitor misleads his counsel. The zeal with which an advocate will stand by to the end, what turns out to be a bad cause, has subjected the profession to much reproach; whereas, in the large majority of such cases, this conduct should entitle them to unmixed praise. The client is careful to fill the mind of his counsel with all the bright points of his side of the case, and all the dark features of the other side, while he leaves it for the trial to develope the antagonisms of his representations. He is sure to make himself out to be a deeply wronged man, and his opponent a very bad fellow, of whose arts and. whose witnesses he cautions his counsel to beware. Thus prepossessed, the advocate becomes the representative of one whose mouth is to be closed while he passes the ordeal of justice, and in whose name and stead he is to do battle. He enters the arena, struggles to meet every adverse turn which the conflict takes, looks with suspicion upon every word of the testimony that tells heavily upon his client, and it is only when the impartiality of the bench turns the scale against him, that he yields to the conviction, that he has been duped into the support of a bad cause by a dishonest man.

As to the science of jurisprudence, as distinguished from its practice; it is fated to encounter all the vulgar prejudices of other sciences, and some which are peculiar to itself. A good deal of its learning must ever lie beyond the ken of those who do not make it their study. This will excite suspicion. Many of its terms and phrases will always jar upon the unlearned ear. This will afford themes for ridicule. It vitally affects, and authoritatively determines, the most sensitive interests of society, regulating every man's conduct and interfering in every man's business. In this respect, so long as it gratifies the whims, enhances the prosperity, and avenges the wrongs of an individual, it receives his unqualified praise. But, every law-suit has two sides, one of which is destined to be beaten. In every contest there is the vanquished as well as the victor—the captive as well as the captor. And who ever knew the beaten to speak peaceably of the beater—the vanquished of the victor—the captive of the captor? Such rare magnanimity is not engendered by the heat and bitterness of litigation. Thus, almost every hotly-contested cause, raises up at least one new enemy of the law and the lawyers.

The abuses, errors, and absurdities of the legal profession are more promptly exposed, and therefore are more patent, than those of the professions of medicine and divinity. In the conflicts of the courts, each party has his champion, whose duty it is, not merely to defend his own side, but to demolish the other. In such an arena, unless both combatants, as well as the umpire, are deplorably ignorant, charlatans cannot play off their tricks without exposure on the spot. Put the professions

of medicine and divinity to such a trial, and how would they endure the test? Let every prescription of the physician, and every homily of the clergyman, be subjected to a rigid cross-examination, and an acute analysis, by a disciple of some hostile school, while a competent umpire summed up the controversy, and twelve impartial men pronounced their verdict upon it, and how much of quackery and heresy would be laid bare to vulgar eyes? And it is through such an ordeal that the law and its practitioners are compelled to pass continually. To all other sciences and arts, professions and callings, may jurisprudence and its ministers appropriately say: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

To return to the question of the deterioration of the American bar in learning and eloquence. The number of elective, and especially legislative offices in this country—the universality of the right of suffrage—the eligibility of almost every person to any station in the government—the frequency of elections,—all these tend to precipitate the great body of ambitious men into the whirlpool of politics. The legal profession is the highway to official distinction. Many enter it, not to practice its duties, and win its honors, but simply because it affords facilities for obtaining public stations. This has no doubt tended to lower the standard of learning within the pale of the bar. These fugitive lawyers impress much of their superficiality upon a profession of which they constitute so considerable a portion. It will, however, be borne in mind, that with occasional exceptions, our greatest lawyers have also been distinguished as politicians. Such names as the following will readily occur to the memory of the reader:—Jay, Sherman, Hamilton, Dexter, Pinckney, Burr, Ogden, Bayard, Sargeant, Livingston, Binney, Holmes, Clay, Webster, Wirt, Crittenden, Woodbury, J. C. Spencer, Van Buren, Barry, Legare, B. F. Butler, Grundy, Choate and Prentiss. The most eminent exceptions to this rule, not entirely unknown as politicians, but far better known as lawyers, have generally been elevated to the bench. We refer to such jurists as Marshall, Kent, Story, Parsons, Daggett, Parker, Tilghman, Tucker, Martin, Thompson, Spencer, Hopkinson, Gibson, Baldwin, McLane, Taney, Wayne, Shaw, Nelson and Cady.

The reputation of the first class of names we have mentioned, would tend to prove, that occasional indulgence in other pursuits than those of the law, is not incompatible with the highest attainments in the profession. Indeed, observation establishes the fact, that such indulgence rather aids than retards the *advocate*—him who practices chiefly at *Nisi Prius*—in reaching the loftiest position at the bar. Though the law is a jealous goddess, and is wont to bestow her choicest favors on those who worship most assiduously at her altars, the barrister who would win verdicts must frequently kneel at other shrines than hers. So acute and philosophical an observer as Edmund Burke, said, when sketching the character of Grenville; "He was bred to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all other kinds of learning put together; *but is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion.*" To supply the defect pointed out by this great man, must be the purpose of every one who would mount the highest places in the profession. A *mere* lawyer, versed in the *dicta* of books, and tied down by red tape to time-honored precedents, but who knows nothing of other branches of learning, may be

a valuable chamber adviser in common causes; but he lacks many of the qualifications essential to eminence on the bench, and must utterly fail as an advocate at the bar.

Presuming the lawyer to possess the ordinary acquaintance with general science, bestowed by a liberal education, the two pursuits most conducive to success in the forensic field of the profession, are politics and literature. We do not mean politics in the vulgar sense, but statesmanship; the study of the philosophy of government; a participation in the conduct of public affairs. And we use the term literature in its restricted sense; the study of the best models, ancient and modern, in the department of *belles lettres*.

The disciples of Coke may be disposed to take issue with us on this latter point. But, we apprehend, there can be no greater mistake than to suppose, that a moderate indulgence in the cultivation of polite literature, both as a student and an author, will hinder one's success at the bar. It is useful as a means of relaxation from the dry drudgery of the profession; it expands and liberalizes the mind; it forms and refines the taste; it affords the choicest material for illustration and embellishment; it breaks up and dissipates the crabbed style of writing and speaking, which every close student of the ancient law is apt to contract; it is essential to the forming of a perfect, or even a respectable orator. That a liberal devotion to the pursuit of letters, and a wide reputation for authorship, are compatible with profound learning and brilliant success in the profession, we have only to cite, in proof, the names of Brougham, Jeffrey, and Talfourd. With the single qualification that they are not known as authors, we may add to this trio the illustrious legal names of Erskine, Curran, Copley, William Scott, Scarlet, and Pollock; nor need we make this qualification, when we embrace John Campbell in a list which might be swelled by other selections from the English, Scotch, and Irish bars. Nor have we to search far among the eminent lawyers of America, to find those worthy to be placed by the side of trans-Atlantic barristers and jurists, who have enlarged the boundaries of legal science, while cultivating a taste for elegant literature. We need only to mention the names of Wirt, Pinckney, Story, Webster, and Legare, to make good our assertion.

With the exception of Scott and Story, and possibly Campbell, all of these gentlemen have acquired wide celebrity as advocates. Nor has this celebrity been obtained at the expense of their reputation as lawyers. They long stood at the head of the profession, both as it respects legal knowledge and forensic talents.

Erskine, by universal assent, occupied the first place among English advocates. His reasoning powers were remarkably acute, penetrating, and vigorous; his survey of a subject was at once comprehensive and minute; his courage impelled him to assume, and his learning and skill enabled him to maintain, the boldest positions; his fancy lit up and beautified every question that he touched; his imagination carried him to the loftiest heights with unfaltering wing; his melodious elocution, graceful action, and peculiarly brilliant eye, charmed and fascinated his auditors, whether seated upon the bench or in the jury-box; while his admiration of all that was manly, magnanimous, and just, and his hatred and contempt for every species of meanness, fraud, and oppression, made him the champion of the weak against the strong, of the plebeian against the patrician, of an outraged people against the despotism of a throne. Erskine was wont to relax the tension of his mind, and invigorate faculties ex-

hausted with protracted labors in the forum, by indulging in literary studies. He was not thoroughly versed in the classics of Greece and Rome, though he read the latter with facility. But, of English literature he was a constant student. He was familiar with all the best authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and knew large portions of Shakspeare and Milton by heart. Who can doubt that it was these pursuits which gave him a mastery over his native language, surpassing that of any advocate of his time? That he was an accomplished lawyer, as well as a splendid orator, his great and long-continued success at the bar proves. He won more causes in the every-day routine of practice, than any of his cotemporaries, and was engaged in some of the greatest political trials that have occurred in English history. His triumphs are the testimonials of his learning and ability; his published speeches are the memorials of his genius and eloquence.

Curran's name deserves the highest place on the roll of Irish advocates. His achievements at the bar have given him a world-wide reputation. Though his oratory is marked with the peculiarities which distinguish Hibernian eloquence, it belongs to the first rank. His knowledge of the law was not as profound, extensive, or exact, as several of his English cotemporaries, but it was ample for the contests of *Nisi Prius*, in which he chiefly participated. With a diminutive and unimposing person, the majesty of his diction could awe the bench, the fervor of his appeals win the jury, and the elegance of his periods delight the spectators who crowded the courts whenever he pronounced his orations. Knowing that eloquence is not a gift, but an art—not an intuition, but an attainment—not an inspiration, but an acquisition,—he cultivated it from his entrance to his withdrawal from the profession, with the ardor of a Cicero. He studied the masters of ancient oratory; familiarized himself with the works of the best modern authors; and though he has left little behind him except his speeches, he is known to have written, with vigor and grace, both prose and poetry.

The extensive literary acquirements of Brougham, Jeffrey, and Talfourd, and the varied productions of their pens, have secured them conspicuous positions in the republic of letters. During the entire period they were gratifying their cultivated tastes in these pursuits, their professional business was hardly surpassed by that of any of their brethren at the bar. They studied Demosthenes and Coke, Homer and Stair, Milton and Justinian, Cicero and Chitty, Virgil and Viner, Byron and Blackstone, all at the same time; diversifying their readings by writing reviews of ancient and modern poets and philosophers for the Quarterlies, and digesting briefs for the King's Bench; delivering lectures before Mechanics' Institutes, and composing tragedies for the theatres; pronouncing classical orations at literary anniversaries, and trying suits on promissory notes in Guildhall. Such were the avocations for years of the future Lord Chancellor, Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, and Justice of the Common Pleas of England. But it was before they reached these elevated positions, that their greatest triumphs were won. They rank with the most able and eloquent advocates which Britain has produced. And each has declared, that he was largely indebted to his literary studies for success at the bar.

The same general observations are applicable to Copley, (Lord Lyndhurst,) Scarlett, Pollock, and Campbell. Among the most learned and successful barristers of their day, and all reaching the highest judicial sta-

tions, each possessed superior classical attainments, and, amidst the labors and perplexities of official and professional duties, found time to form an extensive acquaintance with general literature.

We omit any special notice of Sir William Scott, (Lord Stowell,) except to say, that his classical erudition and taste were employed to ornament and illustrate the learned and luminous judgments he pronounced in the court over which he so long presided. In some respects, there was a striking resemblance between this eminent jurist and the late Mr. Justice Story. Both were fond of literary pursuits, and they were prevented from extending their studies in this delightful field only by their vast and multifarious labors on the bench. Having exhausted the learning of the judicial systems of their respective countries, they levied contributions upon the codes of other nations and times, bringing home the spoils they had gathered, to enrich, enlarge, and illuminate the juridical edifices of their native lands.

We have mentioned the names of Wirt, Pinckney, Webster, and Legare, as American illustrations of the truth of the assertion, that the mingling of the study of literature with the study of law, and even authorship in the department of letters, are not incompatible with the highest legal attainments, and the most brilliant triumphs at the bar; but that, on the contrary, they are valuable aids in reaching these attainments, and securing these triumphs. We ought to say, in this connection, that we have referred to these celebrated lawyers merely as familiar instances of the soundness of our position. The list might be greatly extended by the addition of names hardly less eminent in the walks of the profession, and still more celebrated in the paths of literature. Wirt's "British Spy," and "Life of Patrick Henry," have been read and admired by thousands, who never knew that he was one of the most graceful of orators, and that for twelve years he filled the office of Attorney-General of the United States, with consummate ability. Pinckney, whose fame as an advocate filled the land, and whose legal knowledge was unsurpassed in depth and extent by any of his cotemporaries, was an ardent student of classical and general literature throughout the most brilliant periods of his professional career. It was this that gave him that copious flow of elegant diction, which ornamented even his conversation, and imparted vigor and beauty to his forensic style. Webster's reputation as an advocate at the bar, and an orator in the Senate, reach far beyond his own country. That combination of strength, majesty, lucidity, and grace, in which his speeches excel those of any of his colleagues in the profession, or in the public councils, is clearly traceable to his familiarity with the models of eloquence furnished by ancient and modern times. Legare was highly accomplished both as a lawyer and a scholar. He was intimately acquainted with the civil as well as the common law; and his researches into the learning of the former, were probably not surpassed by any member of the American bar. His fondness for the classics was exhibited not merely in his studies, but in his writings. Even when discharging the duties of the office of Attorney-General, he was a frequent contributor to one or more literary periodicals. His speeches displayed a happy union of sound argument and learned ornament.

But, in respect to eloquence, it must be confessed, that we have been treating of persons far, very far above the average grade of American lawyers. It might naturally be supposed, that the juridical forum would be the chosen spot where eloquence would strike its deepest roots, throw up

its loftiest branches, and bear its choicest fruits. Justice is the theme—rights to be vindicated, and wrongs to be redressed, innocence to be protected, and vice punished, are the ends to be attained—the reason of the judge is to be enlightened, and the feelings of the jury aroused, and their verdict won—the utmost freedom of discussion is allowed—and yet, visit our courts, and listen to the addresses ordinarily delivered there. Can anything be more jejune, feeble, and common-place? anything more unworthy to be called eloquence? This dearth of oratory is attributable in part to the number of inferior men who crowd themselves within the bar. But it must also be assigned, in large measure, to the utter want of literary furnishment in the great mass of the profession. They study law, (some of them, we fear, omit even this,) and they study nothing else. The entire reading, year by year, of many a counsellor, is restricted to law-books and newspapers; and even then, their reading is of the most superficial description. They never look upon the law as a science—never trace the precepts, which they are daily repeating and applying, upward to the fountains whence they flow—never search for the bases of the rules they are hourly handling—never inquire into the origin of the precedents by which they are enslaved, to see whether they have not outlived the exigencies that gave them birth—never ascend some great central pinnacle of the system, that they may survey its general outlines, and trace the relations of the whole to the parts, and of the parts to the whole, and thus determine whether its principles harmonize with each other, or wage a war of mutual extermination. No! nothing of all this. They are content to know the verbiage of the law, and they bow reverently to the *ipse dixit* of ancient compilers of rules, and modern digesters of precedents. As to studying the classics, they were bored sufficiently with them at college. As to Burke and Milton, they throw no light upon the rule in Shelley's case, and a lawyer should not waste his time upon them. Such members of the profession (and we are sorry to say they constitute too large a share of it) will never cultivate eloquence themselves, nor encourage its growth in others.

There is a better, and even a worse class of lawyers, from whom eloquence has as little to hope as from these. The better class, to which we allude, are those who regard the law as a liberal science, and have a taste for literature. But they are deluded with the idea, that if they would become able and successful lawyers, they must study nothing but law. So they set their faces through life against everything which would tempt them into the pursuit, even for a day, of any other kind of knowledge. These disciples of "the black-letter school," being usually sound lawyers and honest men, but utterly incapable of cutting a second-rate figure as advocates, exert a pernicious influence upon the younger members of the bar. Their gifts and attainments too often define the boundaries of professional excellence, and among these, oratory finds no place. But the deleterious effects of their example do not stop here. A majority of the bench is generally selected from this class. When thus elevated, they are apt to discourage the display of those gifts in the advocate, of which they are destitute, either not appreciating their value, or ill-concealing their envy at the superior influence they exert upon jurors and auditors over their own bald exhibitions. Slovenly in their juridical performances, whether oral or written, they almost regard it as a personal affront when counsel, in addressing the bench, leave the citation of cases, and their application to the matter in hand, to course over the field of original specu-

lation, and deduce arguments from first principles, or, in addressing the jury, refuse to confine themselves to the dry details of the testimony, but enlighten the reason and kindle the passions, clothing their thoughts in vigorous and polished diction, and enlivening and adorning the path they are treading with the flashes of wit and the flowers of fancy.

We shall dismiss the other class of the profession to which we have alluded—the worst class—very summarily. Neither eloquence nor honesty has anything to hope from them. Their highest ideas of the practice of the law, are, skill in gaining some technical advantage over an opponent by trickery, and swindling him out of a heavy bill of costs, by means of false affidavits. The radical reforms in pleading and practice, and the diminution in the length of the fee-bill, which are being introduced into most of the states, are rapidly sweeping away this race of vermin.

We have said, that an acquaintance with general literature, to at least a moderate extent, is essential to the growth of eloquence in the legal profession. There is a check to this growth, which we have not mentioned, inherent in the nature of the subject. A successful lawyer must, to a reasonable degree, be familiar with the learning of the science to which he is devoted. Now, this erudition is scattered through a series of volumes, the number and dimensions of which are absolutely appalling. An hundred and seventy years ago, Roger North spoke of the volumes of the reports as "innumerable." Then they numbered only about sixty. The English reports have now swelled to six hundred. To these we must add hundreds of volumes of American reports. Following in the train of these, is a countless throng of English and American text-books. Lying at the basis of this immense mass of expository law, are the statutes of the British Parliament, and of the American Congress and state legislatures, with their constitutions. To this huge pile of matter we must resort to learn the common law! Even the baldest index, stating settled principles in the most condensed phraseology, would make a good-sized library. An examination of some of the best English and American digests will lead to the conclusion, that the number of points ruled by the courts of both countries must amount to nearly four hundred thousand. Now, no lawyer is expected to have all these in his memory, but he ought to know where to put his finger on them in the hour of need, lest a more diligent opponent wrest a verdict out of his hands which justly belongs to him. In view of the fact that every well-read counsellor has to thread his way through this vast labyrinth of positive and expository law, it is not surprising that so few find leisure to explore those more inviting fields where the flowers of eloquence bud and bloom. But it still remains true, that though a man may be a good case lawyer, a successful winner of common causes, and an acute logician, and confine his researches exclusively within the pale of his profession, yet, unless he extend his vision over other departments of learning, he can never possess that breadth of comprehension, those resources of illustration, that refined taste, and that polished diction, essential to constitute an eloquent advocate. He may be a Best, but he cannot be an Erskine or a Pinckney. He may be a Coke, but he cannot be a Scott or a Story.

We have purposely mentioned the names of Scott and Story in this connection, although their reputation does not at all rest on their abilities as advocates. They stand at the head of eloquent expositors of the law, on the bench and in the books. They have been large contributors to

what may be called the literature of the law—a species of writing confined exclusively to the profession, and which has too often been performed in the worst possible style.

And, first, as to text-books. Confining our observations to American authors, and excluding from the category such writers as Kent, Story, Hoffman, and Greenleaf, we are compelled to say, that many of these treatises have been executed in the most disorderly, vague, and jejune manner. Often they are mere digests of adjudicated cases, copied in the precise words of the head-notes of the reports, strung together at random by a feeble thread of common-place criticism, and requiring for their composition no more intellect than would be necessary to compile the indexes of a hundred volumes of the reports into one. The making of law-books is a trade. A bookseller enters into a contract with some student hardly out of his teens, or some attorney wholly out of business, to prepare a work on some branch of the law. The forthcoming treatise, "by a distinguished member of the profession," is extensively advertised in the newspapers, in catalogues, and on the covers of law magazines, ere pen is put to paper. At length it appears. The publisher employs some needy recipient of his bounty (perhaps the author himself) to eulogize the work through the same media that heralded its approach. The profession purchase it on the faith of these *ante* and *post* puffings, and never discover, till they consult its pages, that they have been duped into buying a shallow and worthless production. We recollect being present when one of the most eminent counsellors of the New-York bar was tumbling over the leaves of a new treatise, of the class we have described, for an hour or two, searching for some point; and having compared the doctrine in the text with the case on which it professed to be based, he threw down the volume, exclaiming in a rage, "This fellow is unfit to teach the A. B. C.'s in a common school, and yet he presumes to write a law-book!" We by no means intend to say, that the four American authors we have mentioned, compose all the names that should be exempted from our censure. We cite them as the heads of a class of text-book writers, whose works will bear comparison with those of the first class of English authors, while some of them have far surpassed trans-Atlantic productions in depth of learning, breadth of comprehension, vigor of reasoning, and purity and dignity of style.

As to the decisions of the courts, as embodied in the reports. These are almost invariably drawn up by the judges themselves. We have sketched the qualifications, for the performance of this task, of that great body of practitioners, who, loving the law and despising eloquence, furnish the majority of our judges. They have formed their style of writing upon the crabbed models of the ancient expositors of the common law—the Littletons, the Cokes, the Bractons, of the olden time. Having no acquaintance with elegant literature—never having devoted an hour's time even to the study of rhetoric since they came to the bar—incapable of writing in a vigorous, lucid, orderly, terse manner, many able American judges are constantly sending to the press productions which every lawyer is compelled to study, composed in a style so feeble, obscure, negligent and verbose, that respectable literary journals would not spread them upon their pages, even though the subject-matter were congenial to the tastes of their readers. Who ever heard of a man being elevated to the bench because he was a vigorous, clear, and elegant writer, as well as a learned,

acute, and safe lawyer? Yet the reports of his judgments will derive a large share of their value with posterity from his capacity to clothe them in strong, terse, and luminous language.

To illustrate our views of the vast superiority of well over ill written judicial opinions, we refer to the reported judgments of the two celebrated brothers, William and John Scott, better known as Lords Stowell and Eldon. For a long contemporaneous period, the former presided in the Admiralty, the latter in the Chancery Court of England. We quote from Lord Brougham, who intimately knew them both.

Speaking of Lord Stowell, he says:—"If ever the praise of being luminous could be justly bestowed upon human compositions, it was upon his judgments, and it was the approbation constantly, and, as it were, peculiarly appropriated to those wonderful exhibitions of judicial capacity. It would be easy, but it would be endless, to enumerate the causes in which his great powers, both of legal investigation, of accurate reasoning and of lucid statement, were displayed to the admiration not only of the profession, but of the less learned reader of his judgments. * * * The questions which arise in administering the Law of Nations, comprehend within their scope the highest national rights, involve the existence of peace itself, define the duties of neutrals, set limits to the prerogatives of war. Accordingly, the volumes which record Sir W. Scott's judgments may well be in the hands of the general student, and form part of any classical library of English eloquence, or even of national history. * * * He was a person of great classical attainments; and from hence, as well as from the natural refinement and fastidiousness of his mind, he derived the pure taste which presided over all his efforts, chastening his judicial compositions and adorning his exquisite conversation."

Compare this with what he says of Lord Eldon:—"The defects which have been noted in his judicial capacity are of course to be traced in the rêports of his judgments. The force of the opinion, and even the course of the argument, are lost in the labyrinth of uncertainty, doubts, and ever conflicting arguments which make up the whole mass. In the sands which spread out as far as the eye can reach, which shift perpetually about, which rise in whirls, and are tossed about and heaped up in mountains—the eye loses the view of the point towards which the current of decision is directed, and indeed the current itself is lost in the wide expanse. These learned and elaborate performances are therefore of far less use than they might have been as guides to future lawyers; for the arguments are lost in special circumstances, and the principal points choked among the details. It was said by Mr. Justice Williams, wittily and correctly, that they would be of special use as soon as the old Ptolemaic cycle should begin a second time to run, and every one thing happen over again, and in the same order, which had occurred before."

We have time and space barely to allude to those stores of knowledge, ranging over every science and art, every trade and calling, which a lawyer in extensive practice at *Nisi Prius* must possess, if he would acquit himself even respectably. Everything, from the construction of the United States Constitution to the construction of a fanning-mill, must pass in review before him. Breaches of the marriage contract, and of a warranty in the sale of horses—broken limbs unskillfully reduced by quack surgeons, and characters damaged by slanderous tongues or libellous pens—the science of the steam-engine, and the constituent elements of a

patent elixir—whether somnambulism or an *alibi* is the best defence to an indictment for murder—marine insurance, and the drift of the trade winds—fire insurance and the combustible nature of oils—building contracts, and the mysteries of carpenters, bricklayers and painters—the tanning of leather, the erection of saw-mills, and the construction of railways—the usages of brokers, bankers, merchants and doctors—the rights of clergymen, school-masters, sea-captains, and militia colonels, and the duties of parishioners, scholars, sailors and soldiers:—in short, and omitting details, the lawyer in full business, in the space of a single month, is often compelled to familiarize himself with legal learning which lies scattered along the track of the last five hundred years, and with the various arts, sciences, professions, trades, and practices of his own times; be as patient as a scourged donkey, while working like a galley slave; be broad awake to all the defects of his own side of the case, and keen to detect the tricks of his "learned opponent;" keep his temper while a mercurial judge wrests the guidance of the trial out of his hands, and turns it into channels where defeat is almost certain to overtake him; listen to the ill-timed suggestions of an ignorant client, while put to the rack by the perversity or stupidity of a witness; and at the close of a protracted contest, with a pile of blotted manuscript before him, not one word of which he has had time to review, he must rise, bring order out of confusion, symmetry out of chaos, demolish this witness, support that, reconcile contradictions, anticipate and answer the objections of his adversary, smooth down the prejudices of the court, win the good will of the jury, and secure a verdict—if he can!

Surely, lawyers that *are* lawyers, need not be told, that they must study something beside Coke and Chitty.

Though the American Bar may be deficient in legal and general knowledge, and negligent in the cultivation of rhetoric and oratory, it has produced as many able lawyers and eloquent advocates, during the last thirty years, as the English. Within that period, many of the great lights of the English, Irish and Scotch forums have disappeared from the bar—some having ascended the bench—others gone down to the grave. Of these, are Copley, Brougham, Denman, Williams, Scarlett, Campbell, Jeffrey, Plunkett, Follett, Wilde, O'Connell, Pollock and Talfourd. Their places are yet to be filled. A well informed English writer, speaking of the bar of that country, has said, within the past year:—"Never, at any period within a century and a half, was the profession at so low an intellectual ebb as at this moment. It is not that there is any deficiency of the day laborers, the plodding formalists of the profession. These exist in great numbers, and are probably as competent and well read in the lore of the blue books and practice cases, as any of their predecessors. But superior intellects and brilliant talents are, in our day, altogether wanting. It will be scarcely credited by a lay reader—but the fact is not the less deplorably true—that, with the exception of half a dozen men, we can scarcely name a barrister who can now address a jury, in an important case, with average ability."

If this be true, (and we have no reason to doubt it,) then, at the present time, the American bar must be decidedly superior to the English. We think it would not be difficult to name hundreds of American lawyers, "who can now address a jury, in an important case, with average ability."

We have mentioned thirteen barristers who have been removed from

the English, Irish and Scotch bars, within the last thirty years. They occupied the front rank of the profession. Theirs would be the first names a Briton would cite, if called upon to designate the most successful and accomplished advocates of that period. By the side of these eminent foreign names, we venture to place those of Pinckney, Webster, Clay, Wirt, Talcott, Sargeant, Williams, Binney, Storrs, Crittenden, Legare, Prentiss, and Choate, and to challenge a comparison between them, in respect to depth and scope of legal attainments, capacity to enlighten judges by luminous argumentation, power to sway juries by informing the reason or arousing the passions, and the possession of all the gifts and graces which combine to make profound lawyers and eloquent advocates. Nor do we think the task would be hopeless of selecting thirteen other names that would pass the ordeal with honor.

What an array of American lawyers can be summoned of the rank of John C. Spencer, Samuel Stevens, B. F. Butler, Robert Rantoul, David Graham, B. R. Curtis, Ogden Hoffman, S. P. Staples, Josiah Randall, R. J. Walker, Charles O'Connor, J. Van Buren, James Bayard, Franklin Pierce, N. Hill, W. B. Read, John Neilson, J. A. Spencer, A. L. Jordan, W. M. Meredith, S. P. Chase, Thomas Ewing, D. D. Field, Edward Bates, Pliny Merrick, (and we are sorry we have commenced the list, lest omissions be deemed invidious,) scattered through all the states of the Union, who can not only address juries, in important cases, "with average ability," but are competent to discharge the duties of Attorney-General of the United States.

The truth undoubtedly is, that since the Revolution, the matured mind of America has been more exclusively devoted to the kindred subjects of jurisprudence and government, than to any other of the liberal sciences, and for the obvious reason, that much of the national intellect has, owing to the recent origin and peculiar structure of our institutions, been necessarily employed in founding, erecting, and administering a civil polity, partly of our own creation, and partly borrowed from our British ancestors. This has compelled our statesmen and lawyers to examine the groundwork as well as the details of the constitution and laws of England, so that they might mould and adapt to our uses such parts of them as were congenial to our republican system. And being desirous to obtain materials to perfect our institutions from all countries, they have extended their researches into the political and judicial polities of cotemporary nations. Hence it is, that American writers on government and law have equalled, if not surpassed, in scope of comprehension, variety of learning, and freedom of speculation, those of England, since the advent of our Republic.

We may point to the writings and speeches of Washington, Jefferson, Jay, Madison, Hamilton, Marshall, Pinckney, Adams, Clinton, Livingston, Story, Parsons, Kent, Wirt, Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, Calhoun, Woodbury, Wright, Webster, Cass, Benton, Walker, (and the list might be extended,) and ask for the names of an equal number of Englishmen, of our century, who have written and spoken more profoundly and eloquently than they on the subjects of government and law.

To the causes we have mentioned we must, in part at least, attribute the equality (may we not say, the superiority?) in position, at the present hour, of the American bar, when compared with that of England.

But our subject grows upon our hands, and we must stop.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

(Concluded.)

After fourteen years of active service, he is again at Bizarre; but circumstances compelled him then to go to Roanoke, where he was entirely alone. He frequently writes to some of his esteemed friends, freely commenting of the day, occasionally mingled with grave reflections. A good letter is a mark of a refined and cultivated mind, at least of a nervous and vigorous intellect, and displays much of the writer's cast of thought. Randolph often compared himself to Logan, who told Lord Dunmore that he was the last of his race—a circumstance which was galling to him in after life—but now he was superintending the education of his nephews, who were grown up, and pushing them up into active life; but consumption attacked the younger, and madness the elder. He writes thus to Key, on the subject, under date of July 31, 1814:

"Affliction has assailed me in a new shape. My younger nephew, whom you saw in Georgetown two years ago, has fallen, I fear, into a confirmed pulmonary consumption. He was the pride, the sole hope of our family. How shall I announce to his wretched mother, that the last stay of her widowed life is falling. Give me some comfort, I beseech you. What a scene awaits us here? His birthplace in ashes, his mother worn to a skeleton with disease and grief, his brother cut off from all that distinguishes man, to his advantage, from the brute beast—I do assure you that my own reason has staggered under this cruel blow. I know, or rather have a confused conception of what I do, and sometimes strive, not altogether ineffectually, I hope, to do it; but, again, all is chaos and misery. My faculties are benumbed—I feel suffocated—Let me hear from you, I pray."—*Vol.* 2, *p.* 43.

This year he visited New-York and Philadelphia, to renew some old friendships. About this time he adopted John R. Clay. He again took the field, and was triumphantly returned, but the result afforded him no pleasure:

"You will have heard of my re-election—a circumstance which has given me no pleasure, except so far as it has been gratifying to my friends. It is a station as unfit for me, as I am unfit for it. For a long time my mind has refused to travel in that track. I cannot force myself to think on the subject of my public affairs. I am engrossed by reflections of a very different, and far more important nature. I am a stricken deer, and feel disposed to leave the herd. The hand of calamity has pressed sorely upon me. I do not repine at it; on the contrary, I return thanks for the (apparent) evil as well as good, which He who knows what is good for me, has appointed for my portion in this life. May it have the effect of drawing me close unto Him, without whose gracious mercy I feel that I am a lost, undone creature."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 46.)

The rupture and difficulty with Britain weighed heavily upon the New-England States. The climate is cold; the soil sterile; commerce and manufactures were her sole support; her position was deplorable, and every nerve was strained to ameliorate her prospects. Disunion was

dreaded, and the interposition of Mr. Randolph, as a distinguished leader of the opposition, and a southern man, was invoked. He explained his views very forcibly to one of her most distinguished senators, examining thoroughly the whole war, the evils, and the proper remedy for their alleviation. But his mind was now strongly occupied with religion. Born at a period when atheism overspread all christendom—when France, in her madness, deluged the scaffold with blood, the wisest and best did not escape the prevalent infection.

But the examples and precepts of his mother, the bending of the knee, and clasping of the tiny hands, never had left his memory, and he sought the waters of life at their very source. Two of his particular friends were calculated to strengthen these impressions—Bishop Meade, whom he always held in affectionate remembrance, and Dr. Hogue; and in a letter to Dr. Brockenbrough, he observes:

"I have only known three men, Meade, Key, and Hogue, who would observe what they taught; and yet ambition, avarice, and pleasure, as it is called, have their temples crowded with votaries, whose own experience has proved to them the insufficiency and emptiness of their own pursuits, and who obstinately turn away from the only waters that can slake their thirst.—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 68.)

Of the vanity of earthly things, he had ere this been fully convinced. In one point of view he possessed advantages prized by all, envied by many—a time-honored name, an ample fortune, a brilliant position—but he had felt the bitterness and insufficiency of them all. He thus writes to his friend:

"Without puzzling ourselves, therefore, with subtle disquisitions, let us ask, are we conscious of the necessity of pardon, to consider Christianity as a scheme imperfectly understood, planned by infinite wisdom, and canvassed by finite comprehension, to ask of our Heavenly Father that faith and that strength which, by our own unassisted efforts, we never could obtain? I am no disciple of either Wesley or Calvin. There is no person in the world I would injure, not even Bonaparte.—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 69.)

The church liturgy of England is a model of perfect and beautiful simplicity; to Randolph it was the essence of the sublime. He never reasoned upon the subtilties of Christianity; it was enough for him to believe; the creed was his idea of faith, and from that he never departed. Through his changeful life and its many trials, till summoned to a higher tribunal, an awful sense of the majesty and presence of his God never deserted his mind.

In twenty-five years, liberty had made tremendous strides: government was more firmly established. When the great financial question of the Bank of the United States was agitated in Congress, it was a matter of serious consideration and momentous importance to the manufacturing and commercial interests of the community. A host of pamphleteers on both sides scattered their publications broadcast throughout the Union; some, dilating on the affluence and splendor of the old republics of Genoa and Florence, and the solid wealth of the Dutch, quoted their National Banks as precedents; the other party deprecated such an establishment as the source of corruption and political intrigue. Among the latter Mr. Randolph stood prominent. Some had voted for the bill conscientiously; others, because they deemed opposition useless; and it was signed by the

President, because it seemed the will of the nation, and on the score of precedent.

Mr. Randolph argued that the bill was unconstitutional, inexpedient and dangerous; basing his reasons on the decisions of Congress, when it refused to re-charter the old bank, and the instruction of the legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky to vote against it.

"I declare to you that I am the holder of no stock, whatever, except live stock, and had determined never to own any; but if this bill passes, I will not only be a stockholder to the utmost of my power, but will advise every man over whom I have any interest to do the same—if I must have a master, let him be one with epaulettes, something that I can look up to, but not a master with a quill behind his ear."—(*Vol.* 2. *p.* 83.)

Again was he called to suffer; his brother's widow sunk under her accumulated woes; he felt her loss very acutely, and was not the selfish misanthrope that men have been pleased to paint. He possessed all the warm and enthusiastic feelings of our nature, in the absence of which, no great undertaking can be prosecuted or important end achieved. He took charge of the orphan sons of Mr. Bryan, and their education, and that of young Clay, requiring their separation from home, he was left to utter and entire solitude, deprived of those joyous spirits that cheered his hearth, and whose merry voices rang in his ears. Perhaps in this dismal loneliness first originated those seeds of mental derangement. By him it was bitterly felt. Religious feeling again worked upon his sensitive and iritable temperament almost to madness. The perplexing doctrines of the Trinity, free grace, man's salvation, and the mysteries of religion, when long pursued, are enough to unsettle the strongest brain, and prostrate the most gigantic intellect.

A journey through the mountainous parts of Virginia was advised, for the health of both mind and body. Nature, in her calm loveliness, soothes the diseased intellect, and heals the wounds of the soul. Upon him it had the same effect; and he writes more cheerfully and consolingly. Religion with him was no sect or party; it was the homage of man to his God, the soul to her Creator. He suffered severely by the failure of a mercantile house in Richmond, and he speaks bitterly of the delinquents. His correspondence is too voluminous to be here more than mentioned, but will amply repay a perusal. The ensuing session of Congress presented but little in the career of Mr. Randolph to interest, and was barren of any events; but in the session of 1821, the Missouri question was discussed. It admitted of much reasoning, and many views of the Constitution were presented. In fact, if that instrument, or its provisions, be once violated, it opens the door to a thousand frauds. Slavery had been plainly discussed at the framing of that compact, and but one mention is made of it, (prohibiting the importation of slaves after 1804.) Upon the mind of Mr. Randolph it exerted a great influence, and during the debate he hardly eat or slept. The Speaker of the House (Clay) solicited a private interview; but even the magic power of that great orator was lost upon him.

"The bill was passed through the forms of law. Missouri was admitted into the Union contrary to the Constitution; as much so, as if I had voted the other day in the first instance, and the Speaker had ordered the Clerk to put my name with the ayes in the journal, when I had voted no; because, sir, agreeably to

the Constitution of the United States, every member has a right to his vote, under the forms of the House, whether these forms are observed or not, and my colleagues and myself were ousted out of our right to reconsider, for which I would not have taken all the land in the State of Missouri."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 130.)

The death of Commodore Decatur followed closely on the Missouri question. To him Randolph was warmly attached, and he now first showed the symptoms of madness; but a retirement to Roanoke, and the society of his friends, restored him perfectly. At the opening of the next session, the Missouri question was discussed under another form. His remarks were sound, logical, and evinced a great knowledge of the Constitution and privileges of the states. The measure was passed, and he returned to his own ingleside. He then made his will, emancipating and providing for the comfort of his slaves. His diary, or, as he calls it, his log-book, contains, like the conversations of Coleridge, many gems, hit off in a short and abrupt manner. After a trifling conversation with some chance traveler about the weather, he remarks:

"As I pressed my little mare on, or rather as she pushed her way on, after Comrade and Johnny, I thought of Sir Arthur, Miss Wardour, and the old gaber-lunzie. They turned the headland, and found the water-mark under water. Polack, a most dangerous ford at all times, from the nature of the stream which is called a fish-kettle bottom, is behind me, and no retreat, and no house better than old Lear's hovel, except the church, where were no materials for a fire. When I reached Acotink, the sandbank, in the middle of the stream, was uncovered; but for near a mile I was a great prince, my good sir, for the privilege of franking a letter, and the honor of being overlooked by the great men, new as well as old."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 153.)

The Apportionment Bill was the measure of the session, and was extremely important. As the inhabitants of the United States have at all times cherished liberty, and the idea of a popular representation, the ratio was fixed, varying from 35,000 to 75,000; the committee reported 40,000; Mr. Tucker of Virginia 38,000; by this ratio, Virginia would still retain her present standing, but by the estimate of the committee, she would fall below the states of Pennsylvania and New-York. The project was disrelished by Mr. Randolph, and combatted in his usual masterly style. His views are remarkably far-sighted, and displayed much research and political sagacity; a small representation is to be dreaded; the members become too sectional in their feelings, and are too apt to be biassed. The measure was passed, and Virginia numerically ranked as a second or third-rate state.

Death again deprived Mr. Randolph of another friend and colleague. Mr. Pinckney of Maryland, an eminent member of the Senate, who, in his different relations had long served his country, paid the debt of nature; Mr. Randolph pronounced a feeling and touching tribute to his memory. On the 9th of March, in a speech of two hours' length, he opposed the bankrupt bill; but, finding opposition useless, he obtained leave of absence, and sailed for Europe.

The most powerful essayist and profoundest of the English critics observes, that in a sea voyage, where escape is impossible, when food, air, and exercise are taken in common, intimacy is inevitable, and that a close connection of this kind breeds more friendship than in a life-time on shore. Mr. Harvey was his travelling companion; he carefully retained

the incidents of the voyage, and thus relates his opinion of some of the poets:

"His favorite author was Milton, and he frequently gave us readings from Paradise Lost, stopping occasionally to point out the beauties of the poem. Young, Thomson, Johnson, and Southey did not please his taste; they were too artificial, but his classification of modern poems was very original.

"Sir, I first place upon the list Tom Cribs' Memorial to Congress, for its great wit and satire; next, The Two-penny Post Boy, for similar excellencies; and third, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, for lively sentiment well expressed. But, sir, (no offence to Ireland,) I can't go Moore's Songs, they are too sentimental by half; all ideal, no nature. Take my advice, and don't read any of the novels when you get home, sir; tell your father that I recommended abstinence from novel reading and whiskey punch, they are both equally injurious to the brain."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 173,)

In the most intellectual game of cards, whist, he excelled, and was passionately fond of the amusement. Mr. Harvey remarked some books, marked "To Bet," a favorite young lady friend, and remarked, that they were the works of the old dramatists, and some passages were scarcely fit for the perusal of a modest and retiring young lady. He glanced over them, and thanked him for the observations. He had with him, Fanny, a witty and satirical poem, by Mr. Halleck, to be given to the wittiest woman that he should meet; the volume was bestowed upon Miss Edgeworth. His first letter from the mother country abounded in striking delineations of English character and scenery; complains bitterly of the venality of the tradespeople of every class; but to the English country gentleman, gives the full meed of approbation:

"But I should do the greatest injustice were I not to say, that the higher ranks, a few despicable and despised fashionables excepted, are as unpretending and plain as an old Virginia gentleman, whom they greatly resemble. This class is nearly extinct, to my great shame and grief, and to the great loss of our country. They are as distinct from the present race, in their manners, dress, and principles, and everything but anatomical structure, as an eagle is from a pig, or a wild turkey from a turkey buzzard. The English gentleman is not graceful, not affable, but plain, social, kind, without one particle of pretension, in dress, name, or anything else."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 185.)

The wonders of the British capital long entertained him, but there was a spectacle of the moral sublime, of the wonderful and divine efficacy of Christian charity, which interested his benevolent and philanthropic heart, more than the architectural splendor and triumph of the arts, or even the intellectual magnificence of the great metropolis.

The condition of the female convicts, in that city and throughout the kingdom, had long been neglected; vice of all kinds prevailed in its deformity, and the unfortunate beings were ranked below animals; but the holy zeal of Elizabeth Fry, a high-born quakeress, rescued the fallen portion of her sex from entire ruin, and held out a hope of future usefulness.

"I have seen, he remarked, two days ago, the greatest curiosity in London, aye, in England too, sir, compared to which, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Somerset House, the British Museum, nay, Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance. I have seen, sir, Elizabeth Fry, of Newgate, and I have witnessed there, sir, the miraculous effects of true Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings, bad women, sir, who are worse if possible than the devil him-

self, sir, and yet the wretched outcasts have been tamed and subdued by the Christian eloquence of Mrs. Fry. I have seen them weep repentant tears, while she addressed them; I have heard their groans of despair, sir. Nothing but religion, sir, can effect this miracle, sir; for what can be a greater miracle than the conversion of a degraded, sinful woman, taken from the very dregs of society. Oh, sir, it was a sight worthy of the attention of angels."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 186.)

The celebrated Virginian met with much courtesy and hospitality. A nobleman at the head of the government remarked, that he had never met so well-informed a gentleman on every subject—literature, history, belles-lettres—and besides possessed a particular and minute local knowledge of many places in England and Ireland. As a mark of particular distinction, a private entrance near the throne was granted, so that access could be had without encountering the crush, of which he availed himself to hear the discussion on the Roman Catholic Peers' bill, and where he was also near Castlereagh, Canning, and Sir Robert Peel. Some days after he attended a relief ball for the Irish, who were then suffering from the combined effects of famine and disease.

At the meeting of the African Institution in London, he spoke with great applause on the suppression of the slave trade. He left England, and returned a few days before the adjournment of Congress, hurried to Virginia, and thence to Long Island, to attend the races, and back again to Roanoke; but still in the same desolation, he laments:

"The life I lead here is enough to destroy the intellectual and moral faculties of any human being. It resembles, in many points, solitary confinement. It is the daily recurrence of the same dreary scene; and when evening sets in, so that I cannot read or write, nothing can be imagined more forlorn. But I always struggle through it, as the will of Providence."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 193.)

Spain, formerly the noblest nation in Europe, the discoverer of America, and the representative of European chivalry, had just been despoiled of the brightest jewels of her diadem. Mexico and the South American colonies had shaken off the Spanish yoke. Their independence had been recognized, and ministers had been despatched to their respective governments; but the mother-country resisted such dismemberment, and the allied powers of Europe, report affirmed, would lend her aid to conquer her revolted provinces. Another country, more celebrated in the annals of the world, the nurse of the fine arts, the home of former civilization and opulence, dear to the orator, the historian, and the poet, whose magic sway, after the lapse of centuries, has still left indelible traces in art, science and literature—whose empire is of the mind, whose kingdoms are the boundless realms of thought, whose language first delivered the divine truths of Christianity—Greece—had rejected by a mighty effort the iron rod of the haughty Moslem, and was fighting for her "altars, her fires, the green graves of her sires, God, and their native land."

Two of the most eloquent orators of the House, Clay and Webster, in speeches of extraordinary power and brilliancy, advocated that theme so dear to American hearts, liberty, and under the specious guise of enabling the oppressed to throw off their chains, and to drive the invaders from their soil, presented her claims in all the dazzling and fervid eloquence of those great statesmen; but Randolph sternly quoted the axiom laid down by Puf-

fendorf, and insisted that such an interference would be an aggression on the rights of a country with whom the United States were at peace, and a violation of the law of nations. The speech in reply contained many pointed and bitter allusions; and in consequence of that view of the subject prevailing, the matter was laid upon the table, never to be resumed. In the debate on the internal improvement bill, he participated, being opposed to Mr. Clay, alleging that so liberal a scheme of internal improvement far exceeded the powers granted by the Constitution to Congress. After a short debate on the tariff, he retired from the House for a season, and again visited Europe. Mr. Harvey called on him the morning of his departure, and found him looking for a verse in the Bible to finish a letter to his constituents, and quarrelling with his servant John; but at the sight of the tears he added: "What, does he shed tears?" He does, replied I, and you may see them yourself. "Then he shall go with me. John, take down your baggage, and let us forget what has passed. I was irritated, sir, and thank you for the rebuke."

Three candidates in 1824 presented themselves before the people, each possessing strong claims—John Quincy Adams, the son of the former President, who first saw the light in the stormy time of his country's birth, in the struggle of her children for their rights, an individual of deep, varied and profound learning, of finished, elaborate, but frigid eloquence, of unstained purity in private life, who had been in the employment of his country from the age of fifteen, and who at the time of his death was the last man in the House who had been born the subject of a king. He advocated the principles of the old Federal party, and Clay was its leader in the House, its ardent defender in private, its most impassioned orator at the hustings.

Andrew Jackson was comparatively a *novus homo*, but of a strong, energetic, and masculine intellect, who had risen from poverty and obscurity to honor and distinction, a brave soldier and a daring general, who has stamped upon the period of his administration a celebrity which will make it forever renowned in the annals of the Republic.

Third—W. H. Crawford, of Georgia—an eminent lawyer, a powerful and cogent speaker, profound logician, a man of witty and agreeable powers of conversation, who had been Minister to France, and subsequently Secretary of War. He received but one vote of the electoral college, and four in the House; and at the time it was commonly asserted that he experienced a secret gratification at the result.

Charges of bribery and corruption brought against Mr. Clay, cost him the vote of Louisiana. The aspirants were balloted in the House. Adams received 13 votes, Jackson 7, and Crawford 4. Messrs. Randolph and Webster were appointed by the tellers to announce the result; in which the former reported, that Adams, Jackson, and Crawford, had received the votes of so many states; showing his accuracy in the statement of facts, and not only the observance of the rights of the states, but even of the phraseology in which these rights might be clad.

South America was still in an extremely unsettled condition, and divided into a number of small states. With the design of guarding their recently acquired freedom, and to arrange measures for the successful prosecution of the war against Spain, delegates had been elected, and a General Congress was held at Panama. The matter was discussed in the National Legislature, and strenuously advocated; and it was intimated to

the resident ministers, that if an invitation were extended, the United States would likewise send a representative. It met with opposition, but the Secretary of State informed the South American Ministers, that should the Senate concur, commissioners should be appointed; and on the 6th of December, in his report, informed Congress, that the invitation has been accepted, and envoys on the part of the United States will be empowered to attend those deliberations. Such was the language of that document, before the Senate had been consulted, or the money for the salaries appropriated; and Messrs. John Sargeant and Richard C. Anderson were nominated for that office a few days after Mr. Randolph took his seat in the Senate.

On the 15th of February following, Mr. Van Buren submitted resolutions whether the Senate should sit with open doors, and whether the Executive considered the papers as confidential. An answer was returned in the affirmative, and that he could not prescribe the conduct of the Senate. In a speech of some length, Mr. Randolph strongly condemned the conduct of the Executive, and the bold presumption of the Secretary of State, not sparing the most searching sarcasm and bitter invectives, and thus finished:

"I knew that the measure would not be done at all, or done unanimously; therefore, in spite of the remonstrances of friends, I went away, not fearing that any one would doubt what would have been my vote if I had staid. After twenty-six hours exertion, it was time to give in. I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons, cut up and clean broken down by the coalition of Blifil and Black George, by the combination, unheard of till then, of the puritan with the blackleg."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 254.)

The chapter investigating the difficulty which took place between Messrs. Clay and Randolph, is perhaps one of the finest in the book, and abounds in striking passages. The custom of duelling was unfortunately too prevalent at that time, and seemed an essential part of the high-toned chivalry of the South. It had cost the nation one of her most gifted orators, and blighted the prospects of his great compeer and antagonist, and plunged the people in sorrow. The contrast between the two is in the author's most happy style:

"These two remarkable men, so often meeting in the arena of debate, now for the first time in the bloody field, were born within a day's ride of each other; one in the baronial halls of his ancestors, on the lofty banks of the Appotomax, the other in an humble dwelling amid the slashes of Hanover. While the poor deputy-clerk, in the intervals of toil, picked up his scanty crumbs of knowledge, the proud son of fortune enjoyed the richest repasts of learning in the highest seminaries. While the one, yet a youth, was borne into the halls of Congress by the sweet voices of the people, the other was still fighting his uncouth way to fame and fortune, among the hunters of Kentucky.

"Born to command, each was reared in that school that best fitted him to perform the part Providence had assigned to him. In daily contact among his fellows, the one became affable, courteous, winning in his ways, and powerful in his influence over the mind and the will of the admiring multitude; the other, in retirement and solitude, cherished those sterner virtues that made him the unbending advocate of truth, the unwavering defender of the Constitution, and the intrepid leader of those who rallied around the rights of the states, as the only sure guaranty of the rights of the people."—(*Vol.* 2, *p*, 257.)

But impelled by a false sense of honor, both were about to violate the

laws of God and man. But in the career of Clay there was a crisis: the eagle eye of the public closely scrutinized his conduct, rumor and calumny had aspersed his character, and a single false step would have caused his public ruin. The practice is to be reprobated; it is a bastard valor, the last and worst relic of the days of chivalry; and it is a blot on the escutcheon of Christian states, that no means have yet been found of obviating it. Colonel Hamilton, of South Carolina, called upon him the evening before, and found him reading Milton: he criticised its beauties, and after some conversation on the duel, remarked, that he did not mean to return Clay's fire, unless he saw malice prepense in his eye. They reached the ground, and he observed, "Clay is cool, but not vindictive;" the pistol, however, went off before the word was given. A second fire was equally harmless; and the instant his antagonist saw it, he exclaimed, "I trust in God, that you are untouched; after what has happened, I would not have harmed you for the world!" But Clay was bound to the world by ties which Randolph was destined never to enjoy; for him

> "No busy housewife plied her evening care,
> Nor children climbed his knee, the envied kiss to share."

He was the last of his line, the sole survivor of his house; a sympathy must be felt for his desolate condition. Mr. Garland expresses himself feelingly:

> "Mr. Clay had a wife and children to mourn his loss; but there was not one to shed a tear over his solitary grave. He knew the safety of his adversary; but, with the immediate prospect of death before him, the sublime strains of the godlike Milton attuned his heart to softest influences; and the chords of affection, so long silent, and rusted by the chilling breath of a cold world, awakened by the soft echoes of long past memories, now vibrated a sweet, though mournful melody, that mingled its harmonious notes with the divine song of the poet." —(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 261.)

The illness and consequent absence of Mr. Sagenell, threw an additional duty on him. His speech, March 2d, on Negro Slavery, is remarkable for its just predictions: he treats the subject with all the gravity that it merits, but speaks fearlessly and to the point; he saw the danger, which, if injudiciously managed, that it boded to the Union. His correspondence is a daily historical index of events in the political world, and often contains matters worth preserving, and unveils the inmost recesses of his mind.

His thoughts on emancipation coincide entirely with the moderate of both parties. Under date of July 20th, 1836, writing to Dr. Brockenbrough, he says:—

> I told him (the Ch. J.) also of my firm and positive refusal to present to the Senate the petition of the Colonization Society, though earnestly entreated to do so by Mr. Key. That I thought the tendency of it bad, and mischievous; that a spirit of morbid sensibility, religious fanaticism, and the love of display, were the chief moving causes of that society. That true humanity to the slave was to make him do a fair day's work, and to treat him with all the kindness compatible with due subordination. By that means the master could afford to clothe and feed him well, and take care of him in sickness and old age, while the morbid sentimentalist could not do this. His slave was unprovided with necessaries, unless pilfered from his master's neighbors, because the owner could not furnish them out of the profits of the negro's labor, there being none.

And at the time of the master's death, the poor slaves were generally sold for debt, (because the philanthropist had to go to bank, instead of drawing on his crop,) and were dispersed from Carolina to the Balize. So that in the end, the superfine master, turned out, like all the other ultras, the worst that could be had for the negro."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 267.)

He again visited Great Britain, and enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Huskisson, and thence to the Hague; but the trip was far from agreeable, and disease showed itself. He passes a brief comment on the state of matters in England:

"Town is empty, and I live a complete hermit in London. If you see the English newspapers, you will see what a horrible state of society exists in this strange country, where one class is dying with hunger, and another with surfeit. The amount of crime is fearful, and cases of extreme atrocity are not wanting. The ministry will not find themselves upon a bed of roses, when Parliament meet."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 275.)

Political parties in Virginia had changed in the last quarter of a century, and Mr. Randolph was not sufficiently pliable to meet the wishes of some of his constituents.

The bank question, the tariff, internal improvements, and connection with foreign republics, had divided factions; and men who had formerly fought under the same banner, were now opposed personally and politically, and not a few were taunted as renegades. These latter were unsparingly assailed, bitterly, insultingly, and often personally, which drew down upon him hatred and aversion. Floyd and Giles, who had before been opposed to him, were announced as his rival candidates; but Mr. Tyler was elected. During the whole of the campaign he was calm and unmoved.

The news of his defeat having reached Dr. Camp, then a representative from that district, he published a circular, declining a re-election, and Randolph was again returned. His letters are filled with complaints of feeble health, which prevented him from accepting the hospitalities of his friends and constituents. But the times demanded his aid, and he boldly buckled on his armor, and took the field against the administration—"men, measures, the principles they announced. and the manner they came into power." His speech, in answer to Mr. Everett, delivered this session, on the unfitness of the present rulers, emphatically declares, that to guide the ship of state, orators and logicians are not needed or desired, but that the hard-working every-day man, who has fought in the great contest of life, and knows how to deal with its wants and stern realities, are the best pilots to conduct the vessel to a haven of safety. It is dedicated to his constituents, and is a masterly effort.

Sickness, sorrow, and loneliness, were his portion in the summer. He depended entirely on his friends for comfort and consolatien; but his letter to Dr. Brockenbrough is a sad picture of his existence:

"My good friend—I am sick, body and mind. I am without a single resource except the workings of my own fancy. Fine as the weather is, and has been all this month, I have not drawn a trigger. I often think of the visit you and Madame made me three years ago, just at this time, although I never get a word from her. Give her my best love. God bless you, and may you never feel as I do."—*Vol.* 2, *p.* 311.

An entire and perfect change had been wrought in the administration. General Jackson now occupied the Presidential chair, and Mr. Randolph coveted retirement, to enjoy that rest of which he stood so much in need; but against his will, and without his knowledge, he was elected to the Virginia Convention.

It presented a strange scene of fusion. Old federalists and modern democrats, men who had been in political war the whole of their public life, for the first time met on common ground. The House was divided into several committees; Mr. Madison was Chairman of the Legislative Committee, of which Mr. Randolph was a member. Seated in a remote corner, his keen eye closely scanned their proceedings; and ever and anon, his musical voice would startle those in the room, and the audience crowded around to see from whence those unearthly sounds proceeded. Many partially lost the brilliant reputation they had acquired at the bar, and in the Senate chamber; but the statesman of Roanoke enchained universal attention by his fascinating eloquence.

"His profound knowledge of men, of history, of government, the causes of the growth and decay of nations, his patient attention and wonderful faculty of winnowing the chaff, and collecting together the scattered grains of a protracted debate, his concentrated, pointed, and forcible expressions, making bare, in a few words, the whole of a complicated subject, and his vast experience in parliamentary proceedings, gave him an unexpected and controlling influence over the proceedings of the convention."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 326.)

His speeches were always brief, rarely exceeding two hours in their delivery. As the most distinguished member on the floor, he closed the business of the convention in a neat address to Mr. Barbour, who presided.

On the 16th of December, 1829, the mission to Russia was tendered and accepted, and he sailed for St. Petersburgh, accompanied by J. R. Clay, as Secretary of Legation. The mission has nothing to interest the reader, and he returned in the autumn of 1831, much emaciated.

Opium soothes disease, and allays the pangs of suffering more effectually than any other drug, and the excruciating agony of his malady compelled its frequent use.

At times his intellect would resume all her clearness, and he would converse with his usual brilliancy; but fitful gleams of insanity were too obvious, and he himself lamented his use of stimulus:

"I am fast sinking into an opium-eating sot, but, please God, I will shake off the incubus yet before I die; for whatever difference of opinion may exist on the subject of suicide, there can be none as to rushing into the presence of our Creator, in a state of drunkenness, whether produced by opium or brandy."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 345.)

The degeneracy of his native state, and the contrast between her past and present condition, affected him deeply. He recalled the period when the stately mansions which now lay in ruins, were the seats of luxury and hospitality; that the old gentry were gone; that their descendants were scattered, and Virginia no longer held the first rank in the confederacy. He had many contests with his servants. The following incident exhibits the kindly feelings often entertained between master and slave:

"Mr. Randolph's friends witnessed during the winter many ludicrous scenes between him and his servants; but his fits of excitement did not last long. His

extreme irritability was occasioned by disease, and the stimulants he was compelled to take to alleviate pain; but he was prompt in making reparation. His private body-servants were soon restored to their proper station. About the first of April, he called on the overseer, and asked him to ride out with him, and said he was going to make friends with his headman, Billy, whom he had put to work in the ditch. They rode out to the ditch, and Mr. Randolph said, 'Your servant, Billy.' 'Your servant, master,' replied Billy. 'Well, Billy,' said he, 'I have come to make friends with you.' 'Thank you, master,' said Billy. 'Billy,' said Mr. Randolph, 'you stole my wool, and sold it for fifty cents.' 'Yes, master.' 'But I think I am indebted to you, Billy; for I took your pumpkins, and turned you out of a comfortable house, and gave you three damned whippings, and now, I think, that I owe you something, and have come to settle up with you.' As the result of this settlement, Billy was transferred to his place, and restored to his property."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 329.)

About the middle of May he was reduced to a skeleton, but he regained the use of his mental faculties, which, with a few exceptions, he retained to the hour of his death.

On the accession of General Jackson, he vetoed the bill for the Maysville road, stopping all the wild internal improvement schemes projected by his predecessor. The veto of the bank of the United States, the removal of the deposits, the tariff, and the compromise bill, are measures that are identified with the history of the country, political and commercial; but the doctrine of nullification struck terror into the hearts of all. The dying statesman collected all his energies for a last struggle. He saw the temple of liberty, reared by the labor, and cemented by the blood of our ancestors, in danger, and he put out his hand to stay its fall. Too weak to stand, he addressed vast audiences sitting; his eyes shone with an unnatural lustre, his voice sounded like the echoes of an oracle, and like Isaiah, a burning coal seemed to have touched his lips. From county to county, town to town, village to village, his notes resounded; the fate of the Union was at stake. Worn down by sickness, he went to Baltimore, and in the boat, almost alone and neglected, save by his servants, he fortunately encountered Dr. Dunbar, an eminent physician, who paid him all the attention that his melancholy situation demanded. He gasped for breath, and remarked that he was past surgery; as the doctor was reading to him, he corrected a mispronunciation, conversed about his friends in England, and his travelling arrangements. They separated at Alexandria, and Mr. Randolph proceeded to Washington.

He was anxious again to mingle with the great of the land, and once more to hear the silvery tones, and look upon the beaming face and commanding form of the self-made Kentuckian. He entered the chamber when Clay was addressing the senate.

"Raise me up, said Randolph—I want to hear that voice again; when Mr. Clay had concluded his remarks, which were very few, he turned round to see from what quarter that singular voice proceeded. Seeing Mr. Randolph, and that he was in a dying condition, he left his place, and went to speak to him. As he approached, Mr. Randolph said to the gentleman with him, 'raise me up.'

"As Mr. Clay offered his hand, he said, 'Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir.' 'No, sir,' replied Mr. Randolph, 'I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview.'

"They grasped hands, and parted never to meet more."—*Vol.* 2, *p.* 370.

He pursued his journey to Philadelphia, to embark for Europe, where

he arrived in the midst of a pitiless storm, and had some difficulty in procuring lodgings. At the City Hotel he was accommodated, and immediately sent for Dr. Parrish, to whom he described his symptoms with "medical accuracy," and then added:

"I have been in idiosyncrasy all my life. All the preparations of camphor invariably injure me. As to ether, it will blow me up. Not so with opium; I can take opium like a Turk, and have been for some years in the habitual use of it in some shape or other.

"Before the doctor retired, the conversation became curiously diversified. He introduced the subject of the Quakers—complimented them in his particular manner for neatness, economy, order, comfort in every thing. Right, said he, in every thing, except politics; they are there always twistical. He then repeated a portion of the Litany of the Episcopal Church, with apparent fervor."—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 371.)

The courtesy of his celebrated physician won his heart, and he repeatedly solicited his visits. On one occasion, commenting upon the Holy Scriptures, he observed, that the account of the creation presented an example of great sublimity. After he had made all his preparations, he suddenly rose in his bed, and exclaimed:

"'Remorse, remorse.' It was thrice repeated; the last time at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out, 'let me see the word; get me a dictionary; let me see the word.' There is none in the room, sir. 'Write it down; let me see the word.' The doctor picked up one of his cards. Randolph, of Roanoke, shall I write it on this card? 'Yes; nothing more proper.' The word remorse was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fixed his eyes upon it with great intensity. 'Write it on the back,' he exclaimed. It was so done, and was handed him again. He was extremely agitated. 'Remorse! you can form no idea of it whatever. It has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon.'"—(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 374.)

The last scene was deeply impressive—the dying man, enveloped in blankets, and supported by pillows, with his hat on his head. His last action was for the good of his fellow-beings. Surrounded by all the witnesses, when the spirit was on the eve of taking its flight, he concentrated his mental and physical forces, and his soul speaking in his eyes, in his dearest tones, with his long index finger in the air, he exclaimed:

"'I confirm all the directions in my will respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support.' And then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with an open hand on the shoulder of his favorite John, and added these words, 'especially for this man.'" —(*Vol.* 2, *p.* 374.)

His mind then sank. He wandered amid his familiar haunts, and held converse with absent friends; and two hours after, he breathed his last. His remains were carried to his loved Virginia, and repose under the shadows of those ancient trees which had witnessed the sports of his childhood, the joys of his youth, the agony of his manhood and old age.

He was a person of undoubted genius; and among all the remarkable men that crowded the halls of legislation, he held a distinguished rank. His peculiar temperament, fiery eloquence, and deep insight into character and human nature, stirred up the different elements which surrounded him, and elicited on all sides sparks of intellect.

The peculiar circumstances of his domestic circle, his crushed affections and utter loneliness, cast a deep shade over his mind, and left an indelible impression upon his soul; but to his credit, let it be noted, that in the course of a long and successful public career, no moral dereliction stained his purity, and his exertions in the cause of his country were untiring; and when death had laid upon him her iron hand, he raised his voice to guard the Union.

The work is written in an easy and beautiful style, and is replete with striking passages. The author is intimately acquainted with American literature, and the great men who at different times have played a distinguished part in the drama of the Republic. It froms a valuable addition to our national history.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Where sleep they, Earth? By no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known.
The still, sad glory of their name,
Hallows no mountain unto fame.
No, not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.—*Hemans.*

And who has sung of thee, thou race
  Of noble souls, whose hearts of fire
Once cheered in every dwelling-place,
  And nerved with strength each Patriot Sire?

Yea, who has sung of thee, whose might
  Once nurtured Freedom's infant flame;
Who helped to woo her dazzling light,
  And burst the tyrant's fet'ring chain?

Of your high hearts which gently strove
  To rouse each slumb'ring spirit here,
And move to deeds of patriot love
  Their stalwart arms unknown to fear?

Ye, who, when the fierce battle came,
  Saw with unshrinking nerve and eye
The deadly shot, the murd'rous flame,
  And heard unmoved the battle's cry?

Where thickest stood the unflinching brave,
  And blood flow'd forth as water free,
Ye saw our starry banners wave,
  And pour'd a prayer for victory.

And when the hour of strife was o'er,
  And many a gallant heart lay low,
Ye bound the wounds the living bore,
  And bathed each suff'ring hero's brow.

Ye nurtured up young hearts to feel
  And know the worth of freedom's light,
And kindled with your own high zeal
  Their love of Country, God, and Right.

That they in after years might guard
  The blood-bought blessings of the free,
For which their fathers struggled hard
  With hydra-headed tyranny.

Ye braved, with no protecting arm,
  Those fearful days, those weary nights,
When every valley breath'd alarm,
  And fear was on the mountain heights.

Yea, who has sang of thee, thou band,
  And of your suff'ring hearts, which gave
For freedom and for freedom's land
  Your all to fill the warrior's grave?

The poet's harp, when tuned to song,
  Has hymn'd full oft the hero's praise,
(Whose deeds are shrined in records long,)
  And link'd them with immortal lays.

But few, oh! Patriot Mothers, few
  The strains which waft your names on high!
Your glorious deeds, your valor true, [nigh.
  Which cheered and blest when storms were

A COUNTING-HOUSE SCENE.

Those who have visited the ancient city of Hamburgh, have doubtless been attracted by the surpassing beauty of the view commanded from the Jungfernstieg, a broad and well-built street occupying the southern side of the basin of the Alster, which, flowing from the plains of Holstein, spreads here into a lovely garden-begirt lake, alive with the sports of skaters in winter, and covered with swans and swan-like yachts in summer, and overlooked by the best hotels of the city. English nabobs and German princes here display alternately their wealth and their arrogance amidst an humbler class of travelers who, like myself, owe their presence more to business than to pleasure. The temptations of so gay a place as this renowned city, had made desperate inroads into my not over well supplied purse, which the delay of remittances had doubly affected, and the necessity of departure manifested itself; and it was not six o'clock, when in this view I was already pacing my room with hasty and anxious strides, and making myself obnoxious to my fellow-lodgers by thus being the indiscreet disturber of their morning repose. Was ever poor author, through unforeseen circumstances, betrayed into a more vexatious dilemma than I was at that moment, in the free Hanse Town of Hamburgh? My exchequer was exhausted, and my departure yet to be effected, with not a cent left in my pocket. Mr. Marr, my friendly host, is good and kind-hearted, and not the man to cut an unpaid account immediately from one's skin; but the Prussian Schellpost takes no passengers on credit, and on the next day, without fail, I must forth to Berlin. For the twentieth time had I rummaged through my letter-case, in the hope that some timid acceptance, some modest letter of credit, might have shrunk into a corner—but in vain! Stop! what paper is that? It is a letter which a well-wishing patron has given me, and which I have negligently omitted to present. The address is quite simple—"Herr Mohrfeld, Deich-strause." I breathed aloud: "Perhaps this is the man from whom help is to reach me." I remembered that my patron had described him as the head of a very eminent mercantile house, whose acquaintance might be of great advantage to me.

With eager haste I completed my toilet, and with the stroke of eight left the hotel for Deich-street, where I expected to encounter my rescuing angel. Stop! here, at the hop-market, I must pause a moment. It is market day, and the busy scene has many attractions. Yonder, among the clamorous fish-women, stands a short, thick-set man, in a blue overcoat; the blunt and taciturn expression of his ruddy face, is heightened by a profusion of badly combed hair. He pays for a well-selected fish, which his attendant porter takes away. He moves with peculiar decision of manner, and with downcast look, humming a low note, his hands behind him, turnsin to the Deich-street. Without his taking any notice of me, we strode together, and both at last paused before the same house. There he recovered from his thoughtful manner, and looking steadily at me, asked in a suppressed tone, "Do you wish to speak with

any one here?" Vexed that one whose appearance was so ordinary, should address me with so little ceremony, I answered with some haughtiness, "I have business with the house of Mohrfeld." He smiled, and then said earnestly, "I am Mohrfeld!" What! is, then, my dependence on one who buys his own fish, and appears in a threadbare coat? Is this mean-looking personage the last pecuniary resource of his literary guest? But he was the only anchor of hope to which I could cling. With lightning haste I removed my hat, and said, with a most respectful air, "Pardon me! I had till now not the honor—I have"—here I drew the letter from my pocket—"a commission to deliver this letter." Herr Mohrfeld interrupted me, "Not now; by and by I will speak with you in the counting-room; you must, however, wait awhile. Come"—he stepped into the house, and I followed. In the great hall, all was activity. There were two great scales, on which workmen were weighing coffee, of which an attendant clerk, with his memorandum book, kept account. Mr. Mohrfeld looked on silently for a few moments, and was passing on, when a laborer threw down a bag of coffee in a manner to burst it, scattering the berries upon the floor. "What gross carelessness!" tartly exclaimed the merchant; and stooping to collect the scattered coffee, continued, "Gather it all up, and put it again in the sack. Then have it properly mended, and you, Mr. Moller, see that the bag is then weighed; and if there is a loss, charge the amount to this improvident man. It shall be deducted from his week's pay."

"That is hard," said the man. "Only a little coffee"—

"Only a little coffee!" answered the merchant, quickly. "He who despises trifles, is not worthy of great things; out of eight and forty shillings is composed a thaler; and to one good vintage many warm days are necessary. So! not worth the trouble? Negligence is a great failing, and ruinous to ordinary business. Mr. Moller, when this man again, even in the smallest particular, displays his carelessness, discharge him on the spot. I make you answerable."

"Great God!" thought I, "for a handful of coffee, will he deprive a man of his bread? How hard! how cruel! how will it go with me?"

At this moment, a young man, dressed with great elegance, came out of the office, bowed to the merchant, and was about to pass out of the door, but a look from his employer caused him to pause.

"Your appearance is fashionable," said Mohrfeld, disdainfully. "Is there to be a ball in my counting-house? and where were you yesterday evening? If I am not in error, you were curvetting on a palfrey out at the Damn Door, too much occupied to observe your employer, who passed you on foot."

"I beg a thousand pardons," answered the young man, turning blood-red in his face. "I"—

"It is well!" interrupted Mohrfeld. "I have nothing to do with that which my people do out of business hours, if they perform their duties punctually. But with you it is different. You have a poor mother who suffers for necessaries; three uneducated brothers, two of whom I met yesterday barefoot, and that at a time of life when they should be in school. It would be more honor to you to attend to that, and to take care of your brothers, than to dress in the latest fashion, and prance upon a saddle horse. Go to your business, sir."

The young man became purple in the face, withdrew himself with a

crab-like motion, and vanished through the door. The merchant strode through the store, and entered the counting-room, where I followed him. What a sight! a long and rather gloomy hall presented itself, with numerous desks, of which I counted thirty, behind each of which stood a person busily writing or reckoning. In an adjoining room sat many more. Not far from the door sat a rather elderly man at a counter surrounded by several iron chests, and the association drew from me a deep sigh.

"Well, Mr. Casten," said the merchant, as he approached his cashier, "what news?" "But little," answered he quietly. "There is a demand for bills. We have, however, nothing to spare. In Livonia we have nothing, and on Genoa and Venice we have not more than our three ships loading for those ports require. Two value on New York, and one on Havana, that will be wanted, and I have notified them. "Can you use any Copenhagen or Swedish paper at the current rates?" "No! here must be as little funds as possible locked up in paper. I shall need a large cash balance. Remember that." He passed on, and stood before a desk. "Were the goods sent yesterday on board the Artemisia, Mr. Kohler?" he asked. "Are the policies for the Pfeil taken out, and has Captain Heysen got his papers?" "It is all attended to," said the clerk. "Here is the bill of lading; here the policy, and the receipt of the captain." "Good; your punctuality pleases me. Go on, method is the soul of business. Take care of that sand, however. It has a slovenly appearance when it is so scattered as on your desk."

Mr. Mohrfeld had now arrived at his own desk, which was secluded from the main hall by a rail. He pointed me to a chair, and began to examine some letters that had waited his coming. A deep silence now pervaded the room, which was broken only by the monotonous scratching of many quills. No loud word was spoken, and it was seldom that a suppressed whisper was heard. My presence was unnoticed; not a word was addressed to me, nor was a curious glance directed towards me. The merchant read through his letters, and called several young men to him, giving directions, but receiving no answers. "At one o'clock, all must be ready for signature. You, Mr. Becker, must take care that no more errors creep into your French letters. You are too quick, too hasty. Take example of Mr. Hart—his English letters are a model correspondence. Above all, I observe lately in your letters a worthless innovation. You use a pompous, verbose style, and employ three lines where three words are sufficient. Abandon that. A flowery style is always a folly, and especially so in mercantile letters; but it comes from the senseless novels and romances that you are eternally reading, and which will yet incapacitate you for every useful employment. I have warned you—take care for the future."

This was a brilliant prospect! What reception could a novel-writer expect from a man possessed of such views? At this moment Mohrfeld turned to me, and said, rather short: "Well, sir, about our business!" "At your service," I stammered, and reached him my letter; but he had not opened it ere we were again interrupted. "See there! good morning, Captain Heysen," said the merchant, with animation. "You come, probably, to take leave; a lucky voyage to you, and bring yourself and crew back in good health. Pay good attention to ship and cargo, and make me 'no general average.' Your wife, say you? why, in any circumstances let her apply to me at once. If you have a good opportunity,

and avail yourself skilfully of it, you may be back by Christmas. Well, adieu, captain, you have"—here he glanced at the almanac—"no time to lose. It is now high water, you may lose the tide, and I am not pleased to have the ship anchored at Blankenese. Lucky voyage." The captain vanished, and another man took his place. "Good morning, Mr. Fluggs; what have you to say?" asked the merchant. "I am well pleased with that last purchase of wood. You earned your commission with honor. When you have such another lot on the same terms, let me know. My ships must be employed. There are already three lying idle. As soon as the new stock arrives, let me know. Adieu." "I beg your pardon, sir"—this was directed to me—"that I keep you so long waiting; but the current business takes precedence." "Good morning, Pilot! Already back? Is my 'Hope' gone to sea safely?" "All as you wish, Mr. Mohrfeld," answered a robust Elbe pilot. "The ship is a fast sailer, and not afraid of a breeze. Here is a letter from the captain. But I must to-day on board another vessel. Perhaps I can take my pilotage with me?" "That's of course, Pilot; and ten dollars in addition for the quick pilotage. Go to my cashier, he will make it all right." "What do you want?" This was addressed to a meagre-looking little man, with a bald head and snuffy nose, who, in a threadbare black coat, and stooping posture, stood before the wealthy merchant.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he answered; "I am Dr. Eck, from Frankfort. I have for a long time had in consideration the peculiar procreation of mankind, and at last have succeeded in the formation of a brilliant theory, that I intend to promulgate in a series of lectures; and I would therefore solicit"—

"I am sorry," interrupted the merchant; "but I am opposed to all theories that cannot be promptly applied to the concerns of life. Away with your air-castles, fog-projects and chimeras! I am very sorry."

The poor doctor perspired with anxiety; and scarcely able to speak, he looked pitiably at the subscription list in his hand, stammering out something of patrons and the down-trodden sons of Minerva; but his voice faded into an indistinguishable murmur. The merchant regarded him for a moment with a sarcastic smile, then took the list and wrote a line. It must have been a very important line, for the face of the doctor brightened with a heartfelt laugh, as he busied himself to lay more papers upon the desk. The merchant motioned him away, saying, "No matter. It is a pleasure to me when my signature can be of use to a meritorious and learned man, even if, personally, I derive no profit from his talents. Your theory and my practice are very different; an interchange of ideas that are so directly opposed, leads only to endless confusion. Farewell!"

The doctor retired, and made room for a man, who pressed close up, and, without further ceremony, began: "Mr. Mohrfeld, your 'Fortuna' is quite ready, and can be launched at any moment. I wish to know what time you will appoint?"

"Monday morning, Mr. Reich," answered the merchant. "I am well pleased with your prompt and efficient mode of business. Now, as young beginners should be encouraged, you may lay the keel of a new vessel on my account. Try yourself at that. I passed your yard yesterday, and observed the order and industry with which it is conducted.

Persevere in that manner. Well! remember Monday morning. Farewell! Who are you?"

This was addressed to a poorly-clad woman, who now stood before him, and whose pallid cheeks and suffused eyes betrayed deep grief. At this nearly harsh address of the merchant, she looked anxiously up, and answered: "I am the wife of Bodmer, the man who was so unfortunate as to fall from the loft and break his leg."

"Shocking! very shocking! I am very sorry for Bodmer; he was a steady man, and ever cheerfully performed his duties. But my surgeon visited him; what did he say?"

"He gives the best hope of saving my husband's life, but it will be a tedious sickness; and who knows if the poor man will ever again be able to work? What, then, shall we, with our five poor children, do?"

"Have confidence in the man in whose service you have met the misfortune," answered the merchant. "What the patient needs of wine and strengthening food, shall be furnished from my kitchen. The weekly wages you will receive regularly on Saturday. Now go home, and remember me to your husband, whom I will soon visit."

The woman through her tears rendered speechless thanks, and the merchant began reading my letter.

"Your letter has rather an old date," said he, suddenly; "I have long expected it. Your circumscribed time has probably prevented an earlier call?"

I stammered out a lie, something about my indisposition to disturb so active a business man, but that at the moment I was in great necessity. He did not let me finish, but went on.

"You are here highly recommended to me. If I can do anything for you, speak freely. Persons away from home, frequently stand in need of aid."

This was the moment to speak of the deep ebb of my purse; but oh! the false shame—the words would not leave my lips.

"Nothing?" he proceeded. "Well, on another occasion, perhaps. Come, however, on Sunday to my cottage before the Damn Door, and take a spoonful of soup with me. Men of business have on week-days but small leisure to bestow on mere conversation."

Here was my dismissal; but without money, however, I could not go. I was completely cleaned out, and must travel. At this moment there came to my rescue a clerk, who handed between the desk and myself a letter brought by an express, addressed to Mr. Mohrfeld. It was instantly opened and read, and was probably of a favorable nature, as a pleasing smile played round the lips of the merchant; but suddenly, as if betraying a weakness, it again vanished, and he laid the letter with accustomed unconcern on one side. As he did so, his glance again fell on me.

"Anything further to command, sir?"

Now must I speak, cost what it will. I stepped close to his chair, bowed my lips to his ear, and poured forth a multitude of words, among which the most emphatic were, "want of money." To an elegant construction of sentences at such a moment, would even Demosthenes have given no thought. The merchant stared at me with wondering eyes, then took my letter in hand and again read it through with close attention; after which, he wrote a line under it and handed it to me, saying, "Here,

sir, have the goodness to hand this to my cashier. I shall depend on seeing you at my table on Sunday; for the present you will excuse me."

I bowed silently, and soon stood before the man surrounded with iron chests. He took the letter, and said, "You have to receive one hundred marks courrant. Will you please give a receipt? Here is the money."

"And here, sir, is your receipt," cried I with a lightened heart, as I thrust the fifty-one thalers, nineteen and two-thirds shillings into my pocket, hurried out of the office into the free air of heaven, and turned towards the Alster Hall, in the elegantly-decorated rooms of which I speedily enjoyed a substantial breakfast.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!
  How flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
  The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth and manhood pass,
  And age with furrowed brow;
Time was—Time shall be—drain the glass—
  But where in Time is *now?*

Time is the measure but of change;
  No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
  Of Time's unceasing round.
Where then is *now?* In realms above,
  With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
  Where sits, enthroned, I AM.

Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
  On Time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
  From earth's affections wean:
To God let votive accents rise;
  With truth, with virtue live;
So all the bliss that Time denies,
  Eternity shall give.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND.*

The man who hazards in his title-page the ominous presage, and startling announcement involved in the above, is known to fame as a desperate revolutionist, with almost marvellous success; and, according to his accusers, not unknown to infamy, as an organizer of anarchy, having an insatiable thirst for blood. The days of February are his immortality; those of June his condemnation. His rise and triumph were sudden, unexpected, and complete. With one bound, and seemingly without an effort, he reached the summit of power. It was his voice that created the provisional government, an organization of supreme authority without example. He proposed the names from the façade of the Hotel de Ville, to a hundred thousand armed citizens, flushed with success, and from that vast concourse no murmur of disappointment arose. It seemed as if the whole had been pre-arranged, and that he was the apostle of the new creed, commissioned to announce the nation's will. As minister of the interior, his official instructions sounded too much of absolute command, and the passion and pride of France were startled and offended. But the boldness of his character would have borne him through this trial. He would have consummated his own daring, but for the feebleness, fickleness, and treachery of his colleagues. In selecting them, the leading idea appears to have been, to combine in the government a fair representation of the genius and progress of France, as well as the material interests of the masses. The workman Albert, was the ostensible reflex of this latter, but in reality Louis Blanc was its genius and its guide. Louis Blanc involved his country, his party, and his character, in his first crude scheme of industrial organization, and lost them all. Its failure marked the doom of his prestige and his power. The "*workman*" never had any. His position was a false one. He was elevated to it to flatter the vanity of labor, and not to guarantee its integrity as the first and greatest interest of the State. For the fulfilment of his office, the highest genius and greatest intrepidity were required. He possessed neither, and was, from the beginning, a corpse slung to the neck of him who had to brave the roaring sea of that tempestuous time. Arago, whose lofty ideas of government were lettered in the starry spheres—Arago, foremost among living men, who could harmonize millions of luminous worlds in illimitable space—could not reconcile two hostile cobblers in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or decide between them the matter of a single hog's bristle.

These men should naturally be the chief auxiliaries of Ledru Rollin in the government. Their impotence imposed on him the task of battling alone with the selfish and conservative interests of that body. Avarice, fear, cunning—all the meaner passions leagued against him. For a while he was sustained by the doubtful, if not treacherous, eloquence of Lamartine; but that was a slender and unsound reed, and it snapped at the very approach of the energies of the bolder leader. From the hour that La-

* La Decadance de l'Angleterre.—*Ledru Rollin.*

martine belied and betrayed* the Irish deputation, he and Ledru Rollin were mortal foes. When the breach between them became open, the indignant conservative denounced and defamed the very principles, to which, as revolutionary minister, he had given a *specious but false* support. Ledru Rollin was then the recognized leader of the great party called "Red Republicans." Lamartine, whose logic is a mean between the fribbled and the fantastical, inferred their purpose from the color they assumed, as the "party of blood." It matters not that this was false in fact and history. It matters not that in his fragmental picture of the first revolution, wherein he was engaged in tracing the apotheosis of a name consecrated to infamy by the verdict of two ages, and all the men that filled them up, he had himself recorded the testimony that stamped his assertion as untrue. He had there said—the history was too well known, and too recent to be contradicted—that the red flag was hoisted as the symbol of non-resistance, and covering a prayer for mercy during the butcheries of the Champ de Mars. It matters not that the same fact was known to all France. Conservatism, loyalty, cunning, selfishness, the low avarice of the enriched Bourgeoise swelled the cry of blood, and the Red Republicans were regarded as dangerous to the progress and security of the French nation. It so happened, too, that the infidel and the socialist, the scoffer and the blasphemer, the juggler and the fanatic, who play harlequin with some new gods, abetted the politics of the Red Republicans. It was in vain they endeavored to draw distinct lines of demarkation. Communism being found on the same platform, stamped them with the character of

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* Proof of this bold accusation may be deemed necessary. The present writer has, fortunately, the means of furnishing it—nay, proof, not alone that he belied and betrayed the Irish deputation and Irish nation, but that he belied and betrayed himself. Here it is:—

In the first manifesto issued from his bureau and falsified by his signature, the highest mission of France, was, in pompous phrase, declared to be

"To aid all struggling nationalities."

Before the echo of this magniloquent boast had died away on the public ear, a deputation from Ireland, consisting of Wm. Smith O'Brien, Thomas F. Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, jr., and Edward Hollywood, arrived in the French capital, charged with an address congratulating the brave republicans of the Barricade. They asked no aid, begged for nothing, did not hint at any struggle in esse or in posse, in which they would claim the assistance of France. The answer of Lamartine was an ungracious refusal of unasked assistance; in other words, it was a double falsification; first, of his own voluntary and vaunted promise; and secondly, of the document actually presented to him.

But this is not all. When the deputation arrived in Paris, they left a copy of their address at his bureau, as is customary, and requested an audience. It was fixed for a distant day; and on the morrow of that day a printed copy of the answer was posted up by the police, on every dead wall and post in Ireland. This could not be done without the grossest and the basest treachery, by him or through his bureau.

Yet it is not the worst feature in this transaction. During Mr. O'Brien's trial, a gentleman in Paris, John Leonard, wrote to Lamartine, stating briefly the facts as to the address, denying the assumptions of the answer, and demanding from him an explicit disavowal, which he thought would be useful on the trial. Lamartine wrote to him by return of post, distinctly and emphatically stating, that neither directly nor indirectly, publicly nor privately, did Mr. O'Brien make the demand, which he had in his public answer assumed and refused to comply with. He added his unsought testimony in favor of Mr. O'Brien's chivalrous and loyal character. The original was sent to Clonmel, and a translation of it appeared in all the English and Irish papers. But recently, in a pamphlet by Lamartine, entitled, "*L'Angleterre, en* 1850," he writes the following extraordinary sentence, which makes the fourth contradictory misstatement on this subject, and gives the measure of his fickleness, feebleness, and unfaithfulness:

"Quand l'Irland, alors volcanise, vint le lendemain de fevrier demander son appué a la France contre l'Angleterre."

pillage, as the false and sickly wit of Lamartine had given them the character of blood. The doubl odium well nigh crushed them. Their chief's position became desperate, but his purpose did not abate. He shook the dew-drops from his crest, and faced his foes. The odds against him were most desperate; yet did he for a long while stand firm as a rooted oak. The passions of the people, roused by false suggestion, superstition and dread, poured on his devoted head in the excited assembly. France does not reason in her crises, and in this instance, the man she held at bay, met her anger with defiant scorn. Then it was seen how much he stood alone. His sympathising colleagues, with but few and faint exceptions, were bowed, and mute, and motionless, under that storm that howled around his naked head. Whenever the name or memory of the provisional government bespoke error, or folly, or failure, he alone was held responsible. The sublime achievement which was HIS, was never evoked. Scipio once appeased the classic mob of Rome, by appealing to his deliverance of the republic on the field of Zama. They followed him to the capitol, to return thanks to the immortal gods; but even before the shrine, on the anniversary of his triumph, their hatred of the haughty patrician hardened into stone, and the fiat of his doom was visible to the ken of the immortals on their unchastened hearts. Ledru Rollin did not make the appeal. He was busy with the future. His altar was the barricade, and he even then relied on the unexhausted and undaunted heart of the Faubourgs. Are we justified in saying this? For that he lit up the fires that blazed around these devoted suburbs on the days of June, there exists no public testimony. He retired from the city when given up to flame and steel, and only heard its terrible agony in the distance. He walked back to his place in the Assembly, over the cinders of the Rue St. Antoine, smoking in the fresh blood. Though his name was murmured in connection with that thrilling drama, he met the reproach with indignant and unshrinking defiance. In the Assembly, he vindicated his own course and policy, without retracting a word or line he ever spoke or penned. And from no furious combatant of these days of terror, when the red flag waved in triumph over the insurgent barricade, which defied the joint assault of 120 pieces of cannon, and two hundred thousand armed men; or when, in the last paroxysm of unavailing fury, mid flame and smoke, the baffled defenders of these redoubted entrenchments, dashed their own brains out against the buried rocks of the Catacombs, did his name escape, ere grim death set his seal on their blurred lips for ever? The annals of war have nothing to record equal to that momentous struggle,—a contest against such desperate odds, a determination that outlived the last beat of the heart in the living tomb, where fire and smoke consummated what the cannon and sabre had failed in, a purpose so stern and inviolable, a defence so protracted, deaths so proud and lofty—heroism has nothing beyond; still the grandest and most unfathomable attribute of the entire, was the impenetrable secrecy which protected, even from view, the genius that planned, and the courage that provoked it. His guilt or patriotism is not here discussed, whoever he may be; but that there was such presiding genius, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. Truth to him, mid the fires of the Pantheon, and on the tottering defences around the church of St. Antoine; truth to him mid the suffocation of the charnel-house; truth to him at the trial of 15,000 citizens, condemned to a life of slavery;

truth to him and to his counsels, was the sublime characteristic of these scenes, so terrible, that their distant memory pales the cheek of the boldest; and standing alone, it almost redeems their ghastliest horrors. Wherever fidelity has been so severely tested and found unswerving, it is hard to say it does not come of God. And, oh, you worldly wise, and worldly prudent, and conventionally just, who set such store by the trinkets of the Passages, and the valuables of the Boulevards, and so little by the souls of men, a day will yet come when they will weigh and be more priceless than gold, and when some account will be taken of the indignities and the injuries the proud and rich pile on the heads and homes of the poor and feeble, and of the madness and despair which have been brought to their hearths in the name of law, and order, and security. That day will come, and be you sure, that meantime, it is not an unholy thing to draw a veil over the frenzy of hunger, or hear with softened heart the angriest cry for bread.

But this is straying from our purpose. It is not necessary to defend the writer of the "Decline of England" against a charge only advanced by anonymous libellers; nor assuming his connection with the outbreak of June, need the act be justified in order to entitle his book to consideration. If his facts be correct, and his inferences logical, the title of the volumes, though traced by a hand blurred by infamy, is "writing on the wall," inexorable and ineradicable, and neither bluster nor vituperation will blot it out. On the contrary, the amount of literary bile already expended on the book, only proves that its data are incontrovertible, and its logic unanswerable. Anger, in such a case, is like the flushed cheek, bespeaking a mortal disease in the seat of life. Whoso ever yet announced that consumption had taken its first hold, who did not receive for answer from the patient, at least, a stinging look? To some similar source may be referred the ill-tempered criticism of the English press on the work before us.

There is one reason, a fair, and to a certain extent, a just one, which may be urged against Ledru Rollin's competence to pass judgment on England. He is there a foreigner. His estimate of things may, perhaps, be influenced if not actually determined by his previously formed habits of thought and considerations of policy. Notwithstanding their contiguity, and to a certain degree their affinity, no two people are more diametrically opposite than the French and Anglo Saxons. There is nothing in policy, in custom, law, commerce, art, science, literature, renown, to which they will apply the same tests, or judge by the same rules. If, therefore, Gallican prejudices were traceable in Mr. Rollin's argument, or Gallic influences in determining his decisions, his judgment would be naturally questionable. But for either we have searched, and searched in vain. He looks through his subject with a clear, bold, English look. The style only is exaggerated; the facts are sober, stubborn English. Fully aware of the startling nature of the announcement on his title-page, he begins with this singular interrogatory:

"Is this book a paradox, as it has been suggested, even before it has been seen? Is it a squib? Is it history?"

Preceding this, we find a justification which should not have been written. A faithful historian, or even sincere critic, condescends no reply to a libeller in advance. His consciousness is his answer, his shield, and his assurance. Truth will find a hearing for herself, and immortality for her

apostle, no matter in what circumstances he fulfils her holy commissions. If other men attribute evil motives to a writer before he is read, the common sense of mankind rejects the imputation as a calumny; but if the writer anticipate such an accusation, his defence is an endorsement of the libel, when it comes. Mr. Rollin's case is thus far different—he answers a criticism written before his book appeared. He is sensitive lest he may appear ungrateful to a people who had given him hospitality and shelter, in exposing their follies and their crimes; and, in explanation, repudiates an obligation which they had more than cancelled by their calumnies. He admits the influence of these calumnies in directing his inquiries into the condition of England, with a view of discovering if she were so well governed, if the prosperity and well-being of her people were so assured, as to justify her press in flinging obloquy on the failure of the French republic.

"J'ai donc studié, j'ai vu; j'ai comparé; les faits ont repondu!"
"Je viens maintenant livrer ces temoignages à l'opinion et provoquer son arrêt souverain."

The evidence to which he here alludes, is that taken on a commission of inquiry issued by the fourth estate of the realm, a title not unjustly claimed by the press of England. The Morning Chronicle, a leading member of that press, has, within the last year, published the revelations evoked on the inquiry, and for the first time in history afforded a glimpse into the heart of England. Her greatness, her wealth, her resources, her sway, her glory, were patent to all. They were every where to be read, in her history, on her records, in her banks, her mines inexhaustible, her lines of road, her canals, her commerce, her storehouses, her manufactures, her docks, her arsenals, her territories encircling the earth twice round, her armies, her fleets, her unbounded influence, and unbowed flag. Of all these he takes account—minute and faithful account; and comparing them with the facts evolved on the inquest, prophesies her fall.

"The sinister word *decline*," he says, "has shaped itself unconsciously from the facts; and if it serve as a correct title for my book, it is because it is a quickened resumé of these facts."

Those who have observed the career of Mr. Rollin, will not look for a very great depth or breadth of thought in his work. His philosophy is that of inpulse and impetus; but it may nevertheless be true to the highest laws of the universe, as well as those of social progress and social decline.

On this occasion, however, we do not purpose to consider the soundness or unsoundness of his views, inasmuch as anything peculiar in their character does not affect his leading conclusions, or the facts serving for their base. For instance, if they depended to any serious extent on the opinion of Montesquieu, which he invokes—that the "power of maritime states is perishable, being founded on oppression of the people,"—our faith in his predictions would be indeed slender. But he does not, in fact, rely on any such frail philosophy, and only adduces it as a setting for his pearls of price—the facts before referred to.

On this account, we pass over those chapters of the book in which the least weight is claimed for retributive justice. For, though justice is sure, which we hold to unquestioningly; it is, alas, slow, and halt, and blind. Ah! were it not so, England must have long since felt its hottest bolt

hissing in her heart. Whether Providence has chosen otherwise, and allowed her to run her wicked course, each deadly sin leaving the seeds of decay settling in, and corroding, her vitality, as its natural and material effects, we dare not pronounce. But finding them there; finding that she is a gilded monument, all putrefaction within, we accord to the philosophy he bases upon her actual condition, our unhesitating credence. Had the facts from which he deduces his confident predictions been colored or exaggerated by him; had the men who had collected and collated them been within the sphere of his influence; had he been able to suit them by any means to his purpose; our reliance on his sagacity, sincerity and judgment, would have been materially impaired. But not so has it been. The exposure of her sores is by her own hand. When their hideousness is laid bare, and their roots traced to the core of her social being, to connect them with imminent peril to her national existence, is a task of easy execution. Ledru Rollin performs it, no doubt, with an eager, but clearly with an unerring and master hand. He exhibits England effete and unwieldy, crushed between two systems, the prey of the vices of both. Thus he anticipates the judgment which the facts of the inquiry pronounce:

"This conscientious and unquestionable inquest may be compressed into a word. Taxes cannot increase, or wages diminish, except at the risk of death at either extremity;—death no longer, like that of to-day, partial, slow, stealthy; but death mowing down heavy swarths among a ripe harvest of people."

This book is especially valuable at the present moment to American readers. One of the men to whom the destiny of the Union is committed, has eulogized the English system as the perfection of all social government. "Where is the workshop of the world—there is the heart of wealth, commerce, and power." This is not the crude sentiment of Mr. Corwin, it is a canon of public faith with the party who now govern our country. For it they puff and pray, and become sanctimonious and lie. It is the Shibboleth of their worship, the corpus to their state craft, and the limit to their capacity. Twice the Union was perilled by it before, and now again it disputes the predominance in the caldron of cant and fanaticism, which menace a similar result. Let us have workshops; workshops in Illinois; workshops by the Columbia; workshops on the Blue Mountains; workshops on the Alleghanies; workshops by the Salt Lake; workshops everywhere, no matter at what cost, no matter how much to the detriment of other interests! Workshops, workshops! Let us, in a word, be Anglo Saxon—Anglo Saxon in language, in blood, in race, in customs, in feelings, in heart, in furnaces, in bellows-blowing, in spinning jennies! Grind! grind! grind! Let the world go round, be the hinges of the engine oiled, and the cogs kept in limber order. In the bowels of the earth let manhood and womanhood in barbarous nudity be bound down to perpetual toil, perpetual ignorance, and perpetual beastliness. Maim, distort, cripple, dwarf the young and the old, soul and body; but make money—create for yourself the "heart of wealth, commerce and power;" imitate England. Do; but oh! if you have hearts elevated one degree above sordidness, look you at the dark, damning pictures presented in this book.

The style of Rollin is always lucid, sometimes vigorous, sometimes

ornate, and sometimes redundant. No English composition which has outlived its own day, can give any adequate idea of it. The characteristics of his speaking, are strength and rigor. His rapid conception does not admit of ornament, so irresistible is he borne along by the consciousness of his own rectitude. Every word, therefore, is a blow struck home, full and to the purpose. Here he obeys nature, disciplined by a system in which nature has unrestricted guidance. His writing he attempts to intersperse with beauties; they are very often forced, and when most natural, they appear rather as additions to, than embodied with, the full and rounded vigor of his original conceptions. In a language depending for its flexibility on its expletives, this fault does not appear so much as in ours, where every word has a fullness of import, so as to leave no need for artificial aids to make a harmonious whole. A liberal translation therefore would lose in fidelity what it would gain in ornament, and that ornament frequently false, and often utterly irreconcilable. We select a passage free from these redundancies, assuming a purity and elevation not usual in the work, and affording the truest example of the style by which he is distinguished in his own country, and in which he excels most of his contemporaries:

"The star which lit the way of the wise men in the eastern Heavens—the star of biblical tradition, is but a myth, a symbol prefigurative of a distinct genius, and a separate law of guidance for every people in the general destiny.

"Every people, in fact, have their star—that is, their ideal; and the common sentiment is everywhere marked and discoverable, though in modified degrees—as well under the tent of the hunter, as at the grand hearth of the republics of old. The star which illumined the skies of Greece, was Venus, the beautiful; that which shed lustre on Rome, Jupiter or Mars—power; and that which, within the last fifty years, has mounted the Heavens of France, bespeaks justice, right eternal, universal equality.

"The Englishman is aggrandized only in his own Isle, and becomes developed in his riches, without the lustre of intelligence, without progressive philosophy, without an ideal; and, notwithstanding his puritanism and hypocrisies, his aspiration, or his heart, never rises above the level of the mast or the cargo. There shines no star for him. He has no mission to fulfil among the apostles of humanity. Athens, that scarcely perceptible spot, has left immortal light upon her orbit, on the revolution of thought. On that track, what trace of England shall appear?—England, the mistress of the world. To herself, she is proper God and destiny—principal and end; success is her moral; interest her logic. Her faith in it is the foundation of her institutions and her history."

A word more as to our author's character and career. Engrossed by the practice of his profession in which his success was pre-eminent—engaged in the struggles of parliament where he attained a lofty position, and spreading far and near the conspiracy which burst upon the capital, on the immortal days of February, he found time to visit Ireland in 1843, where the man, supposed the greatest moral strategist of his age, formed the heart and the tutelary divinity of the most extraordinary confederacy of the same character that ever existed in the world. Whether these two men, engaged in the same grand design, when they met, inspired each other with trust or hatred, the present writer has no means to determine. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Rollin, on his return to France, attempted to pledge his own collaborateurs to the principle which he supposed to be at the base of Irish agitation. They subscribed consider-

able sums, and commissioned him to be the bearer of the contributions to Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, on hearing of the matter, repudiated the aid and the man, on the sole ground that they savored of republicanism. In that act of the Irish agitator, which no one dared openly question at the time, was generated the defection from his ranks, by which he was afterwards all but crushed. Ledru Rollin, in his chapter on Ireland, takes occasion to refer to him, in a passage of great bitterness and eloquence. How far it is recrimination, discolored by angry disappointment, or the truthful appreciation of character; whether it be a spiteful calumny, or the just though rigorous judgment of history, let our readers decide:

"O'Connell, the successful champion of emancipation, took special care to direct the people out of the path of true deliverance. Having denounced and betrayed the grand revolutionary traditions of the Tones and Fitzgeralds, he treated his famished country to a song, and signalized as her last hope, the empty dream of a "repeal of the union."

"He well knew,—this whig ally and courtier tribune, who so often humiliated his country at the feet of his *gracious* sovereign,—that his promise, sown in every wind, was a mere swindle; he knew that England would never, unless compelled by force, permit the Irish Parliament to re-assemble; he knew that in any event such Parliament could not restore to Ireland, prosperity, independence, or nationality. But he also knew, that with the miserable, deception is easy; and while luxuriating on the contributions of beggars, whose rags served for his masquerade, he pointed to the tempting gates of the New Jerusalem, in the distant horizon, which ever fled from their approach. The name of this man, eminent for ability, but coward of heart, history will brand with the cross of the Traitor; and a day will come, when Ireland, disenthralled by her revolutionary democracy, will cast away his memory as a thing accurst. In what condition in effect has he left the land, on whose bloody sweat he had for thirty years lived—the land that, forging her last plowshare into pikes, would have followed him to the citadel of the enemy, and stricken at the very heart of England? To-day her people have not a perch of earth: they are beggars, vagrants, or toiling slaves on the land of the *stranger*. Their *police, administration, justice*, are those of the *stranger*: and having neither land, nor work, nor income, nor wages, they die of hunger on the roads, or turn the treadmill in the workhouse. Those alone whom famine has not crushed, escape to distant lands, in such multitudes that an English writer lately exclaimed, "Ireland now exports nothing but Ireland."

"And meantime what does the government do? With folded arms it looks on this terrible agony. It maintains the law—its constabulary bivouac around the huts, leveled by the landlord to root out human beings; its tribunals for the benefit of creditors, evict the poorhouse, the last home of beggars; even charity is dispossessed. Lo, in my mind the drama is nearly consummated."

We now proceed to the testimony adduced on the commission or enquiry already alluded to. We begin with the description of the London Docks given by the reporter, who had it in commission to investigate in these regions of seeming affluence.

"The docks of London," he says, "are, in truth, the focus of metropolitan wealth. The cranes creak under the weight of the valuable merchandise they uphold. The storehouses overflow with goods ranged as so much pure gold. Pile upon pile are heaped treasures, the extent of which denies the power of mortal vision to compass or measure it, boundless as the seas over which they have been borne. There are there collected more of the earth's productions than would satisfy the necessities of the world; and yet, side by side with this immeasurable excess of riches, is an excess of misery equally immeasurable.

If these riches, from their immensity, appear sublime, assuredly the wretchedness which exists with them is no less so; for never did human brains conceive anything equal to it. From the quays and magazines pass into the courts and alleys by which they are surrounded, and your feelings will not be less harrowed by their nakedness, than your wonder is excited by the superfluity of the others.

"Every morning, thither throng thousands of men to seek, by hard labor, their daily bread. But if over night the east wind has been lulled, these thousands will become dependent on the air, like the Chamelion. Their own and their families' means of subsistence are as uncertain as the wind itself. For them the weather-cock is an index of suffering or well-being for the day."

Speaking of the countless crowd of men, bankrupt in every pursuit, embracing persons in every condition of life, who rush to the dock gates on mornings, he says:—

"As soon as you see this multitude precipitate itself like a torrent, you may be certain the stewards are arrived. Here commences the crush, the strife, the straining to catch the eye of him on whose word depends the obtaining of work. How could the aspect of these fierce poor creatures be ever forgotten, engaging in deadly strife with one another for a day, or even an hour's work, and a strife fierce in proportion to the universality of the knowledge that several hundreds must remain unprovided for.

These are the reporter's impressions. Subjoined will be found a more detailed picture of the daily and nightly life of that hungry mass of men, partly drawn by themselves. The reporter proceeds:

"A guide, well acquainted thereabouts, conducted me to one of the most thronged lodging houses in that neighborhood. It was a shed of the dimensions of a small barn, and constructed as rudely. The walls were without plaster, and the tiles scarcely shadowed the interior. The rain came through it like a sieve. Around the room was ranged a long and dirty table, at which were seated some twenty unfortunates, covered with rags.

"'I had a half day's work to-day at the docks, said one. Yesterday a whole day. On Monday a half day.'

"'It goes hard with us, said another, who have no lodgings but the street, although beds in this house cost only two pence.'

"To the reporter's inquiry what they did for food, he said:—

"'I have been two whole days without eating anything,'

"'And I,' said another, who skulked in a corner with his chin sunk on his chest, "I have spent three days without tasting a morsel.'

"'Ah! winter is a terrible time for us,' sighed a young man no more than seventeen years of age.

"'Taking one year with another,' added a grown up young man, 'I have worked now nearly eleven years in the Docks; we can earn no more than five shillings a week. Often, very often, we are three, four weeks, without earning a single penny, and in winter, moreover.'

"'But,' said the reporter, 'you can meantime get something to do elsewhere.'

"'Yes, sometimes we earn two or three pence near Billingsgate. Without this we should have nothing to lodge us, and should walk about and die of hunger.'

"'That is what I must do to-night,' said he, who sat in the corner with his head on his breast,

"'And I, too. and I, too,' repeated a second and a third.

"'I have had two or three hard crusts to-day,' said the solitary in the corner.

"'That is about what we all have had,' chimed in the others.

"'I have earned four pence to-day—I one and three pence—I what will pay for my bed—I three half pence—I a penny—I a single half penny, said the

voice from the corner—I the same—I no more. Ah! if you return to-morrow evening, you will find one-half of us will not have earned a farthing—fully one-half.'

"Having asked how they generally spent the night,' adds the reporter, 'I have known a great many who have passed six nights without lying on a bed.'

"'During the entire winter,' said a young beardless boy, 'I have not slept on a bed. For three whole months I have slept on the stone steps of Billingsgate.'

This at the docks,—those magazines of the world—those storehouses of the earth's productions.

Now let us hear the heart-rending gratitude of one of the most skillful weavers in Spitalfield, for being rendered childless in his prime of manhood.

"'Have you any children?'

"'I had two, but, thank God, they are dead.'

"'Are you then reconciled to your children's death?'

"'Oh! yes, I give thanks to God therefor. I am relieved from the burden of supporting them, and they, poor dear creatures, are delivered from the sufferings of this life.'"

But listen to another history of metropolitan life, too thrilling, too touching, too agonizing to be abridged by a word:

"'I worked at shirt making. I received two pence farthing for each. By working from five in the morning until midnight, I could make seven in a week. This gave me seventeen pence half penny for my entire week's work. Out of that I should take the price of thread—two pence a week—which left me fifteen pence halfpenny for lodging, sustenance and candles. I was alone, and I received some little presents from my friends; but I was unable to support life, and I went out at night to obtain something to eat. I had an infant who continually cried for food. Not being able to support it with my needle, I went on the streets. Sometimes there was no work, and then I was forced to depend entirely on prostitution. On my soul! I went on the streets solely for the means of getting food for myself and my infant. If I could otherwise gain a living, I never would have done this. My father was an independent preacher, and I swear on my word, solemnly and religiously, that it was the low price of labor which drove me to prostitution. I often struggled; many a time I took my infant into the streets to beg, in order no longer to cover him and myself with shame. I made pincushions and trinkets; I took them into the streets to sell, to gain an honest livelihood, but I could not succeed. Sometimes I would spend the whole night out, myself and my child under the rain, without selling a thing. I was so poor I could not get even a night's lodging on credit. And when we were unable to make anything, we were in the habit of lying down under a shed, for I used to be too tired to remain standing with my infant. Once, in the depth of winter, his little limbs became frozen at my side. We had been sitting on a door step. I attempted to walk in order to seek the poor-house. I was unable to move a step. The snow was above my shoes. It had snowed all the evening and we were out under it. We had not tasted a morsel of bread since early morning, and the last we had I obtained by using another's name. I was compelled by fear of dying with hunger, to pretend that I was sent by another, when it was no such thing. Oh! the agony of these falsehoods for a sensitive spirit! All this time I strove to escape prostitution. Many solicited me: I refused all. I had sworn to myself that I would avoid this kind of life, for the love of my child. A lady observed me sitting on the door steps: she brought me into the house, and chafed the limbs of the child with brandy. She gave us some nourishment, but I was so reduced as to be unable to eat. I went to the work-house that very night. I told them we were dying with hunger. They refused to admit us without an order. Then I had recourse again to prostitution for another month. I was not able to get work. I had no discharge. I had not even recommendations to get work at second-hand.

My reputation was altogether lost. At last, I was so disgusted with my mode of life, that I obtained an order to get into the workhouse, and remained there two years. The moment I passed the threshold, my infant was taken from me, and I was only allowed to see him afterwards once a month. At last myself and another left the workhouse to go to the business of umbrella covering, in order to have our children with us. We got one shilling a dozen for the umbrellas, and generally between us, we finished from six to eight dozen a week. I then earned from three to four shillings a week, and during that time, I abandoned prostitution altogether. For sake of my child, I would not wish my name ever known; but for the salvation of other young girls, I swear, oh! I swear with my heart, that it is the low price of labor that forced me to prostitution as a means of living. No one can ever comprehend the tortures I endured. I hate it with all the power of my heart. My whole nature recoils from it. None but God knows how I struggled to escape it. I could never succeed, unless I got work that would pay me better. If I remained shirt-maker, I would have been a prostitute to this hour. I pawned the frock off my back, and went in my petticoat—I had but one—rather than again go on the streets. But all was in vain. We were near dead of hunger. I stole—you understand me, sir—I stole her cloak, from the girl who lodged in the same room with me, to go once more on the streets, and procure a crust of bread. I left my child wrapped in a rag of an old quilt. I returned with half a crown, the price of my shame, and with this I for two days silenced the cries which hunger wrung from him. Such were my sufferings, that, two days before I made application at the workhouse, I resolved to commit suicide. I wrote my child's name on a piece of paper, with the address of his aunts, and pinned it to his little chemise. I laid him on the bed; I kissed him, I thought for the last time, and proceeded to Regent's Park to throw myself into the lake, near the road to St. John's wood. I went there because I thought it the surest place. A policeman observed me, and asked me what I was about. He suspected something, and led me outside the park. This saved my life. My father died, blessed be God, when I was eight years old. My sisters were starving. I do not even know whether one of them had not actually died of a cancer, of which she was a victim.' "

This history, debased in character, but simple and sublime in its agony and tears, written, as it is, in the puddle of the streets of the great metropolis, traced in the snow under the winter shed, engraved on the granite steps of the rich man's door, blurred on the damp floor of the workhouse, by this woman's blistering, burning tears—this history, every word a drop of liquid fire, is evolved in the shadow and glare of that mighty London. There, she sits, the lone outcast, in her empty garret, the garb of theft on her shoulders, and the price of defilement in her hand, whereby she stills the hungry cry of one as dear to her as is the boy Prince of Wales to the mother of a line of monarchs; and having a soul as near and dear to God, as kindred to his Spirit, and as much an heir to his kingdom; there she sits, perhaps midway between the palace and the tower, in a region overflowing with milk and honey, wine and manna, and yet dying of hunger and thirst; there she sits, having need of endurance more eternal than that of Tantalus, for she had lost in her shame the immortality that imparted his power to him; there she sits, in the midst of all the national wealth, abundance, luxury and superfluity, which industry, unscrupulous energy and reckless rapacity, could pile together—there, in the storehouse of the world, in the lap of excess, sits the desolate woman, owning nothing of her sex but its shame, lonely, childless, though the offspring of her error is still living, but chained to the repentant iron ring of a heartless charity; there she rocks her to and

fro, this fallen angel—a thief, a beggar, and a prostitute—and all, all because England must be the "workshop of the world."

M. Rollin elsewhere says, speaking of that workshop, that the beholder is seized with dizziness, standing within the mighty whirl of energy that bespeaks England's activity and superfluous affluence, and imagines that he sees revived around him the labors of the Titans.

This is the type of the government.

That is the type of the people who uphold it, and die of its weight. No wonder that he should say, comparing both:

"Ce mot *decadance* est sorti tout naturellement des faits."

One picture more and we leave the capital:

"'Some years ago, one day after Christmas, myself and my husband spent the whole day out without getting a halfpeny to earn. I was then nursing my first child, only two month's old. On entering our little room, I felt myself fainting. The only thing we had left, of which it was possible to make a penny, was one glass, the very glass you now see on the table. Everything else had been pawned. This had cost five pence halfpenny. I endeavored to sell it, but could not. I then went to my next door neighbor, and said to her—for the love of God, Mrs. B., lend me two pence on this glass, for we are dying of hunger. I have not even a halfpenny, she replied. Thereupon I went away. My husband had gone to bed in his clothes; for we had neither blanket nor coverlet. He had gone to bed, having no other means of endeavoring to forget the hunger and cold. We had neither fire nor candles; but a slender ray through a clink gave us light from the street. I sat down to give the breast to baby—poor Willey, he is an excellent boy now. I found I had scarcely a drop of suck. What was to become of the child? A horrid idea suddenly passed through my brain, and I said to myself:—Yes, rather than see him suffer in this way, I will kill Willey, and then I will kill myself. I was resolved. But I began to consider. No, no; I will cut my own throat, but I could not cut the throat of my baby. * * * To kill myself, then, would serve no purpose. I will run to the river and throw myself in with baby in my arms. I stood up with this purpose. But another thought crossed me. I laid the infant on the chair, and I shook my husband, crying out to him—I'll cut your throat—I'll cut your throat. He jumped to his feet, and seized both my arms, and then I comprehended how very wicked I was. I fell on my knees, weeping like a child, in my thankfulness to God for saving me.'

"This recital," adds the reporter, "was given with the utmost simplicity; it was drawn from her by accident, and the poor creature had no reason to believe it would ever be published.'"

Mr. Rollin, after closing the harrowing detail, thus communes with himself:

"What a type of the people is this woman, so full of motherly tenderness, and yet driven to the verge of murder and suicide. To fancy, after this, that it is by mere chance mortal sufferings pierce our hearts! In the depths of this society, what horrors are there of which death alone holds the secret!"

This is London, the core of the "heart of wealth, commerce and power."

A few more will complete our quotations. A careful selection, sufficient to exemplify every interest upon which England's greatness and security depend, in their true character, would require more space than we have been able to devote to this entire article; and, besides, we fear rendering injustice to "the simple annals of the poor," which we are obliged to translate from a translation. Any one, ever so imperfectly acquainted with the genius of both languages, will at once acknowledge that our re-

translation may be perfectly faithful, yet infinitely below the original in pathos and power, and that terrible distinctiveness of misery, of which it was the expression.

The subjoined extract depicts the commencement of a process, now near its consummation in Ireland. The scene is, we believe, in Devonshire, or on its borders. The commission reports:

"Not alone are new abodes no longer built for a population always increasing, but, instead even of repairing the old cottages, they are allowed to come down, and sometimes their fall is accelerated. In a parish between Houlton and the coast, belonging, for the most part, to Edward Elton, depopulation has grown into a regular system. Six cabins either fall of themselves or are levelled by the year. Allowing each to be inhabited by seven persons, the proprietor thus clears his domain of forty-two human beings every year; and so far diminishes his poor rates. Often, to be sure, the expelled find an asylum with their neighbors, and their failing becomes a charge on the parish; but with time all the dwellings will disappear, and Sir E. Elton and his compeers will thus be relieved from a population, whose final resource is no other than the poor rate. This is what is called clearing an estate. (The English language has discovered hypocritical formulas for the crimes of the aristocracy.) In proportion as human dwellings disappear, and a void is left in a parish, the lands are converted into pasture, grazing replacing corn-growing, and cattle expelling the cultivators. Behold the end which all the great landed proprietors propose to themselves! Solitudinem faciunt."

So much for the physical condition of the agricultural laborers, one word as to their moral one. The commission again speaks:

"Their education is not a whit more advanced than was that of their fathers in the days of William the Norman. Since the eleventh century it has not progressed. It is to-day equally what it was then."

Let us now hear the same faithful chronicler, describing the condition of Manchester, the great seat of industry, the ever-beating heart of English activity:

"When one sees the working people pass from the factories, he is struck with their debilitated appearance and stupid aspect. The women no longer possess those rounded and lovely forms, which express the distinctive beauty of their sex. Their attenuated figures bespeak the malady which is undermining the generations of this vast city; and, as to the infants, deprived of nursing and of nourishment, and living on breast milk poisoned by disease and want, they stand as the great reproach of a race in full career to utter degeneracy."

And again:

"At Manchester 22,956 houses have neither pumps nor cisterns, nor wells nor pipe water—and cannot be accommodated with water at the public fountains. The lowest, filthiest, and most unhealthy district in Manchester is called 'The Angels' Meadow.' It is filled with caverns, and inhabited by prostitutes, robbers, beggars, and vagabonds. These wretched beings burrow in holes the most horrible, dark and filthy. We entered a cavern about ten feet long and seven wide, lighted only by a few lumps of burning charcoal. The top was so low that one could not stand erect. A dozen, at least, of men, women, and children, some sitting on stools, and some squatted or stretched on the ground, surrounded the fire." * * * * *

With these quotations we take our leave of M. Rollin's book. That prejudice and aversion have accompanied its appearance, it would be idle

to conceal. For these we have no care. If it contain the truth, they will be as evanescent as the morning mists that cloud the star of day. If it do not, let it be condemned, but condemned on its own demerits. The judgment of the English press is petulant, silly, pointless, and perjured. He is accused of ignorance and misstatement in matters of trifling account,—matters not weighing a feather in the great scope and purpose of the book—and accused with so much acrimony, and a criticism so puerile, as to stamp its leading and unquestioned evidence with a double authority. Vindictiveness of cavil, concentrating itself on trifles, is solid attestation of the clear, broad and telling facts, from which it carefully shrinks. In describing legal process, it was impossible he could speak from personal observation. He was obliged to derive his information from books. These books, owing to sessional changes in English jurisprudence and court practice, must necessarily lead him a little astray; nor is it astonishing if he mistake the exact functions of such important personages as Richard Roe, John Doe and Whipple Thrustout. So, too, of the college life of to-day, as compared with the college life to be found in books, which led him into some slight errors, whereupon the hell of criticism cast up its fiery contents—"Acheronta movebo!" roared some Oxford fag, whose fagging a "*foreigner*" dared to overdo. Had the foreigner arrived in London from some eastern clime, where England's Parliamentary records do not run, one year after the merchants in that Parliament and the nabobs on the palace back-stairs, had squeezed out of the white slaves at home £20,000,000 sterling, as payment for the worn out flesh and blood of some thousands of black slaves in the colonies; and had he, deriving his information from her then published state papers, written strictures on her tortures of her slaves, the "Van of human freedom" would howl him such an octave, and would so rate him for his ignorance, as to make him wish himself at Babel or in Bedlam! What! they, who not only had no slaves, (none, except the miners and the clodpoles, and the weavers and the sempstresses, and the dock-laborers and the sailors, and the Irish bog-trotters,) but who felt impelled to put an end to slavery elsewhere all over the world, as the champions of liberty,—Anglice, in order that no African could underwork their *free* laborer,—they to be twitted with cruelty in the treatment of those held to service? "They'd have you mimic no such mouthing, my master."

So it is in the present instance; and so be it. Here, however, this petulance makes no mountains out of molehills, were they alive with stinging ants. And here, too, the book will be judged on its own merits. The importance of its unquestioned facts cannot be over-estimated. At this time of unsettled opinion and unbridled imitation of Anglo-Saxonism, when our most accomplished bon vivants cannot quaff their port save with an Anglo-Saxon smack, it is especially well-timed, and may prove of incalculable utility. In the hope it will do so, we commend its perusal to the two secretaries to the cabinet, to the senate—and we earnestly commend to the enterprise of some publisher the task of making it accessible to the millions of men, who "live and die by labor, in this empire." It would amply repay him for his outlay, and more amply repay them for its perusal. If its contents were even partially known, the World's Fair would have fewer visitors, and the world's *paragon* not one imitator. This is the morale of our critique.

THE VETO POWER OF THE PRESIDENT.

INTRODUCTION.

To the Hon. Horatio Seymour,

Lately Democratic Candidate for Governor of the State of New-York:

My Dear Sir:—As you failed of success, by only about three hundred and eighty votes, at our last election, and under a party disorganization which transmutes into personal respect the suffrages you received, I shall not be surprised, from my knowledge of your intellectual and moral qualifications, should you be called, in the progress of your life, to stations of much more extensive utility than the office of Governor. I will not adopt Joseph's speech to Pharoah's butler, and say, "show kindness, I pray thee, to me, when it shall be well with thee;" but I will subjoin to this introductory letter, a brief essay on the Veto Power, that you, or some other citizen, who shall be favored with the privilege, may show kindness to our country, which needs it more than I.

In the Democratic Review of last January, I demonstrated, that a strict construction of the Constitution is essential to our permanance as a confederacy. The Negro difficulties of last year, like the Excise rebellion of 1799, and the Tariff nullification of 1832, proceeded from a lax construction of the Constitution; and we may now cry peace measures! peace measures! But we shall realize no peace, except we construe strictly the powers of the general government.

The difference between a strict construction and a loose construction, has ever sep rated the political parties, which, under varying names, have existed in our country Without this difference we may disagree empirically in our preferences for different men and particular measures, but we shall be divided by no fixed principles. The present attempt, therefore, to found a Union party on the negro question, irrespective of whether the Constitution shall be construed strictly or loosely on the tariff, public improvements, the veto, &c., is like the old story of enacting the play of Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted. The project may serve the purposes of partisans, as the play so enacted served the temporary purpose of the actors; but both schemes are alike deceptious for any permanent utility.

Our government is fast departing from a strict limitation in a new particular;—the Constitution says: "the Executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States." He need consult nobody in the exercise of his duties, though he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices;" but now such officers constitute themselves a cabinet council, and, like a British cabinet, assume the presidential functions, thereby committing a usurpation which no sanction of the President can legalize. But the illegality of the practice is its least evil. A British cabinet, being recognized as crown advisers, act responsibly, while ours, being a volunteer conclave, are like the cloud which followed in the rear of the Israelites: they screen the President, and are themselves invulnerable. Nor is this all the evil:—every man's caution is heightened ratably, and every man's perceptions are ratably sharpened, by the degree of responsibility under which he is acting; hence, when the President transfers any of his personal duties to his Secretaries, they will act under less responsibility than the President, and therefore will act under circumstances less favorable to wisdom. But even a responsible cabinet possesses disadvantages in contrast with a single Executive. In a council of, say, seven men, the responsibility is divided by seven; and by a law of nature, a man's solicitude will be only proportioned to his responsibility, and his acuteness will be proportioned to his solicitude. A council of seven is, therefore, not a lens with a focal power of one multiplied by seven, but with a focal power of one divided by seven. The dismissions from office by President Taylor, exemplify one of the practical evils of this innovation. His anti-election disclaimer of removals for partisan differences, induced the people to favor his elevation; and when

his post election conduct falsified the expectations therein of the people, the discrepancy was attributed to his secretaries. The people, therefore, in a presidential election, can no longer exercise any control over the principles by which they will be governed, but are restricted to a barren choice between the persons of rival men of straw.

In short, we are arrived at a period when the character of our government depends on the secretaries who chance to fill the executive offices. We know that the death of a recent President proved providential in behalf of public tranquillity, by occasioning the removal of a cabinet. A President may doubtless advise with his officers, and with all persons whose opinions may assist his own; but that such advice shall become an admitted executive machinery, is to interpose an unconstitutional shield between the President and the people. Hoping better practices are in store for our country at no distant day, and a return to the strict construction of Jefferson and Jackson, whose secretaries were compelled to confine themselves to their proper departmental duties, I proceed to the consideration of the veto power.

THE AUTHOR.

UTICA, *New-York, February 1st*, 1851.

THE VETO POWER OF THE PRESIDENT.

EVERY bill which shall have passed both Houses of Congress, must be presented to the President before it can become a law :—"If he approve, he shall sign it; but, if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated." This simple mandate of the Constitution is dwindled, by a latitudinarian construction, into a power of rejection, only when a bill shall be unconstitutional; or the two Houses of Congress shall have passed it without due deliberation. To thus relax the veto seems to diminish the powers of government, and we become surprised at finding the relaxation among the tenets of politicians, who characteristically enlarge the powers of government; but our surprise will cease, if we remember that the relaxation diminishes restraints on the legislature, which is the only usurping branch of our government; hence the means of usurpation become increased, just in proportion as the veto power becomes diminished.

A President who subordinates his will to the will of Congress, subordinates the people to their servants.

A representative in Congress represents the two hundred and thirty-third part of the United States. His constituents are locally contiguous, and he regards supremely their interests. A senator represents the sixty-second part of the Union, the half of some one state, to which, alone, he is amenable; and its wishes control his conduct. But the President represents the whole Union—States and people. To him, therefore, belongs properly a supervision over every bill, before it shall become a law. His disapproval of a bill is national, not personal; just as the sentence of death pronounced on a convict, is a fiat of law spoken through a judge, who, personally, would shed no blood. A President must lose himself in his office, not lose his office in himself, or the humility of the officer will humble the office with the people whom the office typifies. The humility of a clergyman may well incline him to refrain from censuring sins, sinner as he is in common with his congregation; but he censures in the name of his Divine Master. So a house of worship, stone, brick or wood, challenges all men within it to stand uncovered, not in reverence of the structure, but of the Deity to whom it is dedicated.

A Veto is an appeal to the people as supreme arbiter.

In law-suits, a demurrer arrests the proceedings till the court shall

decide the merits of the objection, and a presidential veto arrests legislation till the people shall decide thereon at the next presidential election. A veto is, therefore, in honor of the people, as a court of last resort. General Jackson thus considered it when, July 10th, 1832, he vetoed a re-charter of the United States Bank. He said, "I have now done my duty to my country. If sustained by my fellow citizens, I shall be grateful and happy; if not, I shall find in the motives which impel me, ample grounds for contentment and peace." Instead, then, of being a "one man power," a veto is an every man's power, and the highest privilege that pertains to the people. Congress felt this, when they presented to General Jackson the above bank bill just before the expiration of his first official term, and when he was a candidate for re-election. They knew he would veto it, and they wanted to subject his veto to the review of the people. The case constituted a direct appeal to the people by Congress and the President; and admirably illustrates the power conferred on the people by a proper exercise of the veto.

A Presidential Veto is the people's only security against Congressional venality and usurpation.

The people may remove a representative every second year, and a senator every sixth year; but a re-charter of the United States Bank could not have been corrected by a removal of all who had voted for it. The contract would have been consummated and irrevocable, had it not been arrested by a veto; and such are all the cases to which a veto has been applied. But the benefits which have resulted from vetoes cannot be estimated by only the few cases wherein they have been exercised. Had Monroe not vetoed the Cumberland Road Bill in 1822, or Jackson the Maysville Stock Subscription in 1830, who sees not the extent to which such legislation would have been carried by Congress, whose organization favors such legislation;—the roads which it should construct in any state, provoking every other state to procure like legislation. Nay, the representative of every congressional district would be ambitious to procure for his locality what any other representative had procured; hence, every step in such legislation would produce others in a compound progression, till legislation would degenerate into a scramble for spoils. Nor should we omit among the advantages of the veto, its check on the venality of so promiscuous and numerous a body as Congress:—to say nothing of higher officials. The Galphin disclosures of last year shocked morality; but who can help believing that the Galphin case was more peculiar in its exposure than its occurrence. The revival of old and rejected claims against the government is become common; and charity tries in vain to suppose that the claims are advocated disinterestedly in Congress. The veto of President Polk saved the country in his day from French Claim spoliators; but his veto is more effectual in showing how a President ought to act, than it will be in finding imitators. The statute of limitations which every state enacts, is not designed to prevent the payment of just demands, but to provide against the evanescence of testimony; for if a claim seems just after fifty years of rejection, we ought to infer that the facts are forgotten which showed its injustice, and not that our predecessors were disinclined to be just.

The Veto is powerless for evil.

We often hear that a king of England would lose his head should he thwart, by veto, the British Parliament. The king, however, retains his position for life, and his veto is not susceptible of a quadrennial review by the people, nor reversible, like a President's, by a two-third vote of the legislature. Besides, the king vetoes to retain power, which the people are seeking, through Parliament, to wrest from him; but a President vetoes to disclaim power and patronage, that Congress are attempting to invest him with by wresting it from the people. Such has been the character of all past presidential vetoes; and that an exercise of the power evinces a victory by duty over personal ease, may be inferred from the few vetoes which have been pronounced during our sixty-two years of national existence; and inferred from nothing more clearly than from President Polk's sanction of the Oregon Territorial Bill, with the Wilmot Proviso superadded, and which uncharacteristic sanction he in vain sought to justify by an apologetic explanation. The people need not, therefore, fear that the veto will be exercised excessively. Its exercise demands rather the encouragement of every patriot; especially, as its most mistaken application can delay but briefly what it may improperly arrest.

The Veto performs for Legislation what Chancery performs for the Common Law.

President Fillmore's implied declaration to veto a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, exemplifies, in its salutary influence over fifteen states, another utility of the veto power, especially when contrasted with the uneasiness which they evinced previously, by reason of the tenets of his party that no veto was proper, except against unconstitutional legislation. For nearly fifty years the slave states have deemed the veto their surest reliance against Congressional aggression; hence the uniform desire of the South that the President should be a southron. This, more than the victories of Gen. Taylor, caused his election; nor could Van Buren have been elected in 1837, had he not then been "a northern man with southern feelings." Indeed, the veto is admirably adapted to mitigate the tyranny of a legislative majority, when the tyranny is to be exercised, as with us, over states organized severally, with all the machinery of sovereignty;—arsenals, munitions, revenues, a legislature, judiciary, militia, and citizens accustomed to local obedience; and when, accordingly, Congressional tyranny is liable to disrupt the Union. In England, where a veto is practically unknown, no such urgency for its exercise exists, for how numerous soever may become the victims of a legislative majority, they possess no means of counter-aggression but unorganized brute riot and impotent clamor. The Court of Chancery is said "to break the teeth of the Common Law," which would compel a man to pay two thousand dollars, as a penalty, for not paying one thousand on a stipulated day. The presidential veto tempers, with equal beneficence, the tyranny of a Congressional majority, which can, by a plurality of one member, abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, enforce the Wilmot Proviso on the people of a new territory, or outrage otherwise the feelings of fifteen states.

Unconstitutional Legislation is remediable without a Veto.

The judiciary power of the United States extends "to all cases in law and equity, arising under the laws;"—and to insure impartiality in the judges, they "hold their offices during good behavior," and receive a compensation which cannot be diminished during their continuance in office. Now, as no act of Congress can affect an individual, except as he may be punished judicially for disobedience, he possesses in the judiciary as good a shield against unconstitutional legislation, as he possesses for the security of his life, *liberty* and property. To say, therefore, with some politicians, that the veto shall be used only to prevent unconstitutional legislation, is to assimilate the veto to the fifth wheel of a coach,—which is proverbially useless.

CONCLUSION.

But the above politicians fail to explain why a President must not deem the constitutional knowledge of Congress better than his own, as well as its deliberate judgment in other matters. In short, the President's intellect is paramount in both cases for one reason only,—the Constitution makes it paramount. He must approve or disapprove; and if, in any case, he subordinates his judgment to the will of Congress, he commits the offence of respecting Congress more than he respects the Constitution; and it becomes wounded in its most delicate and vital part by him who has been selected as its defender.

THE AMICABLE AND THE AMIABLE IN ENGLISH POLICY.

Two months ago we said the Nicaragua question was not settled. The assertion was questioned and sneered at. Our convictions, notwithstanding, remained unchanged. The retiring Secretary had pronounced a strong opinion, and the entering Secretary had discussed some strong liquids with a titled gentleman, who was, besides, a man of the beau monde, and an Anglo-Saxon to boot, carrying his heart about in his palm, ready to be pledged, and shared, and minced out among Americans, wherever there was a chance of a gloriamus, between the Kennebec and the Potomac. We were told, too, by good-natured and grave statesmen, that the Clayton treaty was very explicit and very stringent; that it contained, in fact, a large quantity of Old Zack's cool, straight-forward sturdiness, and that Lord Palmerston could not get out of it, and did not mean to; and that the whole thing was as clear as the nose on our face, and that we should talk in subdued tones, and allow the organ aforesaid to be twitted in diplomatic courtesy, ere we suspected England of a design to perjure her good faith, and hold Nicaragua for the half-bred majesty, whom she hath anointed with the chrism of royalty, in that regard. Statesmen, it was said, do not bluster; and the "brutum fulmen" which was hurled against Austrian grumbling, was canonized as an attestation of the spunk yet lingering in the Whig Titan. "Pshaw!" said the knowing ones, "we aint agoing to believe that Daniel Webster would sell the country." Not for

worlds, of course, nor did any body say so; the country is one thousand times dearer to him than himself, which is one guarantee.

But, notwithstanding the hubbub and hobnob, and the dignity of some and the gravity of some others, and the lethargy of all, we retained our suspicions that there was a very noxious sediment in those sparkling glasses, so brimful of good fellowship, and that Sir Henry was in fact meditating how he could bamboozle that same mighty "star," in whose orbit he was so anxious to be seen. We continued in effect so obdurate as to become more and more convinced that England would hold Nicaragua, in the name of his sable majesty, or his still blacker brother monarch of another hot region, if need were; and that she would hold it by chicane if she could, by fraud if she could, and by force if all these failed her. Her foothold in Central America is near a century old. For a time it was maintained by piracy, for awhile under false pretences, and finally, by open violence. She bound herself, on at least four solemn occasions, and under the most stringent obligations, to evacuate it. After the evasion or open violation of three successive treaties with Spain, she pledged her word, and crown, and nationhood, not alone to evacuate it for herself, but all whom she abetted, using almost the same language as in the Clayton treaty, and she continued to hold it in open violation of this compact. That she is less false or faithless now, there is no evidence. There is rather significant testimony to the contrary. Trace her career through both hemispheres, and you will find cupidity her ruling motive. That darling passion was never so roused as now, at least in connection with Central America. She sees the importance of commanding this great passage of the world; and neither faith nor honor, nor engagements nor treaties, will stand in her way.

There are two questions at issue here, each of the last moment to the honor and integrity of the republic.

First. Shall this Clayton Bulwer Treaty be fulfilled?

Secondly. Are we to repudiate engagements voluntarily entered into with the supreme government of Nicaragua, inasmuch as we very rashly made them without having previously entreated permission from his arrogancy, plenipotentiary Chatfield?

These questions, it may be, the administration is too impotent, or too far committed, to determine. They are, however, no longer to be shirked. It is said, and it yet may be urged, that it is a rigorous rule with our government never to interfere with the quarrels of other nations. The proposition applied to this case is false, evasive and contemptible. We have interfered. We have bound ourselves to Nicaragua and to England, and England, in turn, bound herself to us. We have to fulfil our own obligations, and to compel others to observe theirs. If, through affectation of a sickly morality, or a mistaken sense of the interests of peace, we fail in either, we had better abdicate our sovereignty, and creep under the protecting flag of the pirate of the seas, disqualified by our own feebleness and faithlessness to undertake any function of nationhood. We did interfere—we gave our solemn guarantee. We must redeem it, or be for ever accursed, our name a by-word, our faith the expression of obliquity and double dealing. What was the meaning of this Clayton treaty? Was any interest of ours at stake? Was it uncalled-for intermeddling in a question of child's play? Was it a game of push-pins, invented to beguile the idleness of a couple of dexterous or lazy urchins?

Or were they in earnest, those sage diplomatists, and did they, in good faith, pledge their respective countries to a convention, embracing the gravest interests of mankind?

If the latter, surely this peddling and mystery, and shrugs and nods, are pitiful. 'Tis stitching fig-leaves to shelter us against the arctic snows. We are told to hold in our breath, and shuffle, and wink, and dissemble, and speak of anything and everything but that which is thrust in our faces, and which, sooner or later, must be dealt with. A commission of inquiry is suggested. "Send cool-headed statesmen down to the tropic on a voyage of discovery," say the peace-makers. Certainly, if you cannot elsewhere determine whether the cabinet were fit subjects for a writ "de lunatico inquirendo." When you see a robber at your desk, appropriating your dollars, issue a commission of inquiry to see whether he came in by the door or by the window. Satisfy yourself lest you may make a fatal mistake, compromising the peace-preservation society, sitting on the banks of the Elbe. By all means; but the robber will, meantime, have secured his booty.

But if the government be inadequate to its duties, it is meet the country should know how far it has proceeded, what it has attempted, and what it has failed in. It is now nearly twelve months since this treaty was ratified, and every mail brings fresh intelligence of some new violation of it. During some part of that time the government has been hood-winking the country; while the plenipotentiary and the omnipotent Secretary were practicing the Scotch fiddle, to the tune of "*caw me, caw thee*," assurances were given the people, on perfectly current authority, that certain gambols of one Fred. Chatfield were severely rebuked by his government. The "giant intellect" was represented, not as in the lion's den, but in a kennel, with numerous snappish cur dogs barking at his heels—not one of whom could even scrape that triple armor of a "just cause," in which he was encased. It would be treason to the "lustre of his eye" to suppose it was ever clouded, when vigil was to be kept by the imperilled honor of the country. As long as these assurances were of current value, and while, for hospitality's sake, it was not meet to interrupt good fellowship, the senate properly exhibited very profound indifference. Now, however, that the season of merriment is over, and Mr. Chatfield, we beg his arrogancy's pardon, Fred. Chatfield, piqued at his supremacy being questioned, developes at once the fullness of his authority, and the ultimate limits of his condescension, in regard to the boundaries of Mosquitia, possibly that body may not deem it unworthy of their plethoric dignity to institute some inquiry on this subject.

Before recording this recent memorial of the conciliatory spirit of Fred. Chatfield, representing Victoria Regina, of Great Britain and Ireland, we are tempted to re-produce a spicy letter of his Eminence the Plenipotentiary to his "*trusty and well-beloved councillor.* Here it is, *verbum verbo.*

[*Sir Henry Bulwer to Fred. Chatfield.*]

WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 26, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,—I trust that you will have settled the question of claims before the order for evacuating Tiger Island arrives. I know that it is difficult to deal with such people on matters of justice, if you cannot keep before their eyes the ultimate argument of force, and I feel exceedingly for your position, with such a gentleman as Squier "making capital" at your elbow. But pray let me take

the liberty of suggesting to you that it is well always to consider not only what you think should be done for the particular interest you have in hand, but what your government, which has so many interests to consider, will back you in doing; since, to make a step forwards, if subsequently it is to be made backwards, only renders matters worse. I would not, also, let Mr. Squier's misdoings hurry you too much out of the line which you would otherwise pursue. His conduct is generally disapproved of here; and I know that the State department has formally disapproved of it.

"Neither do I think that this government has at the present moment the views you seem inclined to credit it for. *It is however a weak government, and being suspected by the popular party, is ever afraid of seeming in favor of any policy that is unpopular. Thus, though its intentions may be trusted, its course cannot be relied upon.* Attempts are being made to settle the Mosquito business. I think they may succeed: they ought to do so. We have every wish to aid in constructing a canal—that is, in protecting its construction and guarantying its security when constructed. Nor have we any great interest in the Mosquito protectorate, or any selfish object to serve by maintaining it. But we ought not and I believe will not abandon it dishonorably, nor permit the Nicaraguans, whom we have expelled therefrom, to be again masters of the San Juan. These are my private opinions, but I think you may like to know them. I have defended your conduct here as to Tiger Island, on the ground that it was provoked by Squier; but it was too 'go ahead.' H. L. B."

And here the compliment thereof:

[*Fred. Chatfield to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Nicaragua.*]

GUATEMALA, *Thursday, Dec.* 5, 1850.

"SIR: The frequent overtures which, in the name of Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, acting on behalf of the King of Mosquito, have been made to the Republic of Nicaragua, with a view to determine, by a solid agreement, the boundary between the Dominions of the King of Mosquito and the Territories of the Republic of Nicaragua, have been systematically rejected. Her Britannic Majesty judges that the interest and convenience of both parties require that this point should no longer remain unsettled; and as a proof of the conciliatory spirit which animates Her Britannic Majesty on this subject, it has been determined that the frontiers of the King of Mosquito on the side of the Republic of Nicaragua, and of Nicaragua on the side of Mosquito, shall be such as they were on the 13th September, 1821, when Nicaragua, as a part of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, declared its independence of the Spanish monarchy. * * * * *

"The imperfect geographical knowledge of the interior of Central America opposes for the present a considerable difficulty to the determination of the latitude and longitude of the places along the eastern and north-eastern border of Nicaragua; but circumstances require that the general line of boundary should be made known, which the Government of Her Majesty are prepared to assert for the Mosquito King.

"The undersigned, Her Britannic Majesty's Charge de Affaires in Central America, has the honor to declare to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Supreme Government of Nicaragua, that the general boundary line of the Mosquito Territory begins at the Northern extremity of the boundary line, between the district of Tegueigalpa in Honduras, and the jurisdiction of New Legovia, in Nicaragua, and after following the northern frontier of New Legovia, it runs along the south-eastern limit of the District of Matagalpa and Chontales, and thence in an eastern course, until it reaches the Machuca Rapids, on the River San Juan.

"In conclusion, the undersigned has to state, that the boundaries above described are those which divide the two countries; but he repeats that Her Majesty's Government continues willing to treat and agree with the Government of Nicaragua for the final settlement of these questions, on an amicable

and permanent basis; and the undersigned trusts that the Government of Nicaragua will see the policy of coming to a friendly understanding with the Mosquito Government, *for it is obvious that no canal or any other improved mode of transit across the Isthmus can well be established before the difficulty raised by Nicaragua on this point is put an end to.*

"The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew to the, &c., &c.

"(Signed) FRED. CHATFIELD."

As commentary to the above, we subjoin in a note, the grounds on which the British navy, at this man's behest, blockade the coasts and harbors of two independent, but weak nations. The main reason is, that the Government at St. Salvador refused to publish a decree, declaring in solemn form, that the strictures of certain newspapers on His High Mightiness were libellous and false. It will be seen that he here breaks quite new diplomatic ground, likely to complicate the relations between all civilized states. As one of its earliest consequences, we apprehend a pronunciamento from the capital, designating our own criticism on this autocrat of the Isthmus as utterly profane, and flatly blasphemous; or if such anathema be not fulminated, and promptly, the union jack will be seen in the bay determining with the most conciliatory and winning gruffness, what vessel shall or shall not enter the harbor, until such times as we learn to come to an "*amicable*" arrangement, that is, subscribe without dissent and without murmur to every syllable of the Chatfield logic, unsound, arrogant and offensive though it be; yea, and not only subscribe with our proper hand to a gross lie, but proclaim to all mankind that the said Dragoman Chatfield is the most just, generous, polite, obliging and considerate of negotiators. And here, let us be permitted to hint, that the projected commission to Central America should institute due inquiry into the character of those libels which have been silenced by a cannonade, and report thereupon for the benefit, edification and instruction of all irreverent journalists, who, in their ignorance of the proper deference due to the representative of majesty, may involve the country in a conflagration, such as has not been witnessed since the fall of Troy.

In dealing with this harlequin Chargé, we have unconsciously run into badinage. It is almost impossible to avoid it, when we see momentous questions of public policy, in which the interests of the world are more or less involved, and to which the name, and faith, and honor of the United

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"NOTE.—I proceed to make a formal demand that reparation for the following injuries be immediately made:

"1st. I demand of the Government of San Salvador the promulgation of an act or decree, pledging itself to execute faithfully, in letter and in spirit, all the articles of the two contracts made by Don Miguel Montoya and Don Juan Antonio Alvarado, Commissioners of the Governor of San Salvador, with me, Charge d'Affaires of Her Britannic Majesty, on board the steamboat Gorgon, in the Port of La Union, Nov. 12, 1849.

"2d. I demand that the Government of San Salvador address a letter to Don Marcos Idigoras, English Consular agent in San Salvador, relieving him from the exercise of the policy which he has been compelled to use by order of the Government. (!)

"3d. I demand that the Government of San Salvador direct a letter to me, as Charge d'Affaires of Her Majesty, *contradicting the notoriously false assertions* which the public prints of San Salvador have frequently published respecting the conduct of the British Government and its functionaries. (!)"

States are irrevocably committed, "hip, hip, hurraed," among mellow Anglo Saxons, or rudely sneered at in ill-tempered and offensive diplomatic correspondence, by a hair-brained subordinate. But the facts presented require a graver consideration. The first is, that Sir Henry Bulwer, while feasted at Washington, and followed for the tie of his cravat, and the cut of his coat-skirts, and lionized as the pink of chivalry and gentility, coolly sat to his desk, and in a confidential communication to his man-of-all-work, insulted and betrayed the men he had either cajoled or seduced. "I am sure of the government," he says, "but they are weak, and if you proceed too openly, they would be unable to resist the sentiment of the country; therefore, be false and fawning, but sure of hold."

In this version of the famous epistle, we may have made the insult and the treachery more apparent and palpable. But we have not in the least changed their character. That they are there, unmistakable and emphatical, no rational man will deny. The question then is, did Sir Henry write the letter, or did he not? It has been whispered he did not; and when interrogated, he is said to have answered by another interrogatory—is it possible that I could be suspected of anything so extravagant? So exactly said Mrs. Manning to her accomplice, when discussing the meditated murder of her paramour—"Who would ever suspect us of a crime so awful?" If our memory serve us faithfully, we think we have read in the writings of the diplomatist's accomplished brother, something like the same sentiment. "Villains, upon system, regard the enormity of a crime as one of their greatest safeguards." Even if the novelist did not immortalize this sentiment, it is nevertheless true; and it must have been present to Sir Henry's mind, if the thought occurred to him, that his letter would be detected and exposed. That he did write the letter, therefore, is as indisputable, notwithstanding such denial, as that it is insulting and treasonable—treasonable towards those whose infidelity to their own trusts he reveals. What they did in respect to this; what explanations they demanded and received; it is fit, and it is time, the Senate, the House, and the public should know.

The next fact is the Clayton treaty.

That it was mutually ratified everybody knows. That it contained the following stipulation, ever body knows:

"*Article I.* The governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare, that neither the one nor the other will ever colonize or occupy, or assume or exercise any dominion over *Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America;* nor will either make use of *any protection which either affords, or may afford, or any alliance which either has, or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of occupying or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, or the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same.*"

That the express and well-understood meaning of this stipulation was, that Great Britain should neither take nor keep, either in her own or any other person's name, one foot of land in Central America; everybody knows, also—Mr. Clayton has proclaimed this in the most positive and distinct terms.

That Fred. Chatfield has the entire sanction of his government in open-repudiating the treaty, and making demands inconsistent with its letter

and spirit, and most obvious meaning, everybody, who is not a knave or an idiot, must admit.

That the United States negotiated a treaty with Nicaragua, distinctly guaranteeing to *protect* the proposed route of the canal, perfectly recognizing the rights of Nicaragua over and to the precise territory now indicated in the Chatfield protocol, as that which her majesty the queen is prepared to assert Sambo's title to, everybody well knows.

What England means to do, and is openly doing, then, is this:

First—To repudiate and abjure the stipulations to which she had set her hand and seal—She said in the treaty, "*I will not colonize the Mosquito coast.*" I will not make use of my protectorate or alliance with any person which I have or may have, to colonize the Mosquito coast. She says now, through her official, "I am prepared to assert such and such a boundary, in the name of the Mosquito King, on the said Mosquito coast."

And Secondly—To compel this republic to sneak out of her obligations to Nicaragua, and become false as herself—"It is obvious there can be no canal unless you agree to my terms," says Fred. Chatfield, in the name of his queen.

Out of this position there is no snivelling. Hems and haws, and patience and oiliness, will not avail. There stand the States, in the face of the world, pledged to an undertaking, which they cannot repudiate without perjury, or shrink from without cowardice. This will, perhaps, be called bluster. Be it so. When a man is met on the highway, and called a cut-throat and a coward,—when he is told that he must eat his own promise, and the friend, to whom he made that promise, is knocked down and stamped on in his presence, he does not usually measure his phrases or polish his indignation, unless, indeed, he is a goose-livered craven. We do not yet admit that it has come to this with our country. There may be, and there are, quaking drivellers, whose highest ambition it is to imitate well-bred and fashionable deceivers, who think there is no merit in any but a tortuous course, and true English only in ambiguous language. They do not represent America. They belie and scandalize her real sentiments. In this instance she has waited and borne as far as it was becoming in her to do. Her government was her guarantee that she would suffer no dishonor. She afforded to it her unhesitating confidence, in the face of facts of the most startling kind. These facts now assume a complexion which would render further indifference perilous, if not criminal; and the country turns, with unanimous accord, to the Senate, in the hope that it will step between it and disgrace. The majority of that august assembly are bound to interfere by association, by conviction, and by hope. They are bound to insist on distinct and full explanations. It is in such a crisis the Constitution intended their patriotism should be invoked; it is in such a crisis the people, whose trustees they are, should demand that they shield them from infamy. Their time has come; it may pass from them, and pass for ever.

THE DUTY OF A BIOGRAPHER.

The hope of immortality is the sustaining principle which animates the Christian. For a glorious future, in an unknown and uncertain blissful region, the wisest and best of men have willingly and gladly sacrificed comforts, pleasures, honors, and even life itself. It is this belief that has nerved the arm of the Mahometan, stifled the dying groans of the Hindoo, sustained the persecuted Hebrews, amid the multitude of calamities that have been showered upon them, and comforted the martyr at the stake.

But a far inferior motive will not, unfrequently, produce a train of equally difficult actions, alike requiring all the energy of body, and the strength of purpose, which characterize those before mentioned. Those whose aim is a glorious immortality, are few in number; for the steps that lead thereunto, are not over the prostrate bodies of opposing enemies; but every tread crushes some selfishness, personal indulgence, criminal or vain appetite.

They are the avenues that lead to the Temple of Fame that we see crowded with such restless, striving multitudes, each endeavoring, by any means, to surpass his neighbor, and thus make of life a mean, contemptible, constant strife of bitterness, envy and despair. Still content, if not reaching the certain goal during the career of life, with the hope of a niche and an obituary.

> "To blaze with guilty glare thro' future time,
> Eternal beacons of consummate crime."

The object of history is twofold. First, to give an accurate account of past events, and secondly, to hold up the lofty deeds and high endeavors of those who have gone before, for the commendation of the world, and as an example for all to imitate, and strive to attain. Truthfulness is, therefore, indispensable. The writer cannot, in justice to himself, or his subject, commence his task with preconceived views or opinions, which he is anxious to maintain, and to do which, a vitiated judgment, or a fraudulent wilfulness will warp facts to his desires.

That portion of history which is denominated biography, has particular claims upon the historian, and truth here is but a matter of honesty, for it is often the sole reward which the unfortunate subject may receive for all his trials and sufferings, as it is, also, occasionally, the only punishment for intentional error and well-guarded vice. It was for this "bubble reputation," that he endured even unto the end, and now to rob him of this, is far more grievous than the sin of the pickpocket.

But no man liveth for himself alone. His name, his deeds, and the results that he has effected—the steps by which he rose to eminence, or descended to infamy, are the world's. His life is a lesson to mankind, and futurity may play over the game which he lived; see where the mis-move was made, and learning by his experience, shun similar errors in their own conduct. The author has not, therefore, a moral right, from any partiality to the subject of his biography, either to conceal the deviations, or to put a false gloss upon the faults of one who belongs to the

world's history. It may be kindness on the part of the author, showing a warm heart. Amability is truly a pleasant trait, but the justice of inflexible Cato is far more praiseworthy.

The oft-repeated, "*de mortuis nil, nisi bonum,*" has not only been the cause, or the apology, for very great falsehood, but has, also, done a vast amount of injury. The unworthy deeds of any distinguished individual should not be passed over in silence, but, on the contrary, should be the more sedulously pointed out and noticed, as errors that should be shunned. The more elevated the man, the more conspicuous are his actions; and when his character is held up as a pattern to youth, without reprobating his vices—they are, however unwittingly, virtually endorsed and approved. Were this more generally done, history would not only be more truthful, but more beneficial. How few biographies of those who are distinguished in the battle-field, in the forum, or in the pulpit even, have that moral lesson drawn from them, which they are so capable of teaching! Who speaks, in other than most apologetic tones, of the sensualism of Nelson, Swift; who has said aught against the repeated falsehoods of Walter Scott, to conceal the facts of his authorship? And Burns' numerous faults are passed by, with scarce a mention.

Even now, just in our midst, is a memorable instance. The most gifted genius, in some respects, that America has produced, was picked up in a gutter, and died in a public hospital of delirium tremens, after a life, which, in every respect, in the commitment of every profligacy, was a war against the world, his own nature, and his God! A man, endued with the greatest gifts, personal beauty, and the highest mental powers, prostituting everything to the animal, to himself. And he died, as the fool dieth, without a friend—at least but one—without a virtue—without a single, solitary, redeeming trait of character. But his life, too, is written, with scarce a mention of his faults, or salved over with the epithet of frailties; and truth, and the lessons which should be drawn from them, are staved off, with "*de mortuis nil, nisi bonum.*"

From the life of the gifted Campbell, one of those great minds that serve to render England illustrious, and whose words cling around the heart, and mount to the lips of the lover of the English tongue—whose eloquent thoughts cheer the soul of every one capable of receiving lofty impressions and incitements to duty—from the lips of this great poet, what lesson should we draw? Does his greatness render his known habits of intemperance unnoticeable? Or should we not rather point to the world the fault, which has ruined the greatest men of the world, and guard them against it? But the gloss of the biography has hidden the fault, and his convivial habits are examples of sin to coming time, which may be pardoned if the possessor but achieves sufficient greatness, and has a friend to write his memoirs.

We might say the same of the silver-tongued Elia. Ought it not to be said? At the present day, authors of celebrity are all around us. Praised and caressed by the world, their station is an object of emulation. Does not personal intercourse show, that but few are the same in public and in private—that they have two characters—are, perchance, most moral writers, (because that style alone pays,) but most profligate men? Should not biography give this twofold life? It is this peculiarity that renders Boswell's Johnson the greatest biography extant, and one that in its

truthfulness, as far as the Dr. himself is concerned, established it a model for future writers.

It is no wonder, in view of such circumstances, that it is written:

> "That glory long has made the sages smile;
> 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
> Depending more upon the historian's style
> Than on the name a person leaves behind."

These remarks have been prompted by the recent reading of several biographies and portrait sketches, among which may be enumerated Irving's Goldsmith, Macauley's History, Life of Southey by his son-in-law, and Beattie's Life of Campbell.

Whatever feeling living authors may have for each other while living, it is true they have but little jealousy for the dead. The grave seems not only to wipe off the tradesman's account, and discharges the troublesome dun from his harrassing duty, but metamorphoses the querulous, envious backbiter into a strong defender and champion. The clanship of talent is tardy in its appearance. Nevertheless, it comes, and no clanship is more strenuous in its action. Burns, Byron and Goldsmith, who, while living, were the butt for the venom of malicious men, who certainly had an abundance of faults, and many glaring immoralities, which are deserving of strong reprobation, are now so over-whitened in their portraiture, that, could they behold themselves, they would imagine they were caricatured.

It was a matter of regret, in reading Irving's Life of Goldsmith, so beautifully told, so full of the true spirit of candor in most respects, that one finds this excellent specimen of what biography should be, marred by a premeditated design of the author to, not only excuse, but deny, the faults which belong to Goldsmith's character. So far as the author has put a correct light upon the ungenerous criticisms of Boswell, he did well. The detractions which this little mind conceived, should be corrected, but the ease with which the cobweb falsehood was swept away, seems to have emboldened the author to deny the existence of any faults in the character of his subject. That he had those of a serious nature, few deny. The ideas of meum and tuum were never implanted in his breast, and even in what was denominated his generosity, the neglect of an early, correct education, is manifest. When moved by a pitiful tale, told often with barefaced effrontery by some brazen wanton, thoughtless of the debts which he himself owed,—thoughtless that the money in his pocket was not his own—thoughtless, alike of the present and the future—untaught by the past—he emptied his purse with prodigal hand. But this is passed by as most excusable, because it was charity. Put yourself, dear reader, in the situation of Goldsmith's creditor, and ask what would be his opinion. His poor washerwoman, certainly, thought that charity should begin at home. Should such actions be applauded, and held up to be copied by youth? Then, too, his organs of vanity and ostentation were worthy of a prince. His debts, at death, were $10,000! A man without wife or family, with no losses from failures in business or of friends, and having a debt of such magnitude! All squandered in eating, drinking, rich clothing, and "generosities!"

By speaking of a man's good qualities, and few have none, in a becoming manner, and omitting all mention of his faults, a good reputation

is easily acquired. Biography becomes eulogium, and its great end, truth, is not only lost, but falsehood is propagated.

One would suppose that the science of history was taught by the Romish Church, where every distinguished individual was either a saint or a devil—one of whom could not be described as too pure, and in whom no fault could be found, and the other, whom no art could paint too black, and where purity could find no shadow, so dull was the gloom.

A knowledge of human nature in the general, is absolutely necessary to an historian who deals in particulars. If he looks at mankind he will perceive that none are perfect. Imperfections, littlenesses, vices, appertain to every one. The reader of his panygeric arises from its perusal, perhaps amused, but not improved. It has been to him but a fabulous story of a saint, or a fairy. He has missed the faults incident to human nature, which brings him in sympathy with it, and which has stripped from it its usefulness.

If, as is frequently stated, "the greatest study of mankind is man," a proper estimate of human character is the most valuable of all information. The man of business may, and does find a habit of correctly valuing his fellow mortals; of judging of general habits by a few traits; of estimating, not only abilities, but morals, to be exceedingly valuable. The possession of this faculty, which comes only by long study, and is, in a great degree, a natural quality, as much so as memory or credulity, is valuable to himself alone. Its possession, or its want, affects but him personally. But if he who is to teach, the historian who narrates and instructs is wanting in this faculty, his productions will be, necessarily, very faulty.

Most people are apt to judge from very slight data. A single instance of generosity will give the bestower the reputation of a generous, noble-hearted man, though deception might have caused the act. Necessary frugality is called parsimony, and sudden impulse, courage.

An example in point, is that of the sailor, as a class. On his arrival in port, with a pocket flush with the earnings of a long voyage, he hastes to some "Sailor Boarding-house," where the wine cup soon deprives him of all thought. He hastens out, intent upon some excursion, and careless of all, lavishes his hard-earned gains upon the first applicant, regardless of the person or the cause. The squanderings of a drunken hour is called open-heartedness, and the sailor, generally devoid of almost every correct principle, is falsely hailed as a noble, generous man. I have seen hundreds of sailors, and in scenes that would show humanity, if any true remained, and am perfectly convinced, that as a class of our fellow-men, there is none inferior, in all moral qualities and impulses. May the attention bestowed upon them of late years be ripened into valuable fruits —not withered in the blossom!

A block of tin may contain a grain of silver, yet the block is of tin—and a lump of silver may contain an alloy of tin, still the block is of silver. Men should be judged by the *mass* of their character, as Dr. Johnson said. The popular "Home, sweet home," is a genuine piece of true poetry, yet the composer is not necessarily a poet. In fact, has he written anything else worthy of mention? The same might be said of Gray's "Elegy." These were grains of silver in blocks of tin. Goldsmith's character was far from being pure silver;—then let the chemist

test the metals, and in his analysis show the good and the bad distinct, the one from the other.

It is this analytic power that renders Macauley so pre-eminent. With unerring accuracy, he plainly "shows up" the characters of the great departed. Justice and truth seem to have directed him throughout the work, so far as now published, for however much we may doubt his statements, I think none can ascribe to him other than good intentions. He does not destroy our interest in those whose errors are pointed out to us, but rather increases, for he verifies the beautiful close of Irving's Life of Goldsmith, "Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of the great, but erring individual, that plead touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly towards the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail."

It was kindness of heart that prevented Irving from telling the whole truth—but is the falsity the less to be reprobated?

Within a short time the "use of great men" has been a problem, which many have attempted to solve. From the pulpit and the desk of the lecture-room, the subject has been discussed, and it would sometimes appear as if words were intended for any and every other purpose than to convey ideas. But the answer is given in few words. The great good, stand at the turning points of our lives, like guide-posts for the stranger, ever directing us, with silent finger, to the path in which, with undoubting step, we should cheerfully pursue our way. The great bad, like beacon-towers, are erected high above us. The reflection of their brilliant, but wicked deeds, upon our minds, illuminating, show the march of the deceitful enemy. They are the buoys on the ocean of life, pointing here to perilous quicksands, where some vain-glorious man of war sank, in all the plenitude of his power; or, marking there, the dangerous, hidden rocks, on which a well-manned trader, richly freighted with treasures of intellect, and wafted on by warm hopes and brilliant aspirations, had been shipwrecked. The damaged fragments that remain, alone, show the wealth that was lost.

The false biographer, who palliates vice and smooths over error, thereby leading the youth of future times through sin and deception, saying, that by this way greatness is achieved and glory attained, is but a gallows-deserving wrecker, who hoists false signals, and kindles deceitful watch-fires, luring on the noble vessel from the smooth sea and safe harbor, to dangerous trial with the breakers, to desperate struggle with contrary currents, anon buoyed up by hopeful tides, but too often left in their retreat, stranded on the beach.

There is a duty we owe to the living, which far outstrips that which is due to the dead. That duty should be done faithfully, fearlessly. The path is not without its thorns, and the biographer must expect his allotment. This he must endure with patience, quieted on his way by the reformed direction, "De mortuis nil, nisi verum."

THE LAST OF THE PIQUODS.

CONNECTICUT, another New-England State, was a delegation from Massachusetts. Their search was rewarded by rich lands, and a terrible enemy. A native tribe—the Piquods—not comprehending the right of civilization to seize on their hunting-grounds, resolved to resist its encroachments.

A confederate army from Plymouth and Connecticut marched against them. Their first design was to attack the strongest position of the Piquods, where their chief in person commanded. But fearing it was impregnable, they changed that purpose; and the Piquods, who deemed their retirement the evacuation of their territory, changed the appliances and thoughts of battle to those of rejoicing and revelry. The treachery of a native, revealed the fact to the retiring enemy. Their resolution was at once taken, and at dawn of day, upon that revelling camp of deluded warriors, broke the shock and shout of battle; and, though that shock was well answered by a fierce valor, the Piquods, after a desperate struggle, in which most of them fell, fled; and that nation was scattered, nought remaining to them of home and household gods forever after.—*Abridged History of America.*

In the depths of the forest the Piquod hath found
Matted moss for his lair, and a trail for his hound,
And as true as the sunbeam and fleet as the wind,
Doth his keen arrow speed to the heart of the hind;
And as bright as the eagle's, and fierce as the storm,
Is the flash of his eye and the sweep of his form;
When for love or for vengeance, he springs to th' embrace
Of the spouse of his heart, or the foe of his race.

Who so strainingly tests the low murmuring wind,
As her red lover rests on her bosom reclined?
Every light echo questioning, lest, on his sleep,
The soft, treacherous footstep of Pawnee should creep:
But, ah! vain is her watchfulness, vain is her care!
Fated maiden! already the sabre is bare;
And the Pilgrim hath girt him with surplice and sword,
For the blood of the Piquod is sweet to the Lord.

Sleepless sentinel, keener than Pawnee's or asp's,
Is the treachery that steals round the bosom she clasps:
'Tis the voice of the "missioned," announcing salvation:
Must the weal of their souls cost the fall of her nation?
Has the cross that redeemeth, the gospel that saves,
For the hunter no mercy; no peace but the grave's?
Yet beware, pious Pilgrim, there lurks for thee danger,
Ere his father-fields pass to the hands of the stranger.

Hark! the broad valleys ring with the voice of his wrath,
And the tomahawk gleams on the missioner's path—
He who fled to these wilds, that his spirit may wing
To its Maker its way, like the breeth of the spring;
Unencumbered, unchecked, unconfined, uncontrolled,
As the lightning's red volume by tempests unrolled.
But alas! scarce unfettered, he forges again
For his brother the links of his own riven chain.

And alas that the wreath which bespeaks his renown
Should be fretted with thorns for martyrdom's crown;
And alas! that on yon lonely watcher should loom
From the standard of mercy—a national doom;
That entombed in the carnage-field's ditches should lie,
The young heroes whose glories she tracks in the sky,
And that there, in the name of "perfection" and "grace,"
Tortured, maugled and blasted, should perish her race.

But before the first blast of the war-trumpets hushed,
From the forest, and mountain, and valley have rushed—
With the stillness of night and the strength of the wave,
And the grandeur of right, rushed the young and the brave;
Rush'd the grandsire and grandchild, the matron and maid,
To be victors together, or victims low laid,
Side by side where their forefathers feasted of old,
And fought, loved and revelled, for ages untold.

In their answering challenge a shout of acclaim
From the multitude bursts like a spirit-fed flame,
And as fiercely they grasp at their weapons to feel
Of the bowspring the strength, and the edge of the steel.
While invoking the "Great Spirit" throned on his cloud,
With red-lightning to wither that "hypocrite crowd,
Who, from saints, into robbers and cut-throats had grown,
And the heart of whose God must be pale as their own."

But the forest hath traitors, the Pilgrim has gold,
Faithful allies of cravens!—their life-blood is sold.
Lo! his vanguard has halted! the foremost retire,
With their proud colors drooping, and slackened their fire:
'Tis to hide in the gorges like prowlers of night,
There awaiting the darkness to envelop the fight,
While the foresters, deeming all danger had past,
Give to revel the night Fate had destined their last.

In the East the light breaketh, and yet the carouse
Of that frenzied excess no suspension allows,
And the revellers scarce from unconsciousness woke,
When the battle's uproar on their merriment broke.
Yet, surprised and deluded, unarmed and drunk,
On the scene of carousal their last hero sunk,
Dealing vengeance around, till his heart's latest thrill,
In exulting defiance forever grew still.

Oh! Connecticut, bright is the sunshine on thee!
Oh! Connecticut, broad are thy rivers and lea!
Oh! Connecticut, fair as thy sisters art thou,
With a green wreath of beauty encircling thy brow;
But the lilies that wave and the roses that blow
On thy summer-sheened face seem discolored with woe,
And oh! may this blood, which hath soaked in thy soil,
Shed no blight on thy verdure, or dearth on thy toil

EIRANAC.

POPULAR PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

LAWRENCE KEARNY, CAPTAIN U. S. NAVY.

It has always been a feature in our magazine, to bring forward the portraits and biographical sketches of such individuals as have merited and won the esteem of their countrymen; and we cannot conceal our opinion, that such a course has been eminently advantageous to our readers, in giving them a concise and clear statement of the merits of men whose names have become "familiar to the ear as household words." Men of talent, who have associated their names with deeds of greatness, and to whom popular attention has been attracted—men of genius who are toiling up—

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

are pointed out in this portion of the Review, that their constituents and the world may perceive their merits, and encourage them in their efforts. For this purpose, we have not chosen any distinct class or party, but have selected our subjects from among those whose exploits, in whatever field, have become worthy of distinction. True, the political party whose doctrines we espouse and maintain, has provided the greatest number of subjects; but still, the army, the bench and the bar, have each been represented. Heretofore, the navy alone, of all our national institutions, has been glanced over; but we propose to remedy this defect, by introducing to our readers with every opportunity, the names of such Naval Officers as have served their country with energy and ability. High on the list stands the subject of our present sketch, as will be demonstrated by the facts and circumstances we are about to detail.

Lawrence Kearny was born at Perth Amboy, Middlesex county, New Jersey, on the 30th of November, 1789. His father, Michael Kearny, was the fourth son of Philip Kearny, who died in 1775. Michael Kearny married, in 1774, Elizabeth Lawrence, the sister of the celebrated Captain Lawrence, who commanded the United States frigate Chesapeake, and who was killed in the well-known engagement between that vessel and H. B. M. frigate Shannon. Mr. Kearny died in 1779, having had *eight sons*, seven of whom survived him. The subject of the present sketch was the youngest child. Three of these children have been seamen. Michael, who sailed from New-York in 1799, bound for the West Indies, *and has never been heard from;* James, who sailed from the West Indies in 1811, *and whose fate has been involved in like mystery;* and Lawrence, of whom we are now writing. Under these circumstances, it appeared a strange infatuation that led the latter to dare an element which had proved so unfortunate to two members of his family. As to this entrance into the navy, a motive may be found; upon referring to that period, we find the date of his warrant is immediately after the unprovoked attack upon the Chesapeake, and the impressment of some of her crew. To this it may be supposed that some interest attached, for, to

say nothing of other great questions, it is found that one of his brothers was impressed into the British navy, and kept there four years, during the war with France.

After a course of academic studies, Mr. Kearny, fired with the enthusiasm which was then excited by naval exploits, urged on by the fact of his brother's impressment, and allured by the prospect of a speedy war with Great Britain, growing out of vexed questions, among which was the "right of search," enrolled his name upon the navy list, and was entered as a midshipman July 24th, 1807. He was ordered to New-York, and joined the gun-boat No. 39, in the flotilla under command of Commodore J. Rogers. In this capacity, and upon this station, he served during the "Non Intercourse" and "Embargo" difficulty.

The "gun-boat" system was a kind of service, and a measure of government, in no wise calculated to inspire young officers with either pride or love of the service; neither did it afford to elder officers a proportionate increase to the stock of glory, which gallant services in the affair with Tripoli, and that with France, had built up for them. It was the reverse of everything great and noble, and shed about as little credit on the country and her institutions for defence, as it did glory or renown upon the naval actors themselves, who, obnoxious to the commercial interests, hooted at in the streets, and scandalized and insulted by every one, could not do otherwise than conceive a distaste for a service unproductive of anything, except unmerited insult.

The *true defenders of a country* are more than mere mercenary wretches; they are actuated by higher principles, and soar to nobler purposes; ever ready to shed their blood in their country's service, they, naturally enough, look for generous sympathy in return. But where, on the contrary, they receive only insult and contumely, it is not to be wondered that they should lose the higher actuating principles, and seek to escape a servitude, contemptible, if not ignominious. It may be easily imagined with what a feeling of relief Mr. Kearny received orders, in 1809, to join the Constitution frigate, then starting for a cruise along the coast, from which vessel he was transferred to the President frigate, in the same service. In 1810, we find him on board the U. S. Schooner Enterprise, bound for New-Orleans, under command of B. F. Reed. The Enterprise sailed from New-York October 10th; but, before she had been out many days, met with a heavy gale, and being dismasted and otherwise crippled, put into Norfolk in distress; her officers and crew proceeded to Charleston in the Schooner Ploughboy, and, shortly afterwards, the former vessel, having been repaired, reached the same place under command of Lieut. Johnston Blakely. Mr. Kearny again joined this vessel, and remained in her, cruising upon the Southern station, until the winter of 1811, when she returned to Washington, was hauled up and converted into a brig. In June, 1812, under the command of Lieut. Blakely, she sailed from Washington, having on board General Wilkinson and suite as passengers, for New-Orleans. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that, upon the 18th of June, 1812, the very day on which war was declared against Great Britain, the Enterprise spoke the British frigate Southampton, and sloop of war Sappho, in the Gulf Stream, off the Bahama Islands. Mr. Kearny was then among her officers. Had this circumstance occurred a few days later, it is more than probable that the vessel would have been captured, and her officers, crew and passengers made prisoners of war.

However, to proceed, the vessel arrived safely at New-Orleans, but in August, 1812, in a hurricane, she was thrown high and dry upon the Levee below the city; after this, Mr. Kearny proceeded to St. Mary's, Ga., and thence upon leave to Washington, asking an appointment to the frigate Constitution, then being fitted for sea. This application was unsuccessful, the vessel having her full complement of officers and men; but he was ordered to the command of the U. S. Schooner Caroline, fourteen guns, then at Charleston, S. C. Immediately upon his arrival at Charleston, Mr. Kearny assumed his *first command.* He was not destined to long inactivity, for he almost immediately started in pursuit of a British privateer, (the Brilliant, fifteen guns,) off Bull's Bay. While in pursuit of that vessel, he fell in with one of his majesty's frigates, and, from being a pursuer, turned into a fugitive, and was chased into Port Royal, S. C. It was only by unceasing vigilance, and the appliance of an acute knowledge of navigation, that he escaped from his formidable enemy.

Upon his arrival at Charleston, Mr. Kearny was superseded in the command of the Caroline by Commander J. D. Henly, and ordered to the Schooner Ferret, of six or eight guns. In this vessel he cruised upon the southern coast, until February 2d, 1813, when the Ferret fell in with two British Sloops of War, was chased into Stone Inlet, ran upon the bar at that place, and was totally lost, her officers and crew narrowly escaping. Mr. Kearny then took command of the Schooner Nonsuch, of fourteen guns. His cruise in this vessel was not of long duration. Her escape from one of the enemy's frigates, the Lacedemonian, was somewhat miraculous. The chase was long; occasionally, shot from the enemy's bow guns passed by, and sometimes over, the Nonsuch; but the latter vessel pursued her course directly towards the land, into shoal water, and near the breakers, where it was evident the frigate could not follow her. She had been lightened by throwing her battery into the sea, and thus enabled to approach nearer the shore. When the enemy was rapidly approaching, a heavy squall from the land, and the danger of too near an approach to the shoals, forced the frigate to tack, and taking advantage of this movement, the schooner escaped. In tacking, the frigate fired a parting broadside, in the hope of reaching the schooner; but the squall had laid her over nearly on her beam ends, elevating the guns to such a height that the shot passed over the schooner's masthead, and fell harmless on the shore.

Our subject, then a lieutenant commanding, under a commission dated March 6th, 1813, was ordered by Commander John H. Dent to command the flotilla of galleys and barges, in which service he continued until the close of the war, in 1815. It was while in this position that his services assumed a greater degree of importance, and won for him a considerable distinction. It is a fact well known, that, during his connection with the squadron on the southern station, very little, if any, valuable goods were plundered by the enemy. Of course, we do not claim the entire merit of this for one officer, but we will not hesitate to assert, that Mr. Kearny was second to none in efficiency and vigilance. One particular instance of his gallantry we cannot avoid mentioning, and abler hands than ours having already given it publicity, we take the liberty of extracting it entire for our present purposes:

"In January, 1813, while Captain Dent was at the North Edisto, he obtained information that a party of officers and men, belonging to the

'Hebrus,' Captain Palmer, was watering on one of the islands near the vicinity, and he directed Mr. Lawrence Kearny to proceed outside with three barges to cut them off, while a party of militia endeavored to assist them by land. The frigate was at anchor out of gun-shot; but, as soon as she perceived the design of the Americans, she fired guns, and made other signals of recall, when two of the boats pulled towards her, and a tender that contained a strong party, attempted to pull out also. Fortunately, the wind shifted, bringing the Hebrus to windward of the American barges, it is true, but the tender to leeward of them. Discovering his advantage, Mr. Kearny determined to make a dash at the latter, regardless of the frigate, and the two boats that were pulling off. The Hebrus, perceiving the danger in which the tender was placed, now made the greatest exertions to save her. Shots were fired at her own cutters to drive them back to the assistance of the tender, and a third boat was sent from the frigate with the same object. She also opened her fire on the American barges with some effect, one of her shots taking off the head of a man at Mr. Kearny's side. But this gallant officer, disregarding everything but his object, laid the tender close aboard in the steadiest manner, and carried her off directly under the guns of the frigate to which she belonged. The Hebrus' launch was also taken, the people having hurried aboard the tender when the alarm was given. The latter had a carronade and six brass swivels in her, besides other arms. Mr. Kearny made about forty prisoners on this occasion. The Hebrus intercepting his return by the way he had come out, he carried his prize to the South Edisto. A few days later, Mr. Kearny, in the launch of the Hebrus, with a crew of twenty men, went out and captured a tender belonging to the Severn, having on board between thirty and forty men.

"Handsomer exploits of the sort were not performed during the war."*

"The services and professional character of Captain Kearny, who is still living, are much better known to the navy than to the country. This gentleman was put in situations of command and responsibility, soon after he entered the service, in 1807; and, while a lieutenant, he, probably, had commanded vessels longer than any captain on the list. He commanded the Enterprise many years, as a lieutenant, and, before he was made a master and commander, had passed about ten years in separate commands. In the Mediterranean, at a much later day, it was said of this officer, that his ship, the Warren, 20, *had done more to suppress piracy, than all the other vessels, French, English, American, and Russian, united.* Captain Kearny's mother was a sister of the regretted Lawrence."†

This highly complimentary language was fully merited, for the enterprise first mentioned was one of great difficulty and danger; the close proximity of the frigate, and the superiority of numbers and armament in the enemy's boats, were sufficient in themselves to have deterred many a young officer from the hazardous experiment, which, in this instance, terminated so successfully. In Niles' Register, vol. vii., p. 382, for February 11, 1815, we find published a dispatch from Commander Dent to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, giving an account of the same exploit. Having already extracted Mr. Cooper's account, we will give only such portions of the dispatch as present facts not already mentioned. By the latter, it appears that the action took place on a Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Dent observes, "After a running fight of *one hour and a-half*, and in the act of boarding, I had the satisfaction to see the tender surrender." And also says, "Lieutenant Kearny, the officers and men engaged in this enterprise, behaved themselves in a manner that does honor to their

* James Fennimore Cooper's Naval History, Vol. II., p. 276, &c.
† Note, by the same author.

country and themselves. Although they had to continue so long under the fire of the frigate, nothing could divert them from their object."

The treaty of peace, which was declared February 15th, 1815, restored quiet to the army and the navy, and put an end to a succession of brilliant victories, both by sea and land. The American navy, which, in the commencement of the war of 1812, had been the butt for British ridicule, had become the most formidable opponent to her claim for supremacy upon the seas; and the many actions which had taken place among them, the Constitution and Guerrierre, the Hornet and the Peacock, the Constitution and Java, and the same vessel with the Cyane and Levant, had given ample evidence that, if not her superior, we were at least her equal in naval skill and bravery. Even the British press, so bombastical at the first, acknowledged this fact, and, were our limits sufficient, we would illustrate this assertion by copious extracts.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Captain Kearny through his various commands; it is sufficient to say that he was almost constantly in active service. As commander of the Brig Enterprise, he was engaged in the suppression of piracy in the West Indies; it was through his efficiency that the gang of the notorious Gibbs, afterwards gibbetted at New-York, was broken up, some taken, and all dispersed. Every nook and corner of the islands was penetrated by his vessels, and nothing escaped his observation. The American Ships Aristides and Lucies, and the English ship Larch, which had been attacked and plundered by the pirates, were re-captured and restored to their owners. His services as commander of the Enterprise, covered a period of at least seven years—equal to three ordinary cruises, and he won for himself golden honors in every quarter.

Our rapid survey now brings us down to 1826, when he was appointed to the command of the U. S. Sloop of War Warren, and ordered to the Mediterranean. The Greeks, at that time no longer controlled by the Turks, were committing constant depredations upon the Austrians, the allies of their old masters the Turks, and eventually upon the commerce of all nations. The triumphant success of this cruise is already a matter of history; we have before quoted the remark of Mr. Cooper, and *his* word is an authority that needs but little corroboration. The merchants of Smyrna, in an address to Mr. Kearny, acknowledged the obligation his active services had conferred upon them. While in pursuit of the pirates, his habit was, during the day, to lay by under furled sails, and at anchor, but after nightfall to make sail, and directing his course to their rendezvous, fell upon them in their fancied security, at a moment when least expected.

When in the Levant, in 1827, he gave notice to the authorities of Miconi, that unless the American property plundered and deposited in that town by the pirates, and the pirates themselves, were given up to him, he should bombard the town. There was no need in carrying out the threat to its full extent, for energetic measures of this nature seldom fail in producing their object. After a few guns had been fired, the plunder was restored, and the pirates given up. We find the following in the report of this cruise, now on file in the Navy Department:—

"25th. Off Milo, heard of the robbery of American brigs Rob Roy and Cherub; same day chased a piratical ten gun brig belonging to Carabusa, and sunk her at the island of Argentiera, crew making their escape into the moun-

tains; cut away her masts, and stripping her of sails and rigging, left her under water.

"28th At Syra, found the Cherub, and took possession of her, &c. Proceeded to Miconi, leaving the Cherub in possession of the Lexington; on the 29th, between Tino and Miconi, fell in with the Austrian brig Silence—robbed of everything; towed her into Syra, and left her in charge of the Lexington.

"Nov. 1st. Came to in the harbor of Miconi, and on this and the succeeding day recovered some sails and property taken from the Cherub, and two cases of opium taken from the Rob Roy; also, the sails and rigging of the brig Silence, before mentioned. Four men were brought off by the inhabitants, and one taken by us in the mountains, accused of piracy. Took possession of a boat belonging to the pirates living in the town, which we afterwards burnt.

"The same report also contains a list of the prizes captured from the pirates, but we have not space to introduce it. It is sufficient to say that the pirates were dispersed, their strongholds broken up, and commerce, relieved of piratical depredations, was resumed with vigor, and carried on with success.

"Subsequently, in 1839, we find Capt. Kearny in command of the frigate United States, and, in 1840, on board the frigate Potomac at Rio Janeiro.

"Capt. Kearny, while at Brazil, in command of this frigate, was appointed by the President of the United States to command the East India squadron, and the vessels composing that squadron, viz.: the frigate Constellation, and the sloop of war Boston, were sent to him at that place, with the orders of the department, in relation to the object of his cruise. Upon reference to these orders, we find the principal objects stated, the protection of American merchants and American commerce, as well as the suppression of opium smuggling under our flag. He raised his broad pennant in the harbor of Rio Janeiro; and it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that this was the *first instance* in our history where a broad pennant was raised on a foreign station. On the 9th of of March, 1841, the Constellation and Boston sailed from Rio; and upon arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, it was found that the standing rigging of the former vessel was very defective, and needed to be replaced. This caused a considerable delay; but on the 30th of July, the vessels made sail, and in August following arrived at Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, under the dominion of King Selim. Upon his arrival, Commodore Kearny addressed a letter to that potentate, thanking him, in the name of this Government, for his acts of kindness towards American traders, and stating, in reply to a request, that he should furnish him with arms and munitions of war, "that the United States, being at peace with all nations and allied to none, the Government does not permit its officers to interfere in foreign wars; or, by furnishing arms and munitions of war, to strengthen the military power of one party to the injury of the other."

The reply to this letter being very curious from several causes, we subjoin a translation of it, which we find in Senate Document 139, 29th Congress, 1st Session, from the original now on file.

"MASSAMODO, ISLAND OF JOHANNA,
September, 1841.

SIR—I am very desirous to be good friends with you, because I have been, and always wish to be, useful to your nation. I do all in my power to aid your citizens who visit my harbors for health or refreshments, *and Johanna itself, I wish you to think, does not belong to myself only, but to you and your citizens.* I have had a long unjust war with my uncle, which war has injured my people very much; and during that time, I lost the greatest part of my munitions of war; and hope that, having always been useful to your citizens, you will have the nobility and generosity of heart to assist me in my present unfortunate condition, by the aid of some powder, muskets and lead, that I may continue to shield my people who alone look to me for protection.

Wishing yourself and your country all happiness, and that you may long continue in peace and prosperity with all the world, I remain your faithful friend."

This remarkable epistle, which tenders to our country a share in the sovereignity of Johanna, was not responded to by a seizure; on the contrary, although advantageous to our interests, the Commodore not only resisted the temptation, but absolutely refused the invitation. He continued his cruise, pausing at Quallah Battoo and Singapore Roads, and about the 8th of April, 1842, anchored at Macao Roads, from which place, on that date, he made his report to the Department. This report encloses a notice he had caused to be published, stating "that the United States Government does not sanction the smuggling of opium on this coast, under the American flag, in violation of the laws of China." From this fact, it appears that, after the suppression of "opium smuggling" under the British flag, our national standard had been used to cover the proscribed trade; and great credit is due this officer for the prompt measures taken by him to suppress a desecration of our flag, and a violation of our national principles.

This notice, accompanied by a letter from Warren Delano, Esq., American Vice Consul, was sent to the Imperial Court, and called forth an edict to the Hong merchants from "*Ke, Minor Guardian of the Heir Apparent, President of the Board of War, Governor of the provinces Kwangtung and Kwang-se,*" requiring the merchants to make known that the Government entertained a high regard "towards men from afar," that no suspicion existed of any sinister motives on the part of the newly-arrived vessels of war, and recommending a trade," &c.

Immediately upon the arrival of the squadron at Macao Roads, several American merchants addressed Commodore Kearny through Mr. Delano, in relation to grievances received, and desiring him to obtain redress for them. In this connexion, we may take occasion to observe the inefficiency of the consular establishment in China; however competent and persevering a consul might be, he could command but little regard to his applications, unless "backed by a heavy man-of-war." Observing this, the Commodore addressed a letter to the Secretary of State (Daniel Webster), calling his attention to this great discrepancy in our foreign policy, which letter is now on file in the State Department. Upon receiving the letters we have mentioned, he inquired into their merits, and determined upon bringing them before the Imperial Government. Another thing attracted his attention, a treaty was about being made between the Chinese and the British, and it was feared that, unless strictly guarded, our commercial interests might suffer.

Upon all previous occasions, communications to the government were made through the Hong Merchants, and every effort to procure satisfaction had proved fruitless. These wily merchants had either entirely suppressed the letters entrusted to them, or had represented them in such a manner as to give an unfavorable impression; the motives for their doing so were plainly apparent; they well knew that if damages were adjudged to aggrieved parties, the amount must come out of their treasuries.

Before any communication was made, the Constellation proceeded to Whampoa, and, upon his arrival there, the Commodore despatched Lieut. J. G. Reynolds, accompanied by Dr. Parker, a resident of China, with a dispatch for the governor, asking that the commercial interests of the United States should receive consideration, and "their citizens, in that matter, be placed upon the same footing as the merchants of the nation most favored." Considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining ac-

cess to the government officers, but the letter was at length placed in the hands of an officer of the rank of colonel. To this letter the following reply was received:

"*To Commodore Kearny, &c.:*

"Ke, Guardian of the young prince, member of the Board of War, member of the Imperial Cabinet, and Governor of the two Kwang Provinces, states, in reply to the subject of the 10th of the 9th month, (13th October,) that I have received your polite communication relating to the English commerce. I, the Governor, have ever hitherto treated the merchants of every nation with the same kindness. Moreover, the Americans who have come to Canton, have had free commerce, month after month, and year after year. *These merchants have been better satisfied with their trade than any other nation;* and that they have been respectfully observant of the laws, is what the august Emperor has clearly recognized, and I, the Governor, also well know. How, then, should I not rather on the cessation of difficulties with the English, wish to show favor to them?

"Now, I have ordered the Hong Merchants, with the said English nation's merchants, to devise beforehand, and to wait the arrival, in Canton, of the Imperial Commissioners, Great Ministers of State. When I shall have received the newly-devised regulations concerning the free trade of the English, then I, the Governor, together with the Lieutenant-Governor and Tartar-General, will immediately deliberate upon the proper adjustment of the regulations, and will make a representation to the Emperor, that he may hear and direct what shall be done.

"Decidedly it shall not be permitted that the American merchants shall come *merely to have a dry stick*, (that is, their interests shall be attended to.) I, the Governor, will not be otherwise disposed than to look up to the heart of the great Emperor, in his compassionate regard towards men from afar, that Chinese and foreigners, with faith and justice, may be mutually united, and for ever enjoy reciprocal tranquillity; and that it may be granted to each of the resident merchants to obtain profit, and to the people to enjoy life and peace; and universally to participate in the blessings of great prosperity, striving to have the same mind.

"This is my reply."

Communication was also made in regard to the claims of the merchants, who had addressed Commodore Kearny, in relation to grievances they had suffered, and losses they had sustained.

The manner of sending these letters to the governor created quite a consternation among the Hong Merchants, who endeavored to re-open the former channel of communication—through their own hands; but the impropriety of that system had been discovered, and was thereafter discarded.

This last letter, it will be perceived, gave the promise of a speedy treaty, which should recognize our right to trade, protect our merchants, and place us in the same commercial position about to be enjoyed by Great Britain. At a period a few months later, the same subject was resumed, and a still more positive promise given; this second promise was *not* called forth by any *new request*, but was made a portion of a letter in reply to one regarding reparation for injuries sustained by Augustine, Heard & Co., American merchants. It will speak for itself.

"On a former occasion, the Governor received your honor the Commodore's communication, requesting him, in his behalf, to '*solicit the favor of the august emperor, to allow merchants of his honorable nation to trade upon the same terms*

as those granted to merchants of other nations,' &c. As in duty bound, the Governor, having already addressed the emperor clearly upon the subject, waited the coming of the High Commissioners at Canton, where they were in concert to attend to the foreign relations; but the Tartar General, Eleepie, having arrived at this city, but a short time elapsed, when, most unfortunately, on account of disease, he '*went out of office*' (*i. e.* deceased), so that whatever may be just and equal in the trade of each nation remains unsettled. It is, therefore, necessary to wait the arrival of his successor; and when some plan is adopted, then a personal interview may be held with your honor the Commodore, and face to face, the relations between the two countries may be arranged, and the same be reported to the Emperor. This is my reply."

A reply was sent to this letter, stating that the Commodore had not power to negotiate a treaty with the Chinese, but that he should transmit their communication upon that subject to his Government for their action, and that they might appoint some officer who would have full power to enter into the proposed treaty. And further stating, that the Governor was mistaken in supposing him to be asking *a favor*, for that he was, on the contrary, only demanding a right.

After remaining at Macao for some time, during which we need note little else, except the capture of the Ariel, a noted opium smuggler under the American flag, and other prompt measures to suppress that illicit traffic, and a trifling correspondence, which may be found on the files of the Navy Department (also partly published in the Senate Document already referred to), Commodore Kearny sailed from Macao, and, in June, 1843, arrived at Honolula, Oahu, Sandwich Islands. Here a correspondence took place between Kamehameha III., the King, and the Commodore. It appears that the former, under pressure of adverse circumstances, and to discharge certain large demands upon him, had made a provisional cession, under protest, of his dominions, to Capt. Lord George Paulet of H. B. M. ship Carysfort, and that no provision had been made respecting the rights and interests of the United States, or her merchants. Upon receiving this information, Commodore Kearny dispatched to his Majesty Kamehameha, and to Capt. Lord George Paulet, a protest against the provisional cession, and notifying them that he would hold them respectively liable for all injuries to American merchants and American commerce.

The King replied to this protest, stating the circumstances under which the cession had been made, and expressing a belief that his dominions would very shortly be restored to him.

On the day succeeding to this reply, the principal American merchants at Honolula, hearing that the Commodore intended continuing his cruise, united in an address, begging him to remain until the affairs of the islands should assume a more settled aspect, or until the arrival of other United States ships of war, "that may be adequate to the maintenance of those interests which the Government of the United States is disposed to cherish and maintain." To gratify as far as possible the wishes of his countrymen, he remained at Honolula for some time, but the period for which his crew had been engaged was fast expiring, and before any definite settlement had been made, left the islands; after touching at Monterey, he arrived at Norfolk on the 31st day of April, 1844. The engagement of his crew expired May 1st, the next morning. Since this time, he has been waiting orders.

Not to interrupt our narrative, we omitted stating that in January, 1835, Captain Kearny was married to Miss Josephine Hall, of New-York, a lady highly esteemed for the elegance of her personal attractions, and the accomplishments of her mind. By this marriage he has had one son, named James Lawrence Kearny, after his uncle, Captain Lawrence. Mrs. Kearny died in 1849.

It cannot be expected that in this hasty sketch we should have given full justice to the subject of it; in truth we have passed over many years with few words, and left unnoticed many glorious actions; but we have faithfully endeavored to make the best use of our space, and to point out those circumstances which have been attended with results beneficial to the general interests of our country; as, for instance, his long defence of the southern coast against the plundering expeditions of British privateers, during the war of 1812; his dispersion of the pirates both in the West Indies and the Mediterranean, and his prominent services in opening an intercourse with the Chinese government—an intercourse which has since become matured, and is daily adding wealth to our merchants, and to our revenue.

There is not now in the United States Navy any officer who has seen a greater amount of *sea service* than Captain Kearny; upon reference to the Navy Register for 1850, we find that during forty-two years connection with the navy, he has been twenty-four years and three months in service upon the seas. The service of Captain John Downes is placed at exactly the same length of time; and upon further reference, we find that the nearest approach to either of these is Captain Wadsworth, who has seen twenty-four years of sea service. Both of these last named entered the service several years previous to Mr. Kearny.

Thus the services of this gentleman have extended over the greatest portion of the last half century, and we are happy to say, he is still as capable of actions as glorious as those we have feebly essayed to describe, should an opportunity for like exploits occur.

In person, Captain Kearny is of medium height and heavily built; for his countenance we refer our readers to the excellent portrait which accompanies this sketch; it is open, generous, and intelligent, still it bears unmistakable impress of force of character and energy of mind. His manners are affable and easy, always heightened by good humor and mirthfulness, or, to give a still more easily recognised description, he is a "gentleman of the old school," untouched by the desecrating foppery and self-conceit which forms so great a part in the characters of most gentlemen of the present day. Still in the prime of life, enjoying excellent health, and possessing a reputation for upright integrity, unflinching courage, and consummate ability, the like of which has fallen to the lot of but few, we cannot believe that his services have ended; we still expect to find his name mingled with great actions, which shall confer upon himself still brighter wreaths of fame, and bring to his country more endurable honors, and increased prosperity.

NEW-YORK FINANCES.

SPEECH OF H. B. STANTON.

The course of the Federal Party in this country has ever been one of encroachment upon popular rights. It has sought continually and unceasingly to organize and consolidate a power which should draw into the hands of the aristocratic few the wealth and honors of the country. Chartered privileges, protection to manufacturing capital, amalgamation of the money power with the government treasuries; the creation of a numerous army of government creditors, the subsidizing of vast numbers of contractors, jobbers and office holders, with the money obtained for government stocks, and the propitiation of large landed interests, by the construction of public works in their neighborhood, and all measures tending to these results identify the old Federalists, no matter under what name they may be known for the time being. And it has been the custom of the party to change its name when it becomes odious through the explosion of some temporarily successful fraud. It has also been the case that that party, being a minority, has never obtained municipal, state, or federal power, except through dissension adroitly introduced into the ranks of the people at large who compose the Democratic Party. The great mass of the people who create the wealth of the country, present usually a passive resistance to that small aristocratic party which is continually seeking to obtain, through specious laws, an inordinate share of the wealth originating in popular industry. Whenever the people can be thrown off their guard and divided, this plundering party seizes power, plunges the State in debt, squanders the proceeds among its adherents with a lavish hand, making most of the short time that intervenes before the re-united people hurl them from power, covered with odium, but surfeited with the flesh pots. A period of shattered credit and public dishonor, to be repaired by individual frugality and direct taxation, always marks the retirement of Federalism from power. The financial history of the State of New-York is peculiarly illustrative of the truth of these remarks; and the last message of Governor Hunt affords a rare specimen of the unblushing effrontery with which, while the obligations of a recently enacted constitution are acknowledged, means of evading it are deliberately suggested. While these suggestions do little credit to his genius, they utterly destroy any character as an honest executive officer that he might otherwise have possessed.

The message contains a clause which presents to the people, on behalf of the Whig Party, the issue, whether the policy adopted by that party in 1838, and which brought the State to the verge of ruin in 1842,—which was repudiated in that year by the people, and finally extinguished in the constitutional provisions of 1846, shall be revived in spite of that Constitution, and the career of debt and bankruptcy again entered upon. This issue presented by the Governor, was met in the Senate by a speech on the part of the Hon. H. B. Stanton, which for eloquence of diction, strength of reasoning, and soundness of principle, has been seldom equalled in our State Senate. The whole Whig pretence of friendliness to internal improvements, is shown up in a masterly manner, and demonstrated to be really but a desire to reward partisans at the expense of the improvements and of the welfare of the people at large. The style of Mr. Stanton, as an orator, is far more polished and complete, more simple in its structure, more effective

in its delivery, and more marked by breadth of scope and comprehensiveness of view, than is often witnessed in those great normal schools for statesmen, which compose the governing powers of the States. His speeches are not a collection of facts and detached notions, all supposed to have some reference to the intended object of the talker, and, therefore, all tumbled out together, pretty much as the materials of a house are dumped on its proposed site; but he has evidently made oratory a study, and constructs his oration suitably for the occasion, as an opulent architect constructs a building for its proper uses. He prepares himself with a profusion of the best materials, and adapts them fitly to each other; and under the rapid execution of his great skill, the design of his genius rises symmetrically and beautifully before the eyes of his audience. On the present occasion, commencing with the history of the canal policy, Mr. Stanton draws clearly the line between the true internal improvement system of the Democratic Party, which sought to build great and useful works for the benefit of the whole people, and that spurious policy of the whigs, which sought only to plunder the people, under pretence of serving them.

Speech of Mr. Stanton, *on the Governor's Message, delivered in the Senate, Jan.* 11, 1851.

Mr. President,—I thank senators for their courtesy in postponing till this morning, at my request, the consideration of the resolutions referring the annual message of the Governor to appropriate committees. Parliamentary law, as well as our own rules, make this the proper occasion for discussing the message. I propose to avail myself of this opportunity to examine that part of it which recommends an amendment of the Constitution, so as to confer upon the legislature the necessary authority to create a loan, on the credit of the State, of seven or eight millions of dollars, to be appropriated to the early completion of the Erie canal enlargement, and to pledge the future surplus revenues of the canals for the redemption of the loan.

Such an amendment of the Constitution can be effected only by a radical change in the essential features of the 7th article, commonly known as "the financial article." The 3rd section of that article, which provides for the annual distribution of the surplus revenue of the canals, between the Erie Canal enlargement and the completion of the Genesee Valley and Black River canals, "in such manner as the legislature shall direct," must be modified. The 10th and 12th sections, usually denominated "the debt-restraining sections," must be effectually destroyed. The former section permits the State, in order to meet casual deficits in revenues and expenses not provided for, to contract debts whose aggregate amount shall not at any time exceed one million of dollars. The latter section forbids the contracting of any debt (except as before specified) unless it be for some single work or object, and unless the law creating the debt shall impose an annual tax for paying the interest thereon as it falls due, and for discharging the principal within eighteen years—such law not to take effect until it shall have been submitted to and ratified by a majority of the people at the polls.

To understand fully these provisions of the Constitution, which the Governor proposes to modify and destroy, it is necessary to trace the events which led to their adoption.

In 1817, the State of New-York commenced the construction of the Erie Canal. At that time, and during its subsequent progress, auxiliary funds were set apart, for the payment of the debts contracted for the work, which yielded sufficient revenue to pay the annual interest thereon, and, with the tolls, to discharge the principal within just about the period limited in the 12th section to which I have alluded. The Canal was completed in 1825, at a cost of eight or nine millions.

In 1835, in accordance with what seemed to be the demands of public sentiment, the Democratic Canal Board, in reply to a memorial referred to them by the Assembly, recommended the enlargement of the Erie Canal. The report to that effect was drawn by Governor Bouck and Mr. Flagg. I ask special attention to the financial principles which the Board proposed as the basis of the enlargement. They say—"In urging upon the Legislature the importance of authorizing, at the present session, such an enlargement of the Erie Canal as is conceived to be necessary to adapt it to the increasing trade of the country, the Canal Board desire to have it distinctly understood that they do not recommend such an expenditure of money upon this work as will interfere with the arrangements now in progress for accumulating a sum sufficient to pay the Erie and Champlain Canal debt, and for restoring the auction and salt duties to the

general fund. * * The net proceeds of the canal tolls will be sufficient to meet the disbursements necessary for improving and enlarging the canal, without having recourse to new loans for that purpose."

That was the democratic policy of 1835, and it is the democratic policy now—contract no loans, but appropriate the surplus tolls to the payment of the Canal debt and the enlargement of the Canal.

The work of enlargement was in progress, guided by this safe and salutary policy, when, in 1837, owing to a division in the Democratic Party on a national question, the whigs succeeded at the fall elections, and placed an overwhelming majority of their ablest men in the popular branch of the legislature. And here I may stop to remark, that the people of this State have never at the ballot boxes condemned the policy of the Democratic Party in respect to the Canals. In 1837, "the sub-treasury" divided the party, and the whigs slipped into power through the breach. But, in 1841, when the democracy swept the State, as the whigs had swept it four years before, the issue between the parties had distinct reference to the Canal and Financial policy of the whigs during the previous four years; and the verdict was an unqualified condemnation of that policy. And, notwithstanding the clamor excited by the rigid "stop and tax" measures of the Democratic legislature in 1842, which caused a howl among the contractors and speculators along all the lines of the canals, the people, in the fall of 1842, reiterated the condemnatory verdict of the previous year, by electing Mr. Bouck to the gubernatorial chair by a majority of more than 20,000. In 1847 and '48, the whigs returned to power, not because the people approved their State policy and condemned that of the Democracy, but because the latter were cleft in twain by the national question of slavery. The same cause makes it necessary for me, this morning, to criticise a whig rather than defend a Democratic executive message.

To return to the Assembly of 1838. In that body, Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, of New-York, was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. On the 12th of March he made his celebrated report in favour of borrowing, from time to time, forty millions of dollars, to be employed in the more speedy enlargement of the Erie Canal, and the prosecution of a "gigantic and magnificent" scheme of internal improvements, for developing "the mighty realities which the future had in store."

I propose, sir, to briefly examine this report. I do so because it has ever since been the text-book of the Whig Party on the subjects of finance and internal improvements—because its doctrines were approved, and its recommendations enforced, by Gov. Seward, in his first message, in the following year—because it opened a new era in schemes of borrowing money to enlarge the Erie Canal and construct public works, without providing adequate means for its repayment—because, like the message of his Excellency Governor Hunt, it dealt largely in golden prophecies, and made them the basis for justifying the creation of huge loans, which depended for their redemption upon the fulfilment of these prophecies—because the principles and statements of this report were re-affirmed by its author, about a year ago, during the heat of the election, in a letter addressed to certain citizens of Rochester, and which was widely published and heartily approved by the whig press—because, in that letter he declares that on reviewing his report, he is unable to discover what portions of its descriptions or anticipations, or even of its tone or colouring, are not equalled by the reality; and that the sober truth is, the story was not half told, and the writer knew it at the time"—and because, if we are to credit high whig authority, the comptrollership, made vacant by the election of Gov. Hunt, has, within the past month, been offered to the author of this report.

Now, Sir, let us compare the estimates and the prophecies of this production, with facts and realities. Its rhetoric glows like a fourth of July oration. The terms, "gigantic," "powerful," "mighty," "splendid," "grand," "glorious," "animated," "vigorous," "astonishing," "ample," "innumerable," "immense," "vast," "enormous," "illimitable," "augmenting," "enlarging," "stretching," "swelling," "undaunted," "courageous," "rich," "palmy," "luxuriant," "fair," "fruitful," "sunny," are strewn through it with the profusion with which a California adventurer scatters his gold dust in a San Francisco gambling house. Let us pierce through the gaudy husk and examine the kernel.

Mr. Ruggles bases his calculations, as to the capacity of the State, to borrow money, upon the estimate of the Democratic Canal Commissioners, in their report of that year, that when the Erie Canal was enlarged, the annual tolls would amount to $3,000,000. He repeatedly asserts that his financial scheme is founded on this estimate. With this for his starting point, he declares that "forty millions might be borrowed and expended, and reimbursed in twenty-eight years;" that this sum "might be safely borrowed,

without imposing any burthens on the people; and he recommends that four millions be borrowed annually for the next ten years.

The base of his towering superstructure crumbled at the first touch. The commissioners estimated the gross amount of tolls at three millions. He assumes it to be the net—not deducting therefrom the half million and more necessary for annual repairs of the Canals and expenses of collecting the tolls. By this blunder in his premises he commits an error in his conclusions of fourteen millions—at least half a million annually being required, according to the estimate of the commissioners, to repair the canals and collect the tolls, during these twenty-eight years.

Such gross mistakes may be pardoned as mere abstract speculations; but where they are committed in laying the foundations of a scheme of finance, on which a commonwealth is to contract debts to be paid by posterity, they may win for their author the reputation of a bold theorist, but they strip him of all claims to be called a prudent financier.

Mr. Ruggles estimated that in the year 1850, by continuing the rate of tolls existing at the time of his report, "the six millions of inhabitants in the West, who will resort to the Erie Canal for the means of conveyance, will furnish tonnage, in exports and imports, of at least 200,000,000 of dollars in value," and that this tonnage "would yield an annual revenue to our treasury of $5,600,000."

Now, Sir, I agree with him, that that amount of tonnage ought to yield at least that amount of revenue! But this calculation about tonnage is one of the wildest speculations of an age prolific in chimeras and visions. In that very year, 1838, the total value of the exports and imports of the whole Union, numbering fifteen millions of people, was less than $200,000,000. The year 1850 has come and gone, and we are able to test the verity of this prophecy, on the faith of which the State was to borrow and expend in ten years, and reimburse in twenty-eight years, forty millions, without imposing any burthens upon the people.

In the very able report of Comptroller Flagg to the Legislature of 1839, in which he examined with his usual acumen the report of Mr. Ruggles, he ventured to prophesy that the western tonnage, passing up and down the Erie canal, in 1850, would amount to about $29,000,000. These gentlemen differ in their estimates $171,000,000—a pretty wide margin. The reality proves them both in the wrong. Mr. Flagg is twenty-six millions too low, and Mr. Ruggles is one hundred and forty-five millions too high. The necessary data to ascertain the western tonnage of 1850, is not yet before us. Judging from that furnished by the report of the Auditor of the Canal Department for last year, it must be about $55 000,000.

The "revenue to our treasury" from this source, instead of being $5.600,000, is about $4,000,000 short of this sum. The tolls from all the canals, and from all sources, during the past year, were $3,276,903. Of this sum, we appropriated last session for collection, repairs, and other expenses incident to the canals, $650.000. Allowing that half this revenue is received on western tonnage—say $1,638,451—then, if Mr. Ruggles referred to gross revenue, he erred in the sum of about $4,000,000; and if to net revenue, his error was still greater.

If to this it be objected, that Mr. Ruggles based his estimate respecting tonnage and revenue on the then existing rate of tolls, and the capacity of the canals when completely enlarged, I reply, that we have the authority of the Governor's message for saying, that the amount of business offered to the canal has not yet surpassed its capacity to perform it—or, to quote his words, "we have approached very near the maximum capacity of the old canal, during the spring and autumn months"—and that though we have reduced the tolls since 1838, "it is generally believed that this has attracted additional tonnage sufficient to equalize the diminution of revenue." Therefore the estimates of Mr. Ruggles for 1850 have had as ample scope and verge as they would had the canal been wholly enlarged and the tolls not reduced—and yet the tonnage falls short of his calculations by $145,000,000, and the gross revenue by $4,000,000.

The chairman of the ways and means of 1838 estimated the cost of the enlargement of the Erie Canal at $15,000,000, "including damages."

Mr. President, I was on the point of saying that the "damages" would approach nearer that sum, than it approximates to the amount that will have been expended when the work is completed. Suffice it to say, that these damages have been "immense," "vast," "enormous" and "illimitable," and are still "augmenting," "enlarging," "stretching" and "swelling." It appears from the message, that the amount already expended on the enlargement is about $16,000,000, and that to complete it, $11,000,000 more will be required, making a total of $27,000,000. This, as I understand it, does not embrace any moneys paid for damages consequent upon the enlargement. Mr. Ruggles has committed an error in this particular of at least $12,000,000.

The same gentleman, to convince the legislature of 1838 that four millions might be borrowed annually for ten years, without the slightest hazard of taxation, spread before them a table of figures, showing that his scheme would furnish a sinking fund towards the payment of the sums borrowed, amounting at the close of the year 1841, to $2,396,837 50—a very precise calculation. During the four years that followed the promulgation of this tabular system of finance, Mr. Ruggles and his associates were in power, borrowed sixteen millions of dollars on the credit of the report of 1838, scattered their stocks around among needy railroads and unproductive Canals, as profusely as they did their rhetoric, and at the close of the year 1841, so far from finding the sum of $2,396,837 50 in the treasury as a sinking fund, they could not raise even the fifty cents which he had ciphered out with such ridiculous precision. They were authorized by law to borrow a million and a half of dollars; but so low had they depreciated the credit of the State, that they could not procure a shilling in the money market. Instead of accumulating a fund to sink the public debt, they had contracted a debt which had sunk the public treasury. The great State of New-York came to its knees before the bill-brokers and money changers of Wall-street in vain. Her 6 per cent. stocks were a drug at 25 per cent. discount; the contractors on her public works clamored around the State Hall for their wages, and were turned away with paper which no prudent banker would buy, or promises which no sane man would credit. In a word, steering by the delusive lights which had been hung out in this report, her financiers had run the ship of State dead aground among the breakers of bankruptcy. In the words of Mr. Flagg, "The credit of the State of New-York was measured, not by its own vast resources and ample revenue, but was brought down to the urgent necessities of a needy individual, or a corporation on the brink of dissolution."

Sir, one would suppose that this spectacle of humiliation and disgrace would suffice till the remembrance of it was buried in the graves of the generation that witnessed it.

The whigs were swept from power in the fall of 1841. The democrats had a large majority in the Assembly of 1842. You, sir, were a member of that body, and well remember the rare combination of talent which it displayed, and the vast sway exerted over it by the pure heart and giant mind of Michael Hoffman. Mr. Flagg was elected Comptroller in February. He promptly sent to the legislature a communication setting forth the condition of the finances—lucid, bold, manly, and more than all, honest. It appeared that there was then due, and to become due in March and April, pressing debts to the amount of $5,121,500, as follows:—

To contractors	$2,500,000
For land damages	473,000
For temporary loans	1,746,000
For interest on loan to Erie Railroad	167,500
To prepare the canals for spring navigation	235,000
Amounting to	5,121,500

And to meet these liabilities, he found within his reach less than $200,000 of available funds, of all sorts and from all sources. He advertised for a loan, went to New-York to exert his personal influence to raise it, and could only get an offer of $35,000, and that, too, on the condition that he would give his individual security for its redemption.

Then was adopted what has been denominated "the infamous stop and tax policy" of 1842. Why, sir, the public works were as effectually stopped by the embarrassments of the Treasury, at the close of 1841, when the whigs went out of power, as they were by the legislative acts of 1842. The policy of that year was only that which every honest man adopts, when he finds himself running into debt beyond his capacity to pay—stop expenditures, and devote all available resources to cancelling the debt. The private individual who would not act upon the principles which this State adopted to maintain good faith with its creditors, in 1842, would be denounced as a swindler. The noble stand assumed by New-York, in that critical juncture, goes far to nullify the maxim, "that corporations have no souls." The State simply ceased to appropriate money which it had not got, authorized a loan to pay its debts, and levied a tax to redeem the loan. The legislature authorized a loan of about five millions, bearing 7 per cent. interest and payable in 7 years. So low was the public credit, so depreciated were the State stocks, that though the law authorizing the loan pledged a mill tax and all the Canal revenues for its reimbursement, not a capitalist or institution was found that would negotiate it. A loan of one million, payable at the rate of two hundred thousand dollars monthly, was advertised for, but only $35,000 was offered, and it was not till June that the loan was taken.

And what were "the deplorable consequences," so loudly bruited abroad, which followed the stop and tax policy of 1842? Appropriations to the Erie Canal Enlargement

—loans to banks on the verge of insolvency, and to railroads which neglected to pay interest, were refused—clamorous contractors, with fat jobs, were thrown out of employment—considerable expense was incurred and damage done, by arresting the State in its career of extravagant expenditures—but public confidence was restored and public credit revived, and within one year from the adoption of this "infamous policy" of being honest with ourselves and dealing honestly with our creditors, six per cent. stocks were above par, five per cents had reached par, and the State of New-York was no longer compelled to run the gauntlet of note-shavers and money-brokers, in company with "needy individuals and corporations on the brink of dissolution." Commend me, sir, to "the infamous policy" of discharging old debts, and ceasing to contract new obligations without providing the means of redemption.

And this reminds me of that resolution, introduced into the Legislature of 1841, by that tried and true man, Arphaxed Loomis, and which embodies the essence of the 12th section of the 7th article of the Constitution. It was promulgated by him in 1840 —was placed at the head of many democratic newspapers—was adopted at many public meetings and conventions, and ultimately won the worthy name of the People's Resolution. It proclaims the sound doctrine, that the State shall contract no debt except to suppress insurrection, repel invasion and defend it in war, without first submitting the question to the people. This resolution was discussed but not adopted by the Legislature of 1842.

The expenditures, extravagancies and embarrassments, which flowed from the Ruggles schemes of 1838—the measures employed to rescue the State from peril in 1842 —the discussion of the people's resolution—and the desire to adopt, in the apt words of that steady, able and eloquent friend of the Canals, Horatio Seymour, "a liberal system of internal improvements, furnishing the elements of and predicated upon a sound financial policy," more than any and all other causes originated the call for the convention of 1846.

After four years of reflection and observation concerning these questions, that convention assembled. The Erie Canal and the lateral Canals, the rail-roads and the banks, the capitalists and the tax payers, were all ably represented in that body. The result of its long and anxious deliberations on this great subject was, the adoption of a medium system of finance and internal improvements, between the extremes of Hoffman and Loomis on the one hand, and of Seward and Ruggles on the other. That system is embodied in the 7th article of the Constitution. So far as the Canals are specifically concerned, the father of the article was that early, intelligent, and liberal friend of internal improvements, William C. Bouck. The debt-restraining clauses of the article owe their paternity to Mr. Loomis.

It is instructive, Mr. President, to inquire by whose votes these clauses of the Constitution were adopted in the convention. The 3d section, which distributes the surplus tolls (after making certain appropriations to pay debts) among the Canals, was the result of a compromise in which most of the leading whigs participated. On looking at the journal, I find it was voted for by such whigs as G. W. Patterson, Ayrault, F. F. Backus, Brayton, Crooker, Rhoades, Ira Harris, R. O. Marvin, Spencer, Nicholas, Porter, Tallmadge, Kirckland, Huntington, Archer, Bascom, Taggart, Strong, Bull, Wright, Salisbury—in a word, nearly all the prominent whigs of the body. The 10th section, restricting the power of creating debts, in certain cases, to a million, was adopted, the journal tells us, "unanimously."

Then came the struggle on the 12th section—that at which the message is specially aimed—the People's Resolution. Mr. Shepard, of New-York, moved to amend so that the state should under no circumstances have the power to create a debt. Lieut. Gov. Patterson, whom we all remember with so much pleasure as our late presiding officer, supported this amendment. He said—(I quote from the debate)—"After we had adopted a provision authorizing the legislature to create debts in case of war or invasion, he did not believe there would ever be any necessity to incur any other debt to the amount of a single dollar. He believed after the present debt of the state was paid, the canals would yield a revenue abundant for all purposes. No one could visit the western states and see their almost boundless resources, and still doubt that the revenues of the canals would in a few years amount to five or six millions of dollars. * Believing, then, that they would be abundantly sufficient for all the purposes of the state, he should vote for the amendment of the gentleman from New-York." The amendment was lost, but the section as it now stands was adopted, ayes 72, noes 36—two-thirds of those voting. I have high whig authority for saying that the Comptrollership was offered, during the last month, to Gov. Patterson, and that he declined to accept it. Whether this declinature was caused by his inability to agree with Gov.

Hunt as to his propriety of repealing the debt-restraining clauses of the Constitution, I do not know.

I have thus, sir, endeavored to sketch, briefly and hastily, the origin of the financial article of the Constitution. It was incorporated into the organic law by the friends of internal improvements. It was adjusted on the basis of a compromise between the conflicting interests of the various canals, and of various localities in the state. The instrument of which it formed a vital part, was ratified at the ballot boxes by a majority of 130,000 votes. For one, I shall stand by "the compromises f the Constitution;" and I warn the friends of the Erie canal enlargement, that they peril that enterprise by attempting to disturb those compromises.

In 1847 and '48, owing to divisions in the Democratic Party on national questions, the whigs, after five years' exclusion, returned to power. Immediately they exhibited their usual proclivity for contracting debts. In his first message to the Legislature, Gov. Young said: "Unhappily, as I think, the 7th article of the Constitution has thrown obstacles across your path. It cannot be affirmed, I apprehend, that the adoption of the Constitution containing so many valuable provisions, can be regarded as an expression in favor of this article." Gov. Young was elected by 11,000 majority, at the same time that the Constitution was ratified by 130,000 majority. Whether some of his supporters now think the whigs made as great a mistake in electing him, as he then thought the people made in adopting the Constitution, I leave them to say.

During the years 1848 and '49, the party in power endeavored to get rid of the "obstacles" which the 7th article threw in the way of plunging the State into debt, by treating it as a nullity. Their operations in this line of policy show the following results:—

On the 1st of June, 1846, the Canal and General Fund debts amounted, as appears by convention documents, to	$19,885,968 81
Governor Hunt informs us that on the 30th of September last these debts amounted to	$22,530,802 48
Thus, in a period of 4 years and 4 months, these debts have increased	$2,644,833 67
During these 4 years, the Constitution has set apart out of the canal revenues, to redeem the principal and pay the interest of these debts	$6,600,000 00

I leave it to those who have ruled the affairs of this State during these four years, to explain how it happens, that, notwithstanding these appropriations of more than six and a half millions towards the redemption of these debts, they have been increased upwards of two and a half millions. Either we are grossly misinformed by our officials, or they have executed the 7th article of the Constitution in a very summary manner.

The partial return of the democrats to power last year, checked this "speedy" mode of removing constitutional "obstacles;" and the present Executive proposes a less summary, but not less effectual method of getting rid of them. He discusses three modes of obviating what he calls the financial "embarrassments" of the Constitution, and seems to think there are incompatible differences between them.

To me, sir, this is the only surprising portion of the message. Often having had occasion to admire the elasticity of the author's rhetoric, the wonder is that he did not recommend the adoption of all three of the modes, and argue that they were perfectly harmonious with each other. And, in that case, if some distinguished member of the legislature, whose head was "silvered o'er with age," had addressed him a letter of inquiry as to the propriety and consistency of adopting all three, I should expect that his reply would insist upon the perfect homogeneousness of the whole, and that Hoffman men and Seward men, Flagg men and Ruggles men, canal men and railway men, forty-million-debt men, and stop-and-tax men, might all give them their cordial and united support.

But his Excellency does in fact recommend only one mode—an alteration (I will not say an amendment) of the Constitution.

Mr. President, does the Governor show us any such pressing necessity for contracting a debt of seven or eight millions, as to demand for that purpose the performance of so solemn an act as the alteration, in a vital particular, of a Constitution so recently, so intelligently, so overwhelmingly ratified? Wisdom dictates that a people should be cautious in effecting radical changes in their fundamental law. Experience, observation, history, inculcate the lesson, that all change is not improvement—all movement is not progress—all innovation is not reform. In an era so prone to commercial speculations, so prolific of financial projects, we should be slow to break down defences which our Constitution has erected to guard the credit of the State against depreciation, and its magnificent chain of canals, from ruinous competition; and especially should

we avoid cheapening that instrument in the public estimation, by rudely assailing provisions which resulted from concession and compromise among conflicting interests.

The message informs us that we have only approached very near the maximum capacity of the Erie Canal to perform all the business offered to it during the most active portions of the year. The necessity, therefore, for its enlargement at a more speedy rate than is provided by the Constitution, and for the prompt alteration of that instrument so as to contract a huge debt for this purpose, is based on certain prophecies of the message, as to the great and rapid increase of business on the Canal, beyond its power to perform it. Even if this were proved to be so, it would be but a balancing of the partial advantages of increased revenue, against the positive evils of accumulated indebtedness. But without one fact worthy of the name, to support the premises of the message, we are called upon to throw fancied revenue into one scale, and positive debt into the other, and compel the latter to kick the beam. Undoubtedly, the trade of the States clustering around the great lakes of the West, is immense. The error consists in supposing that it will all naturally seek a transit through the Erie Canal. Does his Excellency forget that other canals are competing with ours for this trade? That since the canal system originated, a mode of transportation and inter-communication has arisen, whose channels are open the whole year, defying alike the frosts of winter and the droughts of summer? Railroads are rapidly annihilating the old distinctions between the business of the spring and autumn, and the business of the other seasons of the year. Soon our merchants will no longer confine their largest purchases, or our produce dealers limit their heaviest freights, to a few brief weeks at the opening and closing of water communication.

The increase of business on the Erie Canal, since its enlargement commenced, is smaller than many suppose. In 1835, the tons of freight reaching tide water through the Canal, amounted to about half a million—last year, to a little over a million. The lockages at Alexander's, in 1835, were 26,000—last year, 36,000. The amount of tolls in 1835, was nearly $1,400,000—last year, about $2,900,000. The increase of business and income during the past 4 or 5 years, has been slow. The revenue of this year, is but a slight advance over that of the last. And yet we are able to make liberal appropriations to the work of enlarging the Canal. Last year, we set apart $823,000 for this object. If we will stop our extraordinary appropriations to other canals under the delusive name of "ordinary repairs"—if we will cease pouring hundreds of thousands annually into the bottomless Chemung Canals, Albany basins and Buffalo harbours—if we will compel our contractors to fulfil their contracts to the letter, and not pay them an annual bonus under the swindling term of "extra services"—if we will hold our commissioners and superintendents to a rigid accountability for the moneys placed at their disposal—if we will so discriminate in fixing the rate of tolls, as to attract to the canals, in the summer months, such heavy articles as may as well go to market then as during the crowded periods of spring and fall—then we can, this very year, comply with all the provisions of the Constitution respecting the public debt, make all needful appropriations to the lateral canals, and devote upwards of a million to the enlargement of the Erie Canal. It is now so far completed as to give the essential benefits of this great improvement to the Chenango, the Black River, the Oswego, the Cayuga and Seneca Canals. The message states that, with some partial exceptions, the enlarged locks (and they are one of the main features of the improvement,) will be completed "on the entire line of the Erie Canal at the opening of navigation the coming season." And yet, it makes the extraordinary assertion that "the annual loss of interest on the amount invested (in the enlargement) at 6 per cent, is over one million of dollars." In other words, that the sixteen millions expended on the work, are a dead loss, because the whole is not completed! By the same process of reasoning, Governor Hunt might prove that the entire Canal is a dead loss—that is, that nothing is valuable which is capable of being improved!

The Governor admits that, under the Constitution, the enlargement will be completed in 1866. By pursuing a rigid policy of expenditures for other purposes, and wisely discriminating in respect to the rates of toll, I believe it can be done in 1860. Increase of business will bring increase of revenue—increase of revenue will warrant increase of appropriations—and increase of appropriations will enlarge the capacity of the Canal. If there be no increase of business, then there will be no necessity for enlargement. Or, if the increase be small, then the enlargement may advance slowly. But, it may be said, that if we would attract additional tonnage to the Canals, we must reduce the tolls, and this reduction will diminish the revenue. I have the authority of the message for saying that the reduction of the rates of tolls does not diminish the revenue, because it attracts sufficient additional tonnage to keep up the aggregate

receipts. And the Comptroller says, in his report just presented, "that under no state likely to occur, will the income of our entire system of Canals fall below the receipts of the last fiscal year." Sir, our admirable financial article regulates all these things by the great law of demand and supply; and the more closely legislators adhere to the injunctions of that law, whether in respect to foreign commerce, domestic trade, internal improvements, or the creation of public debt, the more perfect they will perform the only functions which can be safely entrusted to governments.

The policy of the Constitution for the enlargement of the canal, is far preferable to that recommended in the message, because it is certain to accomplish the work, and by a method which guards the State against the possibility of indebtedness therefor. That policy travels in the middle path between the extremes of refusing on the one hand to do the work at all, or performing it so tardily as not to keep pace with the increasing demands of business; and on the other, of plunging into debt in an attempt to effect its immediate accomplishment, or leaving its performance to legislative caprice and the hazard of being wholly arrested at the bidding of rival interests.

The policy of the Constitution is the policy adopted by the Canal Board of 1835, when they recommended the enlargement. Well would it have been for the Erie canal if this wise system had never been abandoned for the pursuit of wild schemes, the invention of bold adventurers and charlatan financiers. It so turns out, that by departing from the policy of 1835, this great improvement is the loser to-day in the sum of ten millions of dollars: and this, too, notwithstanding the State has borrowed and appropriated for the work ten millions. It appears from the report of the Comptroller, in 1848, that during the ten years between 1837 and 1847, the surplus tolls, which might have been appropriated to the enlargement, amounted to $16,478,763. And yet, tho' ten millions of borrowed money were devoted to the work within this period, the sum expended upon it in these ten years was only about thirteen millions. The remaining three and a half millions of surplus tolls, instead of being set apart to this work, was, with other millions which had been borrowed, wasted upon unproductive canals; upon needy railroads, which either were never completed, or failed to pay the interest on the money loaned them by the State; upon banks wallowing in the slough of insolvency; upon favorite contractors in the shape of extra services; while the destiny of portions of the money will never be clearly ascertained till the day of the final restitution of all things lost on earth. The financial clause of the Constitution, by which $1,650,000 are annually set apart from the surplus tolls to pay the canal and general fund debts, operates from the 1st of June, 1846. During these four years, $6,600,000 have been paid out of this surplus, for that purpose. By adhering to the policy of 1835, this sum might have been appropriated to the enlargement of the Erie canal, in addition to the $3,212,000, which during these four years, have been actually devoted to this work; and the total amount which might have been expended upon it out of the surplus revenues of the canals, within the sixteen years that it has been in progress, instead of being less, as the Governor informs us, than sixteen millions, might have been upwards of twenty-six millions, had the State rigidly adhered to the recommendations of the Canal Board of 1835. Sir, by an economical and judicious expenditure of these twenty-six millions, the opening of navigation this year would have seen this great improvement completed from Albany basin to Buffalo harbor.

Now, sir, with such facts looking us in the face, is it wise to depart from a policy which will surely complete this splendid achievement, without the creation of a dollar of public debt, and enter upon a scheme which may plunge us into the disasters and humiliations of 1842? Shall we again abandon a path, which, had we never left it, would, ere this, have led to the consummation of our grand object, and surrender ourselves to the control of the same golden prophecies and *ignis fatuus* rhetoric that once lured our system of internal improvements to the brink of ruin? Are we determined to learn nothing from the encouraging results of the one—nothing from the bitter experience prospective of the other? Will we begin anew to mortgage revenues, that we may contract debts for posterity to pay? Will we again venture upon the experiment of anticipating the income of the future, that we may expend it in fancied improvements of the present? If our own financial disasters are insufficient to deter us from a policy at war with every sound principle of political economy, let us be admonished by the condition of other states of the confederacy. The South pays few debts contracted *in presenti*, because her cotton crop for the next two years is virtually pledged for the discharge of pre-existing obligations. The wheat crop of the West, abundant though it be, enables her to pay few of the debts she now contracts, because it is virtually mortgaged for the next two years, to cancel prior engagements. Do the embarrassments which cloud the prosperity of such States as Pennsylvania, Illinois and Indiana, in consequence of adopting the financial system recommended in the message,

encourage us to commit the errors which they are now bitterly repenting? A bold throw of the die in defiance of the sound maxim, "pay as you go," may possibly win prosperity, but, for one such result, history will furnish a thousand instances where impoverishment and ruin closed the hazardous game.

The debt restricting principles embodied in the 10th and 12th sections of the seventh article of the Constitution, are sound and salutary. At the existence of these, that message is specially aimed. These sections do not limit the power of the Legislature to levy taxes. Nor do they restrict its power to create debts for any object, excepting that they provide that the same law which creates the debt shall levy a tax sufficient to pay the interest thereon annually, and discharge the principal within eighteen years, and that such law shall be nugatory till it has been ratified by the people. Mr. Jefferson, after long and varied experience and observation in public affairs, and in the calm retreat of Monticello, said—"A state disposed to cherish its credit, should never borrow a dollar without laying a tax in the same instant to pay the interest annually, and the principal within a given time." Mr. Gallatin, who presided for so many years, and with such distinguished ability, over our national finances, writing upon the very subject now under discussion, during the winter of 1841-2, said: "I hope the Legislature will stop the further increase of debt, which is the road to ruin. Far better to lay equal taxes than to borrow in time of peace. * * * Confidence will never be restored till the state ceases to borrow for itself, or to lend its credit to others: nor, indeed, as I believe, so long as it does not stop all its expenditures for internal improvements beyond the amount of its annual revenue. * * * No maxim is more certain than that a nation never ought to contract a debt in ordinary times; and that at all other times it ought to provide by taxes for its annual expenditures." I agree with his Excellency, that there is a wide distinction "between debts judiciously made in furtherance of trade and intercourse," and debts "originating in wars of ambition, in the profligacy of courts, or the vanity of princes." So is there a wide distinction between debts of the former class, and those originating in wars on political economy, in the profligacy of politicians, and the vanity of financiers.

Mr. President, point me to the nation that involved itself in debt, and was afterwards able to extricate itself therefrom. While the general government was distributing its surplus revenue, under the administration of Jackson, and boasting that it was free from debt, the individual states composing that government were swelling their obligations by hundreds of millions. Unless we adhere with religious fidelity to the financial article of our Constitution, New-York will never escape the pressure of public debt—never, never.

If the Governor thinks eight or ten millions ought to be borrowed for the immediate completion of the Erie Canal enlargement, let him propose to submit that question to the people in accordance with the 12th section of the 7th article of the Constitution. Let the tax payers who must be held ultimately responsible for the discharge of the debt, under the plan which the message recommends, be allowed to pass upon the question of its creation in the first instance. Does he, and his friends on this floor, shrink from the test of the ballot boxes? The field is open—the Constitution as it is gives them the power of initiating measures for borrowing ample means for the prompt completion of the enlargement, and sending the issue down to the people for trial at the next election.

Let it not be asserted that the Executive merely recommends that the Constitution be so altered that money shall be borrowed for the enlargement absolutely, and for no other purpose. He recommends that the Legislature be authorized, not enjoined—authorized, not required—authorized, not commanded, to borrow. The "necessary authority" for this purpose (to use the words of the message) will work a virtual repeal of the restraining clause of the Constitution. Then we shall have a clear sea—every debt-contracting adventurer will ship his favourite project for "Cowes and a market"—every rag of canvass will be spread to the winds of speculation—and lucky will be the pilot that shall weather the storm.

Sir, let me warn every friend of the Erie Canal to pause ere he opens the financial article, the compromise article, of the Constitution, and embarks that great enterprise on such a hazardous voyage. Were the Convention to meet to-day for the adjustment of this question, the canals would not get as favourable terms as they obtained four years and a half ago. An interest, then in comparative infancy, has since grown into giant dimensions and wields a giant's power. It is the Railroad interest. By the instincts of its being, it is jealous of and hostile to the canals. It is winding its iron sinews all round the State. Open this financial article—or even impair the Constitutional guaranties, which insure the completion of the Erie enlargement and the construction of the Genesee Valley and Black River canals, and this gigantic interest will tell

your legislatures that canals are behind the age—that they did very well for the times of 1825—but, that it is idle to waste millions upon a mode of transportation which consumes an hundred and twenty hours in the transit from Buffalo to Albany, when it can carry freight and passengers from the Queen City to the Capitol in twelve. It will tell your legislatures, that your canals are locked up in ice four or five months in the year, but that its agents are not the slaves of the seasons, knowing no winter, no summer, no spring, no autumn. The time is approaching when my friend from Buffalo (Mr. BABCOCK) will see the morning sun of a long summer's day gild the palisades of the Hudson, and after flying on the wings of steam over four hundred miles of landscape, in which beauty and sublimity contend for the mastery, he will see the evening sun of that day sink to rest on the bosom of Lake Erie. And does he imagine that this splendid work, the Erie Railroad, will not then have become the powerful, as it is now the jealous rival, of the Erie Canal? Complete the Hudson River Railroad, and you supply the last link in a chain of communication, running side by side with your water channel, from New-York to Buffalo, which will be traversed in a single day.

The Erie railroad is soon to be tapped at various points along its line, so that the central and western sections of the State, from Utica to Rochester, will be within ten and twelve hours ride of the metropolis, by either one of two routes. The northern tier of counties, by railways now built or projected, are, ere long, to be brought within twenty-four hours of the metropolis. Branching out from all these lines of railway, and running through almost every town in their vicinity, plank-roads are constructed or commenced. In a word, the day is at hand when, on all the thoroughfares of the State, you will see either a plank road, over which carriages may transport heavy loads at the rate of ten miles per hour, or a railway along which freight and passengers will fly at a speed of thirty, and forty, and fifty miles per hour. And this mighty net-work of railways, by stretching its lines to Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis, will soon bind in its iron meshes a large share of the trade of the populous and fertile west.

Sir, look up the valley of the Mohawk if you would read the history and the destiny of the various internal improvements that have marked our progress. The man now participates in public affairs who has seen the savage skim the bosom of that river in his bark canoe, laden with the furs of beasts slain in the wilds of Oneida—who has seen that canoe disappear before the bateau of the white man, carrying the comforts of civilization to a few bold pioneers that had thrown up their log cabins in the country of the Onondagas and the Cayugas—who has seen a new turnpike crowded with caravans of emigrants from New-England, seeking a home for themselves and their descendants in the fertile valleys of the Seneca and the Genesee—who has seen a canal, the wonder of its day, floating slowly on its bosom the products of the east and the west, and facilitating an exchange of commodities between the seaboard and the great lakes—who has seen the iron horse that never tires, roaring and smoking through this valley, and drawing at his heels, night and day, at a speed of thirty miles to the hour, hundreds of passengers and thousands of tons of merchandise—who has seen commerce and politics, law and love, pin their messages to the wings of the lightning, and flash them along the mysterious wire from New-York to Chicago in the twinkling of an eye. And does any sane man dream that the improvement which occupied the fourth place in this ascending series, can forever maintain its supremacy over—ay, can even now be safely forced into rash, and irritating competition with that which followed in its train?

Sir, are the friends of our canals prepared to destroy those protective clauses of the Constitution which secure their early completion in spite of all rival and jealous and hostile interests, and drive them into a struggle with this great modern improvement, when millions are staked upon the issue of the conflict? Open the question which was adjusted in the convention of 1846, and not a dollar could the Genesee and Black River canals now get for their completion. Open the question, and simply authorize the legislature to create a heavy debt for the immediate enlargement of the Erie canal, and not the rail-roads merely, but every hostile and sectional interest would cry "Wait—make haste slowly—let us see if this expenditure be necessary—let us see if the canal as it is, and the rail-ways as they are to be, cannot transport all the tonnage which seeks a transit to and from the seaboard, through our State." It is because I dread the issue of such a contest—it is because I would see our canals completed—as well as because I would hold back the commonwealth from rushing headlong upon a career of onerous indebtedness and lavish expenditure, that I stand by the Constitution as it is.

His Excellency gives a glowing account of the steady advance of our State in wealth and population, and of the great enterprise, abounding prosperity and rapid growth of our commercial emporium. Attributing these results in a great degree to our canals, he is pleased to refer to these gratifying tokens of our progress, as demanding and jus-

tifying the creation of a large public debt for a more vigorous prosecution of our internal improvements, than is permitted by the Constitution. Now, it so turns out that an examination of statistical tables shows that the greatest per cent. of increase in wealth and population, during the last twenty years, in the State at large, and especially in the city of New-York, has occurred since the adoption of the "stop-and-tax" policy of 1842. If these facts are to be made the test of the soundness of his Excellency's proposition, they invalidate his conclusions. All such statistics, however, only go to prove that he who would search for the sources of our advancement in riches and population, must not expect to find them all issuing from the Erie Canal. But even if it were so, it might not be disrespectful to remind his Excellency that the strength and glory of a republican State are not always to be measured by its numbers and its wealth, but rather by the equality and stability of its institutions, the virtue and intelligence of its citizens, the integrity and wisdom of its rulers; that stimulating appeals to cupidity, avarice, the love of lucre, and the spirit of speculation, come with more propriety from the stock exchange than the Executive Chamber; and that he who confines civil government to its legitimate sphere of protecting the rights of all its members, better deserves the name of a statesman, than he who degrades it to the work of enriching the coffers of a few.

I am bound to believe, that the speedy enlargement of the Erie Canal is the sole motive which prompted the recommendation in the message. But I think I see looming up behind the executive chair, and casting its shadow before it, another influence, which, unconsciously to the writer, has guided the gubernatorial pen. Our state stocks command a high premium. They now constitute a safe basis for our currency. Bank charters are expiring—new ones are projected. State stocks must be obtained for both, at lower rates than they now command, or banking, though it may be entirely safe for the bill-holder, will not yield enormous profits to the bill-maker. Throw into the market fifteen or twenty millions of stocks, state and city, (for the message recommends the issuing of both,) and they will speedily sink so low that speculators may rejoice, while the people rue it. Sir, this proposal to disturb the financial basis of the Constitution, exhibits, to my eye, the broker, accustomed to deal in fluctuating stocks, rather than the statesman reposing on established principles.

The Constitution has been in operation four years. Who has demanded this change in its fundamental provisions? What newspaper has advocated it? What petition has been presented in its favor? Did it mingle in the discussions of the last political canvass? Was it dreamed of by the constituency that elevated its author to his present station? I venture the assertion that the executive recommendation will surprise the public ear—that the champions of our noble canals will discard it—that the authors of our honest financial policy will denounce it—that the friends of stable government will resist it—and that it will evoke the condemnation of the popular voice.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The money market, during the month, has been exceedingly well supplied with funds; and, although at times attempts were made mostly by the banks to advance the rates, they failed, through the promptness with which the loans were replaced from private sources. In almost every case where outstanding loans were notified of higher rates, they were paid up with money procured at a less figure. This has been the case, although at New-York nearly $3,250,000 were absorbed in the month of January into the Government Treasury for duties, and gold accumulated to the extent of $10,000,000 at the mint, through the inadequacy of the establishment to perform its duties. It is not alone the abundance of mere money (specie and bank notes) which causes capital to be apparently so cheap, but it is the ample supply of natural wealth which comes down in payment of goods consumed, continually cancelling obligations, and throwing money back into the reservoirs whence it issued. It is also the case that a large amount of capital has of late reached this country from Europe, in exchange for evidences of debt, public and corporate, while in the last ten years there has been no increase of government obligations. The following table, carefully compiled from the official sources of each state, shows the amount of the state debts nearest to January, 1851, with the annual interest payable by the states, the revenues and expenditures, and the taxable valuations for 1850:

DEBTS OF THE SEVERAL STATES, SHOWING THE DIRECT AND THE CONTINGENT DEBT. ALSO, THE ANNUAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES—WITH THE LAST VALUATIONS:

	Absolute Debt.	Contingent.	Total.	Interest paid, by State.	Receipts.	Expenditure.	Valuation, 1850.
Maine	878250	.....	878250	66000	525688	604726	100157573
Massachus'ts	1085500	4049564	5135064	58888	540658	601604	299878329
N. Hampshire	.....	24842	24842	.....	109728	90000	.....
Vermont	58036	.....	58036	3000	125374	109872	.....
Rhode Island	41000	192719	233719	2464	71183	80818	80820114
Connecticut	.....	33112	33112	850	80000	75000	104851805
New-York	22530802	933036	23463836	1214282	767962	826720	724874293
New-Jersey	37000	.....	37000	2200	128583	125542	.....
Penn'a	40677214	.....	40677216	2004714	4438131	4265329	469860270
Maryland	15546192	.....	15546192	690866	1213104	1209310	191281081
Virginia	13668051	3947894	17615951	490000	856937	824199	.....
N. Carolina	786500	190500	977000	45000	96000	140000	.....
S. Carolina	2061292	.....	2061292	120000	600292	531864	280017813
Georgia	1828472	189680	2018152	124270	310270	349400	.....
Florida	3900000	1916000	396000	234000	56382	59259	.....
Alabama	6693888	1915381	8609269	471507	597424	471673	79456647
Mississippi	2271707	5500000	7771707	110000	358617	139957	.....
Louisiana	1918397	14227380	16145777	98000	1091040	1064865	58972120
Texas	6818798	.....	6818798	400000	128946	77268	34955885
Arkansas	3697112	.....	3697112	220000	495194	433976	200000000
Tennessee	2977000	.....	.....	150000	374660	369521	299381807
Kentucky	4247637	250000	4497631	248999	595602	522254	439876998
Ohio	18744654	.....	18744654	1051053	3092993	2960927	31462780
Michigan	2374733	333359	2708092	142440	429268	449355	137443565
Indiana	7617960	7993725	15611685	380000	450681	490000	119237000
Illinois	8784481	7843028	16027510	382830	568230	571020	.....
Missouri	956261	.....	.....	75000	450000	230000	18479751
Iowa	55000	.....	.....	550	15500	14700	13189285
Wisconsin	.....	.....	.....	.....	52856	52845	.....
California	120000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
	170575736	43534220	214109956	8786843	18537211	17846504	....
United States	74288238		74288238	4209751	43774848	39355268	....

MASSACHUSETTS.—The direct debt is mostly for deficient government revenues; the indirect, for loan of credit to rail-roads.

NEW-YORK.—Direct debt is for canals and rail-road credits assumed; the indirect, for credits loaned to rail-roads. The revenue and expenses do not include those of the canals.

VIRGINIA indirect debt, is mostly for credits loaned to public works.

NORTH CAROLINA debt, is a credit loaned to the Gaston Rail-road assumed by the state; the indirect, is a similar credit, not yet fallen upon the state.

FLORIDA debt, is for bonds loaned to broken banks; and the contingent debt is accumulating interest.

ALABAMA debt, is the unredeemed credit loaned to the state banks; and the indirect, other liabilities connected with the institution.

MISSISSIPPI Debt. Direct, is for bonds loaned to the Planters' Bank; the indirect, the fraudulent bonds of the Union Bank.

LOUISIANA.—The direct debt is for loans for state purposes; the indirect, the bonds loaned to banks.

TEXAS.—The debt is the face for which the state is liable. The nominal amount of the debt is $12,322,443. A new loan for $200,000 was authorized.

ARKANSAS debt, is the bonds loaned to the banks; and there may be accumulated interest in addition.

MICHIGAN debt, is the balance of bonds now outstanding.

INDIANA AND ILLINOIS direct debts, are those for which the state is liable. The contingent, is the debt to be liquidated only by the state canals, and their property in the hands of trustees for that purpose.

MISSOURI, is the old debt. There are now two projects before the Legislature of that state. One to authorize the Pacific Rail-road, capital $4,500,000; and the Hannibal and St. Joseph's Rail-road, capital $4,500,000—making together $9,000,000; of which, two-thirds, or $6,000,000, is to be raised by state credit. This last bill has become a law.

Although a large portion of this amount has gone abroad within a few years, and the accumulation of capital in this country has been immense, the disposition has, up to this time, been to curtail public credits. Missouri is the first state which has resumed the old policy; and she has done this, by chartering a rail-road, and authorizing a loan of the state credit to the amount of $3,000,000 for its construction. This fact is an additional evidence that governments never learn by experience. As long as the state patronized rail-roads in New-York, they did not progress. But the expenditures of private capital in the state now reach $60,769,797, and the roads are all profitable. Very many of the western cities have adopted this plan of loaning credit, and it will prove injurious to their interests. The amount of capital going into rail-roads all over the country is immense, and also into banks. Illinois will require $20,000,000 for rail roads. And a bill to authorize a general banking law having passed the Legislature, is to be submitted to the people for approval. In New-York, the multiplication of banks is very rapid, and will not fall short of an increase of $10,000,000 for the present year. In New-England, the increase is also very great. This state of affairs tends to promote an extension of credits in making sales, and to revive those long credits which led to the disasters of former years, and which caused a suspension of all the banks, in the words of Mr. Biddle, "until next crop." As if those who had, by getting goods on credit, consumed a crop in advance, would go a year without consuming at all until they had paid up. It is, however, the case that the resources of the country are vastly greater now than at the date of the former years of speculation. Up to 1835, there may be said to have been but one route to connect the country west of the Alleghanies with the Atlantic slopes, and that was the Erie Canal. There are now four in operation, and still another in course of construction. The following are these lines, with their cost and revenue:

AVENUES FROM THE WEST TO TIDE-WATER.

	Miles.	Cost.	Revenue, 1850.	Expense.	Surplus.
Erie Canal	364	7,143,789	2,926,817	420,000	2,506,817
Pennsylvania Canal	395	12,381,824	1,550,555	996,592	553,963
Erie Rail-road	450	20,323,581	1,063,950	513,412	545,538
New-York, Northern Line	327	14,669,152	2,896,042	1,005,948	1,890,094
Baltimore & Ohio R. R.	179	7,927,400	1,387,000	800,000	587,000
Total, five routes	1715	$61,745,746	$9,724,364	$3,735,952	$6,083,412
Western (Mass.) R.R.	150	7,963,701	1,417,571	607,549	810,022

The revenue of the Erie canal in 1835, the year the Pennsylvania canals were opened, was $1,392,130, and that represented all the tolls collected on western trade. This last year, that trade has paid on the five lines tide-water, a sum greater by $8,410,000, or nearly seven times greater, and if we remember that the tolls tare now very much less than then, we can safely estimate that the trade west of the Alleghanies with the Atlantic slope was ten times greater in 1850 than in 1835. We are also to bear in mind, that a considerable quantity of goods now passing down the lake to Ogdensburg, over lake Champlain to New-York, and over the rail-road to Boston, constituting a new route, and also that the Pennsylvania rail-road, already 174 miles, is about to open still another route to the west. In this glance at means of communication, the merchant at once sees the broad foundation on which a large business now rests, as compared with fifteen years since. If we continue the view into the vast works of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, we shall find, that by means of public works, what may be called the "working surface" of those fertile states, has been increased to a still greater extent; and if our external commerce this year has been large, it has not kept pace with the vast development of our internal intercourse.

It has been the case that a general idea of manufacturing distress has gained currency in the community, propagated by protectionist politicians, for party purposes. That many branches of manufactures are depressed, is no doubt true; but this arises from excess of home competition, as in the manufacture of coarse cottons, and pig iron. In woolens, the distress is of an equivocal nature, inasmuch as that it manifests itself in the most active purchases of the raw material at continually rising prices. The deliveries on the great avenues of trade, this year, are greater than ever, as follows:

DELIVERIES OF SHEEP'S WOOL.

	1849.		1850.
Canals	12,731,402	....	11,987,356
Rail-road	348,295	....	1,016,000
Total, lbs	13,079,697	....	13,003,356
Shipped from Buffalo	8,640,409	....	8,805,817
Arrived at Cleveland	1,404,331	....	2,038,195
" at Boston, (domestic)	4,661,600	....	5,249,400
" at Boston, (foreign)	3,563,000	....	4,797,900
Aggregate	31,349,037		Lbs. 33,894,668

Some of that which was shipped from Buffalo arrived at tide-water; but the demand for wool in the interior of the state has been good, because the amount which arrived on the canals at tide-water last year exceeded the quantity which left Buffalo, by 4,091,000 lbs., and this year by only 3,182,000 lbs. And the woolen factories on the line of the canal declare good dividends. The prices of wool are now, as compared with last year, as follows, in this port:

January.	Fleece.	Blood.	1-2 a 3-4.	Merino.	Pulled No. 1.	B. A. washed.
1846	38 a 40	35 a 37	29 a 32	26 a 28	25 a 26	10 a 12½
1850	45 a 50	40 a 42	36 a 38	33 a 35	32 a 33	12 a 14
1851	50 a 55	44 a 46	39 a 43	35 a 36	35 a 37	18 a 20

He must be a bold man, who, having an agricultural constituency, should venture to disturb a tariff under which such a deal of prosperity has accrued to wool-growers. Even at these large deliveries and high prices, the manufacturers are eager buyers. Their agents are scouring the country to pick up lots in all directions. A lot of wool sold here this week for 52½ cents, from the same grower who obtained for the same stock 45 cents only in the year of inflation, 1836. The woolen dealers, themselves, are astonished at the insatiable demand for wool; but the opening of the domestic spring goods, with their beautiful styles, improved manufacture, and quick sales, removes the wonder. The great prosperity of the wool interest abroad keeping the raw material prevents importation, while the great general prosperity of the country at this moment causes a quick demand for the goods.

That the productions of pig iron and coarse cottons has been overdone, admits of but little question; but the remedy is to find a foreign market for the surplus. That can be done, however, only when our manufacturers, depending upon themselves, learn to manufacture as cheaply as rival nations.

Gold has now become a national product, and to make it useful to the whole nation it is requisite that it should be coined with facility, and for that purpose a mint is required at the point where it is imported before it spreads itself over the country. At the present moment the gold owners all over the country are paying a tribute of from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 per annum to New-York brokers, because there is no national mint here to furnish coin without cost. The failure of the New-York mint bill in Congress, has, with the reasons given for opposing it by some of the members, been a source of considerable amusement to the interested parties here, on the principle, "let those laugh who win." The leading idea of members seems to have been, that to place a mint in New-York would help to aggrandize it—to add to its importance and wealth. Had either of those members consulted any of their constituents connected with California, he would have been greatly surprised to find that it is the *want of a mint* which enriches New-York at the expense of every constituency in the country. In order to show the practical operation of the matter, I will state an actual transaction. By one of the last steamers from Chagres came a passenger, a returned Californian, with $4,000 gold dust, on his way to his home in Mr. Disney's district, Ohio. He applied to certain parties to know what he should do with his gold. "I am," said he, "in a hurry to get to my family, and I want the money as soon as possible." "Very well; you have three modes of proceeding. You can go Philadelphia, deposite your gold, get a certificate, and get it discounted; you can send your gold by a broker to Philadelphia, paying insurance, commission, transportation, &c., &c., get a certificate, and get it discounted here; or you can sell your gold directly to a broker." The gold is worth $18 75 per unce, and the brokers give $16 to $17 per ounce. Our friend had two hundred and twenty-two ounces, and could get $17; consequently, he would lose $222. To deposite it to send to Philadelphia would cost $150, commissions, insurance, &c., and he would then have a certificate which could not be paid under *three months*—the accumulation of uncoined gold being already $10,000,000 at the mint. This certificate the banks discount, but at full rate, because of the uncertainty of the time of its payment. Three months' discount, at 7 per cent., is $70, which makes the whole cost $220, a little better than to sell to the broker. But, then, it will take a week or ten days' delay to get this completed, and that

will cost $20. To go to Philadelphia and complete the operation, and come back, would amount to about the same thing. Finally, the gold was sold at $17 per ounce, and the Ohio man carried home $225 less money than if a mint, adequate to the wants of California, had been here. He would then, on the morning of his arrival, have deposited his dust, taken eagles, and taken passage for home, with $225 more gold in his pocket than actually was the case. The western and southern California adventurers in this way leave $1,500,000 per annum in New-York, and a large class of persons here is becoming wealthy by these contributions. Now, western and southern members, whose constituents are paying these sums, have voted against a mint here on the ground that to establish a mint here at the annual expenditure made for that in Philadelphia, (viz. $56,000 per annum,) and to stop these gold shavings of $1,500,000 per annum, is to benefit New-York. These are some of the practical jokes of legislation. A member of the "Union Safety Committee," who has recently turned out a brilliant equipage on the profits of gold dust, remarked to a friend, that all the free-soilers had voted against a mint in New-York, in order to punish the city for its Union propensities. The difficulty with members is, that they view matters always from the government point of view. They imagine that the appointment of a few paltry officers, at an expense of $56,000 per annum, is of more importance than the levying of a contribution of $1,500,000 per annum upon their constituents, in order to enrich a hundred brokers. New-York must, however, it seems, bear the infliction with resignation. How meekly the several constituencies south and west will bear it, is their look out.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Trigonometry—Plane and Spherical; with its Applications to Navigation and Surveying, Nautical and Practical Astronomy and Geodesy, with Logarithms, Trigonometrical and Nautical Tables. By the Rev. C. W. Hackley, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Columbia College, New-York. A new, enlarged, and improved edition. G. P. Putnam. 1851.

This is a text-book which we can heartily recommend, as combining the simplest and clearest exposition of the elements of the science, with a full and precise view of its more profound application; together with its many practical uses to the Navigator, Surveyor, and Astronomer. Instead of the extremely dry and difficult statement of principles which the student encounters at the beginning of many other works of the kind, he is led on by gradual and easy steps, to perceive the necessity of trigonometrical solutions, and to comprehend the formulas in which they are embraced; while at the same time a practical character is given to the whole work by the frequent applications of the subjects to interesting problems in astronomy, &c.; and the student is prepared for every thing in the proper analyses, by the valuable collection of formulas in Appendix I., than which one has never been given more complete.

Besides stating the elements of Trigonometry in the simplest, and at the same time most comprehensive form, the work has the merit of examining its practical applications more fully than any preceding treatise, as will appear from an inspection of its table of contents. The six parts, considering successively Plane Trigonometry, Spherical Trigonometry and Practical Astronomy, Navigation, Surveying, Nautical Astronomy and Geodesy; elaborate descriptions of the instruments employed in fixed Observatories, and in the field, are given together with the trigonometric method of adjusting them, and the most minute instruction in all the ordinary operations and calculations of practical astronomy. The work contains much which has not appeared in previous treatises, especially in the Appendices II., and the entire part on Geodesy: a systematic treatise, based on the methods employed upon the Coast Survey of the United States—most timely and valuable. Indeed, Professor Hackley's Treatise appears to have solved the difficult problem of uniting in one work, the simplest elementary instruction with the fullest details for the more advanced student, and practical adaptations to the wants of the Astronomer, Surveyor and Navigator.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. 3 vols. Harper Brothers.

The first part of this history, comprised in three volumes, and relating to colonial history, has been long before the public, and won for its author the reputation of a fair compiler. The first volume of the second part has now made its appearance, and professes to give a complete and detailed account of the United States in their social, political, intellectual, and economical aspects, during the exceedingly agitated and interesting period of the first generation succeeding the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

The first vol., now presented, begins with a pretended account of the state of feeling and prevailing views in the different states at the moment of the organization of the new national government,—the origin of that division of parties by which the country ever since has been more or less agitated, and the echo at least of which still resounds in our ears. The work is by no means what it professes to be—a history. It is a very low order of political partisan publication. Mr. Hildreth appears to be utterly destitute of all the qualities of an historian. He cannot comprehend any general statesmanlike views—is moreover a fanatic of violent passions,—which are apparent in the distortion of every line. The three first volumes, which were a mere compilation of events of our colonial states, from other authors, had a certain degree of value. The crude speculations of a heated fancy in relation to the working of our new political system, are of no value, and are beneath criticism.

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICITY, COMPARED IN THEIR EFFECTS ON THE CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE. Written in Spanish. By the Rev. J. Balmes. Translated from the French. John Murphy & Co., 178 Market-street, Baltimore.

This great work of Balmes, the illustrious Spanish scholar, whose demise some two years since was matter of national regret, will, without doubt, be eagerly sought. As a philosophical and learned work on the great religious divisions in the Christian world, it will be sure to command attention, and will not be read without profit.

It handles in a masterly manner the great question of the respective agency of Protestantism and Catholicity in the progress of modern civilization and progress. The work is by far the most important of its kind ever published in this country. It is in fact a complete library in itself, condensed, and so arranged, as to bring the whole question within the grasp of the humblest reader. It appears most appropriately at the present time, and will, we doubt not, prove an instrument of great efficacy in the work of diffusing sound Catholic doctrine on the matters of which it treats.

For the convenience of persons living in remote sections of the country, a limited number of copies have been done up in paper, so that they can be sent by mail to any part of the United States. Price in paper, $1 50; two copies, $3; four copies, $5.

COOPER'S WORKS. THE LEATHER-STOCKING TALES. Geo. P. Putnam, 155 Boadway.

These tales are embraced in five volumes, whereof the 4th and 5th were published in January. "The Deerslayer;" "The Last of the Mohicans;" "The Path-finder;" "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie," compose the life of Leather-Stocking—that immortal creation of Cooper's personifying the frontier life of the American states from their colonial state to their national grandeur. They depict, with singular clearness and force, the superiority of the white blood in its simple strength enamored of forest life, and struggling alike with the wilderness and the savage—forcing away for the advance of the more industrious, and less adventurous settler—while the less enduring nature of nations of the forest perishes by the way. This standard edition by Putnam, will be the library edition for 25,000,000 readers.

THE PLOUGH, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL. J. S. Skinner, 79 Walnut-street, Philad'a.

This well-known work well sustains its interest in the hands of Col. Skinner. Its usefulness is, however, greatly marred through the ultra-protective theories promulgated by such imaginative speculators as Mr. Carey. The absurd folly of taxing producers of the national wealth, in order to bribe others to leave profitable for unprofitable employments, should not, in so otherwise respectable and useful a work, be addressed to the clear understandings of American farmers.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

No. thirty-one of this elegant edition, contains Titus Andronicus, with a fine steel plate of Lavinia.

Der Deutsche Kirchenfreund. Organ für die gemeinsamen Interessen der amerikanish-deutschen Kirchen. Herausgegeben von Philipp Schaff, Professor der Theologie zu Mercersburg, Pennsylvania.

This is a monthly publication of high character, and it is a great credit to the German Theological literature of the country. It contains an interesting Address by Neander, on the mission of Gützlaff to China. It was delivered eight days before the death of the great Church historian. There are many other articles of interest. The work is to be had of Rudolph Garrigue, 2 Barclay-street.

The Dove and The Eagle. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

This is a very clever practical satire upon the hobby-riding propensities of would-be-reformers, each of whom imagines that the object which perchance has attracted his feeble attention, is the only existing evil upon the footstool—and that reform, and that only, according to his plan, should henceforth solely occupy mankind. The subject is skillfully treated.

Principles of Toölogy: Touching the Structure, Development, Distribution, and Natural Arrangement of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct, with numerous illustrations. Part I., Comparative Physiology, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By Louis Agassiz, and A. B. Gould. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This very valuable work has appeared in a revised edition. The high reputation it has acquired, does justice to the eminent source from which it emanates. Although simple and elementary in its style, it is full in its illustrations and comprehensive in its range: bringing information a half century in advance of all other elementary works on this subject, into the narrow compass proper for its intended object. It is elegantly and cheaply printed.

Foreign Reminiscences. By Henry Richard Lord Holland; edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. Harper Brothers.

These exceedingly interesting Reminiscences of Lord Holland are dedicated to Jerome Bonaparte, the only surviving brother of the great Emperor. It contains many new and pleasing anecdotes of that remarkable man. Recent events in France have called forth the publication, and imparted a new interest to it.

Jane Bouverie; or, Prosperity and Adversity. By Catherine Sinclair, author of "Sir Edward Graham," &c. Harper Brothers.

This is a very interesting romance of English life, and of a moral tendency. It is handsomely bound, and published in the neat and very cheap style for which the Mess. Harpers are so justly celebrated.

L'Avengro: The Scholar—The Gipsey—The Priest. By George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," &c. G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This is certainly a very interesting story, well sustained, and of a racy style, but of a theological cast:—directing its attack against the Church of Rome with much bitterness. Mr. Putnam, it appears, contracted at a "high figure," in November, 1848, with Mr. Murray, of London, for an early copy of this work for publication, and has now produced it in his well-known elegant style. The publication has given rise to a controversy between his house and that of Harper Brothers. He alleges, that in violation of the usages of the trade, the Messrs. Harpers obtained an early, but incorrect copy of his reprint, and published a rival cheap edition, which is imperfect. The Messrs. Harper in reply, state their right to reprint, and also as a reason for doing so, that Mr. Putnam has republished their works; which, however, Mr. Putnam denies.

A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. By Dr. J. H. Kaltschmidt. In two Parts. 1st. Latin-English. Lee & Blanchard.

This valuable School Dictionary belongs to the classical series edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt, and supplies a great want, viz., a Lexicon within reasonable compass, and at a moderate price.

Love and Ambition: A Novel. By the author of "Rockingham." H. Long & Brother, 43 Ann-street.

Messrs. Long & Brother have been very successful as the publishers of interesting new novels, in a well-printed and cheap style. The present vol. is of 160 octavo pages.

Very Respectfully

G. W. Wright

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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THE THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

THE brilliant administration of Mr. Polk, with its commanding talents, sound democratic principles, decided action, and vast practical results, heightening the glory, as well as extending the territory of the nation, was succeeded, as if by contrast, by a weak, vacillating executive, of negative powers, a feeble and mercenary cabinet, which compromised the rights of the country in its foreign policy, the peace and integrity of the Union by abolition intrigues in its home policy, and which tarnished the national name by scandalous pecuniary intrigues in its personal policy. Under President Polk the honor of the nation and the government was unclouded, the Union presented an unbroken front—internal resources of men and money equal to any emergency, and a military prowess which sufficed, without a reverse of fortune, in a few months to conquer a peace from a nation of 8,000,000 souls, occupying a supposed inaccessible country. The prosperity and power of the Great Republic astonished the world, and established its claim to the first rank among nations. In an unfortunate hour, however, many democratic southern states were induced to give their suffrages to a successful soldier, without political principles or capacity; and a few months found the powerful republic on the brink of a civil war; despised abroad, for betraying the rights of her citizens and allies in Central America, while honest men blushed at home for the open spoliation of the public treasury, by the persons appointed to guard it. Under such a government no settled principles of national policy could develope themselves. The principle of individual and sectional plunder alone could be discerned, amidst that general rush upon the treasury for which the "Galphin claim" had been the signal. The old land-marks of the two great parties had been disturbed, as in 1820–'21, by the adroit introduction of a sectional question, which was used to divide the democratic ranks and give power to federalism. The Thirty-First Congress, elected under such circumstances, has been governed by two elements. The party in power struggled fiercely to carry out that spoils principle, for which it has ever been distinguished, and the expenditures of the government have swollen to an amount never before reached, either in peace or

war. The new element of discord, which had divided the democratic party, sought to ally itself to the government which it had helped to elect, and by so doing to consolidate a national party, on the ground of opposition to interests guaranteed by the Constitution. It is a remarkable fact, that the executive, himself a southerner, identified personally with the institutions of that region, should have entered into correspondence with that northern faction which had elected him, by deserting the northern friends of the South. Under this alliance the new northern party daily gained strength and importance. Gen. Taylor was the first southern man who bid for re-election, by courting the northern opponents of southern institutions. The course of affairs, which had been called "southern dictation," and which it was the avowed purpose of Van Burenism to "break up," was, through the policy of Gen. Taylor, rapidly becoming northern dictation. The desperate means used by the northern demagogues, consisted in direct attacks upon sectional rights under the Constitution, and in open and shameless disregard of the obligations imposed by that instrument. The dangers incurred by the nation, through the exercise of these means of agitation, in the hands of men who had no pretensions to integrity, were too manifestly great, and the patriots of all parties rallied to the support of the Union. The struggle between the party of the Union and the desperate northern faction, which was fiercely contending for a permanent position, was severe, and the result doubtful. The South were losing ground, and northern fanatics becoming daily more audacious. The power of the Executive was thrown into the scale of the disunionists, who seemed to be on the eve of triumph, at the moment when Providence interfered, and removed the Chief Magistrate by death.

The accession of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidential chair, with a new, and, in some cases, better cabinet, turned the scale in favor of the Union, and against freesoilism, which, with the agitation it had created, gradually subsided, permitting the old parties in some degree to resume their former relative positions. Gradually the fabric reared by Van Buren-Sewardism was dismantled, and the position abandoned. The old party issues began once more to marshal their respective partisans, and to restore order out of the confusion which had followed unwonted success on one side, and betrayal and defeat on the other. In this state of affairs, we discover the causes which finally defeated most of those federal measures, which the dominant party had hoped to carry, during the disarray of the party of the people. There remains, however, as a general result, a considerable increase of federal power and patronage. The expenditure has become immense, and the construction of the powers of the government in their exercise more loose, while circumstances are developing a power contained in the Constitution, and which has hitherto lain dormant. We allude to the application of the penalties for treason to those who organize forcible resistance to a Congressional law. A strong government would undoubtedly promptly apply that provision of the Constitution to those found in arms against it, not on an isolated occasion, but as part of permanent organization to resist its authority. The government is becoming stronger through the course of events, and nothing is more likely to consolidate its power than to give occasion for its exercise. Federalism has thus gained largely by the defeat of Gen. Cass at the election of 1848, and it will cost the democracy many a long and dreary year of

united exertion to regain the ground which was lost by party division in New-York at one election. That division grew out of the adoption, by a faction of the party, for a special purpose, of the loose federal mode of construing the Constitution—of the abandonment for the moment of that strict construction which is peculiarly democratic.

In contemplating that defeat, the democracy will long remember one, to whom we might well apply Milton's description of Lucifer, the Son of the Morning:

> He, above the rest,
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appeared
> Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured; as when the sun new risen
> Looks through the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
> In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
> Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,
> Waiting revenge, &c.

The bravery and devotion of the democratic members of the last Congress who so fearlessly resisted at all hazards a scheme of internal improvements, which would ultimately abstract hundreds of millions from the treasury, and consolidate the federal government as the moneyed head of the nation, cannot be too much admired. The circumstances of that struggle were, however, ominous.

At this stage of our national progress, therefore, there is a pressing necessity for the elucidation and advocacy of the high and holy democratic principle which lies at the foundation of our social and political system; for the vindication of that principle from the charges daily brought against it; for its purification from those corruptions and hostile influences by which we see its beneficent and glorious tendencies, to no slight extent, perverted and paralyzed; for the illustration of truth, which we see perpetually darkened and confused by the arts of wily error; for the protection of those great interests, not alone of our country, but of humanity, looking forward through countless ages of the future, which we believe to be vitally committed with the cause of American Democracy.

There is a great deal of mutual misunderstanding between our parties; but in truth, there does not exist in the people, with reference to its great measures, that irreconcilable hostility of opinions and leading principles, which would be the natural inference from the violence of the party warfare in which we are perpetually engaged. There does exist, it is true, an essential opposition of principles, proceeding from points of departure, between the respective political creeds or systems of our two great parties; but we feel well assured, that the great body of the latter party—those who supply their leaders and leading interests with the votes—do not rightly understand the questions at issue in their popular bearings; and that if these could but be exhibited in their proper lights, to their sound

minds and honest hearts, they would be found ranged by the hundreds of thousands under the broad and bright folds of our democratic banner.

Who, that looks back for a quarter of a century, does not perceive, not only in this country but in England and Europe, the progress of the democratic principle? In our own country, the position of what is called the whig party of to-day, is more ultra than was that of the democracy of twenty years since. As the great democracy, whose essence is progress, achieves its triumphs and establishes its principles, its former positions are occupied by more tardily advancing federalism. What would now the most ultra whigs think, if called upon to support the scheme of Hamilton, proposed to Mr. Madison in the convention, for the creation of an Executive and Senate for life, with *hereditary* rights? Surely federalism has gone over much ground since then. Nevertheless, so many false ideas continue to attach themselves to the term "democracy," as connected with our party politics, that we deem it necessary here at this juncture, to renew a full and free profession of principles, to which we are devoted with unwavering force of conviction and earnestness of enthusiasm, which have strengthened through the contemplation of the incalculable capabilities of social improvement, of which they contain the germ.

We believe, then, in the principle of democratic republicanism in its strongest and purest sense. We have an abiding confidence in the virtue, intelligence, and full capacity for self-government, of the great mass of our people—our industrious, honest, manly, intelligent millions of freemen.

We are opposed to all self-styled "wholesome restraints" on the free action of the popular opinion and will, other than those which have for their sole object the prevention of precipitate legislation. This latter object is to be attained by the expedient of the division of power, and by causing all legislation to pass through the ordeal of successive forms; to be sifted through the discussions of co-ordinate legislative branches, with mutual suspensive veto powers. Yet all should be dependent with equal directness and promptness on the influence of public opinion; the popular will should be equally the animating and moving spirit of them all, and ought never to find in any of its own creatures a self-imposed power, capable (when aroused either by corrupt ambition or honest error) of resisting itself, and defeating its own determined object. We cannot, therefore, look with an eye of favor on any such forms of representation as, by length of tenure of delegated power, tend to weaken that universal and unrelaxing responsibility to the vigilance of public opinion, which is the true conservative principle of our institutions.

The great question here occurs, which is of vast importance to this country, (was it not once near dissolving the Union, and plunging it into the abyss of civil war?)—Of the relative rights of majorities and minorities. Though we go for the republican principle of the supremacy of the will of the majority, we acknowledge, in general, a strong sympathy with minorities, and consider that their rights have a high moral claim on the respect and justice of majorities; a claim not always fairly recognized in practice by the latter, in the full sway of power, when flushed with triumph, and impelled by strong interests. This has ever been the point of the democratic cause most open to assault, and most difficult to defend. This difficulty does not arise from any intrinsic weakness.

The democratic theory is perfect and harmonious in all its parts; and if this point is not so self-evidently clear as the rest is generally, in all candid discussion, considered to be, it is because of certain false principles of government, which have, on all practical experiments of the theory, been interwoven with the democratic portions of the system, being borrowed from the example of anti-democratic systems of government. We should be willing to meet this question frankly and fairly. The great argument against pure democracy drawn from this source, is this: Though the main object with reference to which all social institutions ought to be modelled, is undeniably, as stated by the democrat, "the greatest good of the greatest number," yet it by no means follows, that the greatest number always rightly understands its own greatest good. Highly pernicious error has often possessed the minds of nearly a whole nation; while the philosopher in his closet, and an enlightened few about him, powerless against the overwhelming current of popular prejudice and excitement, have alone possessed the truth, which the next generation may perhaps recognise and practice, though its author, now sainted, has probably in his own time been its martyr. The original adoption of the truth would have saved perhaps oceans of blood, and mountains of misery and crime. How much stronger, then, the case against the absolute supremacy of the opinion and will of the majority, when its numerical preponderance is, as often happens, comparatively small. And if the larger proportion of the more wealthy and cultivated classes of the society are found on the side of the minority, the disinterested observer may well be excused if he hesitates long before he awards the judgment, in a difficult and complicated question, in favor of the numerical argument. Majorities are often as liable to error of opinion, and not always free from a similar proneness to selfish abuse of power, as minorities; and a vast amount of injustice may often be perpetrated, and consequent general social injury be done, before the evil reaches that extreme at which it rights itself by revolution, moral or physical.

We have here, we believe, correctly stated the anti-democratic side of the argument upon this point. It is not to be denied that it possesses something more than plausibility. It has certainly been the instrument of more injury to the cause of the democratic principle, than all the bayonets and cannon that have ever been arrayed in support of it against that principle. The inference from it is, that the popular opinion and will must not be trusted with the supreme and absolute direction of the general interests; that it must be subjected to the "conservative checks" of minority interests, and to the regulation of the "more enlightened wisdom" of the "better classes," and those to whom the possession of a property "test of merit" gives what they term "a stake in the community." And here we find ourselves in the face of the great stronghold of the anti-democratic, or *aristocratic* principle.

It is not our purpose, in this place, to carry out the discussion of this question. It will be sufficient to allude to the leading ideas by which they are met by the advocate of the pure democratic cause.

In the first place, the greatest number are *more likely*, at least as a general rule, to understand and follow their own greatest good, than is the minority.

In the second, a minority is much more likely to abuse power for the promotion of its own selfish interests, at the expense of the majority of

numbers—the substantial and producing mass of the nation—than the latter is to oppress unjustly the former. The social evil is also, in that case, proportionably greater. This is abundantly proved by the history of all aristocratic interests that have existed, in various degrees and modifications in the world. A majority cannot subsist upon a minority; while the natural, and in fact uniform tendency of a minority entrusted with governmental authority is, to surround itself with wealth, splendor, and power, at the expense of the producing mass, creating and perpetuating those artificial social distinctions which violate the natural equality of rights of the human race, and at the same time offend and degrade the true dignity of human nature.

In the third place, there does not naturally exist any such original superiority of a minority class above the great mass of a community, in intelligence and competence for the duties of government—even putting out of view its constant tendency to abuse from selfish motives, and the safer honesty of the mass. The general diffusion of education; the facility of access to every species of knowledge important to the great interests of the community; the freedom of the press, whose very licentiousness cannot materially impair its permanent value, in this country at least, make the pretensions of those self-styled "better classes" to the sole possession of the requisite intelligence for the management of public affairs, too absurd to be entitled to any other treatment than an honest, manly contempt. As far as superior knowledge and talent confer on their possessor a natural charter of privilege to control his associates, and exert an influence on the direction of the general affairs of the community, the free and natural action of that privilege is best secured by a perfectly free democratic system, which will abolish all artificial distinctions, and preventing the accumulation of any social obstacles to advancement, will permit the free development of every germ of talent, wherever it may chance to exist, whether on the proud mountain summit, in the humble valley, or by the wayside of common life.

But the question is not yet satisfactorily answered, how the relation between majorities and minorities, in the frequent case of a collision of sentiments and particular interests, is to be so adjusted as to secure a mutual respect of rights, to preserve harmony and good will, and save society from the *malum extremum discordia*—from being as a house divided against itself—and thus to afford free scope to that competition, discussion, and mutual moral influence, which cannot but result, in the end, in the ascendency of the truth, and in "the greatest good of the greatest number." On the one side, it has only been shown that the absolute government of the majority does not always afford a perfect guarantee against the misuse of its numerical power over the weakness of the minority. On the other, it has been shown that this chance of misuse is, as a general rule, far less than in the opposite relation of the ascendancy of a minority; and that the evils attendant upon it are infinitely less, in every point of view, in the one case than the other. But this is not yet a complete or satisfactory solution of the problem. Have we but a choice of evils? Is there, then, such a radical deficiency in the moral elements implanted by its Creator in human society, that no other alternative can be devised by which both evils shall be avoided, and a result attained more analogous to the beautiful and glorious harmony of the rest of his creation?

It were scarcely consistent with a true and living faith in the existence

and attributes of that Creator, so to believe; and such is not the democratic belief. The reason of the plausibility with which appeal may be made to the experience of so many republics, to sustain this argument against democratic institutions, is, that the true theory of national self-government has been hitherto but imperfectly understood; bad principles have been mixed up with the good; and the republican government has been administered on ideas and in a spirit borrowed from the strong governments of the other forms; and to the corruptions and manifold evils which have never failed, in the course of time, to evolve themselves out of these seeds of destruction, is ascribable the eventful failure of those experiments, and the consequent doubt and discredit which have attached themselves to the democratic principles on which they were, in the outset, mainly based.

It is under the word *government*, that the subtle danger lurks. Understood as a central consolidated power, managing and directing the various general interests of society, all government is evil, and the parent of evil. A strong and active democratic *government*, in the common sense of the term, is an evil, differing only in degree and mode of operation, and not in nature, from a strong despotism. This difference is certainly vast, yet, inasmuch as these strong governmental powers must be wielded by human agents, even as the powers of the despotism, it is, after all, only a difference in degree; and the tendency to demoralization and tyranny is the same, though the development to the evil results is much more gradual and slow in the one case than in the other. Hence the demagogue—hence the faction—hence the mob—hence the violence, licentiousness, and instability—hence the ambitious struggles of parties and their leaders for power—hence the abuses of that power by majorities and their leaders—hence the indirect oppressions of the general by partial interests—hence (fearful symptom) the demoralization of the great men of the nation, and of the nation itself, proceeding (unless checked in time by the more healthy and patriotic portion of the mind of the nation rallying itself to reform the principles and sources of the evil) gradually to that point of maturity at which relief from the tumult of moral and physical confusion is to be found only under the shelter of an energetic armed despotism.

The best government is that which governs least. No human depositories can, with safety, be trusted with the power of legislation upon the general interests of society, so as to operate directly or indirectly on the industry and property of the community. Such power must be perpetually liable to the most pernicious abuse, from the natural imperfection, both in wisdom of judgment and purity of purpose, of all human legislation, exposed constantly to the pressure of partial interests; interests which, at the same time that they are essentially selfish and tyrannical, are ever vigilant, persevering, and subtle in all the arts of deception and corruption. In fact, the whole history of human society and government may be safely appealed to, in evidence that the abuse of such power a thousand fold more than overbalances its beneficial use. Legislation has been the fruitful parent of nine-tenths of all the evil, moral and physical, by which mankind has been afflicted since the creation of the world, and by which human nature has been self-degraded, fettered, and oppressed. Government should have as little as possible to do with the general business and interests of the people. If it once undertake these functions as its rightful province of action, it is impossible to say to it, "thus far shalt

thou go, and no farther." It will be impossible to confine it to the public interests of the *commonwealth.* It will be perpetually tampering with private interests, and sending forth seeds of corruption which will result in the demoralization of the society. Its domestic action should be confined to the administration of justice, for the protection of the natural equal rights of the citizen, and the preservation of social order. In all other respects, the VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE, the principle of FREEDOM, suggested to us by the analogy of the divine government of the Creator, and already recognized by us with perfect success in the great social interest of Religion, affords the true "golden rule" which is alone abundantly competent to work out the best possible general result of order and happiness from that chaos of characters, ideas, motives, and interests—human society. Afford but the single nucleus of a system of administration of justice between man and man, and, under the sure operation of this principle, the floating atoms will distribute and combine themselves, as we see in the beautiful natural process of crystallization, into a far more perfect and harmonious result than if government, with its "fostering hand," undertake to disturb, under the plea of directing, the process. The natural laws which will establish themselves and find their own level are the best laws. The same hand was the Author of the moral, as of the physical world; and we feel clear and strong in the assurance that we cannot err in trusting, in the former, to the same fundamental principles of spontaneous action and self-regulation which produce the beautiful order of the latter.

This is then, we consider, the true theory of government, the one simple result towards which the political science of the world is gradually tending, after all the long and varied experience by which it will have dearly earned the great secret—the elixir of political life. This is the fundamental principle of the philosophy of democracy, to furnish a system of administration of justice, and then leave all the business and interests of society to themselves, to free competition and association—in a word, to the VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

It is borrowed from the example of the perfect self-government of the physical universe, being written in letters of light on every page of the great bible of Nature. It contains the idea of full and fearless faith in the providence of the Creator. It is essentially involved in Christianity, of which it has been well said that its pervading spirit of democratic equality among men is its highest fact, and one of its most radiant internal evidences of the divinity of its origin. It is the essence and the one general result of the science of political economy. And this principle alone, we will add, affords a satisfactory and perfect solution of the great problem, otherwise unsolved, of the relative rights of majorities and minorities.

This principle has never yet received any other than a very partial and imperfect application to practice among men, all human society having been hitherto perpetually chained down to the ground by myriads of lilliputian fetters of artificial government and prescription. Nor are we yet prepared for its full adoption in this country. Far, very far indeed, from it; yet is our gradual tendency toward it clear and sure. How many generations may yet be required before our theory and practice of government shall be sifted and analyzed down to the lowest point of simplicity, consistent with the preservation of some degree of national organization, no one can presume to prophecy. But that we are on the path toward that great result, to which mankind is to be guided down the long vista of future years by the democratic principle—walking hand in hand with the

sister spirit of Christianity—we feel a faith as implicit as that with which we believe in any other great moral truth.

We have here endeavored to re-state the theory of the Jeffersonian democracy, to which we profess allegiance, in its abstract essence, however unpopular it appears to be, in these latter days, to "theorize." These are the original ideas of American democracy; and we would not give much for that "practical knowledge" which is ignorant of, and affects to disregard the essential and abstract principles which really constitute the animating soul of what were else lifeless and nought. The application of these ideas to practice, in our political affairs, is obvious and simple. Penetrated with a perfect faith in their eternal truth, we can never hesitate as to the direction to which, in every practical case arising, they must point with the certainty of the magnetized needle; and we have no desire to shrink from the responsibility of a frank avowal of them in the broadest general language.

If the last Congress has not decidedly swerved from these leading, and, we conceive, immutable principles, it has not decidedly and firmly, as in former years, repudiated those measures which tend to recognize the "fostering hand of government," as essential to national progress. True it is, as we have before intimated, that those bills, which in their spirit violated, in the most marked manner, the old policy of the democratic party, failed to pass, and the last session witnessed towards its close, a visible deepening of the old party lines, which at one time showed signs of obliteration. A firm adherence to the voluntary principle in all matters of internal improvement, popular industry, and commercial enterprise, joined to profound respect for minority interests, must form the foundation of party, as well as national welfare. The respect for minority interests ought by no means to be confined to those guaranteed by the Constitution; but the enduring principle which led to those guarantees, should be recognized as universally operative. The action of these two leading principles tends to radical simplification of the government; and in every case where one of its hundred giant arms, with which it now stretches its fatal protecting grasp over almost all the interests of society, can be curtailed, and in every case in which public opinion can be brought to bear more directly upon the action of delegated powers, we recognize a step in advance.

We might refer to the fact, that the anti-democratic cause possesses at least two-thirds of the press of the country, and that portion of it which is best supported by talent and the resources of capital, under the commercial patronage of our cities. In the cities, where wealth accumulates, where luxury gradually unfolds its corrupting tendencies, where aristocratic habits and social classifications form and strengthen themselves, where the congregation of men stimulates and exaggerates all ideas—the influence exerted upon the country is not inconsiderable. From the influence of the mercantile classes, too, (extensively anti-democratic) on the young men of the professions, especially that of the law, but recently extensively observable in the pulpit, creating an insensible bias, from the dependence of the latter mainly on the patronage of the former, these young men becoming again each the centre of a small sphere of social influence; from that of the religious ministry, silently and insensibly exerted, through the false prejudice slightly touched upon above; from these and some other minor influences, on which we cannot here pause, a vast and active power on public opinion is perpetually in operation. These influential combi-

nations of wealth are continually seeking profit at the hands of the government at the expense of the people. And it is only astonishing that the democratic party should be able to bear up against them all so successfully as we in fact witness. This is to be ascribed (under that Providence whose unseen hand we recognise in all human affairs) only to the sterling honesty and good sense of the great industrious mass of our people, its instinctive perception of, and yearning after, the democratic truth, and the unwavering generosity of its support of those public servants whom it has once tried well and long, and with whom it has once acknowledged the genuine sympathy of common sentiments and a common cause. Yet still the democratic principle can do little more than hold its own. The moral energies of the national mind are, to a great extent, paralyzed by division; and instead of bearing forward the ark of democratic truth, entrusted to us as a chosen people, towards the glorious destiny of its future, we must be content if we can but stem with it the perpetual tide of attack which would bear it back towards the ideas of the dark ages.

The democratic cause is one which not only ought to engage the whole mind of the American nation, without any serious division of its energies,—to carry forward the noble mission entrusted to her, of going before the nations of the world as the representative of the democratic principle, and as the constant living exemplar of its results; but which ought peculiarly to commend itself to the generosity of youth, its ardent aspirations after the good and beautiful, its liberal and unselfish freedom from narrow prejudices of interest.

For democracy is the cause of humanity. It has faith in human nature. It believes in its essential equality and fundamental goodness. It respects with a solemn reverence, to which the proudest artificial institutions and distinctions of society have no claim, the human soul. It is the cause of philanthropy. Its object is to emancipate the mind of the mass of men from the degrading and disheartening fetters of social distinctions and advantages; to bid it walk abroad through the free creation "in its own majesty;" to war against all fraud, oppression, and violence; by striking at their root, to reform all the infinitely varied human misery which has grown out of the old and false ideas by which the world has been so long misgoverned; to dismiss the hireling soldier; to spike the cannon, and bury the bayonet; to burn the gibbet, and open the debtor's dungeon; to substitute harmony and mutual respect for the jealousies and discord now subsisting between different classes of society, as the consequence of their artificial classification. It is the cause of Christianity, to which a slight allusion has been already made, to be more fully developed hereafter. And that portion of the peculiar friends and ministers of religion who now, we regret to say, cast the weight of their influence against the cause of democracy, under the false prejudice of an affinity between it and opposition to a "higher law," understand but little either its true spirit, or that of their own faith. It is, moreover, a cheerful creed—a creed of high hope and universal love, noble and ennobling; while all others, which imply a distrust of mankind, and of the natural moral principles infused into it by its Creator, for its own self-development and self-regulation, are as gloomy and selfish, in the tone of moral sentiment which pervades them, as they are degrading in their practical tendency, and absurd in theory, when examined by the light of original principles.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS "B'HOYS."

A TRUE HISTORY, AND THE MORE WONDERFUL FOR BEING TRUE.

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING WHO UNCLE SAM IS.

EVERYBODY knows UNCLE SAM, the great Land Speculator out West, who has more acres than you can throw a stick at, and more children than he can keep in order. His good helpmate breeds like a rabbit, as the saying is, and almost always throws doublets in playing backgammon; so that before the elder ones arrive at years of discretion, the small-fry are setting up for themselves, and insisting on wearing the breeches, when they are not fairly out of their petticoats. The old fellow has now thirty-one or thirty-two b'hoys, I forget which, and the good woman is said to be in a family way again. No doubt she will throw doublets as usual.

But Uncle Sam don't mind this; he says the more the merrier, and that he can not only provide for his own children, but for those of all the world, and the rest of mankind. And so he can, if he don't give all his lands away to Tom, Dick and Harry, as he seems mightily inclined to do, especially when he sets up late at night, and gets a little "corned." When any of his prudent friends caution him on the subject, mine Uncle swaggers away like a stump orator, slaps his pocket—which, by the way, has nothing but shin-plasters in it—and answers, "Body o'me! hav'nt I more land than I know what to do with, and if I want another slice, can't I switch them there Ingens and Mexicans out of it whenever I please? Aint I sent here on a mission, I reckon; and aint it my special business to christianize, civilize, liberalize and bedevil, not only this deestrict, but the whole neighborhood besides, especially the niggers?"

Uncle Sam talks "big" sometimes, like his old dad, Squire Bull, who was reckoned the greatest bragger of his day, till Uncle Sam grew up and disputed the point with him. But mine Uncle can do something besides brag, when he is put to it to toe the mark, and has got his dander fairly up. He has had two or three hard scuffles with Squire Bull, who never fails to do him an ill turn when it falls in his way, and sometimes when it don't, and you may depend upon it, he did'nt come off second best. The old Squire, who is getting partly in his dotage, and has become terribly jealous of Uncle Sam, still continues every now and then to give him a sly dig under the short ribs, but always smoothes him down by calling him his dear son, and swearing he is an honor to his daddy.

Besides this, Uncle Sam has many good qualities, though he sometimes has a confounded queer way of showing them; and without going further into particulars, I make bold to say, he may justly hold his head as high as his neighbors in honesty and good fellowship, though it must be confessed that none of them have much to boast of on that score. If Uncle Sam ever meddles with their affairs, it is on account of what he calls "His mission," which is very apt to make him forget that what's one man's meat is another man's poison, and that it is not so easy to make a velvet purse out of a sow's ear, or a new shoe out of an old one. On the whole, however, Uncle Sam is a right good fellow at bottom; and though I may

sometimes tickle him up a little myself, I'll knock any stranger down that shall dare to say he is no better than he should be, or that he can't whip his weight in wild-cats.

CHAPTER II.

HOW UNCLE SAM PARCELLED OUT HIS LANDS AMONG HIS B'HOYS UNDER CONTRACT—HOW THE YOUNG ROGUES UNDERTOOK TO INTERPRET THE CONTRACT ONE WAY AND UNCLE SAM ANOTHER—AND HOW THEY FELL INTO A GREAT TURMOIL ABOUT THE MEANING OF THE WORDS, "NECESSARY AND PROPER."

Uncle Sam has got a way of his own in managing his family affairs. He don't follow the fashion of your stingy old codgers, that love money better than their own flesh and blood, and keep it shut up in their purses, till death comes and breaks the strings for them. He gives his sons each a thumping farm as soon as they come to years of discretion, and sometimes before; but always on condition that they shall continue to look up to him as head of the family, and not pretend to be their own masters in everything, as young chaps are apt to do when their fathers are fools enough to give away all they have, and keep nothing for themselves. He makes a regular *bona fide* bargain with each of them, and gives them a warrantee deed, by which he covenants and agrees to defend them from all trespassers, and they, on their part, promise to pay a certain quit-rent, to be settled from time to time, and to obey him in all things, so far as they may deem it "*necessary and proper*"—according to contract.

Now contracts are excellent contrivances, when both parties mean the same thing, or when it is the interest of both to stick to their bargain—or, lastly, when each may be compelled by law to fulfil it. But on the whole, I would'nt give much for them, unless they come under one of those cases. The greatest hypocrites and deceivers are words, which are a set of double-faced rascals, especially when they get into the hands of lawyers, who can make them mean anything or nothing. Thus it happened with Uncle Sam and his b'hoys. They could never agree about the precise meaning of "necessary and proper," and were continually at loggerheads on the subject. Uncle Sam swore that everything necessary was proper, and everything proper, necessary; and that he being the strongest, the wisest, and most judicious, had a right to decide what was necessary and proper, and what proper and necessary. The b'hoys, on the other hand, insisted that what was proper, was not always necessary, nor what necessary, always proper; and that, as these necessary and proper things generally consisted in demands on their purse, or their privileges, they were the best judges whether they were proper and necessary. "Why, you ungrateful varlets," would Uncle Sam exclaim on these occasions, "Aint I your lawfully begotten father, and you my lawfully begotten children—except that last overgrown cub, there is some doubt about?—Did'nt I give you every foot of land you own, you rebellious rascals?—answer me that—who's your daddy, hey?"

One day when Uncle Sam was flourishing away at this rate, shaking his crabstick over the b'hoys' heads, and tickling himself with the notion that he had dumb-founded them with his logic, the eldest of them answered him as follows; and though what he said was pretty much the

truth, I think he might as well have been a little more respectful to Uncle Sam. But they were all chips of the old block, and talked like devils incarnate when their tongues got fairly going.

"*We* your lawfully begotten children?" said the young spark, "that's a good one, i'faith. Instead of your begetting us, I reckon we begot you, old gentleman. You owe your being entirely to us; and, as for the land you pretended to give us, it was all ours before. We gave it to you only to take care of for us, and owe you no thanks for giving it back again according to the old agreement. Marry, come up—I wonder who's daddy now?"

Never was mortal man so confounded as Uncle Sam at this salutation. At first he stood staring with his mouth wide open, being unable to speak a word. Then he crushed his lips together with just such a noise as he made when shutting his tin tobacco-box in a hurry—puffed out his cheeks like bladders, and relieved himself by an explosion of hot breath that, some say, withered all the leaves within fifty paces of him. After this came a blast that rattled about the b'hoys' ears like a hail storm.

"Why, you ungrateful misbegotten villains!—you imps of disunion, disaffection and rebellion—you pretend to be my daddies; some of you who are not knee high to a grasshopper!—you pretend to give *me* land! —you pretend to judge what is necessary and proper, who can't tell the difference between a sheep's head and the head of a sheep!—you pretend to make me a scurvy overseer to take care of your property! You!—But I'll dust your jackets for you—I'll light my pipe with your old musty contract—I'll take away all your land—I'll cut you off with a shilling; and if there is law or lawyers to be had for love or money, I'll make you hop like a pea on a tobacco pipe—I will. Its my mission to judge what is proper and necessary for you young rascals; and, consequently, to do just as I please.

CHAPTER III.

HOW UNCLE SAM AND HIS B'HOYS QUARRELLED MORE AND MORE EVERY DAY ABOUT WHAT WAS "NECESSARY AND PROPER."—HOW THEY APPLIED TO A GREAT LAWYER DOWN EAST, AND HOW HE MADE THE MATTER MORE OBSCURE BY HIS ILLUSTRATIONS.

In this way Uncle Sam and his b'hoys at last got into a complete snarl, about the right of paternity—the ownership of the land—and the meaning of the words necessary and proper. Finding at last that they could not settle the matter among themselves, they, according to the custom of men with more money than brains, at length agreed to refer the matter to a famous lawyer down East, who Uncle Sam called the great confounder, or expounder—I forget which—with a secret proviso that they would be governed by his opinion, if it suited both parties.

The great confounder was very fond of fishing, and always studied his cases with a fishing pole in his hand, and the "Complete Angler" in his pocket. Accordingly, taking his implements, he sat himself down by the side of a pond, abounding in bull-heads, the water of which, though shallow, was so thick, you could not see the bottom, and proceeded with occasional interruptions of a glorious nibble, to cogitate the following opinion:—

"The questions at issue are—first, as to the true meaning and import of the words necessary and proper; second, whether the right to certain specified land is in Uncle Sam or his b'hoys; and third, whether Uncle Sam is the father of his b'hoys, or they his father, in a legal point of view.

"And, first, as to the word necessary. All legal authorities assert, that necessity has no law, and it follows, therefore, that Uncle Sam being, by virtue of the contract, authorized to do whatever is necessary—may do just as he pleases, because he cant do otherwise. The word proper, I consider mere tautology, inasmuch as whatever is necessary is proper, and whatever proper, necessary. But, seeing that Uncle Sam and his b'hoys differ on this point, the right of the strongest must govern. If Uncle Sam can cudgel his b'hoys into submission, good. If he cant, he must frighten them, which will do just as well.

"Secondly.—With respect to the question of paternity, I hold it to be a sheer paradox to say that Uncle Sam's children can be Uncle Sam's father, unless they resort to a legal fiction, and reckon their chickens before they are hatched, which is contrary to the decision of Chief Justice Bridlegoose in the celebrated case of Partlett vs. Cockadoodle. Besides, for Uncle Sam's sons to set themselves up as his fathers, would be putting the cart before the horse, as, in that case, they must have been born before their father—a thing that never happened, except, perhaps, in the case of Melchisedek. I am, therefore, clearly of opinion, that Uncle Sam is not only the father of his own children, but of Zebedee's children too, and that, of course, he has a right not only to all the land, but to their implicit obedience in all cases whatsoever, according to the ancient Patriarchal Law, which is superior to all others. With regard to the precise meaning of the words necessary and proper, I refer you to Webster's Dictionary, letters N. & P., folio edition."

When Uncle Sam got this opinion of the great confounder, he strutted up and down like a turkey-cock, snapt his fingers, and flourished his crabstick over the b'hoys heads at a great rate, though he did'nt understand one-half of it. All he comprehended was, that he had a right to do as he liked with the b'hoys, and that was enough for a reasonable man. The b'hoys, at least some of them, were not at all satisfied, and talked about the contract, and all that sort of nonsense; whereupon Uncle Sam threatened to send the constable after them. In short, things went on from bad to worse; the house became divided against itself; domestic peace was destroyed; and the neighbors all predicted the ruin of the family.

At length, it came to pass that some of the b'hoys threatened to cut Uncle Sam's acquaintance, which, they said, they had a right to do, if they thought proper, being now of age, and able to take care of themselves. Uncle Sam denied this in toto; and, according to custom, applied to his trusty counsellor, the great confounder, who, taking his fishing pole and the Complete Angler, proceeded to study the case, which he expounded as follows, with now and then an interruption from a bullhead or a mummy-chub. Uncle Sam gave it to one of the b'hoys, who read it in an audible voice:

"The laws being originally derived from the heathen Greek, afterwards rendered into pagan Latin, and thence transmogrified into barbarous Christian English, (hem—bad day for fishing this,) it is plain that the old dotards who drew up the contract between Uncle Sam (a bull-

head, by Jupiter!) and his b'hoys, and who never in their lives so much as saw the outside of a Greek or Latin Institute of Justinian, (what a famous mummy-chub!) could know nothing about contracts, constitutions, and all that sort of thing, being as destitute of learning as a toad is of feathers, (hang me if that isn't a tadpole, half bull-frog). Knowing nothing of the past and less of the future, they erected these monuments of the dark ages—(what a glorious nibble! It must be a bull-head. Ha! ha! —I've hooked him!—I've got him! Here he is, with horns like my Durham bull, presented by my Lord Spencer.")

"Why what the d—l is all this?" exclaimed Uncle Sam. "Hang me if I don't believe the great confounder has been fishing in something stronger than water. But go on, and let's hear the rest."

"Therefore, if Uncle Sam and his b'hoys wish me to meddle in this matter (plague take that rascally minnow, he's nibbled off my bait!) they must utterly discard, eschew, and reprobate this musty old contract, and throw all this infernal bundle of constitutional scruples into—(There! there! I'll swear that was a snapping turtle!)—the fire, in order that they may no more rise up in judgment against our benighted ancestors. Away with them all, I say—they are no better than obsolete ideas.—(Hah! b'hoys, here's another Bullhead. By St. Anthony, who won upon the fishes by singing Yankee Doodle—but I've got him—no—yes—no, I'll be darned if he has'nt given me the slip and taken off my hook in the bargain. This comes of attending to the business of that old dotard, Uncle Sam, and his Booby B'hoys." Here uncle Sam spat in his hands, flourished his crabstick, and I verily believe if the great confounder had been there, he would have given him a crack over the noddle. But he only bade the reader to go on, and be hanged to him, observing, that as his hook was gone, he might catch a fish at last. "With respect to the right of cutting one's acquaintance, authorities differ on the subject. In the great case of Bull vs. Brother Jonathan, it was decided in the court above, that it was a natural inherent right in every man, to choose who he would keep company with, and that he might turn his back on any body he pleased, provided he only knocked him down first by way of giving fair warning. This preliminary courtesy I hold to be indispensable, inasmuch as to cut one's acquaintance in a polite and peaceable manner, without a little buffeting, is as reprehensible as to make friends without shaking hands and drinking a glass to drown all animosity, as Sir Henry and I do sometimes.

"On the whole, therefore, I agree with the doctrine of the court above, and am of opinion that uncle Sam's b'hoys have a clear natural right to cut his acquaintance, provided they don't do it in a peaceable manner, for that would be contrary to law. They must cudgel him soundly in the first place in order to bring him to reason; and if he still persists in claiming acquaintance, they have no other alternative but to knock him on the head, and thus settle the affair by a resort to club law—in other words, the right of the strongest, which is, as it were, the high court of appeal in all cases. If he should, however, be so unreasonable as not to make any resistance, the b'hoys will be a set of rebellious rascals; but should Uncle Sam make fight, and after a sufficient quantity of broken heads, and bloody noses, consent to their cutting his acquaintance, they will go down to posterity as heroes and patriots after the manner of their revolutionary ancestors."

On hearing this decision, Uncle Sam rubbed his nose violently with the

sleeve of his homespun coat, and fell into a quandary, from which he recovered himself as usual by flourishing his crabstick, and exclaiming:—"Confound the great confounder, I say. It seems the only way to settle our difficulties is to fall together by the ears, and that the b'hoys have no other way to get rid of me, than to break my head, cudgel me into mummy, and if that won't do, cut my throat to keep me quiet. We can't settle the matter peaceably, it seems; we must have a bout at loggerheads, and quit the field with black eyes and bloody noses. Well, if it must be so—come on, you young rascals—give your old dad a dig in the short ribs; pitch head foremost into his bread-basket; knock him down and trample the soul out of his body. Come on, I say, if we can't settle the affair peaceably, let's try club law. Come on, I say, start fair, and the d—l take the hindmost."

Hereupon, Uncle Sam pulled off his coat, doubled his fist, and squared himself for the encounter. But the b'hoys were a little stumped at this doctrine of the great confounder. So long as they thought they could cut Uncle Sam's acquaintance in a peaceabl emanner, and without committing violence on the old man, they were—some of them at least—willing to dissolve the connection, and go about their own business in their own way. But when it came to fisticuffs, that was another affair. So they agreed to keep up a speaking acquaintance with Uncle Sam, until they saw how much further he would stretch his pretensions, under the great saving clause of "necessary and proper."

The last I heard of Uncle Sam, he had become a stanch advocate of club law, and so tickled with the opinion of the great confounder, that he has made him his overseer, under whose auspices he swaggers about, flourishes his crab-stick, and swears, if the young rascals talk any more of cutting his acquaintance, he'll knock them all into a cocked hat, or do anything else he thinks "necessary and proper" in such cases.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE STRANGERS' ALBUM AT THE "GIANT'S CAUSEWAY."

WELL art thou worthy of old Ireland's boast,
Thou Giant feature of her northern coast!
For aye ye stand a monument sublime,
Washed by the waters of continual time;—
And thus *shalt* stand, thou proud basaltic shrine,
Stamped with the impress of the Hand Divine,
Till many a heart, unstirred by Faith before,
Be taught by thee, to worship and adore.

MODUS.

CARNOT.

General Carnôt was a member of the revolutionary government with Robespierre during the Reign of Terror. He is less generally known, and his sterling worth, and modest and unobtrusive character, less highly appreciated in our own country than it ought to be. We have been led to judge of him from his association on the committee of public welfare with Robespierre, Couthon and Billaud-Varennes, which circumstance is calculated to give an erroneous idea of his true character. He was, in reality, one of the first men of the age—illustrious alike as a republican statesman and a votary of science—distinguished at once for his great administrative talent, his vast powers of combination, his profound knowledge in the military and mathematical sciences—exemplary in all his private relations, as well as scrupulously honest and upright in every act of his public life.

Lazare Nicholas Marguerite Carnôt was the son of an advocate, and was born at Nolay, in Burgundy, in the year 1753. He early exhibited a remarkable aptitude for the mathematical and military sciences, the study of which he pursued through life with unwearied diligence and assiduity. These studies, however, did not absorb his whole attention. He had a taste for literature, and cultivated it with success. His reading was varied, and his information general. He wrote and published various essays, and even some occasional poems. One of his earliest efforts at authorship was an essay entitled "*Eloge de Vauban*," which received the prize from the Academy at Dijon. Some exceptionable passages in it gave umbrage to the government, and the young author was arrested under a *lettre de cachet*, and imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes. He afterwards published various mathematical essays, which gained him considerable reputation, and caused him to be elected a member of several learned societies.

Carnôt chose the army for his profession. He entered a corps of engineers, and by the favor of the Prince of Condé, as it is said, obtained a commission as Lieutenant of Engineers. At the opening of the revolution, he was stationed at St. Omer, deeply immersed in the study of his favorite mathematical sciences. Since his imprisonment at Vincennes, he had cherished a hatred to despotic authority and arbitrary power; it is not surprising, therefore, that Carnôt from the first embraced heartily the liberal principles of the revolution, and became an active and efficient advocate of the popular cause. Before the close of the Constituent Assembly his name was mentioned as among the prominent candidates in the provinces for a seat in the new legislature. He was accordingly elected a deputy for St. Omer to the legislative assembly, and at the opening of the session in the fall of 1791 took his seat as a member.

Though a revolutionist, and even a zealous republican, yet Carnôt came up to the assembly with a sincere desire to serve his country, and to carry out in good faith the liberal constitution which the king had just sanctioned. He steadfastly labored to keep aloof from the intrigues and factions which distracted the assembly. He took no part in the debates,

and indeed never laid claim to much talent as a speaker; but during the whole of the session of the legislature, he occupied himself mainly with his labors to improve and re-organize the army, and in military matters generally. On the downfall of the throne, Carnôt at once became the stern and uncompromising republican, ready to assert the revolution in the face of all Europe in arms, and to stand or fall with the republic. He had desired to carry the principles of equality, which the revolution recognized, into the army; and in re-organizing that branch of the national defence, he wished its ranks thrown open, and the hope of preferment equally held out to every soldier. Accordingly, at his proposal, the officers of the nobility were dismissed from the army, and their places were supplied by citizens. It was from these—from the ranks of the people—that the republican generals, Hoche, Joubert, Jourdan, Kleber and Moreau, sprung—and from the ranks of the people, too, sprang those other illustrious generals, the future marshals of the empire, who have inscribed each his own name so high upon the records of military glory.

At the close of the legislative assembly, Carnôt was elected a member of the Convention. In that body he took his place upon the *Mountain* with the more radical and determined of the republicans. One thing, however, is not a little remarkable, that though Carnôt was a mountaineer, and a stern and unflinching one, and though he was constantly rising in favor with the Convention, which entrusted to him various important commissions, and finally placed him upon the supreme executive committee itself, yet he steadily refused to engage in any political or party strife, and would not even so much as enter the door of the Jacobin or any other club.

In his course as a legislator, Carnôt was prompt, efficient, and independent. His profound and varied knowledge in the mathematical and military sciences, qualified him to be of great service to the country in his post of deputy. It is well known that the Convention was in the practice of sending some one or more of its members as commissioners to the armies, with authority to inspect, oversee, and direct military operations, under the instructions of the Convention. These pro-consuls were the representatives of the Government, and were often clothed with unlimited powers. Carnôt, from his great military knowledge, was frequently chosen by the Convention for this branch of duty. It was upon one of these military commissions that he was absent, during the preliminary proceedings which led to the king's trial. Upon his return, he resumed his seat in the Convention, and sat in judgment upon Louis XVI. Carnôt, as was before remarked, was a member of the Mountain, and with his party voted for the death of the king. Very few men, indeed, in the Convention, even among the Girondists, presumed to doubt the guilt of the king, and the only question seemed to be as to his punishment. Upon this point Carnôt did not hesitate for a moment, yet the stern conflict between his natural goodness of heart, and his strict sense of duty, was evinced by the qualification he attached to his vote; when his name was called, he mounted the steps of the bureau, and in a tone of deep emotion said, "death, and never did word weigh so heavily on my heart!"

After the death of the king, Carnôt was again sent upon a military commission to the army of the nôrth. This was in the month of March, shortly before the battle of Nezwinde, and the defection of Dumourier.

During this mission he exhibited qualities of the very highest order, and proved himself not only the theoretic tactician, but the able strategist and military commander. In every position in which he was placed, he displayed his usual clear-sighted sagacity, iron firmness of purpose, and indomitable energy. Upon one occasion, when a corps of the army under General Gratien came into action, and through the misconduct of that officer, wavered, and was upon the point of defeat, Carnôt at once deprived the general of his command on the field, and placing himself at the head of the troops in his civic dress, led them to the attack, and repulsed the enemy. The fearless bravery of Carnôt was remarked on all occasions. He possessed the most exalted physical as well as moral courage. To quote the words of one of his eulogists*—"he displayed in all those situations in which human weakness is most apt to yield, a courage of every kind, from the highest to the most vulgar; from the courage of the statesman to that of the grenadier: the active valor of braving danger, and the calmness which can command every faculty of the soul in the midst of extreme perils."

After an absence of some time in the army of the north, during which he discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of the government, Carnôt returned to Paris, and resumed his seat in the Convention. The committee of public welfare had been for some time in operation as the chief executive power of the government. As this committee directed the armies, and controlled the whole military operations of the republic, it was essentially necessary that there should be upon it some mind of sufficient information and ability to superintend those complicated military movements, and to organize that vast system of defence, which were now preparing on the frontiers. The Convention, whatever may have been its other errors, was rarely at fault in its selection of men to accomplish some specific object. Carnôt, whose profound and comprehensive intellect was fully known and appreciated, and whose great administrative talent in the war department had been brought to light by his eminent services on several important commissions, was chosen a member of the committee of public welfare. He was elected upon it in the latter part of July, 1793, at the same time with Robespierre. The war department was at once assigned to him, and he immediately entered upon the duties of his office, and took into his own hands the entire control of the military operations of the government.

At the time of Carnôt's accession to the government, the republic was upon the point of being crushed by its enemies. Never had the crisis been more appalling. Since the month of March the army of the republic had been beaten on every side—at Aix-la-Chapelle and at Nezwinde—on the Rhine and in La Vendee; it had lost Flanders and Belgium, and the strong fortresses of Condé, Mentz and Valenciennes; one of its generals, Dumourier, had gone over to the enemy; another, Dampierre, had been killed. On the south, Spain was threatening the line of the Pyrenees with invasion; in La Vendee civil war was raging with unexampled fury, and 40,000 victorious peasantry were threatening the capital itself. Marseilles and Lyons were in rebellion against the government, and Toulon was in the hands of the English. Another invasion from

* Lord Brougham.

Piedmont was threatening the line of the Alps; while the Duke of York and the Prince of Orange, with the armies of the allies, amounting to one hundred and seventy thousand men, were threatening the frontier; their line of operations extending from the Moselle to Dunkirk, which place was in a state of siege by the English and Hanoverians, under the Duke of York. France was thus encircled on every side by the armies of the coalition—the republic seemed struggling in its last gasp, and the knell of the revolution and of popular liberty seemed about to be sounded.

It was in this emergency, a crisis more fearful than any which had happened since Brunswick's invasion in September, 1792, that Carnôt took the helm. It is not a little curious to notice the various changes that occurred in the commanders of the French armies; these changes indicate the rapid movements and the various phases of the revolution. The Constitutionalist Generals, Lafayette, Rochambeau and Lackner, had been succeeded by the Girondists, Dumourier, Castine, Houchard, Kellerman and Dillon. These generals, after gaining some memorable advantages for the republic, were all sooner or later displaced after the fall of the party of the Gironde, and were succeeded by those illustrious generals of the republic whose names have become famous in history, Hoche, Jourdan, Pichegru, Moreau, Kleber, and others. Kellerman and Houchard, indeed, continued in command for some time after the fall of the Gironde; but the former was superseded in September, 1793, after his expedition against the Piedmontese; the latter was recalled by the Jacobins after the siege of Dunkirk and the victory of Hondtschoote, and with Castine was guillotined.

Carnôt immediately took the most energetic measures for the military defence of the republic. The powerful voice of Danton had roused all France to arms. The levy *en masse* was decreed. The whole republic was at once turned into a military encampment, and the revolution declared to be in a state of siege. The military requisition was placed entire into the hands of Carnôt; from it he drew out fourteen armies, comprising upwards of a million and a quarter of men. He organized, he constituted, he directed everything. He conducted, it is said, with his own hand, the whole correspondence of these fourteen armies, and when he could not impose absolute confidence in any one of his generals, he gave detailed instructions from Paris. His labours were immense; his activity ceaseless. Quitting his post in the office of his department at Paris, he would frequently himself make the tour of his armies; to inspect personally the operation of some new plan, or to witness the result of some favorite manœuvre; and if necessity required, he placed himself in his civic dress at the head of the army and led them to victory. With more propriety might the Duke of York, in his proclamation, have styled the republican troops "Carnôt's armies" and "soldiers," than the "armies" and "soldiers of Robespierre:" for his alone was the genius which organized and reduced to a system of perfect order and regularity that incoherent mass which the Convention placed in his hand, and directed the arms of the republic with such glorious success against this formidable coalition.* Said Napoleon of him, "Carnôt organized victory."

* The vanity of Robespierre was gratified at this mark of distinction in the Duke of York's proclamation. It is well known that Robespierre entertained great hatred to his colleague, Carnot. He called him *l'odieux Carnot*, and often regretted that his own want of knowledge in military matters made it necessary to retain Carnot on the committee.

Napoleon owes more of his success and good fortune to this great man than he usually cared to admit. We do not now allude to his promotion, at the instance of Carnôt, to the command of the army of Italy, while yet a young man, and unknown save by his exploits at Toulon and in Paris—an instance, it may be observed, of that rare sagacity in the choice of men, which led Carnôt to promote such men as Moreau, Hoche, Joubert and Massena to the command of the armies; but we allude particularly to the benefits and advantages Napoleon derived from studying the plans and the tactics of Carnôt. Napoleon has been called the inventor of that new system of tactics which changed the face of European warfare. In this respect he has unquestionably carried away some of the honors which properly belonged to his great master in the science of war. The new system originated with, and was invented by, the genius of Carnôt. The theory was his alone, though it was put in practical operation by others, and particularly by Bonaparte in his celebrated Italian campaign, who thenceforth appropriated to himself the sole credit of originating this daring innovation upon the old rules of warfare.

This system of Carnôt, in the application of which Bonaparte afterwards achieved such wonderful results, was based upon the simple principle of concentrating a superior force upon some given and decisive point of the enemy. Soon after his accession to the committee, and among the first military enterprises which he directed, he tried the effect of this theory. The forces of the enemy, as has been before stated, were extended over an immense line of operations, leading from Dunkirk, which was besieged by the English, to the Moselle. Carnôt quickly perceived the folly of attempting to fight at all points, and determined at once to concentrate a superior force at some opportune point, and thus cut up the enemy in detail. He therefore ordered 35,000 troops from the Moselle and the Rhine to the north, which, together with the different camps in Flanders, would have formed an army of 60,000 men. The enterprise was only partially successful, owing, however, to the defect of the plan. Only 12,000 men from the armies of the Moselle and Rhine reached Flanders. These, together with the other forces under his command, enabled the general, Houchard, to save Dunkirk from the English, to obtain the victory of Hondtschoote, and to offer the first check to the allies which they had received since Dumourier's defeat at Nezwinde.

The unfortunate Houchard, however, though he conquered at Hondtschoote, had been subsequently unsuccessful, and by some injudicious movements had again lost all that his victory had gained for him. These were the perilous times of the republic, when a general answered for the success of his military operations with his head. Castine had already been sent to the guillotine, and now Houchard was recalled, and placed on his trial before the revolutionary tribunal. He was but a colonel at the beginning of the campaign: he was general-in-chief before it was half over; and in the midst of his career his head rolled from the scaffold. The committee of public welfare, or rather Carnôt, who controlled all the operations of war, had to fill the place of the deposed generals. He selected Jourdan, lately only a *chef de bataillon*, but who had commanded the centre at Hondtschoote, for the chief command of the army of the north; and young Hoche, the most accomplished officer of his day, who, though in a subordinate capacity, had distinguished himself by his gallantry at Dunkirk as commander of the army of the Moselle. The rare sa-

gacity of Carnôt is conceived in nothing more than in the character of the men he selected to execute his plans. In this he was scarcely inferior to Bonaparte himself. His eulogist, M. Arago, says of him, "He had to create able leaders. His penetrating eye ranged through the most obscure ranks in search of talent united with courage and disinterestedness; and he promoted it rapidly to the highest grades."

The celebrated battle of Watignies was fought on the 16th October, 1793. On the issue of this battle hung the fate of the republic. Carnôt, sensible of the emergency, had himself repaired to the army of Jourdan, resolved that his plan of operations should not this time fail, as a previous one had done with Houchard, for want of proper execution. By a series of masterly manœuvres, which he himself superintended, he succeeded in gaining a decided advantage over the allies. When, at daybreak, on the 16th, Jourdan's army attacked the Austrians in the village of Watignies, Carnôt placed himself at the head of the republican troops, and led them into the battle. The dense columns, as they moved to the attack, struck up the stirring notes of the Marseilles hymn, which rose above the roar of the Austrian cannon. The result was a complete victory. Cobourg and Clairfait retired from the field with a loss of 6,000 men, and the allies at once raised the siege of Maubeuge, and retired behind the Sambre.

The new system of warfare, which Carnôt himself, in the capacity of proconsul of the Convention, had carried into practical operation at Watignies, was thus crowned with decided success. Henceforth, under the auspices of this great man, it was to be carried on upon a vast and gigantic scale. The campaign of 1794 is one of the most glorious for France that her history records. While Robespierre and a part of the committee were filling Paris with terror and blood, their colleague, Carnôt, was sitting apart, calm, abstracted, laborious, with untiring industry and sleepless vigilance directing the movements of armies, "organizing victory," tracing the plans of battles, of sieges, of military movements of every description, not one of which escaped his penetrating eye. One will, one intellect, one mighty hand, guided and controlled all these vast and complicated military movements that were taking place along the frontiers. Carnôt in the committee at Paris, like Napoleon afterwards on the battle field, was the controlling genius that brought union, harmony and system out of so many elements of disorder.

The aspect of the revolution, contemplated from this position, is a glorious one. We have been but too apt to look upon the war of the factions at Paris, the fury, the anarchy, the bloodshed and the crime in the metropolis, as comprising the greater portion of that event which we call the French Revolution. It was in reality but a small part of it. If we would get a true view of the revolution, we must contemplate it from without as well as from within; and surely, from this point of view, a grander and a nobler picture was never presented in the annals of the world. A gallant nation heroically closing in with the greatest monarchies in the world in the death struggle for liberty and national existence—bearing up, with a sublime courage and constancy, single-handed against England, Austria, Prussia, Spain,—all Europe in arms against republicanism, and banded together to crush a nation which presumed to talk of the rights of man and of free government—a nation made frantic by despair, marching forth in a body to resist that despotism which was again

threatening it with chains and slavery—hurling at the feet of the kings of Europe, in the energetic language of Danton, "the head of a king as its gage of battle"—sending forth more than a million of armed men, whose shouts of enthusiasm rose above the roar of the enemy's artillery, and who, as at Valmey,* at Watignies, and at Fleurus, rushed into the fire of the battle, raising the song of the Marseillais, and passing from rank to rank the inspiring cry of *Vive la Republique!* A more sublime spectacle of patriotic enthusiasm and valor in defence of native land and of liberty was never exhibited. No regal dynasty that ever reigned in Europe could have called it forth. The great heart of the people, so long crushed and broken, now roused into something like the ecstasy of hope, responded to the call of the country. The Pyrenees, the Alps, the banks of the Rhine, all at once, and on every side, bristled with bayonets. Victory settled upon the banners of liberty. Despotism recoiled, and monarchy shrunk back aghast from its contest with the people. These great events constitute the glory of the revolution and of France—the shame and infamy of the nations who composed the unholy coalition against her.

And to Carnôt belongs justly a large share of the glory which these unparalleled triumphs brought to the banners of the republic. From his office in Paris he shaped the movements of his fourteen armies, with the same precision that a skilful player would direct the movements on a chess-board. He reduced warfare to an exact science. There was a striking originality of conception, as well as a unity and harmony of design in all his plans. Says a distinguished English writer,† "the resources of all other sciences were brought by him to bear upon the military art; chemistry, geodesy, mechanics, ærostation itself, were laid under contribution for the benefit of the tactician." The same writer, in speaking of the precision of Carnôt's instructions which he communicated from time to time to the generals, and his singularly correct and well-matured plans, says—"In the whole history of war and of administration, there is, perhaps, no second instance of anything like his instructions to Pichegru for the campaign of 1794. Hardly a battle was fought, or a place marked, or a siege formed, or a corps posted, that these orders did not previously designate and arrange; nor does the narrative of that victorious campaign differ from the previous orders for conducting it, except in the tense of the verbs employed, and in the filling up a few names of the more obscure places, or the less important affairs."

We do not intend to follow in detail the progress of the republican armies during the victorious campaign of 1794. There was a general movement of all the armies—Pichegru's, Moreau's, Souham's, and Jourdan's, towards the frontier. Pichegru defeated Clairfait and the Duke of York at Courtrai and Hooglède. Moreau and Souham, having effected a junction, gained the decisive victory of Turcoing with seventy thousand men, over one hundred thousand of the allies, under Coburg and the Duke of York.‡ Jourdan and Kleber having crossed the Danube with eighty thousand men, repulsed the Austrians under Coburg, and

* Kellerman commanded at Valmey. Hazlitt says of him:—"Five and twenty years after, when liberty, independence, glory—all but the memory of the past—was fled, Kellerman bequeathed his heart to be buried in the field of Valmey."

† Lord Brougham.

‡ Pichegru, who had the chief command of the army, arrived after the battle was won.

gained the important victory of Fleurus. The allies, attacked on both wings, abandoned the Netherlands. The victorious republicans, chasing before them the scattered armies of the coalition, at length effected a junction in the capital of the Netherlands. This event happened about the middle of July, 1794, a few days before the downfall of Robespierre. Pichegru and Jourdan, with 150,000 men, remained masters of the Netherlands, and the allies were beaten on every side.

On the south, the Spaniards were driven from the French territory. Old General Dugommier crossed the Pyrenees and invaded Spain. General Moucey also marched into that country, and became master of Saint Sebastian and Fuentarabia.

The army of the Rhine, under General Hoche, who had been raised to the chief command, was no less successful. That able commander, the light of whose genius, had he not been prematurely cut short in his career, might have eclipsed that of Napoleon himself, made head against the Austrians under Brunswick and Wurmser, drove those generals from their lines on the Lauter, across the Rhine at Philipsburg, and took Spire and Worms. The republican troops were thus everywhere victorious. They occupied Belgium; that part of Holland situated on the left of the Meuse, and all the towns on the Rhine, except Mayence and Mannheim, which were closely beset.*

These great successes of Carnôt's administration of the war department, gained him a deserved reputation. The gloomy eye of Robespierre, however, regarded them with a feeling of envy, and he would fain have got rid of his colleague, if such a thing under existing circumstances could have been possible. Carnôt was indeed one of the first upon the committee who dared oppose Robespierre. Firm in temper, as he was rigid and inflexible in principle, he maintained his own opinions at all times, even with obstinacy, and never feared to cross the path of the dictator himself. Robespierre had long since classed him among his enemies, and had marked him as a victim; but the unflinching courage of Carnôt never quailed, and almost alone of the committee, he pursued his own course independent of his colleague.

The enemies of Carnôt have reproached him for continuing upon the committee of public welfare, the colleague of Robespierre and his sanguinary associates. Talleyrand, who, during this period, was forced into exile, was especially bitter in his reproaches against him. It seems to us that his conduct in this respect needs no apology. It is enough in his defence to say, that his hands are clean of the bloodshed and the crime of the reign of terror, and that though the colleague of Robespierre, St. Just, and the four others who administered the municipal affairs of the government during that period, he was always their opponent in the stern and remorseless system of proscription which they adopted. So extensive and arduous were the duties of the committee, that it was found

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* The following summary of this extraordinary campaign is from Lord Brougham's Essay upon the Character of Carnôt:—

"In less than a year and a half of this unparalleled administration, the brilliant results of the campaign were 27 victories, 8 of them in pitched battles; 120 actions of lesser moment; 116 regular fortresses or great towns taken, 36 of them after regular sieges, and 230 lesser forts carried; 83,000 of the enemy slain, 91,000 made prisoners; 3,800 cannon, 70,000 muskets, and 90 colors captured. These marvels are known to the world, and on these the splendid fame of this great man rests."

impossible to transact them without making a division of labor among the members. Carnôt had the sole superintendence of military matters, and immersed in the business of his department, never meddled with anything out of the strict sphere of his own duties. The same is true of Prieur, whose character no man dared assail. Robert Lindet is, if possible, still more irreproachable, for he had accepted his post on the committee with the express condition that he should have nothing to do with the operations of his colleagues, and should not even deliberate or meet with them.* These three men, though they all continued upon the committee until after the death of Robespierre, stand fully absolved from all charge of participation in the crimes of their colleagues. We give Carnôt's own explanation of the operations of the committee in his speech from the tribune, in defence of Barère, Collot and Billaud,† who were accused soon after the fall of Robespierre :—

"Overwhelmed by the pressure of business, having three or four hundred matters to settle every day, and very often no time for meals, we had agreed to lend our signatures to one another. We signed a multitude of papers without reading them. I signed orders for placing under accusation, and my colleagues signed orders for military movements and plans of attack, without either having time to enter into any explanation concerning them. The necessity for this immense toil had required that individual dictatorship which each had reciprocally granted to the other. Without this, we could never have got through the business. The order to arrest one of the most useful of my employés in the war department—an order for which I attacked St. Just and Robespierre, and denounced them as usurpers—that order I had signed without knowing it.‡ Thus our signatures cannot be brought in evidence to prove a participation in the acts laid to the charge of the late government."

Such is Carnôt's defence. He stands fully acquitted of any participation in the crimes which tracked the reign of terror. As a patriot and a republican he remained at his post, defending the liberties of his country against hostile Europe. Had he deserted it, the next campaign might have seen the gates of Paris opened to the victorious allies. He condemned the violence of his colleagues, and the system of political proscription which desolated Paris, and was the first, as he expressed it himself, "who dared face Robespierre and St. Just;" but he knew that the salvation of France rested upon his strong arm, and the stern republican soldier stood firm at his post so long as the republic was threatened with foreign bayonets, and his country was struggling for national existence. He had but one object in view, the defence of liberty and the triumph of

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* Thiers.

† It would be unjust to Carnôt to suppose that in speaking in defence of his guilty colleagues, he strove to conceal or justify their crimes; in his magnanimity, he never lost sight of his principles; he was sensible of the crimes of his colleagues—did not attempt to justify them, and himself said that Collot and Billaud were infinitely worse men than Robespierre.

‡ This statement of Carnôt is abundantly proved by the facts. An order, sent to the monster Lebon, who was desolating Arras, directing him to give "free scope to his energy," as he had been "invested with full powers to do whatever he deemed conducive to the public good," was signed with the names of Lindet, Carnôt, and Barère. Another order to one of the proconsuls, signed with the names of Billaud-Varennes, Carnôt, and Barère, is as follows: "There is no commutation for offences against the republic. Death alone can expiate them! Pursue the traitors with fire and sword, and continue to march with courage in the revolutionary track you have described." These orders are probably from Barère. It is absurd to suppose, that either Robert Lindet or Carnôt could have sanctioned them, or permitted the use of their signatures, knowingly, for such a purpose.

the republic; and while the men of Watignies and Fleurus were marching into the fire of the enemy's artillery, to the shouts of *vive la République*, it was not for Carnôt to compromise the safety of that republic by abandoning his post in disgust, because the government, for a time, had fallen into the hands of depraved and tyrannical men.

With the fall of Robespierre, the dictatorship of the celebrated committee of public welfare ceased, and its powers were restored to the Convention, and divided among other committees. Carnôt, who still remained a member of it, though deprived of the sole military dictatorship, which his permanent position upon the committee had placed in his hands, yet continued his active supervision of the war department, and at length brought the campaign to a triumphant close. Before the Convention adjourned, the coalition was broken. Prussia and Spain laid down their arms; the former concluded a treaty of peace on the 5th of April, the latter on the 22d of July, 1795. Peace was also concluded with Tuscany and with Holland, and an alliance formed with the Batavian Republic. England and Austria remained, almost alone, in arms against the republic.

The reputation of Carnôt at this time was immense, not only in France but in all Europe. Fourteen places simultaneously chose him as a member of the Council of Five Hundred under the new Constitution of the year III. Siéyes having declined to serve as one of the Directory, under this Constitution, Carnôt was chosen in his place; his colleagues were Barras, Rewbel, Letourneur and Lareveillère-Lepaux. He was at once invested with the direction of the military operations of the republic. He found everything in disorder—the republican armies beaten and disorganized—generals treating with the enemy—civil war re-kindled in La Vendee. His genius at once changed the aspect of things. He sent Hoche into La Vendee, who soon closed the civil war. He placed Jourdan and Moreau at the head of the two great armies of the Rhine, and of the Sambre and Meuse, and Bonaparte at the head of the army of Italy, and prepared a new plan of campaign, upon a vast scale, the full execution of which would have placed the republican banner upon the Austrian capital. This plan failed only through an unfortunate misunderstanding of General Jourdan, who was to have co-operated with Moreau and Bonaparte, but who, having passed beyond the line of operations, was beaten by the Archduke Charles. Bonaparte, however, fully retrieved the campaign in Italy. That wonderful campaign, the first, the most illustrious in Napoleon's career, is matter of history. It lasted but little more than a year. It drove Austria, the most inveterate of the enemies of France, into a peace, whereby she acknowledged the existence of the republic. Of all the formidable coalition, England alone remained at war.

The glory of Napoleon's campaign in Italy, unquestionably, belongs to himself alone, nor is it necessary to Carnôt's reputation that he should lay claim to any doubtful honors; yet it is, doubtless, true that the successful termination of the campaign, in a great degree, depended upon the vigor and ability of the administration of the war department. Napoleon himself then, was ready to acknowledge the experience and skill of Carnôt, and to avail himself of his plans.* Subsequently, upon

* He wrote from Italy that he had "received a plan of war, *prescribed to him*, the execution of which required prompt measures and extraordinary funds." And to Carnôt himself, "I can now receive *your orders* promptly, as to the direction to be given to the army."

one or two occasions, the Emperor was heard to depreciate the military talents of Carnôt, though he admitted his integrity. The truth is, that Carnôt was one of those unwavering republicans, whose independence of character Napoleon could never conquer or seduce. Napoleon said that he showed but little talent when he was minister of war in 1800. This may be very true, for at that time the First Consul was the real minister of war, as well as the generalissimo of the armies. But the case was different when Carnôt had an independent field to act upon; when he was in reality, as well as in name, the minister of war in the Directory, and Bonaparte the general.

Bonaparte's *coup d'etat* of the 18th of Fructidor, expelled Carnôt from the Directory. This event was brought about by the disagreement and quarrels of the Directors among themselves. Carnôt, unquestionably, suffered his personal feelings against his colleagues, Barras and Rewbel, (the former a Dantonist, the latter a moderate Constitutionalist,) to carry him beyond the bounds of prudence. His temper was, perhaps, too stubborn and choleric; his pride of character too sensitive; his nature too unbending and rigid; his tenacity of opinion in minor, as well as more important matters, too great. He compromised his position, because he suffered himself to become too much of a partisan. He fell, and with him fell the republic, under the strong arm of military despotism. The Duchess d'Abrantes truly remarks: "The head that gave the signal for this revolution came from Italy. It was the hand of Bonaparte that rang it." Carnôt was forced into banishment, where he remained two years, and until the new Constitution of the year VIII. was proclaimed, with Bonaparte as First Consul.

During his exile in Germany, Carnôt devoted himself to his favorite studies. He published various treatises upon scientific subjects,* which have gained him an enviable place among mathematicians, and made his name worthy to be mentioned with those illustrious votaries of science whom the revolution produced, Laplace, Biot, Monge, Bichat, and Cuvièr. On his return from exile, the First Consul appointed him Minister of War, in April, 1800; but the republican of '93 found it impossible to reconcile his opinions with those of the future Emperor, and he soon after resigned his post.†

Two years after he again entered the public service under Napoleon, and accepted a seat in the Tribunate, the last vestige of popular institutions remaining in France. His career in that body, so perfectly consistent with his republican sentiments, and the professions of his whole life, we regard as the most honorable page in his history. Regardless of the favor, as he was above the fear, of Napoleon, he opposed his appointment as Consul for life almost alone, and observed, while attaching his signature to his ballot, that he was signing his sentence of banishment.

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* Among others—*Reflexions sur la Metaphysique du Calcul infinitesimal*, and *sur la Géometrie de la position*. Carnôt was also the author of several military treatises, among which are *de la Defense des Places fortes*, and *Memoire sur la fortification primitive*.

† Sir Walter Scott, who has elsewhere spoken of Carnôt in terms of unjust censure, does him the justice to say, that "he was a democrat in principle," and that "while minister of war, under the First Consul, his services, in restoring order in the military department, and combining the plans of the campaign with Moreau and Bonaparte, were of the highest importance."

He opposed the creation of the "Legion of Honor," as an aristocratic institution; and, what is not a little remarkable, though he was always in opposition to the First Consul, yet Napoleon himself said of him, that his conduct never gave any umbrage to the government, and that his integrity and uprightness were universally acknowledged. Above all, he opposed with firmness the project for raising Napoleon to the imperial throne. While his colleagues were fawning upon greatness, and striving each to be foremost to "crook the supple hinges of the knee" at the footstool of power, Carnôt was standing in the tribune, with manly independence, opposing the restoration of a monarchical form of government, and expressing his preference for republican institutions. "Has liberty," he exclaimed, "only been shown to man that he might never enjoy it? No; I cannot consent to consider this good, so universally preferred to all others, without which all others are as nothing, as a mere illusion. My heart tells me that liberty is attainable; that its *regime* is easier and more stable than arbitrary government. I voted against the Consulate for life; I now vote against the restoration of the monarchy, as I conceive my quality as tribune compels me to do." The hatred of Carnôt to arbitrary power and monarchical government, and the rigid consistency of his republican principles, were never more strikingly illustrated. On the question of conferring the imperial crown upon Bonaparte, only one vote was found in the negative; it was the vote of Carnôt.

On the suppression of the Tribunate by Napoleon, he retired to private life, to his studies, his literary and scientific pursuits. When the allies invaded France in 1814, and the coalition was threatening to depose the monarch of the people and restore the Bourbons, the old revolutionary fire kindled once more in his bosom, and he at once sent in to the emperor an offer of his services. His letter closed with the following passage: "There is yet time for you, Sire, to conquer a glorious peace and to secure the love of a great people." Napoleon sent him to defend Antwerp, where he remained until, at the command of Louis XVIII., he surrendered the city to the English, after which he returned to Paris and gave in his reluctant adhesion to the Bourbon dynasty.

There were few men in France more dissatisfied with the restoration than Carnôt. The enemy of monarchy in every form, he saw in the accession of Louis to the throne of his ancestors, the conquest of popular sovereignty, and the triumph of that odious principle of "legitimacy," against which France had contended for a quarter of a century. The new government, though it confirmed him in his rank of Inspector General of Engineers, watched him with suspicion as a republican and one of the old revolutionists. An unsuccessful effort was made to exclude him from the National Institute, of which he was a member. The since celebrated M. Arago, then the youngest member of the Institute, opposed this piece of petty malice, and declared that he would resist by every means in his power the filling up of such a vacancy. Arago's spirited conduct on this occasion was rewarded with the admiration of Napoleon on his return from Elba, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.*

* On his expulsion from the Directory and banishment, Carnot's name had been erased from the lists of the Institute, and Bonaparte elected in his stead. Napoleon was greatly flattered with this mark of attention. All his proclamations, when commander of the army of Egypt, ran: "Bonaparte, Member of the Institute," &c.

The republican party, which had never ceased to exist even in the most dazzling days of the empire, was still powerful, and Carnôt's great name and influence naturally placed him at the head of it. This party, between which and the Bourbons all reconciliation was impossible, was now about to unite with the imperialists in the recall of Napoleon. Carnôt himself was a leader in the movement. Republican though he was, he preferred a monarch chosen by the people to one forced upon the throne by the bayonets of kings; he preferred the "legitimate dynasty which the French nation had adopted"* to the legitimate dynasty which claimed a divine prerogative of despotism. His celebrated "memorial," addressed to the king, and published in December, 1814, told powerfully against the reigning dynasty, and in favor of the banished Emperor. With the same indomitable courage and fearless spirit of independence in which he had formerly resisted Napoleon's elevation to power, he now inveighed against the government of the Bourbons. He justified the revolution; he attacked "legitimacy;" he asserted the right of France to choose her own rulers; he charged the king with ingratitude to the nation, with relying upon foreigners for the support of his throne, with snatching the crown as of his own right, and not *accepting* it as conferred upon him by the people.—Such was the fearless language which the inflexible republican dared utter aloud in the ear of royalty. He who had refused to flatter Napoleon at the pinnacle of his greatness—who had bearded Robespierre and St. Just in the days of terror—was not the man to shrink from speaking out openly and boldly to Louis XVIII., hedged in though he was by foreign bayonets. The memorial was every where read, and produced a profound sensation. Handcarts traversed the Boulevards and scattered it among the people. The government tried to suppress it, but in vain. Some of the printers and venders were prosecuted, but Carnôt, the avowed author, was suffered to remain unmolested.

Napoleon returned to Paris from his exile on the 20th March, 1815. The men of the revolution, Carnôt, Sieyes, Lafayette, Lanjuinais, rallied around the Emperor of the people. No man was more sensible of the great worth of Carnôt's services than Napoleon, and in the situation in which he then stood, he at once saw the necessity of conciliating the republicans of whom Carnôt and Fouche were regarded the chiefs. The latter he raised to his old station of Minister of Police; the former he created Minister of the Interior, with the direction of the whole of the organization of the National Guard.

Carnôt's characteristic independence of mind is again exhibited in his intercourse with Napoleon during the Hundred Days. He urged upon the Emperor to give France a free constitution as the best means of conciliating the affections of the people. Napoleon published the "Act Additional," but it failed to satisfy the republicans Carnôt remonstrated with him, and urged him to publish a decree authorizing the chambers to modify the constitution at the next session. Napoleon's answer is remarkable, and shows his high appreciation of Carnôt. "With you I have no need of disguise. You are a strong-headed man, with sagacious intellect. Let us first save France, and after that we will arrange every thing. Let us not sow the seeds of discord when the closest union is required to save the country." The Minister of the Interior

* The expression of Marshal Ney in his proclamation to his soldiers.

at once perceived the force of the reasoning. He consented to the "Act Additional," and to the temporary dictatorship of the Emperor. He remembered that the old Committee of Public Welfare had saved France by means of the dictatorship; he now hoped the same thing from Napoleon. Another example of Carnôt's independence is furnished in his advice to Napoleon in respect to Fouche. The Emperor, before he left Paris, had discovered that this traitor and miscreant, though one of his own ministers, was in correspondence with both Wellington and Metternich. He was greatly enraged—accused Fouche in council with being a traitor, and threatened to have him shot the next morning. Carnôt, who had no more confidence in the integrity of Fouche than the Emperor, and knew him to be, though an old republican, a corrupt and unprincipled man, saw at once that the face of the traitor, whom the republicans still regarded as one of their chiefs, would alienate the whole of that party. He frankly replied to Napoleon: "Sire, this is no time for dissembling. The men of the revolution only *allow you to reign* because they believe you will respect their liberties. You may shoot Fouche to-morrow,—but at the hour he suffers, your power is annihilated.*

Napoleon left the provisional government in the hands of his two brothers, Joseph and Lucien, and his ministers, among whom Carnôt and Fouche were the controlling minds. Eleven days after his departure from Paris came the rout of Waterloo. It sounded the death-knell to the hopes of the republicans as well as the imperialists; it proclaimed the triumph of the principles of the coalition over the principles of the revolution—a temporary triumph indeed, and one which in our age has been signally and permanently reversed. The closing scene of Carnôt's political life is full of a touching and sorrowful interest. He knew that every thing was lost, but the unyielding heart of the stern republican could not yet resign all hope. The enemy were rapidly closing round Paris, but Paris might still be defended. He supported Lucien Bonaparte's project of clothing the Emperor with a dictatorship, and of fighting it out to the last under the walls of Paris. But Fouche from selfish interest, Lafayette from mistaken principle, opposed and defeated this last desperate chance to retrieve the disasters of battle. On the 21st of June the abdication of Napoleon was proposed in the Council. The iron heart of Carnôt, who until that moment had not ceased to cherish the hope that the Emperor's great military genius might yet defend France from the arms of the allies, now gave way, and he who had resisted the consulate for life, who alone had voted against the empire, who had scorned to bend the knee to Napoleon in the days of his glory, now seizing the hand of the fallen conqueror, burst into tears. Well might the deposed Emperor say to him—his last words on leaving Paris—*Carnôt, I have known you too late!*

A member of the provisional government, after the abdication of Napoleon, Carnôt still labored with untiring zeal to fortify Paris against the enemy. So late as the 2d of July, when he had completed his defences, he made an earnest appeal to the councils in order to convince them that resistance was yet practicable. But Soult pronounced against it, and Massena, the defender of Genoa, declared he would not undertake to defend Paris one hour. On the next day the capitulation was signed.

* Alison.

Carnôt was the first military man who took up arms for France and the revolution; he was the last who laid them down. The Bourbon dynasty was restored. Ney was shot in the face of a solemn treaty, which guaranteed that no person should be molested on account of his political opinions or conduct during the Hundred Days, and Carnôt, in face of the same treaty, was driven for the rest of his days into banishment.

He retired at first to Cerney, and afterwards, in the same year, to Warsaw. Finally he settled with his family at Magdeburg in Prussia, where he passed the remainder of his life. In his exile, he, still an old man, applied himself with all the ardor of his youth to scientific and literary pursuits—striving in these dignified employments to forget his country's misfortunes and his own. Wherever his name was known, out of the influence of that despotic government which ruled his own country, he was universally esteemed as a man whose military and administrative talents were once acknowledged the greatest in Europe. Even the Prussian government ordered its soldiers stationed at Magdeburg to salute the illustrious exile as often as he appeared in the streets. He died in the bosom of his family, at Magdeburg, on the 3d of April, 1823, at the age of seventy.

Having thus imperfectly sketched the public career of Carnôt, it remains only to be added, what his whole life illustrates, that he was a true man—an honest and an upright man. A republican from conscience and the convictions of principle, when he entered the service of his country as a legislator, he remained a republican even under the glories of the empire, and at the restoration; and down to the last, in exile and banishment, true to the principles of his whole life, he still continued to declare his faith in democratic institutions.* His morals were austere, and his private character as irreproachable as his public services were disinterested and patriotic. Says his eulogist, M. Arago, who knew him well, "Faction, in the most violent paroxysm of its fury, had the prudence not to attack Carnôt's private life; its impure breath never attempted to taint his virtues as a son, a husband, and a father." In his domestic relations he was kind, in his conversation witty and entertaining, in his social connexions warm-hearted and sincere. His obstinacy and pride of opinion, and his excitability of temper, occasionally led him into difficulty; but these minor defects, as in Napoleon, were lost in the splendor of his talents and the greatness of his character. "He was a mighty genius!" says the distinguished Niebuhr in summing up his character—"However I may differ from his political views, there is a republican greatness in him which commands my respect. Had I nothing left in the wide world but a crust of bread, I would be proud of sharing it with Carnôt."

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* The strong republican tendencies of General Carnôt seem to have been transmitted in their full vigor to his son, M. Hippolyte Carnôt, author of the Memoirs of Barere, which Mr. Macaulay has so unmercifully criticised M. Hippolyte Carnôt was the late Minister of Public Instruction under the Provisional Government which succeeded the fall of Louis Philippe, and is understood to be a radical republican.

THE LAND OF THE CHEROKEE.

After passing a winter in the pleasant city of Savannah, I determined, one May morning, as I found the temperature of my room in the Pulaski becoming more like that of a conservatory than the tenement of a Christian whose lungs are not of a tropical nature, to take unto myself the "wings of the morning, and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth," where I could imbibe a quantum suff. of cool breeze. The "wings of the morning," I speak of, reader, was the morning train of cars for Atlanta, and the "uttermost parts of the earth," the snow-capped mountains and shady vales of East Tennessee. So I packed my valise, and called around to bid adieu to half a dozen beautiful Georgians, whose dark eyes had captivated me during my hybernation in "Suhwahna," as the darkeys call it.

But there's the whistle. I am always too late, so I must make a rush for the depôt. Snatching my hat and gloves, away I darted for the place where the perambulating tea-kettle-like locomotive was hissing and sweating with impatience to be off. My negro boy trundled my luggage into the baggage car, and himself after it. I jumped aboard, and in a few minutes we were whirling away from the sandy city, with all the speed that the tea-kettle aforesaid could impart to its rattling train, which now, like an enormous centipede, was crawling along its iron pathway—crawling, it might have seemed, to a distant spectator, but to us aboard, it was more like flying; and scarcely had I settled myself to look over my newspaper, when Savannah, with its wagons loaded with cotton bales—its shiny-faced slaves in their white cotton trowsers and shirts, and broad-brimmed straw hats—its wide, sandy streets, shaded by the oriental-looking *alanthus*—its moustached dandies and gayly-dressed ladies—its rows of handsome white houses, with green venetians and neat little yards and grass-plots, full of luxuriant tropical shrubbery—oranges, magnolias, laurels, figs, jessamines, and many others of beautiful forms and foliage, all soon gave place to the rank canebrake and feverish-looking swamp—a perfect jungle of flags, canes, pines, laurels, and palmettos. The loblolly bay (*Gordonia lasyanthus*) I saw in great quantities; and a thousand bushes, vines and trees, through which we hurried so rapidly, that I could scarcely distinguish what they were. Here and there green rice fields—for all the world like young wheat—and cotton plantations, with their gin-houses, cotton-presses, and gangs of sooty slaves ploughing and hoeing the young crop; and handsome country houses, the greatest peculiarity of which is, that they all have low pitched hip-roofs, heavy riezes, and verandahs in front.

Soon the swamps began to give place in their turn to a rolling sandy country, covered with interminable forests of long leaf pines; in many places you could see nothing else, and the ground, baked and arid, was covered with the reddish brown pine straw, which gave it a singular and not very interesting appearance. In winter I was as much taken with the verdure which the "evergreen pines" had cast over the otherwise desolate landscape, as with the peculiar melancholy wail of the wind, sighing

through its tremulous leaves, so much sung of by poets, now in spring, I was equally struck with the contrast which their dark rusty foliage, (although it looked so green and fresh in winter,) and gaunt, scraggy forms presented, peering up in sombre hues amid the delicate pea-green tints and graceful outlines of the out-budding deciduous forest, now in its virginal purity and beauty. They were as much out of place as if half a dozen Laplanders, clad in shivering furs and sables, had suddenly made their appearance amidst a bevy of light-robed laughing lassies, decked with gauze and flowers, and dancing around a Maypole in the green.

As you advance farther North, the long leaf pine gives way to the common yellow, and the former disappears almost entirely. I am told that there is a point blank line where the one ceases and the other begins, and that, five yards from this line, you will not find a single tree of the two varieties on the wrong side of it.

I was soon wearied with looking out of the windows at this monotonous scenery, and drew my head within to find entertainment in studying the facial phases of humanity exhibited by my fellow-travelers. The car I was in was not very crowded, but its occupants were of such a heterogeneous description, as to make up for lack of numbers. There was a New-York dandy, a Southern planter from Mississippi with his daughter, a tall, dark-eyed creole, with whom I fell in love at sight.

Next to them is a Californian in buckskin galoshes, and Spanish hat, cocked up at the sides, just returned from El Dorado with his pockets full of "dust." In the same seat is a sharp-nosed spectacled Yankee vender of patent trash of some sort. Before this incongruous couple is another equally so—a dark, handsome Spaniard, who, I was told, was Gen. Lopez, (then on his way to New-Orleans,) and a raw-boned up-country Tennessee horse drover. Besides these, there was an Italian beggar boy, with his hurdy-gurdy; one or two ladies, and a couple of "hard shell" Baptist preachers—hard cases, anyhow.

But why interest myself in the character, appearance or disposition of my fellow-travelers, with whom I have been thrown accidentally for a brief space, then again to part forever, like a number of straws whirled around in the eddies of some rapid current, all in the same direction for a little while, then to be separated, each to pursue his own course along the current of life. We dropped the hero of the Isle of Pines at Macon, the Californian at Griffin, and had new accessions at each place; and thus we went on dropping some, gaining others, till, when we stopped at Atlanta, we had of those who had started from Savannah, only the two "hard shells," who were going to Marietta to attend a general convention.

Now, thought I, were it not out of fashion to moralize, I could well compare the railway train to the course of life. How few who set out from the same point, journey through the route of life together! Through how many scenes are we hurried, some full of beauty, others dull, gloomy, sorrowful! How many different characters come and go on the scene of action; some who interest us by their beauty, their grace, their intelligence, or by a secret chord of sympathy, which draws souls together, flit before our vision, vanish, are forgotten, or are afterwards only momentarily recalled by some transient association of ideas! It may be that I had the fair Mississippian in my mind, when I reflected thus. The course of man's existence does not run so smoothly, however, as the railcars, though the swiftness of its flight, and the dangers which attend

it, may heighten the similitude. But I do not feel in a very moralizing mood, for here we are in the *ci-apres* capital of the Southern confederacy, and I am as hungry, dusty and tired, as a journey of three hundred miles on the cars will make one. Atlanta had the appearance of a very thriving, busy place when I was there, bustling, crowded, full of strangers, most of whom were foreigners—Germans and French; and two or three locomotives were puffing, and whistling, and blowing—people shouting, porters running hither and thither with baggage, passengers cursing and crowding the platforms, so that my ideas were all put to flight. It is here that the State road, the Macon and Western, and the Augusta road, come together; consequently, a great concourse of the traveling public happen to be thrown together here occasionally.

The embryo metropolis did not prepossess me very highly in its favor; but it has the germs of its future destiny already budding, in having the most impudent, dissolute and rowdy population of any village in the South. I am told that at least half of the whole population are professed gamblers and *filles de pave*, with a considerable sprinkling of pick-pockets, horse thieves and incendiaries, as spice to the condiment.

I took the Georgia road here, to pay a visit to Stone Mountain. I had intended to describe it in detail—the singular and lofty cone of rock which crowns its summit—the grand view to be obtained from the top, and all that sort of thing; but I find that it has already been amply lionized, *vide*, for instance, "Georgia Illustrated," and "White's Statistics of Georgia."

As we were going down to it, the sun was very hot, and the cars full of dust, and my head roaring and singing from the eternal *clackity-clack, clackity-clack* of the wheels clattering over the loose rails. I was admiring the way in which the trees and bushes were dancing and whirling around from the rapid motion, when suddenly, with a crashing jar, the cars jammed together, pitching the *Mississippienne*, who sat behind me, right upon my head, the car careened, and suddenly dashed from the track into a wheat field, and, by the time I could collect myself, it was whirled over on its side, and there we—stopped. There was quite as much swearing, screaming, praying and shouting, as is usual when such calamities occur. I have been wont to pique myself on my self-possession in such cases.

Next day I returned and proceeded to Marietta, where I proposed making some stay. It is a beautiful little village, of some three or four hundred inhabitants, situated in a very picturesque site, with Kennesaw mountain for a back ground.

There are some very handsome residences around the village, particularly that of Col. G., Kennesaw Hall, the seat of Governor McDonald, Tranquilla, of Gen. H., and many tasteful summer cottages of wealthy planters, from the lower country, who find a delightful and healthy retreat here in the sickly season.

While at Marietta, I had the pleasure of seeing an original and beautiful portrait of Sallie Mackintosh, daughter of the celebrated Cherokee chieftain, who was murdered by his tribe for having treated with the whites for the sale of the lands belonging to the nation, comprising what is now known as Cherokee Georgia. The circumstances of his death were very romantic and tragical, and I may some day give them in detail. I hav'nt space now.

My friend Col. K. and myself made a pilgrimage to his tomb, which

is, I think, in Heard county, on the plantation whereon he formerly dwelt. There was no monument, or even grave-stone, erected over the little mound of turf which indicated his resting-place, and an old hen had made her nest on it, and had just laid an egg as we came up, and made so much noise with her cackling, that our ideas of solemnity were all entirely upset, and instead of "soliloquizing on the mutability of human events," we both broke into a fit of laughter. *Sic transit gloria*—the remains of Cæsar stopping a beer barrel—the grave of the Cherokee hero—for such he was, and more worthy the title than many on history's page—converted into a nursery for young piplings.

The portrait above mentioned, which was in the possession of Col. K., was taken from life, and found by him in a tavern, in the little village where it had been thrown aside, in one of the bedrooms, as a thing of no value; it would, however, be inestimable to the antiquarian, for even as a specimen of art it was a masterly production. She was a half-blood, and her large intelligent eyes, soft, brown complexion, long luxuriant raven tresses, (not equal to those of Miss. F. H., however,) which fell unadorned but by their own loveliness over her shoulders; her exquisitely moulded nose and mouth, which had a mingled expression of majesty and gentleness, of timid wildness and native grace and intellect, that was exquisitely beautiful and original, and her rich semi-oriental dress, all made her look more like a houri from heaven than an Indian chief's daughter. A divine creature must have been Sallie Mackintosh, (I am told she was highly cultivated and accomplished, too,) and merited a better fate and a better chronicler than to be the wife of a Georgia planter, and scribbled about by a curiosity-seeking tourist.

With my friend Col. K., himself a lawyer, I visited the sessions of a country justice's court held in the piny woods, and was much amused with the performances of a half-crazy, half-humorous specimen of the *genus homo*, called Squire Gault by the sallow gawky natives in homespun trowsers and cotton shirts, who sat about on stumps and logs in front of the cabin where the sessions were held, whittling pine-sticks and chewing tobacco. The "squire" seemed to be a very conspicuous personage amongst them, and from the way he fumbled over some papers in a greasy wallet, which had something the appearance of briefs, through a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles, and bustled about whispering to this one and that one confidentially, seemed to have quite a sufficient sense of his importance.

As the liquor began to warm them up, a general fight took place between "Oregon" (which was the high sounding title of the little hamlet of log huts where the court was held, so called, as Col. K., suggested, because it was in dimensions fifty-four feet by forty) and "Big Shanty," a neighboring settlement. A justice of the peace headed the Big Shanty faction, and a constable the Oregonians. Satisfied with Georgia scenes for one day, we did not stay to see the issue of the combat.

Above Marietta the pine grows more and more scarce, and the scenery assumes a wilder and more mountainous character. At Kingston you leave the granite and the cretaceous formation, and large beds of blue limestone make their appearance. I noticed several limekilns along the road from which the lower country is supplied. The land also grows much more fertile as you approach the Tennessee line; and we have long since passed out of the cotton growing section, and are coming to the vast

region of corn and bacon—a country which could supply the world with food.

There is, too, some very fine scenery along here; the streams especially are beautiful, and have the most charming and euphonious Indian names, unhackneyed and original.

We passed the Chattahooche below Marietta, and here we have the Oothcaloga, the Oostanaula and the gentle Etôwa, (which some miserables corrupt into Hightower,) all as beautiful as are their names.

I had heard much talk about the tunnel above Dalton, which was to be finished every week since I came to Georgia six months ago, and finally only completed the day before I went up; in fact I made the first trip through. What from the delay, the inferiority of its construction, and the darkness within, it struck me on the *whole*, without meaning to pun, as being an abominable *bore*.

It is not so long as one on the Baltimore and Ohio road, though from the slowness with which the train passed through, it seemed longer; this one is 1,400 feet, I believe, for the information of those who love to know such stupidities.

About 6 o'clock in the evening, after we left the tunnel, we suddenly came to a dead halt in the woods. "Hallo!" said I, to the conductor, who entered the car I was in, "what's the matter now?" thinking, perhaps, that another accident had occurred.

"Nothing," replied he, "we are here, that's all."

"Where?"

"At Chattanooga!"

I looked around with all my eyes, but deuce a bit of a town could I see. There was a common on one side on which at wide intervals were one or two houses, and a few sheep and cattle feeding, and on the other the untouched virgin forest, but no symptoms of the "city and port of Chattanooga," as it was so pompously termed in its little weekly paper. I could not but laugh at the preposterous vanity of my worthy countrymen, which induces them to designate such a dirty little mudhole as I caught a glimpse of, beyond an intervening bank of clay, by the sounding name of city, because it chances temporarily to be the terminus of a railroad, or some such reason. Its Indian name is the only redeeming quality about it.

I got into a crazy carryall, which had "city omnibus" in staring letters over the door, like a New-York milk-cart, having been pounced upon by a man in a brown holland sack and Panama hat, to go to the "Steamboat Hotel;" and after jolting about up hill and down hollow, over gullies and through briars, with no sign of a road, not without some risk to my neck, and tacking to every point of the compass, we were finally set down at a shackling, unpainted frame-house, which had the advantage of being near the river, as the proprietor informed me, but I found some three hundred yards therefrom.

Finding that I was to be detained here for a day or two to await a boat, I hired a buggy to pay a visit to Lookout Mountain, whose blue heights were looming up in the distance. I had passed over it before on my way from Nashville to Georgia, and then saw on its summit the first pine between Kentucky and the southern line of Tennessee, but now I had the advantage of viewing it in its summer array. It is a grand old mountain, and commands a magnificent view from the top of it; the road winds around its side with the lofty summit above you, and an

almost perpendicular precipice below, so deep and steep that the Tennessee river looks like a glittering silver ribbon away beneath. I thought that I could easily pitch a stone across it; but though my arm is tolerably strong, the pebble rolled only within a foot of the bank on this side. It was a frightful place, I assure you.

Walden's Ridge, just beyond to the north, is another lofty range. The road runs along the very top for two or three miles; and as I came down from Kentucky, a friend who was with me pointed out a spot where our celebrated bandit, Murrell, killed a South Carolinian who was so unfortunate as to have a few thousand dollars in his wallet: it was at a beautiful little spring, which gushed out from a cluster of mossy sandstone rocks, surrounded by a cool shady clump of holly and laurel, which ran across the road, and bounded in a series of cascades, down a deep ravine overshadowed by lofty trees with vine-covered boughs. The first cascade was within a few feet of the road; and it was over this, some fifty feet away down, amid the eternal rocks and shadowy waters, that the robber cast his murdered victim.

When I got back to Chattanooga I found a small boat at the wharf which was to start for Knoxville in an hour, and my servant had already secured me a berth, and had my baggage on board.

It was a miserable little stern-wheel affair, which traveled at the rate of four miles an hour; but the captain was a gentlemanly, accommodating fellow, and did all he could to make me comfortable, and the surpassing loveliness of the beautiful Tennessee more than compensated for the lack of anything else. Tell me not of the Hudson, the Juniata, the Ohio, or even the rugged cliffs of my own dear Kentucky—I have seen them all; but the Tennessee is far, far more beautiful than any of them.

Chattanooga is finely situated, and would be a pretty place were there a town there. So I thought, as we put off as the sun was sinking in the western sky. I ascended the hurricane deck to enjoy the view from the river, which was truly a fine one, just in time to wave an adieu to a couple of acquaintances from Marietta standing on the wharf, who had arrived in the evening train. In the distant west towered the blue misty heights of Lookout Mountain, forming a bold bluff headland with the river, whose quiet stream swept around it, with its glass-green surface covered with the downy filaments of the sycamore and the numerous tribe of *Amentaceæ* which overhung its waters, and forming on its pellucid bosom a white fleecy scum, giving a singular cast to the gentle river as they glistened silvery in a myriad sparkling moats where the sun shone on them unbroken, save by the prow and paddle of light canoe, leaving a long line of blue clear water behind, which would presently close in again.

The deep, boundless forest surrounded the banks on either side, growing close down into the water, with its long branches, twisted roots, and graceful drooping foliage mirrored in the blue expanse o'er which it cast rich deep shadows, and broken here and there by a streak of light, the flash of an arrowy-darting fish, or the dip of a swooping swallow. The dark densely-shaded recesses of the woods, enviably cool and placid, reverberated with the rude wailing refrain of our negro-boatmen; and, in the intervals of the strain, the regular monotonous *haugh! haugh!* of our high-pressure escape pipe—its graceful quick puffs of white steam, as they curled up in wreath and rings, contrasting with the dense, murky clouds of black smoke from the chimneys of the furnace, gushing up in

two immense streams overhead, and banking out in a long line far in our wake.

How different, thought I, as I sat smoking a cigar on the stern of the boat, watching the rainbows forming in the spray of the wheel, and the forming and vanishing of beautiful vistas where the river came to a point in the perspective, shifting and changing each moment as every stroke of the paddles altered the point of view of the living panorama before my eyes—how different this cool, quiet, delightful scene, of mountain and hill, and wood and limped water—this picture of wondrous beauty, far away in the wilds of Tennessee,—this romantic river of the wilderness—to the hot, noisy, crowded, dusty streets, the level and burning sands, and eye-searing whiteness of Savannah!

Here was a dark wood; there a rustling canebrake rising sharp up from the water-line; here a little merry islet, a dense cluster of bushes and trees, so thick that you could see nothing but a mass of green leaves rising up pyramidally, tier above tier, in most picturesque fashion; there a green meadow or a waving field of young wheat—but these were rare; mostly forest scenery in endless variety: a heron perched on the bleached and ragged branch of a dead tree; a flock of wild ducks floating on the water, or, startled by the puffing steamer, flying circling around with wild screams; the delicious flower fragrance of the wild grapes wafted through the cool evening air: such were the charms of the fair Tennessee.

The scenery about Connasauga stream is beyond description beautiful. It would require the painter to do justice to the magnificent outlines and vistas, the depth of shadow, the richness of coloring, the tree-terraced hills, the glorious sunset, and the far up-shooting rays penciled on the soft sky and brilliant tinted clouds, as it sinks just where two lines of romantic hills on opposite sides of the river come to a point with it in the distant perspective, one with a gentler slope, and the other a steep rounded promontory, while a little graceful island between them forms the centre of the background. For miles above where the Connasauga, which deserves its beautiful name, comes out from the dark hills and forests, and mingles its waters with the broad blue Tennessee, the scenery is one continual fairy dream.

In gazing on the rose-colored sunrays forming a line of beauty on the water, I first understood the exquisite beauty of the expression "rosy sea," in the sweet song of "Twilight Dews."

But the supper bell rings; and as I am not so romantic as to feast on things less substantial than tea and biscuit, I will adjourn my admiration until after the vespertinal refreshment, when I have relit my Havana.

Passengers on a steamboat have a disgusting habit of crowding along the table, each to claim a chair, when they see preparations commencing for meals, so that they may not lose a place; and by the time the first stroke of the bell sounds, each man pops himself into a seat and commences bolting the viands; so that a modest, or a well-bred, or a negligent man, is made to wait for the second table. As I consider myself in the two first of these classes, and perhaps in the third, I found, when I descended, the table full.

I walked out on the forecastle, where I found a gentleman in the same situation as myself. We struck up an acquaintance, and I found that he was a fellow-countryman from the rich "Barrens" of Green River; he was a tobacco planter, and on his way to Virginia to purchase slaves.

After tea, sitting down on the very narrow guards, with our feet on the taffrail, conversation turned upon old Kentucky, which was, perhaps, the only subject of interest in common with us; he was a perfect Sir George Touchwood in his way, and a great epicure in wines, cigars, and good eating.

The sun gone down, "up rose the yellow moon," shining in all its romance and magnificence over this wild sylvan scene: just stealing in faint flickering lines of light through the midnight darkness of the interwoven boughs of the ancient forest, but spreading a sheet of liquid silver over the dark, clear river, except where some towering wooded knob cast a long black shadow across its stilly water, and sleeping in mellowed radiance on the dim, dreamy summit of some far away mountain.

The little signal bell tinkled to stop the engine, apparently for the purpose of running the boat alongside of a woodboat, which was moored under a high rocky bank towards which we were approaching. Just beyond the bank, which rounded short off, was a deep, dark, slimy canebrake, whose dismal features were very prominently thrown into view by the murky reddish light of half a dozen smoky pine-knot torches, which as many ivory eyeballed Ethiops, and one or two savage-looking whites, grouped most grotesquely on the flatboat, were holding aloft, to afford light for us to know their whereabouts. It was as wild and picturesque a scene as I ever beheld; the glaring torchlight illuminating the scraggy beetling cliff under which the boat was floating, and throwing into strong relief the motley wild-looking group of boatmen, the dark glistening leaves, now glancing silvery in its red light, of the thousand vines which overhung the rock, and the trees above it, whose gnarled and twisted branches, writhing, serpentine roots, and trembling leaves, were also lit up, and the dense entangled mass of slender, rustling, sleek-shafted canes beyond.

The silver clear moonlight was basking far out on the river surface, but where we were, the cliff before mentioned cast a deep gloomy shadow. We were running into the flat, and some five or six yards from it the men were already uncoiling a rope to make it fast, when I observed a black object in the water, apparently a floating log, but to which my attention was attracted by its having a dark snout of a stump looking out, reminding me forcibly of an alligator, which came gliding along within a few feet of the boat. I could see it distinctly in the light of the glowing furnace, which reminded me, with its lurid flame hues, of the fiery eyes of the monster giants in the nursery tales of my boyhood, as they shed a red blazing reflection, which danced and flickered on the deep glassy water rippling under our bows.

All day we plodded along in our slow creeping concern, always through charming scenery of a similar character to that already described. I was by no means *ennuied*, however: there was a little *naive* Tennesseean who got on board this morning, a pretty little creature, full of life and fun, to whom the captain, her relation, was kind enough to introduce me, and with her I managed to pass away time very pleasantly, and the whims and eccentricities of my friend from Kentucky, till the day following, when, with considerable regret, I bade adieu to the charming scenes of the lovely Tennessee, and to the fair wild flower I had found floating on its bosom.

Knoxville is a dry enough place, though handsomely situated on a green hill. Its narrow, uneven streets, and tall, oldfashioned red brick houses,

with steep roofs and a peculiar air which pervaded it, reminded me of an old Virginia town, and had a quaint air of old times about it, which contrasted strikingly to me with the broad, level streets, shaded with oriental trees, and the span-new white houses, with green blinds, of the more southern towns I had just left.

At Knoxville we found that there was no stage-coach running to Abingdon, Virginia, which was the course we wished to go; and Ryestraw and myself finding our route lay for some distance together, agreed to hire a carriage to carry us as far as Rogersville.

Would I were gifted with the descriptive powers of Walter Scott, to do justice to the magnificent scenery of East Tennessee and Western Virginia! Hundreds of times, in roaming through it, have I exclaimed, truly "all save the spirit of man is divine!" for this wild, poetic, soul-inspiring land, full of scenes of which Arcadia could boast, and many an unsung Vale of Tempe, is inhabited by a race of drawling, vulgar squatters, Bœotian boors, transcendently stupid, on whom all this loveliness is as much lost as "music in a sleeper's ear," and who only think of the mountains, that they are "allfired rocky, and darned hard to climb." I met an English gentleman at Bean's Station, where I stopped for a couple of days to make some sketches, who, from the insatiable thirst of his countrymen for getting into unexplored regions which tourists have not rendered trite, had somehow found his way out here. Contrary to the grumbling, depreciating spirit of John Bull, he was in ecstasies with the country, and assured me—absurd as it may seem to those who choose to believe any thing European, must, *eo nomine*, be perfection—that there was nothing from the blue Gaudalquiver to the Volga which could at all compare with it.

I could not but express my regret that we had no old romantic ruins, picturesque towns, and villages, and castles, no time-honored traditions, to grace these landscapes, so well worthy of such adornment.

"Yes," he replied, "it is that, and the halo of association, which lends such a charm to our European scenery, otherwise it is far inferior.

"But to me," he continued, "who am more accustomed to the other, there is a fascinating interest in beholding these ancient hills clad in an untouched primeval forest, standing now, as they ever have been, since the world began."

"It seems to carry one back to the time when this old earth was in its childhood."

"There is, however," he pursued, "one traditionary association you have, for traditionary now it is, of the noble-hearted, mysterious, and much ill-used red men, who once roamed over these scenes, full of a mournful interest to me."

"I have often thought, sir, that our country, much as I love it, can never prosper with the curse, the damning curse, of the blood of that destroyed race crying unto God for vengeance for their wrongs."

The way in which I formed the Englishman's acquaintance, if not altogether the most romantic, was at least unusual enough. The first evening we got to Bean's Station, my worthy friend Ryestraw, who was troubled with dyspepsia, began inquiring if there were any mineral springs in the neighborhood. He was informed that there were two together, a red and a white sulphur, both issuing from the same rock about a mile off, near the foot of Clinch Mountain, and nothing would do him but he must start right off for them, and carry me with him.

I chanced to take my case of pencils, and colors, and portfolio with me, and I found the springs each in a picturesque little nook in an angle of the mountain where a ravine made down it, that I determined to make a sketch of it. The two, side by side, gushed out from beneath a jutting rock some ten feet high, and covered with rich velvety moss and beautiful ferns. The red sulphur emptied into a large basin cut in the rock some three feet deep, which it covered with a sediment of the most beautiful crimson tint.

Trailed along the rock, and over the bushes which surmounted it, ran a most superb Indian creeper (*Bignonia radicans*) in the wildest tracery of vines and graceful festoons of dark green leaves, and rich scarlet, trumpet-shaped flowers. This creeper, which is a favorite of mine, and a beautiful martagon lily, whose turban-like flowers drooped right over the spring, were my principal objects in making the sketch.

It was here that I first saw that very beautiful shrub, the mountain laurel (*Rhododendron maximum*); here were all the three varieties of Puroh, the white, the rose, and the purple, all blooming together; they were now in full flower, and presented a magnificent spectacle, bordering the banks of a small rocky stream. This lovely plant, with its green, glabrous leaves and delicate racemes of flowers, will only flourish on the borders of the cool streams and sprawling torrents of the mountains and valleys; it is never found in lowlands, and cannot be cultivated in gardens.

Mr. Ryestraw, my Kentucky friend, had a mania for cutting walking-sticks, and while I was occupied with my drawing, he clambered up on the rock to cut a young holly which grew just over the brink. While he was whittling away at it, a stout, ruddy-faced gentleman, with gold specs, moustaches, and a barometer in one hand, and a basket of geological specimens in the other, suddenly appeared around a bend, and without observing either of us, stopped to get a drink of mineral water; while he stooped over the basin, suddenly a crash was heard, and a shower of earth, and stones, and decayed leaves, and sticks, came down the rock, and in the midst of it, plop came Ryestraw, helter skelter, and pitched into the Englishman's back as he stooped over, and both soused heels over head into the water.

A few moments sufficed to bring about an amicable adjustment of the difficulty, and hereupon we struck up an acquaintance.

Friend Ryestraw fancied that sulphur water did not suit his complaint so well as chalybeate, and set off the day after this adventure for a very strong one which he had got wind of, some twelve miles east of the Station, where he proposed spending a week or two before he went to Virginia. He was to take the hack and my black valet and his own, and I was to take a seat in the stage, which I was informed would commence running in a day or two, and join him there.

Bean's Station was so named when the Land of the Cherokee was in possession of the rightful owners of the soil, and was originally a fortified garrison, to protect the interloping Saxon from the marauding Indians. Some thirty years ago it was probably the most valuable tavern stand in the United States, being situated at the crossing of what were then two great thoroughfares—one from Virginia westward, and the other from Kentucky southward—the latter called the Great Wilderness Road, and two-thirds of all the tide of emigration, and the travel between the

Atlantic and the Great West, passed along these two roads, and Bean's Station was the halting place for all this swarm of travelers. There is no village, only a large three-story brick building;—as many as four hundred persons have staid over night here at one time. The property was immensely valuable; so much so, that the proprietor refused twenty thousand dollars for one acre of land to build an opposition inn upon. He monopolized the whole concern, owned all the land for miles around the crossing—found a market for every item of produce that he could raise, and amassed, of course, an enormous fortune.

But the palmy days have forsaken it. The iron arteries through which the life current now rolls westward, have dried up this channel. It is still valuable property, but bears no comparison to what it was in former days. The present proprietor is an old bachelor, and somewhat of a Don Juan in his way, I am told, having no less than *eighty* progenitors of the first degree of every possible shade of color, of white, red and black.

The English gentleman and myself made several excursions in the neighborhood, and were richly rewarded by obtaining some magnificent views.

The mountains generally run in long unbroken ridges for hundreds and hundreds of miles, with broad, fertile and beautiful valleys between; but in many places this arrangement is broken in upon, and peaks, knobs and bluff headlands, of every imaginable variety of outline, are scattered in the most picturesque confusion, with narrow gaps between, deep dells and glades exquisitely beautiful, with high steep hills surrounding them, down which breaks some mountain torrent or thundering cascade. Occasionally, in coming to the mouth of one of these gaps, where you have been pent up in a narrow amphitheatre of wooded mountains, you catch a view down one of those great valleys, for twenty miles, perhaps, with the long ridges, on whose sunny sides the cloud shadows are sleeping dreamily, or chasing across after each other, sweeping away and gradually becoming bluer and more indistinct, till they come to a point where they disappear in the horizon; another turn discloses to your view a deep shady green dingle, entirely closed in by hills; and another gives you a view of the wild rapid Holston or Clinch, (pity they had not better names, for they are both magnificent streams,) glittering in the sunshine, or roaring, rushing rapidly around some rugged cliff foaming over the rocks, and shadowed into mellow tints by the beetling bluff.

There is one place east of Bean's Station—Red Bridge, it is called—where the Holston comes in sight of the road, debouching from two gigantic and very precipitous hills, where the scenery is truly superb.

But I would soon exhaust all the superlatives in the language in attempting to describe this endless profusion and variety of beauty.

Nature has been so prodigal here, that one is bewildered in trying to make a selection; and there is so much that is different and yet blended, and each displaying some peculiar excellence, that one is loath to leave them untouched, and yet finds himself guilty of repetition in attempting to convey an idea of their peculiarities.

The view from Clinch Mountain Pass is not only beautiful, but most grandly sublime. The "Pass," which is where the Wilderness Road crosses the mountain, is at least a thousand feet above the surrounding country; (friend Ryestraw's pate having damaged the barometer, we could not obtain an exact measurement.) On it you overlook the highest

ranges around; you are elevated away above the whole adjoining counties; and the long ranges of mountains and valleys look for all the world like plough furrows in an old field, and the isolated peaks seem like mole-hills below. Did you ever notice, where a hard washing rain had worn out a gully or ravine, the wave-like ridges which the water has made? They have a peculiar and distinguishing character about them. I could not help thinking, when gazing on this tremendous scene, that a deluge had once hurled its mighty world of waters over this vast expanse, and washed up these huge mountain ranges as the rain-swollen rill forms its little ridges in a gully.

Again, in casting a pebble into a pond, didst never notice, as each receding wave grew fainter, how a succession of little striated sinuosities formed by each deposit? Cast your eye over the map, and you will find a striking analogy in the appearance and arrangement of the Apalachias, in regard to their position to the ocean shore, to which, of course, the deluge receded, when God sent a mighty wind and dried the waters from off of the face of the earth.

The view from Clinch Mountain Pass was the grandest scene I had yet beheld, though one of a similar character on Cumberland Gap is even superior. A mortal plodding over the plains and lowlands is bounded by his little narrow horizon, and gets but a dim, indistinct idea of the magnitude of the planet on which we dwell. But here you gain some conception, in gazing over a hundred miles in every direction of this expansive scene, with the mighty irregularities of the earth's surface, miniatured in the vast depth and distance: the faint outlines of the misty, snow-clad summits of Mount Mitchel and Black Mountain, the two highest peaks in the United States, looming up like a dim cloud against the far horizon south of you. You seem to take in some segment of our globe, and almost fancy you can *see* its convexity.

There has evidently been some great convulsion of nature hereabouts, for the *dip* of the strata of rocks is exceedingly varied; in several places, it is perfectly perpendicular. In many places, the upheaval exhibits very remarkable phenomena, altogether unaccountable to me, particularly a stratification of shale, a section of which has much the appearance of curled maple, and others I observed strangely contorted. I found a grand interclinal axis running north and south, at Tazewell in Claiborne county. My English friend informed me, that the geological description of this part of the country in "Lyell's Tour," is very deficient and inaccurate.

Here I also found two varieties of the cucumber tree in great abundance, and some of them of immense size—the *Magnolia acuminata* and *M. marcrophylla*. The botany of this country, and especially the *sylva*, is very rich, and, in a great measure, unexplored.

But I must close these desultory sketches, though I have many more things to describe: the Natural Tunnel in Scott County, Va.—the Falls of Muddy Creek, (which, notwithstanding their repulsive name, are a magnificent spectacle, and superior to those of Tuccoa and the beautifully named Tahlula in Georgia,) and the salt wells and gypsum quarries in Washington county, Va. And here you and I, gentle reader, will bid adieu to the Land of the Cherokee.

ADMIRALS.*

JEREMY BENTHAM says, there is no abuse but will find supporters. In illustration of his opinion, he tells of certain barbarous countries in which the pronunciation of a particular word gave to those pronouncing it the right of committing murder at pleasure. He supposes that if it was proposed to establish such a law in England, no one would be found supporting it; but that if it was in existence, many voices would be raised against its repeal. Certain doings in this model republic would perhaps convince him, that very great abuses once gotten rid of, may still find advocates for their restoration. This perversion of judgment is no more true, and scarcely more strange, than that which leads the representatives of the people to place themselves in opposition, not only to the sense of the people, but to the spirit of the institutions which constitute our government.

The Naval Committee of the late House of Representatives has put forth a report, in which, among other recommendations, some reasonable and some ridiculous, it has one for the creation of admirals! We are not among those who would quarrel with words or persons, because they have been found in aristocratic company, unless there may be reason for suspecting them of being contaminated with aristocratic principles; but this suspicion attaches very strongly to the proposed naval title.

In our political, ecclesiastical, legal, social, educational and charitable systems, we have stricken out new and independent courses, rules and forms —those widely different from the models offered us by European nations. In all these arrangements, so deeply affecting the interests of humanity, Europe is pointing to us with admiration, and sending to us for instruction in such matters as she may hope to imitate. In our military institutions we have been more servile, less original, and less consistent; consequently these are not in harmony with our general organization, and are the sources of much and growing popular dissatisfaction and complaint.

The steady and calm expression of popular sentiment has compelled, despite the opposition of the naval oligarchy, one wide and bold departure from our monarchy-borrowed rules, in the abolition of the lash; and before the navy can again hope for popular support, it must throw behind it its antique and foreign constitution, and undergo such a thorough remodelling, as shall bring it into harmony with our country, people and institutions. It must be placed upon that footing which secures the best men for their respective duties, applies to them some test which, through their whole lives, ascertains that they are competent to the responsibilities, to the rank and station which they reach by increasing years. Those who are called to fill high stations in other departments of the public service, are called from the qualities of fitness they manifest, or are supposed to manifest, at the time of election or appointment. In the naval service, it is sufficient for a youth to manifest a tolerably respectable character in his twenty-first year, to indicate the highest honors and rank for him forty years afterwards; it matters but little what may have been the degeneration of character or capacity in the meantime. Such a state of things

* Report of Naval Committee, 30th Congress.

constitutes a more essential aristocracy, than that of the French nobility after its hereditary character was abolished and its titles retained; because it makes station the result of accident and not of merit: the accident is only that of longevity instead of birth, and is nowise different in principle. There can be no wonder that a navy so constituted, degenerates from an efficient instrument of the people, into a privileged institution for the benefit of the individuals composing it, and is entirely at variance with republican forms.

Whilst so much reform is needed, it is no time to be binding the navy by additional ligatures to the corruptions of other ages and other countries, which for us should be buried and out of sight.

There is something in a name. Our chief magistrate is an elective magistrate: what matters it, it may be asked, whether he is called Emperor, King, or President? Much. Names are the symbols of forms and ceremonies, of power and prerogative, and familiarity with the name brings us closer to the thing signified. The same remark applies with greater force to the title of admiral, which, if established, is to be reached by the accident of long life.

If the President of the French accomplishes the title of Emperor, is it believed that France will remain long without imperial institutions?

The higher officers of the navy have the credit of wielding, from their rank, a despotic power, which impedes progress and crushes reform. Too often the legislative and executive departments, instead of taking up measures of reform, and judging of them with an independent and masculine discrimination, refer them to a board of naval officers, chosen from their rank. This rank, it has been seen, is no measure of capacity, and consequently the measures are referred to those without sufficient force of character to throw off the trammels of routine. Their prejudices and their interests are opposed to reform—the nature of the reports may be known before they are made, and is always such as sinks principle beneath precedents and privilege; consequently they are at war with public sentiment; and the expenditure of time and money ends in abortion. The reports of several such boards, put forth in pomp, parade and ceremony, have fallen palsied and dead before the first glances of popular common sense. In the meantime the navy stands still, or rather falls behind a progressive age. The people, Congress, and the Executive, must take reform out of the hands of Navy Boards. Such being the evil influence of rank without capacity, it would not be diminished by the adoption of the higher title of admiral, whilst nothing would be gained for efficiency. Would the late letter of Daniel Webster to Chevalier Hulsemann have been more powerful, had it been written by the Earl of Marshfield, instead of plain Daniel Webster? More probably the true and strong man would have been lost in the artificial nobleman, and the advocate of national rights dwindled into the scrambler for class privileges.

The dignity and efficiency of our diplomatic agents have been the subjects of commendatory notice in the independent political press of Europe, and they have been the more distinguished for their plain republican and unostentatious style. So much is this emblematic of the country they represent, that it should be studied by those whose circumstances would permit more ostentation and splendor. The plain garb and the leather shoe-strings of Benjamin Franklin, contrasted greatly with the brilliant decorations of the court of France, but took nothing from the

philosopher's power and influence. None who consider his courtly manners, ready tact and great sagacity, will attribute this attire to ignorance and simplicity of character, but must feel convinced that he sagaciously selected it as the true decoration and emblematic costume of a republican ambassador. So long as we preserve this simplicity, and play brains and honesty against dinner tables and drawing-rooms, our diplomacy will be effective, and our nautical police may be managed without admirals.

The following extract from the speech of the Hon. Edward Everett, at the late anniversary festival of the New-York Union, in honor of the memory of Washington, eloquently sets forth the dignity of republican official station, irrespective of the adventitious aid of ornament and title. Not a word is necessary to point the application of Mr. Everett's remarks to the subject of this paper.

"I have trodden with emotion the threshold of Westminster Hall, and the Palace of Justice, in France. I thought with respect of a long line of illustrious chancellors and justices, surrounded by the insignia of office, clothed in scarlet and ermine, who, within their splendid halls, have, without fear or favor, administered justice between powerful litigants. But it is with deeper emotions of reverence—it is with something like awe—that I have entered the Supreme Court at Washington. It is not that I have heard there strains of forensic eloquence rarely equalled, never surpassed, from the Wirts, the Pinkneys and Websters—it is because I have seen there a specimen of the perfection of the moral sublime in human affairs.

"I have witnessed from the low dark bench, destitute of the insignia of power, from the lips of some grave and venerable magistrate, to whom years and grey hairs could add no new titles to respect, (I need write no name under that portrait,) the voice of justice and equity has gone forth to the most powerful states of the Union, administering the law between citizens of independent states, settling dangerous controversies, adjusting disputed boundaries, annulling unconstitutional laws, reversing erroneous decisions, and, with a few mild words of judicial wisdom, disposing of questions a hundred fold more important than those which, within the past year, from the plains of Holstein, have shaken the pillars of continental Europe, and all but brought a million of men into deadly conflict with each other."

Having carefully sought for some substance in the arguments for the institution of admirals, the most we have been able to make of them is a mere question of smoke and noise. It is said that our chief naval commanding officers cannot have as many guns fired in their honor as if they were called admirals, or as many as they fire for persons who are called admirals. A very simple rule settles that question. We say to the foreigner: "we fire as many guns for you, as you will for us; and if we cannot agree upon that, we both save our powder for more useful purposes, and avoid a great deal of noise and confusion, without any interference with our friendly relations."

A PROPOSAL TO ESTABLISH AND MAINTAIN

ONE UNIFORM SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES & COINS

AMONG ALL CIVILIZED AND COMMERCIAL NATIONS.

"To consult the welfare of the people is the first great law."

"If a Millennial period for this world is ever to come, (as many wise have deemed, and pious prayed,) it must be preceded by *one common language* and *one common system of weights and measures* as the bases of intercourse."—ALEXANDER.*

IT is confidently believed, that no circumstance would have such a happy influence upon the social and commercial intercourse of nations, as

ONE UNIFORM SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES AND COINS;

and the author of this paper, availing himself of the opportunity, proposes it to the executive committee of the London Industrial Convention; and by their influence, to the friends of commerce, industry and reform throughout the world.

It is obvious that the simplest transaction of traffic cannot be carried on without some knowledge of *weights* and *measures*, and very little intercourse can be had, with advantage, without the aid of *coins;* yet, in regard to all of them, there exists a paucity of information, and a lamentable want of uniformity, which is calculated, at all times, to create confusion, and often to encourage fraud and imposition. While other branches of knowledge have been rapidly advancing towards perfection, those of weights, measures and coins have remained stationary; science seems to have considered them unworthy of her notice,—while the arts have contributed but little to their improvement. The Rev. Rogers Ruding, the learned author of "Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain," remarks that, "from the time of the eminent artist Simon, to the present, [1840,] (with the exception of that period which is filled with the works of Croker,)† *the art of coining has declined with a rapidity, for which it is not easy to account.*"

The most ancient method of trading was, doubtless, by plain barter: exchanging one article, directly, for another; but even this could not have been extensively prosecuted, without the aid of weights and measures.

Afterwards, some necessary of life became the object of general exchange, as, for instance, "cattle," in the ancient meaning of that word, "pecunia," which now includes both "cattle" and "money." The legal term "chattels," includes all personal property, and it was not until more modern times that domestic animals were exclusively denominated "cattle."

The next step upon the ladder of improvement was, to exchange the metals, *by weight*, for some other useful article. Accordingly, we find Abraham *weighing* to Ephrom the 400 shekels of silver he gave for a burial place in Machpelah. (Gen. xxiii.: 14, 16.) This was 1860 years B. C. So, Joseph, 1727 years B. C., was sold for 20 shekels *in weight* of silver; and his brethren, 1707 years B. C., carried back, in their sacks, the *same weight* of precious metal which they had previously exchanged, in the same manner, for corn. And lastly, in the time of Jeremiah, which

* J. H. Alexander, author of the very valuable Dict. of Weights and Measures.
† i. e. The reign of Queen Anne and part of that of George I.

was only 590 years B. C., we find that prophet "*weighing in a balance*" the 17 shekels of silver which he gave for his cousin's field.

Here, then, we perceive that, for 1000 years, bartering with a metallic medium had not got beyond ascertaining its value, by its weight, at every transaction.

The ancient Grecian weights and coins had sometimes the same names; thus plainly pointing back to the time when the uncoined metal was weighed for the purposes of exchange. In fact, we have no certain knowledge of any *coined* money until about 561 years B. C., when Crœsus, the fifth and last of the Mermnadæ who reigned in Lydia, and who was, proverbially, the richest of mankind, coined his *Crœsi.*

We are aware that the point of precedence in coinage is contended for the Lydians, the Æginetans, the Thessalonians, and the Phœnicians, and that some respectable authors say that money was coined in Argos, in 894, B. C.

It was a long time before the Jews made coins. The first mention of theirs, in history, is when Antiochus Sidetus, the 7th King of Syria, granted the privilege to Simon the Maccabee, which, according to some writers, was about the 150th, and, to others, the 139th year B. C. These coins weighed each one shekel, were stamped, in Hebrew, with the words, "*The Shekel of Israel;** they weighed, according to Alexander,† 0.032068 lb., but according to Josephus, they were equal to 4 Attic drachmes; each of which are rated, by Alexander, at 67.38 grains. Specimens of this most ancient coin are said to have been handed down to modern times, and although much worn, they are said to weigh from 215 to 229 grains of Troy.

The first Roman coins of silver are said to have been made about 266 or 269 years B. C., and their first of gold ones, 207 B. C.; but they are represented to have been in common use in Greece in the time of Solon, about 600 years B. C.

The temple of Juno Moneta was the Roman Mint, and the word "moneta," (whence comes our word "money,") referred to the image upon the coin.

The Hebrew weights were the Beka, which, according to Alexander, is 0.016043 lb.; the Gerah,‡ 22.46 grains; the Kichkar, 96.258287 lb.; the Maneh, 1.925166 lb.; the Shekel, 0.032068 lb., and the Talent.

The table of weights, for weighing silver, is as follows—(*See Ap. to Morse's Gazetteer.*)

		lb.	oz.	dwt.	grs.	
20 Gerahs,.....	=					
Shekel,.....	=	0	0	9	$2\frac{4}{7}$	Troy
1200.....60..Maneh§.	=	2	3	6	$10\frac{2}{7}$	
3,600,000..3000....50..Talent	=	113	10	1	$10\frac{2}{7}$	

But the weights for weighing other things than silver were about $\frac{1}{8}$th heavier.

The Hebrew word Shekel is derived from the verb "to *weigh.*"

† Dictionary of Weights and Measures, by J. H. Alexander. Baltimore. 1850.

‡ "Gerah," a grain, the smallest particle of any thing. See Ex. xxx.: 13.

§ But see Ezekiel xlv. 12. "20 shekels, 25 shekels, 15 shekels, shall be your maneh."

We find some of these names of weights in the tables of weights of other countries, but there is a great discrepancy in the denomination; for instance—

The Talanton of the ancient Babylonians is,	96,258,295	lbs.
" of the ancient Egyptians,	57,754,977	"
" of the ancient Greeks,	96,258,295	"
" Attic; before Solon,	80,215,246	"
" " after do.,	57,754,977	"

from which it will be perceived, that one of the evils herein complained of, viz.—the want of uniformity in weights, commenced at a very early period of the world.

The ancient Greek weights were the following:—

BELOW THE DRACHMA.

| | | |

instance, take the ancient Greek drachme, which, as we have seen, is equal to 112.30.

		Grains.
The Drachm (Apothecaries) of England and the U. S. is,.. =		60
The Drachma of Aix-la-Chapelle is,.....		56,31
"	Berlin,.....	56,40
"	Berne,.....	62,71
"	Cairo,.....	48,60
"	Cologne,.....	56,35
"	Dresden,.....	56,29
"	Frankfort,.....	60,93
"	Germany, generally,.....	57,53
"	Greece,.....	59
"	Hamburg,.....	58,40
"	Hanover,.....	59,03
"	Hungary,.....	48,62
"	Ionian Isles,.....	47,25
"	Leipsic,.....	56,36
"	Lübec,.....	58,45
"	Morea,.....	46,26
"	Mecklenburg,.....	61,27
"	Nürnberg,.....	57,53
"	Smyrna,.....	49,21
"	Tripoli in Africa,.....	48
"	Tripoli in Syria,.....	46,73
"	Vienna,.....	67,69
"	Weimar,.....	56,36
"	Wurtemberg,.....	56,38

The same may be said of the ancient Roman Scrupulum.

		Grains.
The Scruple of England and the United States is,.....		20
"	Amsterdam,.....	19,781
"	Denmark and Holstein,.....	19,177
"	Germany, generally,.....	19,177
"	Holland,.....	20,096
"	Sweden,.....	19,024

This list might be much increased were it necessary.

Before the 18th year of Henry VIII., there was a "*pound*" in England called "the *Tower pound*," lighter than the succeeding "Troy pound" by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce.

The following table of it is found in Ruding's Annals of Coinage:—

$1\frac{1}{2}$	Wheat Corns.			
32	....	24 ..	Pennyweight,*	
		480	20 ..	Ounce.
		5760	240..	12 .. Pound=5,400 grains Troy.

The learned have not agreed upon the origin of the word "*Troy*," as distinguishing a series of weights. Some trace it to the ancient city of that name, at whose fairs it is said to have been first seen; others derive it from the mythological name of the city of London; while a third trace it to "*trois*," three, because, as they say, the pound is divided and subdivided into that number of denominations.† The word "pound" originally meant "weight."

* For the manner which "pennyweight" was derived from the weight of a penn see Adams' Rep. 31.

† See Adams' Rep. 34.

The pound, (lb.) whether of Troy or Avoirdupois, has 5760 grains; and one cubic inch of pure water, (the barometer being 30, and the thermometer 62 Fahr.), is = 252,458.

The Troy weight, as used by goldsmiths since 1527, is divided as follows:—(Before 1527, gold and silver were weighed by the English *Tower* pound of 11½ ounces.)

Grains.				
24..	Pennyweights, (dwt.)			
480.....	20...	Ounce, (oz.)		
5760....	240....	12.....	Pound, (lb.)	

Troy weight, as used by apothecaries *in retail selling*, (for in both buying and selling *at wholesale*, they use the Avoirdupois weight,) is thus divided:

Grains.				
24....	Scruple. (℈.)			
60....	3....	Drachms, (ʒ.)		
480....	24.....	8..	Ounce, (℥.)	
5760....	288.....	96...	12..	Pound, (lb.)

The following table will show the value of a pound *Troy*, as compared with the pound *Avoirdupois*, in the following places:

The pound Troy in	England and the United States	0,822857 lb.
" "	Scotland	1,088778
" "	Old Iron	1,129111
" "	Glasgow Iron	1,406222
" "	Mint of United States	0,822857
	Avoirdupois lb	1,

According to Dr. Young, (who reduced them from Vega,) the following are the discrepancies in the apothecaries' grain, as used by different people:

English	1000	Neapolitan	860
Austrian	1125	Piedmontese	824
Bernese	965	Portuguese	864
French	981	Roman	909
Genoese	850	Spanish	955
German	958	Swedish	955
Hanoverian	978	Venetian	809
Dutch	989		

Troy weight, as used for weighing diamonds and other precious stones, has been, since the 17th century, as follows:

Parts.	
16	Grain=to 0 $\frac{8}{10}$ of a grain of Troy.
4	Carat=to 3½ grains of Troy.

The word "carat" is taken from the name of a *bean*, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree called "*Kaura*."

Avoirdupois weight, sometimes written "haberdupois,"* and anciently averdupois. (Fr.: choses poisable.)

* "Haverdupois"—24 Henry VIII., ch. 3.

Mention of this weight is made in English books in the time of Henry VIII.* It is supposed, by some, that the word is derived from the Romans, "averure," to weigh; and by others, from the French, "*avoir du pois*," to have weight. It was originally used to mean weighable articles.*

The table is as follows:

Drachms.					
16	Ounce.				
256	16	Pound.			
7168	448	28	Quarter.		
28762	1792	112	4	Hundred.	
573440	35840	2240	80	20	Ton.

In England the 100 weight for sugar and wax is=108 lbs.
" " wool " 110
" " iron " 120
" " most other things 112

Mr. Adams, speaking of this and similar abuses of language, says—"Of all the tangles of confusion to be unravelled by the regulation of weights and measures, these abuses of language in their nomenclature are perhaps the most inextricable."—(*Rep. of Sec. of State on Weights and Measures*, 1821.)

The following table, containing the comparison of weights of different places, showing the number of pounds of each place that are equal to 100 pounds Avoirdupois, will be appreciated:

One Hundred Pounds Avoirdupois (English) are equal to

91.81	of Amsterdam,	135.59	of Lucca,
96.75	Antwerp,	104.10	Madeira,
112.60	Barcelona,	143.20	Malta,
92.64	Basil,	143.70	Mantua,
91.	Bergen,	111.63	Marseilles,
96.80	Berlin,	141.93	Modena,
86 85	Bern,	113.58	Montpelier,
92.59	Bilboa,	90.79	Morea,
125.31	Bologna,	110.86	Moscow,
91.72	Bordeaux,	80.87	Munich,
90.93	Bremen,	88.94	Nuremberg,
111.90	Breslau,	139.33	Parma,
90.80	Copenhagen,	139.22	Pisa,
112.	Cracow,	88.16	Prague,
103.07	Dantzic,	108.46	Riga,
97.14	Dresden,	133.69	Rome,
133.56	Florence,	91.80	Rotterdam,
97.02	Frankfort,	87.40	Rouen,
93.63	Hamburgh,	110.86	Russia,
93.20	Hanover,	114.29	Sardinia,
119.27	Konigsberg,	98.40	Spain,
133.56	Leghorn,	98.77	Teneriffe,
97.14	Leipsic,	122.93	Turin,
98.80	Lisbon,	96 77	Ulm.
100.	London,	100.	U. S. of America.
93.83	Lubec,	112.20	Warsaw.

* But see Stat. 9 Ed. III. (1335,) and 37 Ed. III. (1353,) and Adams' Rep.

In examining the subject of *measures*, we will find the same difficulties and want of uniformity, and perhaps even more, owing to the circumstance that most of the ancient lineal measures were founded upon comparisons which were, themselves, uncertain.*

The following were the Hebrew long measures, viz., *Digit*—the breadth of a finger. *Palm*—the breadth of four fingers, or of the hand. *Span*—the distance from the end of the thumb to that of the little finger, the hand being extended. *Cubit*—the distance from the elbow to the end of the middle finger.† *Fathom*—the length of the outstretched arms.‡ *Ezekiel's rod*—*Arabian pole*—*Scœnus*, or Egyptian measuring line.

The Hebrew itinerary measures were—

Cubit—*Stadium*—the distance between the pillars at the two ends of the foot-race course at Olympia, which was called the "Stadium."

The *Sabbath days' journey*—*Parasang* of Persia,§ and the *day's journey*.

The table is as follows:—

Digits.								
4	Palm.							
	3	Span.						
		2	Cubit.					
			4	Fathom.				
				100	Stadia.			
					10	Mile.		
						24 days' journey.		

But these measures, founded upon comparisons with parts of the natural body, were erroneous, because those parts are not sufficiently uniform in different members of the human family.

The ancient Greek measures of length were based upon comparisons of a similar character.

Digit,—finger's breadth;—Doron,—4 fingers' breadth;—Lichas.

Orthodoron, the distance from the wrist to the end of the fingers;—Spithame, from the end of the thumb to that of the little finger, the hand being expanded;—Pous, the length of the foot;—Pygme, the distance from the wrist to the elbow;—Pygon.

Pecus from the elbow to the end of the little finger. Pace or Oryga, the length of the outstretched arms. Stadium, the distance between the pillars of the race-course at Olympia; which was 600 times the length of the foot of Hercules.

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* The distance of the outstretched arms is said to be the height, or stature; the pace, 1-2 of the stature; the cubit, 1-4; the foot, 1-6; the span, 1-8. The hand is reckoned 1-3 of the foot, and the breadth of the thumb 1-12. We requested Mr. Jno. G. Megga, of this city, to ascertain from his book of measures what is the average size of the foot of a male in this city. The measurement of the feet of 300 males amounted to 1970¼ inches; the average being $9\frac{681}{800}$ inches. The Grecian pous is 9.10, and the Roman pes is 11.64.

† This measure is spoken of before the flood; but it seems that in after times there were 3 cubits, viz., the cubit of man, 17 inches; the cubit of the king, 21 inches; and that of the sanctuary, 35 inches.—(*Adams' Rep.* 16.)

‡ This length was supposed to correspond with the height of the individual, and every body knows how essentially heights differ in different individuals.

§ Parasangs, a Persian measure of roads. Persæ Schœnos et Paraganasa, alii alia mensura determinant.—(*Plin.*)

The table of Greek *small* measures of *length*, is as follows :—

														F.	I.
Daktulos,														=0	0,75
2	Kondulos,													=.	1,51
4	2	Palaiste,												=.	3,03
8	4	2	Dikas, or (or Doron.)											=.	6,06
10	5	2.5	1.25	Dikas, (Emipodion.)										=.	7,58
11	5.5	2.75	1.375	1.01	Orthodoron,									=.	8 34
12	6	3	1.5	1.2	1.09	Spithame,								=.	9.10
16	8	4	2	1.6	1.45	1.3	Pous,							=1	0.13
18	9	4.5	2.25	1.8	1.63	1.5	1.125	Pugme,						=1	1.65
20	10	5	2.5	2	1.81	1.6	1.25	1.1	Punons,					=1	3.17
24	12	6	3	2.4	2.18	2	1.5	1.3	1	D.Pekus				=1	6.20
Pous,														=0	000 1.01
	2.5	Bema,												=.	. 2.52
	6	2.5	Orguia,											=.	2 6.06
	10	4	1.6	Dekapous, (or Kalamos.)										=.	3 1.11
	60	24	10	6	Amma,									=.	20 0.68
	100	40	16.6	10	1.6	Plethron,								=.	33 2.14
	600	240	100	60	10	6	Stadion,							=.	202 0.87
	1200	480	200	120	20	12	2	Diaulos,						=.	404 1.75
	2400	960	400	240	40	24	4	2	Ippikon,					=.	809 0.50
	7200	2880	1200	720	120	72	12	6	3	Dolikos,				=1	667 1.51

The ancient measures of length among the Romans were :—

Sextula, (the 6th part.)
Siciliquus, (the 4th part.)
Semiuncia, (the one-half.)
Digitus, fingers' breadth.
Uncia, 12th part of anything.
Palmus, the breadth of four fingers.
Pes, the length of the foot.
Palmipes, the length of the foot, and breadth of four fingers added.
Cubitus, the distance from the elbow to the end of the middle finger.
Pes Sestertius.
Passus.
Decempeda.
Actus.
Milliare.

The following is the ancient Roman table of lengths :—

														Inches.
Sextula,														=0.16
1.5	Siciliquus,													0.24
3	2	Semiunica,												0.48
4.5	3	1.5	Digitus,											0 72
6	4	2	1.3	Unica,										0.97
18	12	6	4	3	Palmus,									2.91
72	48	24	16	12	4	Pes,								11.64

														Yds.	Ft.
Pes,														=0	0,97
1.25	Palmipes,													.	1,21
1.5	1.2	Cubitus,												.	0
2.5	2	1.6	Pes Sestertius,											.	2,
5	4	3.3	2	Passus,										1	1,85
10	8	6.6	4	2	Decempeda,									3	0,70
120	96	80	48	24	12	Actus,								38	2,49
5000	4000	3333	2000	1000	500	41.6	Milliare.							1617	275

These ancient measures of length, being founded upon comparison with certain parts of the body, ought to correspond; but that they do not, will be perceived by the following table:—

	Scripture Long Measure.	Grecian.	Roman.
Digit,—Digit transversus,	0 in. 912 dec.	0 in. 7554 dec.	0 in. 725 dec.
Palm, Palma minor or Doron,	3 " 648 "	3 " 0218 "	2 " 901 "
Span, or Spithame,	10 " 944 "	9 " 0656 "	1.2 " 505 "
		F.	I.
Pous, or Pes,	" "	1.0 " 0875 "	11 " 604 "
Cubit, Cubitus, or Pecus,	1.9 " 888 "	1.6 " 1312 "	1.5 " 406 "
Fathom, Pace, Passus, (or Orgya.)	7.3 " 552 "	6.0 " 525 "	4.10 " 02 "
		Yds. F. I.	Yds. F. I.
Stadium,		201 1.7-78	200 4.4-5
Mile, or Milliare,		1612 1.2-24	1161 2.0-0

The lineal measures now in use in commercial countries, having taken their origin from the foregoing ancient long measures, it becomes a curious subject of inquiry, how far they agree; we select for the experiment, the *foot* measure.

	Foot.
That of England and the United States, is equal to,	1
Amsterdam,	= .930
Antwerp,	= .940
Augsberg,	= .972
Barcelona,	= .992
Berlin	= "
Berne,	= .962
Bologna,	=1.244
Bremen,	= .955
Breslau,	=1.125
Brussels,	= .902
China,	=1.127
Constantinople,	=2.195
Copenhagen,	=1.049
Dantzic,	= .923
Dresden,	= .929
Florence,	= .995
Geneva,	=1.119
Hamburg,	= .933
Leghorn,	= .992
Leipsic,	=1.034
Lisbon,	= .952
Madrid,	= .915
Marseilles,	= .841
Moscow,	= .928
Munich,	= .947
Palermo,	= .749
Paris,	=1.066
Prague,	= .987
Riga,	= .933
Rome,	= .966
Stockholm,	=1.073
Turin,	=1.676
Venice,	=1.137

	Foot.
Vienna,	=1.036
Ulm,	= .826
Utrecht,	= .741
Warsaw,	=1.169
Zurich,	= .976

By the preceding table, it is shown, that if any person, residing in London or Philadelphia, was to order *exactly one foot* of any article from each of the above 38 foreign places, he would be surprised to find, upon their arrival, that no two of them agreed in length. We have confined ourselves to *measures of length;* would time admit, it were easy to show that those of *capacity* and *surface* would exhibit similar results.

The Hebrew silver money, copying the names of their weights, were the Gerah—the Bekah—the Shekel—the Maneh, or Mina-Hebrica, and the Talent. The gold coins were the Solidus Aureas, or Sextula—the Shekel of gold, and the Talent of the same metal.

The table is as follows:

		L.	S.	D.
Gerah	=	0	0	1
10..Bekah	=	0	1	1
20.....2...Shekel	=	0	2	3
1,200...120.....50.....Maneh	=	5	14	0
60,000..6,000...3,000.....60 ...Talent of silver..	=	342	3	9

The Solidus was=12*s.*—the Shekel of gold, £1 16*s.* 6*d.*, and the Talent of gold to £5475.

The Grecian coins, in like manner, follow their *weights*, viz.:

BELOW THE DRACHM.

		D.	Cts.	M.
Leptron	=	0	00	0.5
7 Kalkous	=	.	.	3.6
14.....2...Dikalkon	=	.	.	7.3
28.....4....2.Emiobolion	=	.	1	4.6
56.....8....4.....2.Obolos	=	.	2	9.3
112.....16....8.....4..2.Diobolon	=	.	5	8.6
224.....32...16.....8..4...2.Tetrobolon	=	.	11	7.2
336.....48...24....12..6...3....1.5 Drakme.	=	.	17	5.9

ABOVE THE DRACHM.

Drakme	=	.	17	5.9
2.....Didrakmon	=	.	35	1.8
4.....2....Tetradrackmon	=	.	70	3.7
20.....10.....5..Krusous	=	3	51	8.6
100.....50.....25.. 5...Mna	=	17	59	3.2
6,000.....3,000...1,500..300..60.Faltulon (of Silver.)	=	1055	59	3.2
60,000....30,000.15,000.3,000.600.. 10 Tantalon (of Gold.)	=	10555	93	2.6

The ancient Romans reckoned their *copper* money by asses,*—their silver money by sestertii, and their gold money by the Attic talent. Servius Tullius was the first who caused money to be coined by stamping on brass the image of *cattle.*

The Ass was originally *one pound weight*, but it gradually diminished

* Des. brass.

to $\frac{1}{24}$ of a lb. It was divided into 12 equal parts, called "Unciæ," whence comes our "*ounce.*"

The Sestertuus, or sesterce, was equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ asses.

The Aureus of gold was equal to 100 sesterces.

The Talent was variously estimated from 860 to 1020 of our dollars.

The following is the table of ancient Roman money :—

															D.	C.	M.
Teruncius,															=0	0	3 87
2	Sembella,														=.	.	7.74
4 ..	2	Assipondium, (as Libella.)													=.	1	5.48
8 ..	4 ..	2	Dupondius,												=.	3	0.95
10 ..	5 ..	2.5 ..	1.25	Sestertius,*											=.	3	8,68
20 ..	10 ..	5 ..	2.5 ..	2	Quinarius, (or Victoriatus.)										=.	7	7.38
40 ..	20 ..	10 ..	5 ..	4 ..	2	Denarius,†									=.	15	4 76
1000 ..	500 ..	250 ..	125 ..	100 ..	50 ..	25	Aureus (or Solidus.)								=3	86	8.46

To learn the *names* only of the coins current in the world (not to mention their denomination), is an onerous tax upon the memory; and, since the rapid mode of traveling by rail-roads has been introduced, wayfarers are obliged to change their money with the progress of days, and even of hours, or they are unable to keep pace with the currency.

Paucton (Metrology, p. 8) says, that standards of weights and measures were established in Egypt at a very remote period; that the side of their largest pyramid was a standard measure, being the 500th part of a degree of the meridian, which had been previously measured.

There were two kinds of shekel weights among the ancient Hebrews, one "of the sanctuary," as it was called, (see *Ex.* xxx. 13,) and the other called "the king's," (see 2 *Sam.* xiv. 26.) It is believed that the former was the *standard.* (See *Ex.* xxx. 13; *Lev.* v. 15 and xxvii. 3, 6.)

There is a fixed weight for each individual coin issued in civilized countries, which is denominated the *standard weight;* and from the great intrinsic value of the materials generally used for the manufacture of money, and the necessity of mixing these materials with others of less value, in order to ensure their preservation, there is another *standard,* viz., that of *fineness.*

We are informed that there was a mint at Athens, where money was coined; here were kept the standard weights for their various coins. The Temple of Juno Moneta was the Roman mint. The term "moneta" (whence comes our word "*money*") referred to the image upon the coin.

The ancient Romans, also, carefully preserved standards of *measure.* Among the articles with the Ruins of Pompeii are steel-yards and scales with weights. One of the former has stamped upon it—

IMP. VESP. AVC. IIX.
T. IMP. AVC. F. VI. C.
EXACTA. IM. CAPITO.‡

Many laudable attempts have been made in England to erect and maintain standards of weights, measures, and coins. So early as Magna

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* $2\frac{1}{2}$ Denarius. † Pieces of 10.

‡ In the 8th Consulate of Vespasian, Emperor Augustus, and in the 6th of Titus, Emperor and son of Augustus. *Proved in the Capitol.*

Charta (1215), it was one of the concessions to the grievances of the subject, that "*there should be one weight and one measure throughout the land.*" This declaration is repeated in several subsequent statutes.

There was a standard *weight* prescribed by a statute of 51st Henry III. (1267), which was an English penny, called "the *sterling*,"* which was to be round, without clipping, and whose weight was 32 grains of wheat, well dried, gathered out of the middle of the ear; and 20 pence was to make an ounce, and 12 ounces a pound.

Writers of the fifteenth century speak of *fixed measures* of length, founded upon a *standard* of 3 barley-corns; and, as these measures appear to have been introduced, generally, into Europe, in the sixteenth century, we may as well give the following tables:

3 Barley-Corns.
4 Digit.
4 Palm.
1½ Foot.
Cubit.
10 palms, or 2½ feet, one step (gressus.)
2 steps, or 5 feet, one pace (passus.)
10 feet, one perch.
125 feet, one Italian Stadium.
5 Stadia, or 1000 paces, one Italian mile.
4 Italian miles one German mile.
5 Italian miles one Swiss mile.

The "*yard*" (yeard) is of Saxon origin, having been originally the circumference or girth of the body. The modern yard was fixed by Henry I., from the length of his arms. The old French foot was, doubtless, called "poid de roi," for a similar reason.

One can hardly suppress a smile at the long and learned (?) discussions in the old books, upon the *kind* of barley-corns, whether they should be grown in the same country, soil, &c., whether they must be placed side by side or end for end, in making the digit.

The British standards of weights and measures have been, from time immemorial, kept in the Exchequer, from which certified copies are furnished; one of these is lodged at Guildhall, for the use of the Founders' Company, to enable them to manufacture weights and measures for the city and those who should desire to buy them; another is kept in the Tower, for the use of the Ordnance officers. Two of these ancient measures were square rods of brass, marked "E," one called "*a yard*" and the other "*an ell*," both supposed to be placed there in the time of Queen Elizabeth, say 1601; the third is marked "H," was never known to be used as a standard, and is supposed to have been deposited in the reign of Henry VII.

The character of these standards may be best judged of by the following description of the *yard*, given by an eye-witness, Mr. F. Bailey, F. R. S., and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, in an elaborate report upon weights and measures, made to that society, and published by them in the 9th volume of their Memoirs, p. 146.

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* Sterling from "Easterling."—*Ruding.*

"I had an opportunity of seeing this curious instrument, of which it is impossible, at the present day (1835) to speak too much in derision or contempt. A common kitchen poker, filed at the ends in the rudest manner, by the most bungling workman, would make as good a standard. It has been broken asunder; and the two pieces have been dovetailed together, but so badly done that the joint is nearly as loose as that of a pair of tongs. The date of this fracture I could not ascertain, it having occurred beyond the memory or knowledge of any of the officers of the Exchequer. And yet, 'till within the last ten years, to the disgrace of this country, copies of this measure have been circulated all over Europe and America, with a parchment document accompanying them, (charged with a stamp, that costs £3 10s. exclusive of office fees,) certifying that they are *copies of the English Standard.*"

In 1742 the Royal Society of London and the Academy of Sciences at Paris held some correspondence on the subject of weights and measures, when Mr. Graham, at the instance of the former institution, made on two brass rods copies of the standard yard at the Tower; one of these was deposited in the archives of the Royal Society, and the other was sent to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The next year Mr. Graham compared the Royal Society's copy of the Tower standard with the original in the Exchequer, and also with the one at Guildhall, and *did not find any two of them agree.*

In 1758 a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the subject of weights and measures. This committee employed Mr. Bird, who made a copy of Mr. Graham's copy of the standard yard, in the possession of the Royal Society of London. This was marked, "Bird's standard yard of 1758," and was, by the committee, lodged with the Speaker of the House of Commons. It is thus described by Mr. Bailey:

"Bird's standard yard of 1758 was a solid brass bar of 1.01 inch square and 36.06 inches long; about 1¼ inch from the end a gold stud is inserted, in which, at the distance of 36 inches, *are two large holes, intended to designate the length of the yard. These holes were, probably, originally points, but by great carelessness, had enlarged so as to make it difficult to ascertain the original centres.*"

It is true that the committee report that they compared this Bird's standard of 1758 with the standard yard in the Exchequer, and with the copy made by Mr. Graham for the Royal Society of the Tower standard, and that *they found them to agree;* but that this must have been a mistake is certain; for as before stated, the Exchequer yard and the copy by Mr. Graham of the Tower measure *do not agree.* The committee recommended Bird's measure of 1758 as "the Parliamentary Standard."

In 1759 another committee was appointed by the House of Commons, who had a copy made of Bird's standard of 1758, which they deposited with the Speaker of the House of Commons. It was marked, "Bird's standard of 1760." It was similar, in form, to the one of 1758; but the holes were still larger and more irregular, and consequently the centre more difficult to ascertain. This committee concurred with the one of 1759, in recommending Bird's measure of 1759 as the national standard. The Commons agreed to these reports, but further action was postponed until 1765, when two bills were reported, but neither of them passed.

In 1814 the House of Commons took up the subject anew, and a committee, by them appointed, again recommended Bird's measure of 1759 as the unit measure of the kingdom; but nothing further was then done.

In 1819 the Prince Regent appointed a commission of learned men, who made three very interesting reports in 1819, 1820 and 1821, respectively. In the first of these they recommended, as the Parliamentary standard, the measure used by General Roy, in the measurement of a base at Hounslow Heath. In the second they recommended the standard of Bird of 1760;—the third made no specification.

In 1821 the House of Commons appointed another committee, to whom all the above mentioned reports of the commissioners were submitted. In 1823 a bill was reported, which, in 1824, resulted in the Act of 5 Geo. IV., chap. 74, adopting the scale of Bird of 1760, "as the original and genuine imperial standard yard of Great Britain, and the only unit standard measure of extension."

Of this standard Mr. Bailey remarks, that it had never been compared with the standard yard kept in the Exchequer, from which it materially differed, being well known to have exceeded it in length nearly $\frac{1}{140}$ of an inch; and moreover, that the experiments made by the commissioners were of a *very coarse nature.*

A month after the passage of the Act of Parliament of 1824, another was passed, delaying the time of its going into operation to 1826.

In 1834 both houses of Parliament were burned, and the Bird standard of 1759 and 1760 were entirely destroyed.

The Act of 1824 provides, that in case the imperial standards shall ever be lost or destroyed, *it shall be renewed and restored by a new one bearing the same proportions to the pendulum;* yet the results obtained by the Commissions appointed by the Prince Regent, who reported the adoption of that standard, *are confidently asserted not strictly correct;* nor has it been ascertained that a pendulum in London, vibrating seconds, bears the proportion to that imperial standard which they, the Commissioners, have stated. (See the report of Mr. Bailey to the Royal Astronomical Society of London, published in the 9th volume of their Memoirs, pages 146 and 147.)*

We will conclude what we have to say upon the British standards, with the notice of what some may think not the least extraordinary circumstance in its brief history, viz., that in 1835 Parliament passed the Act of 5 and 6 Wm. IV, ch. 63, in which the above-mentioned imperial standards of Bird, of 1759 and 1760, are referred to, *as if they were still in existence,* and they are quoted as authorities to be appealed to on every occasion, as if they had not been burned the previous year, (1834), as we have before mentioned.

The standard of measure, according to the new French system, was adopted in 1795, but did not go into operation until some years afterwards; it consists of a meridional circle of the earth, which, for this purpose, has been accurately ascertained by men of science. The whole circle is divided into 40 million parts, or the quadrant into 10 million parts, one of which is the unity of length, called a metre. In order to express decimal proportions in this new system, the following terms have been adopted. The term Deca prefixed, denotes 10 times; Heca, 100 times; Chilo, 1000 times; and Myrio, 10,000 times. On the other hand, Deci expresses the 10th part; Centi the 100th part; and Milli the 1000th

* The Pendulum cannot serve to find the measure of a yard, because there is no aliquot part between the two lengths.—*Hassler.*

part: so that Decametre signifies 10 metres; the Decimetre the 10th part of a metre; &c. The Metre is the element of long measures; Are, that of square measures; the Litre is the element of all measures of capacity; and the Gramme, which is the weight of a cubic centimetre of distilled water, is the element for all weights. For bulky articles, like wood, the Stere is the unity of measure. It is equal to a cubic metre, containing 35.3171 cubic feet, English. This system, according to Mr. Adams, is founded upon the following principles, viz.:

1st. That all weights and measures should be reduced to one *uniform* standard of linear measure.

2d. That this standard should be an aliquot part of the circumference of the globe.

3d. That the unit of linear measure, applied to matter, in its three modes of extension, length, breadth, and thickness, should be the standard of all measures of length, surface, and solidity.

4th. That the cubic contents of the linear measure, in distilled water, at the temperature of its greatest contraction, should furnish at once the standard weight and measure of capacity.

5th. That for every thing susceptible of being measured or weighed, there should be only one measure of length, one weight, one measure of contents, with their multiples and sub-divisions exclusively in decimal proportions.

6th. That the principle of decimal division, and a proportion to the linear standard, should be annexed to the coins of gold, silver, and copper; to the moneys of account; to the division of *time;* to the barometer and thermometer; to the plummet and log lines of the sea; to the geography of the earth and the astronomy of the skies; and, finally, to every thing in human existence susceptible of comparative estimation by weight or measure.

7th. That the whole system should be equally suitable to the use of all mankind.

8th. That every weight and every measure should be designated by an appropriate, significant, characteristic name, applied exclusively to itself. (See Adams' Rep., pp. 47 and 48.)

The 3d of March, 1817, the Senate of the United States resolved, that the Secretary of State be requested to prepare a report upon weights and measures, &c.

On the 22d of February, 1821, the Hon. John Q. Adams made an elaborate report, in which, among other things, he recommeuded to Congress:

1. To declare what were all the weights and measures to which the laws of the United States refer, as the legal weights and measures of the Union.

2d. To procure positive standards of brass, copper, or such other materials as may be deemed advisable, of the yard, bushel, wine and beer gallons, Troy and Avoirdupois weights; to be deposited in such public office, at the seat of government, as may be thought most suitable.

3d. To furnish the Executive authorities of every State and Territory with exact duplicates of the national standards deposited at the seat of government.

4th. To require, under suitable penal sections, that the weights and measures used at all the Custom Houses, Land Surveys, and Post Offices,

and, generally, by all offices under the authority of the United States, in the execution of their laws, should be conformable to the national standards.

5th. To declare it penal to make or use, with intent to defraud, any other weights and measures than such as shall be conformable to the standards.

Mr. Adams remarks, that for the purposes of the law, it will be sufficient to declare that the English foot, being $\frac{1}{3}$d of the standard yard of 1601, in the Exchequer of Great Britain, is the standard unit of the measures and weights of the United States. That, for the purpose of uniformity, it would be desirable to obtain a copy, as exact as the most accomplished art could make it, of the standard yard of 1601, in the Exchequer of Great Britain, made of the same material, brass, but divided with all practicable accuracy into three feet and 36 inches, and each inch further divided into 10th and 100th parts; the rod, with the words "standard yard measure of the United States, 3 feet—36 inches," and the date of the year engraved on one of its sides, should be enclosed in a wooden case, and deposited for safe keeping in one of the offices at the capitol. From the foot measure of this yard the standard bushel and two gallons should be made.

Little did Mr. Adams think, when he made all these provisions for obtaining and preserving this standard of the Exchequer of Great Britain, that, to use the words of Mr. Bailey, "a common kitchen poker, filed at the ends in the rudest manner, by the most bungling workman, would make as good a standard." That, "it had been broken asunder and the two pieces dovetailed together, but so badly that the joint is nearly as loose as that of a pair of tongs." "That the date of this fracture could not be ascertained, it having occurred beyond the memory or knowledge of any of the officers of the Exchequer, and yet, (as Mr. Bailey remarks,) to the disgrace of that country, copies of that measure had been circulated all over Europe and America, with a parchment document accompanying them, (charged with a stamp which costs £3 10s., exclusive of official fees,) certifying that they were true copies of the *English standard.*"

In May, 1830, the Senate resolved, that the Secretary of the Treasury cause an examination of the weights and measures used at the different Custom Houses, examined, and in the month of January, 1832, Mr. Ferdinand Rodolph Hassler made a report, recommending a set of new standards to be made and distributed.

The 16th June, 1836, Congress resolved, that the Secretary of the Treasury should send a complete set of weights and measures to the Governor of each State and Territory, to the end that an uniform standard of weights and measures might be established throughout the United States.

Many of the numerous inconveniences and losses, arising out of the uncertain state of trade and intercourse, pointed out in this paper, might easily be remedied, by adopting and preserving throughout the civilized and commercial world

ONE UNIFORM SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES AND COINS.

Sizes are determined in three ways: 1st, by mere *length*, that is to say, by *one dimension only;* 2nd, by *surface*, which is length multiplied by breadth,—having two dimensions; and 3rd, *solidity* and *capacity*, which

has length, breadth, and height or depth, and which consequently has three dimensions. The last being generally denominated "cubic measure," (from *Kubos*, a solid body consisting of six equal sides,) is dependent for its measurement upon the first and second; and, inasmuch as from *solidity* arises *weight*,—and it is by *weight* that the value of all coins, of equal purity, must be determined—it follows, that in order to form and sustain an uniform system of weights, measures and coins, what is wanting is, to fix upon *an accurate standard of linear measurement.*

What I propose, then, is: that the government of every nation represented at the World's Fair, shall be requested to appoint a competent agent, all of whom to meet at some convenient time and central place, then and there to discuss and adjust this important preliminary to fair and honorable trade and social intercourse between their citizens and subjects.

Let this grand committee, after mature deliberation, fix upon *one certain standard measure of length*, to be thereafter adopted and used in all countries. Let this standard measure of length be the criterion of the extent of all capacities, and (subject to variations in metallic purity, and the fluctuations of exchange,) the index of the value of all coins.

In this age of light and knowledge, when religion, charity and tolerance are every where encouraged,—when the benign principles of liberty and equality of rights are flowing over the four quarters of the globe,—when commerce, regulated by the sound maxims of honesty, is extending from pole to pole,—when social intercourse between man and man, and between nation and nation, is gradually taking place of war, invasion and conquest,—when, by the magic power of steam, time and distance are annihilated, and people of unknown tongues are suddenly and unexpectedly brought face to face,—when the inhabitants of remote places are whispering their thoughts to each other with the speed of lightning,—the improvements here suggested, and they alone, seem wanting to unite all mankind in *one nation,—one people,—one happy family.*

"Esto." "Esto perpetua."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW; SHALL IT BE ENFORCED?

The Thirty-First Congress has adjourned. The leaf which it furnishes in the history of the country will be memorable. It has been an occasion upon which the good ship of state has encountered one of those inevitable storms that try the soundness of her timbers, the strength of her rigging, and the courage and address of the crew.

The meeting of this body may indeed be considered the *fourth* memorable epoch in the history of the United North American States. The *first*, is found in the year 1777, when the Continental Congress of delegates from the thirteen disconnected, separate and independent Colonies, in the face of a powerful nation, whose fleets and armies were hovering upon our coasts and covering our soil—in the face of a strong under-current of treacherous loyalty to our eminent mother, and the incurred penalties of treason, formed the articles of confederation by which they became nominally and by agreement *one*. The *second*, is the grand convention, as, by way of distinction, it is often most appropriately called, when, feeling the insufficiency of the articles of confederation to provide for the government of a great and growing country, the delegates of the States met to combine conflicting interests, compromise conflicting claims, and bring into being the Constitution of the United States of North America. The *third*, was the famous Missouri controversy, the sequel and consequence of the acquisition of Louisiana. A sense of common danger as well as a common and homogeneous feeling, brought the American States into a confederacy. When the danger was passed, a sense of a general and common interest brought them into a confederate union, upon terms debated, cautiously considered, and upon many points reluctantly adopted, upon the principle of bearing lesser evils, and sacrificing something of feeling and of prejudice for the attainment of a greater good. It was entered into in generous confidence, and mutual reliance and good faith. The settlement of the question of Negro Slavery distinguishes each of those memorable epochs. It was one of the great difficulties in forming the Union. It has, upon each occasion, been equally a difficulty in settling its administration and policy: it has on each been a difficulty to be compromised, to be adjusted.

In the same spirit it has been again met by the last Congress: and if their settlement and adjustment shall be ratified by the people and the States, we shall have weathered the storm and got clear of the breakers upon a lee shore, that were already dashing the spray in our very eyes—we are again upon a smooth sea, with a long and prosperous voyage before us.

Our business is not now with the general question of Slavery, nor even with the compromise measures of the last Congress. Our limits forbid the entrance upon so wide a field. They are indeed to be weighed together. Together they were designed to give the country rest. We desire only to offer our mite into the treasury of patriotism—to address a few words to the Northern mind of the free States upon *one* of those measures—The Fugitive Slave bill; Shall it be enforced? Come, let us reason together.

It is among the novelties of the day, that the advocates of "liberty and public order" should be driven to recall the popular mind to the principle

lying at the base of all regulated liberty—that combined and violent resistance to law, is ever fatal to freedom. Laws duly passed by the Legislature, with all the forms of the Constitution, are obligatory upon all, as the expressed will of the majority and of controlling force in the community. Whether or not such laws are in conformity with the organic law, the Constitution, every citizen has a right to question and to test in his own person before the supreme tribunal of the land, submitting himself to the consequences, and taking the responsibility of his disobedience and the risk of being right. In such case, the citizen refers himself to the *higher law*, the Constitution, as his protection from acts lawless and unauthorized. But to say, that individuals, and collections and associations of individuals, are justified in deciding that any law thus duly passed is wicked, unjust or inexpedient, in the light of individual conscience, and may consequently be resisted and nullified in open defiance, or evaded by secret machination, is to strike a fatal blow at the foundations of civilized society, and to introduce in its stead, anarchy, confusion and bloodshed. It is another form of resort to that shibboleth of French politics, used as familiarly as Wamba the swine herd's horn; now to change an obnoxious minister, and now to dethrone a dynasty—the vaunted "*droit de revolution.*" Like the *sans culottes* of the *Faubourgs*, we seem to be blending and confounding the rights held under and in pursuance of law and the Constitution; with those existing outside of both, in the *ultima ratio* of oppressed communities.

If each individual conscience may thus constitute itself a *higher law* to itself, who shall measure or limit the exercise of the right? To what law, and to what conceivable circumstances may it not be applied? To set bounds to its operation were as vain as the command of Canute the Dane upon the rising tides of the ocean. The patriotic conscience of one set of men decides, that Macready, the foreigner, shall not occupy a theatre in the City of New-York; a like conscience decides that George Thompson, the foreigner, shall not discuss slavery in Faneuil Hall. The conscience of one man dictates that it is error and wickedness to keep the first day of the week holy, and he persists in his secular employments through the public streets, and wins the martyrdom of a jail. The popu[illegible] f Boston, horror-struck at the superstition and wickedness of the [illegible]y of Babylon," invade a peaceful nunnery at night, turn its tender [illegible]ates into the streets, reduce their beautiful dwelling to ashes, and vio[illegible]te the graves of the dead. Anon, they invade the court-room, and defying law with force and arms, rescue a fugitive from the custody of a public officer.

Legitimate consequences, all, of the principle assumed!

On common occasions we should as soon think of resorting to ethical writers as authority for the right of man to self-government, as quoting them for the wisdom of this great principle of self-preservation to a free people. But the varied acquirements and splendid fame of Lord Bolingbroke will be our apology for a reference to his quiet philosophy in "The idea of a Patriot King."

"Now we are subject, by the constitution of human nature, and, therefore, by the will of the author of this and every other nature, to two laws—one given immediately to all men by God, the same to all. and obligatory alike on all—the other given to man by man, and therefore not the same to all, nor obligatory alike on all: founded, indeed, on the same principle, but varied by different applications of them to times, to characters, and to a number, which may be reckoned

infinite, of other circumstances. By the first, I mean the universal law of reason; and by the second, the particular law or constitution of laws by which every distinct community has chosen to be governed.

"The obligation of submission to both, is discoverable by so clear and so simple an use of our intellectual faculties, that it may be said, properly enough, to be revealed to us by God; and though both these laws cannot be said, properly, to be given by Him, yet our obligation to submit to the civil law is a principal paragraph in the natural law, which He has most manifestly given us. In truth, we can no more doubt of the obligations of both these laws, than of the existence of the Law-giver.

"As Supreme Lord over all His works, His general providence regards immediately the great commonwealth of mankind; but then as Supreme Lord, likewise, His authority gives a sanction to the particular bodies of laws that are made under it. The law of nature is the law of all His subjects—the constitutions of particular governments are like the by-laws of cities, or the appropriated customs of provinces. It follows, therefore, that he who breaks the laws of his country resists the ordinance of God, that is, the law of His nature. God has instituted neither monarchy nor aristocracy, nor mixed government; but though He has instituted no particular form of government among men, yet by the general laws of His kingdom he exacts our obedience to the laws of those communities to which each of us is attached by birth, or to those to which we may be attached by a subsequent and lawful engagement."

But the momentous question at the head of this article is worthy of a graver answer than the theories of schoolmen or the abstract speculations of philosophy. It has claims upon the American people higher than the general obligation of law, as such, important as that is to a liberty-loving people.

By the third paragraph of Section 2, Article IV. of the Constitution—

"No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Standing thus by itself, without the light of contemporary history, this section needs no explanation. It is a solemn compact between the contracting states, which binds each of them to the delivery of fugitives, and by which they have devolved the duty of enforcing and construing the provision upon the common Congress and common Supreme Court provided by the compact, as the *arbiter justiciæ* between them. But when we happen to know, from contemporary history, that the element of slavery was one of the most delicate and difficult in the convention, and also the real history of the settlements and compromises then made, the provision in question gains importance and weight.

It was after the whole subject of slavery had been debated in the convention, with a point and earnestness on the side of freedom not inferior to any modern anti-slavery meeting (barring the extraneous declamation), and after all and every topic, now so universally presented on such occasions, had been urged with perspicuity and force by members of the convention, on allowing the slave trade, and the proper basis of representation, that this provision was introduced. Indeed, to show how all, even the most common points on these subjects (now brought forward as novelties) were raised, considered and settled, and how truly the wise man of Israel has said, "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun," we need but refer to the disclo-

sures of the convention proceedings by Luther Martin, to the Legislature of Maryland in 1788. Mr. Martin says:—

"It was urged that no principle could justify taking *slaves* into computation in apportioning the number of representatives—that it involved the absurdity of increasing the power of a state in making laws for *freemen* in proportion as that state *violated the rights of freedom*. That *slaves* could not be taken into account as *men* or *citizens*, because they were not admitted to the rights of citizens in the states which continued slavery. If they were to be taken into account as *property*, it was asked what particular circumstances should render this property (of all others *the most odious in its nature*) entitled to the high privilege of conferring consequence and power in the government, and why *slaves* should as property be taken into account, rather than *horses*, *cattle*, *mules*, or any other species."

And further on, Mr. Martin continues:

"I found the Eastern States, notwithstanding their aversion to *slavery*, were very willing to indulge the Southern States, at least, with a temporary liberty to prosecute the *slave trade*, provided the Southern States would, in their turn, gratify them by laying no restriction on *navigation acts*; and after a very little time, the committee, by a great majority, agreed on a report, by which the general government was to be prohibited from preventing the importation of slaves for a limited time, and the restrictive clause in relation to navigation acts was to be omitted."

This report, Mr. Martin says, was adopted by the convention, not without considerable opposition, in which it was urged that slavery was contrary to the laws of God, inconsistent with republicanism and the principles of the revolution, a tyranny and oppression; "that, on the contrary, we ought rather to prohibit expressly in our Constitution the further importation of *slaves*; and to authorize the general government, from time to time, to make such regulations as should be thought most advantageous *for the gradual abolition of slavery*, and the *emancipation of the slaves* which are already in the states."

We have, then, evidence from Mr. Martin, and also from Mr. Madison, in his sketch of the debates, not only that the provisions in relation to slavery were *compromises*, but also that the convention would give no uthority to the general government to make regulations *for the gradual abolition of slavery, and the emancipation of the slaves in the states*, but left all that matter with the states themselves.

In furtherance of the policy and design thus established, on Tuesday, August 28th, 1787, while the provision in relation to fugitives from justice was under discussion in the convention, (we quote from the Madison papers,)

"Mr. Butler and Mr. Pinckney moved to require fugitive slaves and servants to be delivered up like criminals.

"Mr. Wilson.—This would oblige the executive of the state to do it at the public expense.

"Mr. Sherman saw no more propriety in the public seizing and surrendering a slave or servant, than a horse.

"Mr. Butler withdrew his proposition, in order that some particular provision might be made apart from this article."

On the next day, August 29th, 1787—

"Mr. Butler moved to insert after Article 15, 'If any person bound to service or labor in any of the United States shall escape into another state, he or she

shall not be discharged from such service or labor in consequence of any regulations subsisting in the state to which they escape, but shall be delivered up to the person justly claiming their service or labor.' *Which was agreed to,* NEM. CON."

This being engrossed and reported by the Committee on style, with some verbal alterations, on the 15th September, the word "legally" was struck out, and "under the laws thereof," inserted in its place, "in compliance with the wish of some who thought the term legal equivocal, and favoring the idea that slavery was legal in a moral view."

Thus perfected, the section was adopted as it stands. It will be seen that the avowed object of the provision was to enforce the extradition or surrender of FUGITIVE SLAVES, and that it received A UNANIMOUS APPROVAL and VOTE from all the STATES, and by all the MEMBERS of that august convention, presided over by Washington, and adorned by the brightest and purest names in American history.

Neither the principle of this stipulation, nor the stipulation itself, was new at the time of its adoption. The ordinance for the government of the territory north-west of the Ohio, passed *July* 13*th*, 1787, in the Congress of the Confederation—Article 6, contained the same thing.

"ART. 6. There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted. *Provided always, that any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original states, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor, or service, as aforesaid.*"

This article, with the five others preceding it in the ordinance, it was declared by it, should be considered "*Articles of compact between the original states, and the people and states in the said territory, and for ever remain* UNALTERABLE *unless by common consent.**

This ordinance has of late become the theme of special praise as the antetype of the Wilmot proviso, and the "*io Bachee*" of the partizans of that measure has been chanted to it from companies of tens, and companies of fifties, and companies of hundreds. It has been glorified by an eminent statesman (Mr. Van Buren) "as declaring the original and affirming the future policy of the American people."† The researches of

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* If we were authorized to consider these six "Articles of Compact," as still in force in the States carved out of the Northwest Territory, they might well be referred to in relation to the recent legislation of the State of Ohio, (like that of Vermont, apparently designed to nullify the acts of Congress on the subject of fugitive slaves) clearly in contravention of their provisions. They are, however, referred to in this connection, as plainly indicating the early and fixed conviction of the older states that their safety required this "compact" from the states which they were providing should be free, rather than as now, having the force of law. It has been well settled upon principle and authority, (*Pollard vs. Hagan*, 3 *Howard*, 212. *Strader vs. Graham*, 10 *Phil. Law Journal*, 289,) that the Constitution and Laws of the United States have superseded the "ordinance of '87."

† In Mr. Van Buren's letter to the Cleveland Committee, of July 7, 1849, from which the extract in the text is taken, he seems to regard the "ordinance" as *affirming a policy* in the old thirteen states to prevent the admission of any new state with slavery, because, as he says, that "was all the territory then held by the nation." This statement is not in reality correct. The "ordinance" was passed, July 13, 1787. It referred solely to the territory northwest of the Ohio. The various cessions of land were made in

another distinguished gentleman into the archives at Washington, have rolled away the mists of error which surrounded that colossal monument to human freedom, and instead of Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, who reported the ordinance, (in Congress,) its author stands revealed in the illustrious name of Thomas Jefferson. As early as 1784, the year of the cession of the territory by Virginia, it is ascertained, as asserted, that this article was drawn up by Mr. Jefferson, and now remains a monument to his wisdom in his own handwriting.

We are no man worshipers; concurring rather with the Roman:—

"Multum magnorum virorum judicio credo; sed vindico meo."

Error is, to us, error still, whether swept out into the gutter with the waste and rags of the workshop, or pinned to the sleeve of an illustrious name. But "to Heaven we do confess the vices of our blood." There have lived men, the very mention of whose names stir up the tides of enthusiasm within us; names to which we cling with veneration and respect; the moral and intellectual giants of their day,

"Whose names shall be
A watchword till the future shall be free."

The admirers of the "Jefferson ordinance" and of the "Jefferson Proviso," deserve well of the country, in that their researches have added the weight of Jefferson's great name to the side of the due enforcement of the obligations of the Constitution. The ordinance of '87: the Constitution of the United States: the act of Congress of '93: the act of Congress of '50—enunciate the same principle, and require the same duty. The objection is in truth to the principle involved and to the duty enjoined, and not, as is sometimes disingenuously pretended, to the details of the bill.

Does, then, the fugitive slave law recognize American Slavery? It has the sanction of Thomas Jefferson. Does the law recognize the relation of master and slave, as a municipal regulation? It has the sanction of Thomas Jefferson. Does the law enforce within the free states the claim of the master to capture and convey the fugitive back? So did the ordinance, and it has the sanction of Mr. Jefferson. Does the law (in the

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pursuance of the recommendation contained in the resolution of Congress, of 6th September, 1780. New-York, Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, had then made cessions. Others were expected. South-Carolina had authorized her cession, and appointed Commissioners by an act which bears date March, 8, 1787. The fact was known to the world. The deed was actually executed, Aug. 9, '87, just *twenty-seven days* after the passage of the "ordinance." The act of the legislature was in fact the transfer of her interest, and the deed, like the execution of a power, or the performance of a contract *by relation*, took effect from the date of the act. The cession of North-Carolina was Feb. 25, 1790; that of Georgia, April 24, 1802. They expressly provided that "no regulation *made* or *to be made* by Congress shall tend to emancipate slaves." In all that territory slavery actually existed. Out of the territory thus ceded, the States of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi were carved and admitted into the Union as slave states, with Kentucky taken from western Virginia, all South of the Ohio. The Constitution was adopted in the latter part of '87, and ratified the ensuing year. It confessedly (with the act of Congress of 1789) superseded the "ordinance" in the government of the territory, and it provided for the admission of new states without restriction as to slavery. The position that any such "policy" was adopted, or even dreamed of, at that time, is contradicted by the then existing facts, and by the course subsequently pursued.

language of its opponents) convert the officers of government into slavery blood-hounds? It has the sanction of Mr. Jefferson. Does the law (to use again the language of its opponents) convert the free states into hunting grounds for the slave? So did the ordinance, and it has the sanction of Mr. Jefferson. Does the law (again to draw upon its opposers) violate humanity and Christian kindness? So did the ordinance, and it was penned by Mr. Jefferson. Does the law override the habeas corpus, as a writ of deliverance? So does the "ordinance," for by it the fugitive may be *lawfully reclaimed* and *conveyed* to the person claiming him; and it has the approval of Mr. Jefferson!

The extradition of fugitive slaves thus sanctioned by the Congress of the Confederation and by the Grand Convention, and having the impress of the great apostle of democracy, appears then, clearly, an article of compromise and compact between the original states by the "*ordinance,*" *forever to remain unaltered, unless by common consent*, and guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. The law of 1850 is supplementary to the act of 1793, and an amendment of it. The principle of the two acts is the same. The later act contains only further details designed to render it effectual in reaching the mischief, and chiefly on the points which time and experience had shown absolutely necessary to the enforcement in good faith of the constitutional provision. If the law of 1850 suspends the *habeas corpus* and abolishes the trial by jury, then were those great enormities perpetrated more than a half century ago, without discovery, until now. The appointment of the commissioners who discharge the duties under it, was provided for by another act, almost coeval with the existence of the government, the propriety of which was never before questioned. But we forbear a more detailed examination of the bill, as beyond our limits, and because we have preferred to meet the question upon the only real objection, the enforcement of the constitutional provision at all. On this subject we have a right to ask the abolitionists to deal honestly with themselves and the country. It is too plain for successful disguise, that it is because the stringent provisions of this bill give that force and effect to the Constitution, which was wanting under the act of '93, that it is so vehemently denounced.

The practical question, then, is, shall the compact be fulfilled or rescinded? The issue is, performance or dissolution. Are the free states prepared to say, that the fulfilment of the stipulations of the Constitution, in respect to the delivery of fugitive slaves, has become so odious and distasteful, and the requirement itself is so wicked and unjust, that they will no longer carry it out; assuming the consequences upon themselves and their posterity? If yea, it is due to frankness to say so. If there be truth in the proverb, "it takes two to make a bargain," it is equally a verity, that it takes *two* to keep it. The breach of mutually dependent covenants by one party, fully exonerates the other party from further obligation. To the nation and the civilized world, a refusal here, on our part, will fully justify the other party, in a dissolution at their volition. It is for them to determine how important they deem the breach. He who commits the first fault is defenceless. Shall we furnish them this justification? Shall we meanly, or in bad faith, or from even a better motive, break our solemn engagements; or shall we ask upon ourselves and our posterity as a people, the perpetuity promised to him "who sweareth unto his neighbor and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance?"

Again we claim the right to press this question home to every citizen of the free states. Neither the evils nor the palliations of slavery are involved here. Neither its enormities nor its justification are in the issue. Our relations to it are not personal, but corporate; not individual, but confederate. In our own time and manner, we have abolished it in our respective states. With those where it now exists, rests the sole responsibility of its continuance. Slavery is no national charge; for we have no national slavery. It is exclusively a state regulation.

It is, then, a question of Union or disunion. Momentous question, indeed! Momentous to the nations and the world. The consequences press upon the mind with overwhelming magnitude. In comparison, how little become the every-day struggles of parties, the changes of administration, and the succession or exclusion of dynasties! Memory carries us back. The record of the past is before us. America is opened to the world at a fortunate period of awakened energy in the human mind. The May Flower and Plymouth rock; the Olive Branch and the humble village of St. Mary's, Jamestown—Roger Williams, Lord Baltimore, Oglethorpe, Penn—are crowding our vision. Time passes. A nation stretches from the Atlantic across the continent—and from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence. It is rich, powerful, free; above all, it is progressive. It covers an area larger than all Europe. It comprises 25,000,000 of people, and over thirty independent states, with many more in prospect. It is the observed of all observers: the admiration of the world—like some tall mountain, clad to its summit in perpetual green, and decked with ever-blooming flowers. Its principle is equality. It promises and secures the blessings of freedom to the human race. It is the sun of the political firmament. It has, to severest censure, but one spot—African Slavery. All besides is pure unmingled brightness.

Shall a separation ensue, which makes not slavery the less; which strikes not a single fetter from a human limb; which blasts forever the brilliant noon of our promise, and with it all capacity and power for good? Shall there come a separation; which, dividing us into two, three, or four Republics, shall forever destroy our common memories of the past, our common hopes in the future, and its attendant blessings, leaving us weak, distracted, powerless; the prey of mutual hostilities, and forever dwarfed and destroyed by mutual retaliations?

Our progress hitherto rivals the famed Tadmor of the desert and the rapid glories of the empire of the Caliphs. What may we not anticipate in the future? The star of empire is westward in its course. Our home population, well fed and clothed, is rapidly increasing. Every sail comes freighted with the wealth of laboring sinews and mind from abroad. We are fast improving upon the advance of our fathers, in the principles of government and the laws of social order. Calculating the future from the past, a third decade will show us fifty millions of people under the stars and stripes. We may well then leave slavery in the states to the action of cause and effect—to time and moral causes—in the hands of those who hear it and to whom it properly belongs, to determine how, and when, and in what manner, it shall be extinguished. Shall we do this, or dissolve? Shall the Constitution and the law be enforced, or shall we separate? It is a question of alternatives. Well may the free states pause and ponder.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

GEORGE W. WRIGHT, M. C. FOR CALIFORNIA.

The discovery of the rich minerals of California promises results, political and commercial, operating throughout the remainder of the present century, of greater practical importance, than have flowed from any similar event in the history of the world. The discovery of America itself, no doubt, had vast influence upon the fortunes of the Old World; but in the then state of commerce, precluding rapid transition, the effect slowly developed itself through the lapse of centuries. The adventurous men, however, who penetrated the new countries, developing their wealth and founding colonies, identified their names with a new era in the world's history, and go down to posterity, each in his separate niche, among those who have given direction to the progress of their fellow-men. The history of our Mexican war, with the whole train of events which led to the annexation of California, even while yet the whole country was derided by high authority in the Senate, as "not being worth a dollar," is in itself a marvel, and may well teach prudence to those disposed to sneer at the theory of a "manifest destiny." No sooner had the titles passed, and California become American, than a secret which had been kept for centuries was divulged to the world. The great treasure-chamber of nature was discovered to be amid the ravines of the *Sierra Nevada*, and gold, which since the remotest period of authentic history, has been most eagerly sought by the whole race of men—which has tempted them to crime, stimulated them to enterprise, and been the leading motive for almost every action, public and private, during the lapse of eighty centuries, is here found scattered broad-cast through the land, in a profusion which knows no limits. It is a wonderful fact, that during twenty centuries the pressure of emigration has been from east to west. The most eastern countries of Asia, in early ages, poured forth countless and successive throngs of barbarians, seeking to improve their own condition, and whose western progress was marked by devastation and plunder. The civilization and refinement of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, sank successively before the inroads of these resistless marauders, who continued to throng west until the Atlantic barred their progress, and turned their energies within themselves. No sooner, however, had renewed and progressive civilization given them the means of crossing the Atlantic, than the western current of migration was renewed, and immigrants from countries of Europe soon crowded the Atlantic slope of the North American Continent. The barriers offered by the Alleghany and Rocky Mountain chains have now been surmounted, and the eager tide has poured down upon the Pacific slope, filling the space with industry, energy, and enterprise. Here on this spot, which completes the circle of human migration round the world, and whence communication with the original point of departure is already formed, is found at last that which has heretofore always eluded the grasp. After all the evils which twenty centuries of western migration has created, this gold is found at the close of the race, as escaping

evils, discovered hope at the bottom of Pandora's box. Like that hope, also, it promises relief from a considerable portion of the evils which bear heavily upon the countries of Europe. The whole class of debtors, who are numerous and needy, are about to find the thing which they have promised, cheap and more readily attainable. Creditors may suffer, but these are mostly those who have amassed this world's goods, and the cheapness of gold will operate as a *re-distribution* of property. Adhering to a silver standard will not alter this result, it will rather strengthen it, because new discoveries show, beyond doubt, that silver is even more abundant than gold in that wonderful country. England, which is being crushed beneath an onerous debt, will find effectual relief; and through every class of humanity, from the imperial government down to struggling industry, a new and rapidly progressing change is about to commence. It is not our purpose to pursue this subject in this place, but to remark that, of all men in the United States, Mr. George W. Wright is perhaps the most directly connected with the discoveries of the true wealth of California. He is in himself a type of the American character, bold, restless, enterprising, undaunted by difficulties, which, to less sanguine natures, appear to be inseparable.

Mr. Wright is of that determined and enterprising stock to which the settlement of this country is mostly due. During that long struggle between the crown and the people of England, which resulted in the dethronement of Charles, the civil commotions drew from out the mass and assimilated to each other the most determined, bold and independent of the inhabitants of England, men in whom republicanism was inherent from the peculiarity of their individual organization. The most enterprising of this selected class embarked for the new world to found an empire, and the New-England states became the theatre of their operations. They formed almost a distinct race, and the peculiarity of their traits have continued to distinguish their descendants to the present day. The progress of the nation is an evidence of the vigor and enterprise of its people. They have advanced steadily across the continent, extinguishing successively Indian, French, Spanish, Mexican and English titles to territory, as their increasing wants have indicated the necessity, everywhere maintaining the republican institutions, and conquering natural resources for the benefit of mankind at large. Ever among the pioneers of this advance have been found New-England emigrants, foremost to discover advantages, and most prompt in their development. The mineral discoveries in California were due to the busy industry with which the resources of the country were being appropriated by its new owners, and those discoveries were calculated to stimulate American enterprise in the highest degree, and could not fail to attract the energies of the present member for San Francisco, a sketch of whose career will be found highly characteristic.

George W. Wright was born at Concord, Mass., June 4th, 1817. At the death of his father, in 1825, he left his mother's roof, and for the next seven years toiled for his daily bread with some neighboring farmers. In 1832, coming into possession of a small legacy from a deceased relative, he removed to Boston, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits, in company with an elder brother, under the firm of E. A. & G. W. Wright. In 1835, he withdrew from the concern, and during the succeeding two years was employed in the establishment of the Boston Courier. In

1837, in company with others, he became engaged in a publishing enterprise in New-York. The establishment was scarcely underway, however, when it took fire and was entirely consumed, leaving Mr. Wright destitute of resources, besides involving many of his friends to a large amount. Embarrassed, apparently beyond redemption, he again, in 1839, connected himself with the Boston Courier, and for some years was known as the "General Agent" for that establishment. It was in this capacity that he first visited the island of Nantucket, where Dame Fortune seems to have taken him by the hand and crowned him as the prince of her favorites. In the spring of 1844, he was united in marriage to an adopted daughter of William Hadwin, Esq., one of the wealthiest merchants of that island. He was soon after admitted as a partner in the celebrated house of Hadwin & Barney. In February, 1849, he sailed in the steamer Falcon for California. In February, 1850, he arrived back upon the Atlantic side of our continent in possession of a princely fortune, with a commission in his pocket as the chosen representative of the wealthiest and bravest people on earth.

Mr. Wright's bold and brilliant career cannot but excite the attention and win the admiration of the world. To the young men of our country his history is peculiarly interesting. Though descending from one of the wealthiest and most respectable families in New-England, he seems to have been thrown entirely upon the world at the tender age of eight years. Scarcely merged from childhood, we find him at the early age of fifteen, engaged in commercial operations under his own name, in the commercial metropolis of New-England. But two or three years elapse before he is again thrown upon the world, and we find him occupying a subordinate position in a printing office. After some half dozen years' tuition in the school of disappointment and poverty, he successfully contends for the heart and hand of one of the wealthiest and most accomplished ladies of the far-famed island of Nantucket. He is next known as an equal partner in one of the oldest and most opulent houses now engaged in the whale fisheries. In the receipt of more than ten thousand dollars per annum—quietly settled down in a magnificent dwelling, built expressly for him by his father-in-law, and said to be the most elegantly finished and furnished mansion in New-England—surrounded by a young and beautiful family—by a host of devoted friends, and by every comfort and luxury which money could command—he leaves everything, and we next behold him in California as the master-spirit in the prosecution of a series of magnificent commercial operations, which for boldness, vigor and success, perhaps have no parallel in the history of the commercial world. Six months have scarcely elapsed before we behold him the master of a fortune such as but few merchants attain by a lifetime of incessant application and toil. But no achievement is equal to his ambition. We next observe him penetrating the most difficult and dangerous points of the gold regions, enduring exposures and hardships such as none but the boldest mountaineer can appreciate. It is said by those who know most of his movements in California, that up to the time of his leaving the country, he had undoubtedly traveled over more miles of the placer than any other man living. That his researches have been daring, thorough and extended, beyond that of any other adventurer, may be inferred from the fact that we are indebted to him for the first chip of gold-bearing-rock ever discovered in the country; and we doubt if his cabinet of specimens, hewn from the solid

rock, more than two years since, can be surpassed by any cabinet selected from the extensive discoveries which have followed that of Mr. Wright.

That the quartz mining will henceforth be the chief resource of California industry, there can be no doubt; and silver as well as gold will reward the enterprise of the capitalist. The researches of Mr. Wright have thrown more reliable information upon this subject than those of any other man, because he undertook them more in the spirit of the statesman than of the gold hunter—more with a view to the permanent prosperity of his adopted state, than for the mere purpose of present personal gain. Alone and scantily provided, he penetrated far above the operations of the diggers, among the dangerous cliffs of the Sierra Nevada, exposed to every privation, and defying alike the dangers of the wilderness and personal sacrifices he was called upon to make. The specimens of gold-bearing quartz, which he collected from the giddy peaks of the mountains, were the first of the kind known at San Francisco, and they revolutionized all the theories that had hitherto been entertained in relation to the nature of the gold deposits.

The assays of these ores showed them to be productive almost beyond belief, and subjected the reports of the discoverer to the sneers of the incredulous. Time has, however, more than fully justified the soundness of his judgment, and the caution of his statements. Persons who have followed in the tracks of Mr. Wright from want of judgment and tact, were at first disappointed, but longer and more familiar acquaintance with scenes, the nature of which Mr. Wright grasped as by intuition, has led them to discoveries far execeeding his reports in magnificence. Advices from the interior of the country down to the middle of January, 1851, more than confirm all previous statements as to the rich yield of the quartz, and has given a new spur to the previously flagging zeal with which gold was sought.

Although the abundance of "the dust" scattered throughout the soil of California is undoubted, few or none of the diggers made their fortunes. The product of a man's labor was generally absorbed in the expenses of his support, and there resulted little surplus. Under such circumstances it was not to suppose that the digging would continue solely for the profit of the traders, and fears were entertained of a diminished product. The mining process has now, however, taken a new direction, and capital and machinery applied to the working of the ore leaves a large profit and an immense production of the metal. The discoveries of silver in the lower provinces are on a scale equally magnificent, while the effect of the quicksilver mines will be to put in profitable operation hundreds of Mexican and South American mines, which before would not pay the expense. The following extract from a valuable work, entitled "Three Years in California," by Mr. Colton, U. S. N., is in relation to the agency of Mr. Wright in these important discoveries.

"Mr. Wright was the first to collect specimens of the gold-bearing quartz. He traversed the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada for this purpose, and underwent many hardships and perils. He was often for days on the very shortest allowance, and obliged to share even this with his famished mule. The quartz frequently seam the loftiest ridges, and can be reached only through the most exhausting fatigue. None but those of iron muscle can scale the soaring steep, or dislodge, with steady hand and head, the treasured vein on the giddy verge. Against these obstacles Mr.

Wright persevered, and gathered a great variety of specimens, curious in themselves, and often rich, but valued mainly as indications of the wealth of the quartz, and as leading clues to their locality. They will serve to stimulate the exertions and guide the footsteps of the subsequent miner. They are not stowed away as secrets for the exclusive benefit of the discoverer; the information they impart is free to all. The only danger lies in conclusions too glowing for the reality, and those hasty adventures in which anticipation overleaps the laborious process. The specimens are genuine, and have been pronounced at the mint the richest that have been tested. The extent to which the gold-bearing quartz prevails can be thoroughly known only in the results of mining operations. It has been found in different localities, between Feather River and the Mariposa; and if it approaches in value the most ordinary specimens gathered by Mr. Wright and myself, will munificently reward the labors of the miners, and will upset all geological deduction connected with gold-bearing quartz in other countries."—*Three Years in California.*

While pursuing personally these discoveries, Mr. Wright became the leading partner in a large banking-house, at San Francisco, under the firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., which firm has maintained an unshaken credit amid the revulsions which have succeeded each other with such rapidity in that country.

It will readily be conceived, that the prominent part taken by Mr. Wright in the operations of the country, indicated him as the most fitting person to represent its interests in the national Congress, and he was chosen over his competitor, Rodman M. Price, Esq., who has since returned from California, and been sent to Congress from New-Jersey. The election of Mr. Wright resulted from the free expression of opinion, entirely untrammeled by any party organization, of a people, who justly appreciated the qualifications and merits of the candidate, endowed only with such an education as a boy employed almost from his infancy in the service of a New-England farmer might pick up. He struggled successfully among politicians, whose cultivated intellects might ornament any society.

It may readily be comprehended, that the duties of the representative of a State not yet admitted to the Union on his arrival at Washington, and the fate of which hung upon the doubtful result of one of the fiercest party struggles the Union has ever witnessed, were arduous in the extreme. The conflict being over, and California admitted, every thing was to be effected during a short and stormy session, to place her upon a footing with older states. The conflicting interests of her busy population, complicated with the entangled affairs of the state itself, were to be harmonized and provided for. A few houses on a distant spot of land nearly tenantless, had almost, in the recess of Congress, sprung into the magnitude of a state. The previously unfrequented and unprotected mouth of a river was filled with more tonnage than any other port of the country. The unwharfed banks of an almost unknown stream had been burdened with commerce from all quarters of the world, and the most remote point of the post-office operation had become the scene of greater transactions than any other of the department. Post-office, Custom-house, Docks, Mint, Land Office, with every detail of a complicated government, required careful exposition and prompt adjustment almost on the spot; while the utter confusion of territorial claims, and the necessity of avoiding the schemes of speculators, as well as to render justice to actual settlers, required the most cautious yet prompt action. So many, such pressing and important subjects of legislative action scarcely ever before devolved upon the care of young mem-

bers; and Mr. Wright and his colleagues were true to their constituencies. California, the youngest and most vigorous member of the Union, was worthily introduced to the great American family, and she will now proceed to exert that influence upon the world at large, to which her "destiny" points.

We have remarked, that the operation of the golden products of that country, will be tantamount to a redistribution of wealth in the old debt-covered countries of Europe. England, for nearly half a century, has been struggling under the burden of a debt due by the working classes to the wealthy, which has caused the accumulation of all the national wealth in the hands of a few, leaving the millions to starve. Throughout Europe a similar state of affairs exist. The land of France is covered with mortgages which devour its produce, and the German States are equally in the grasp of Jew creditors; all their promises are in the precious metals, which have until within a few years been becoming annually dearer in proportion to the products of labor; that is, the labor of each successive year was sufficient to defray a less amount of debt, and government and people went rapidly to decay.

California now promises that elixir of life, which is to renovate their condition and restore their vitality. As it pours forth its rich supplies of the metal, the products of labor will probably rise in value, and existing debts in stocks and mortgages be more easily discharged. The laborer will have less to pay, and the wealthy less to receive as measured in the products of industry. When Mr. Wright demonstrated the value of quartz mining, a turning point in the world's history was reached, and the rights of labor are henceforth to be in the ascendant. It is undoubtedly the case, that the passage of what was called Peel's bill, in 1819, by which the Bank of England was compelled to resume specie payments, was a triumph of the creditor class of the nation. The obligation to pay them in gold, which was gradually becoming dear, operated to give them an annually increasing amount of the national production. The Russian and Californian supplies are now sinking the relative value of gold, and labor gains that which capital loses. California is the central point whence this re-adjustment, as it were, of the world's accounts, must emanate; and it is to the energy and prompt sagacity of such men as Mr. Wright, whose public spirit overcomes personal considerations, that the cause of labor is to look for relief.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The money market has continued well supplied during the month, and capital has been apparently abundant, notwithstanding, that at this season of the year the demand for it is large, to lay in supplies of goods preparatory to the opening of the spring trade. The great increase in the number of inhabitants in the country for the last four years, has been accompanied by increased production per head, to an extraordinary extent; and, as a natural consequence, the general business has increased in a double ratio. Thus, if 1,000 persons buy $10 each, the sales of goods are $10,000; if 1,500 persons buy $20 each, the sales are $30,000—being three times the amount, and this is the case with the country generally. The census of the Union, as compared with 1840, is as follows:

UNITED STATES CENSUS.

	Free Blacks.	Slaves.	Whites.	Total.
1840	386,384	2,487,355	14,189,555	17,063.353
1850	500,000	3,070,734	19,567,720	23,138,454
Increase	113,616	582,979	5,378,165	6,075,101

This increase of business based upon the actual members, supposing their individual wants no greater than in 1840, would be 40 per cent. But through the accumulation of capital, the breadth of land brought under cultivation, and above all, the improved means of internal communication, the individual production, or creation of means for the purchase of goods, is vastly greater per head than in 1840. As an indication, we take from the official returns the value of all the property cleared at the several offices on the New-York Canals, with the State census at both periods:

NEW-YORK TRADE AND POPULATION.

	Population.	Canal Trade.	New-York Produce reaching tide-water.
1840	2,429,721	66,303,892	13,535,205
1850	3,098,818	156,397,929	30,002,775
Increase	669,097	90,094,037	16,467,570

This is an immense increase. The population has increased rather less than 25 per cent.; but the state canal trade being actual shipments of property, has increased 150 per cent., and the state produce delivered at tide-water 120 per cent. Measured in tons instead of cash value, the increase is rather less.

	Tons Transported.	Value.	Per Ton.
1840	1,416,046	66,303,892	$47
1850	3,076,617	156,397,929	$52
Increase	1,650,571	$90,094,037	$5

Thus the quantity has increased, and the money value also. It is very evident, that when this great increase has exhibited itself in the quantity and value of the products of individual industry, that the quantity and value of goods purchased ought to show a corresponding increase; and necessarily that the importations of the Union should be much larger than formerly, without being over-

done. The value of produce delivered from the New-York Canals, and from the Mississippi at New-Orleans, with the exports and imports of the Union exclusive of specie, were as follows:

	At New-Orleans.	At Tide-Water.	Total Entered at N. O. & Tide-Water.	U. S. Export.	U. S. Import.
1842	43,716,045	22,751,013	65,467,158	92,969,996	96,162,340
1850	96,897,873	55,474,937	152,372,510	136,946,912	173,507,476
Increase	$52,181,828	$32,723,624	$86,905,352	$43,976,916	$77,345,136

The deliveries of produce on two great avenues from the west to tide-water, has increased in this period $86,905,352, while the export from the Union increased but $43,976,916—showing that the internal consumption increased rather more than the foreign export. The imports have increased in a greater ratio; but the value of the imports is the foreign one, and the imports are the proceeds of the exports, including the profits on sales, freights of American shipping, &c., indicating a more lucrative trade. The quantity of produce which has sought the Atlantic states from west of the mountains, has been very large. The census of Indiana affords an example of the growth and means of those states. The population and leading productions were as follows:

INDIANA CENSUS.

		1840.	1850.	Increase.
Population		685,686	990,258	304,572
Number of horses and mules		246,036	317,543	76,507
Neat cattle		619,980	703,129	83,149
Sheep		675,982	1,068,413	392,531
Swine		1,623,608	2,314,909	691,301
Wool, raised	lbs	1,237,919	2,679,909	1,442,090
Wheat, raised	bushels	4,049,375	6,457,965	2,408,590
Oats, raised	bushels	5,981,655	5,269,645	——
Corn, raised	bushels	28,155,887	51,449,668	23,293,781
Potatoes, raised	bushels	1,525,794	1,969,693	443,899
Hay, raised	tons	178,029	400,064	222,035
Orchards	value	110,055	339,000	228,095
Hops	lbs	38,591	124,685	85,094
Dairy products	value	$742,269	1,630,000	887,731
Home-made goods		$1,289,802	1,682,918	393,116

From these figures, it is apparent that the products of Indiana have nearly doubled in ten years, and the marketable portion greatly increased through the construction of public works. It will be observed, that the production of corn has eminently increased under the new market opened for that article in Ireland. In a state like Indiana, where all the land is divided nearly equally among the resident families, an enlarged market for their produce imparts an extraordinary stimulus to their industry and wealth. The census reports 187,618 families, and 186,182 houses. Thus, nearly every family in the state has its own distinct dwelling; and there are 101,973 farms. So large a proportion of the population interested directly in farming, must feel the necessity of an enlarged market for the products of their industry. The opening of means of communication by canals, rail and plank roads, has been of vast service to those properties, by increasing the breadth of land accessible to market on profitable terms. We have not as yet the figures for the other western states, but the progress, particularly Michigan, has been equally as rapid, as indicated in partial returns. The central and southern rail-roads of Michigan have immensely promoted its interest; and probably added more to the value of the property through which they run, than double their cost. The operation of rail-roads and plank-roads in

making accessible to market those lands so situated, that without cheapened means of communication, the farmers could not contend with their neighbors better located. During the last four years there has been constructed in the State of New-York 2,106 miles of plank-roads, costing nearly $4,000,000, and also rail-roads at an expense of $40,000,000. The plank-roads, which were introduced in 1837, have all been constructed in farming districts by land-owners; and their effect has been, while paying from 10 to 20 per cent. dividends to holders, to raise the value of the farms from $5 to $20 per acre. Thus, a farmer who owns 200 acres, by subscribing $1,000 to a plank-road, raises the value of his farm one to four thousand dollars, and receives $200 per annum dividend on his interest. The cities of Rome, Utica and Syracuse, are the chief entries of these roads; and in all directions the amount of business have much increased. These roads are being introduced into other states of the Union with great success, and are particularly adapted to the southern country.

We have slightly alluded to the causes which have caused a vast increase in the quantities of exchangeable values produced in the Union annually, merely as indicative that the *amount* of imports into the country is not to be taken as evidence of "over-trading." If that word has any meaning, it is to purchase largely on credit without visible means of payment. Where the operations of commerce are entirely untrammeled, and industry is left to exercise its faculties according to the promptings of its own genius, it will produce to an almost limitless extent, and purchase in the same ratio. Hence the large importations which are now made into the Union, as we have seen but a response to the superior productiveness of the country in the last few years.

The supplies of California gold having now become so considerable, with prospects of a larger supply, that a permanent export of that metal may naturally be looked for. The most elaborate and reliable estimates of the exports of gold from San Francisco up to January, 1851, gives the amount at $62,487,591, including shipments to all parts of the world. The amount which remains in the country is placed at a higher figure. It is to be remarked, that prices and expenses of every description are in that country very high—that gold dust is the only currency—almost the only exchangeable article—and that considerable quantities are necessary to the current expenses of every individual. Hence the most reliable authorities state the average amount held by the people for trade and every day expenses at least at 24 ounces, say $350. Each shop is provided with its little scale, and every customer fills the pan with the prescribed weight of dust from his little leathern pouch. The universal rate is $16 per ounce. This process is repeated in all the concerns of life, and at prices much higher than in the Atlantic states, where the average circulation of paper and specie is $20 per head.

The population of California is 200,000, from which deduct 23,000 for women and children, and there remains 177,000 active men, in whose hands there remains as currency which will give $61,950,000, in addition to $15,000,000 in depositaries and $5,000,000 in gambling-houses, and in the hands of the government—making $79,000,000 of gold in the country. This sum, added to the quantity exported, gives $144,537,591 as the product of California mines up to this time. It is to be taken into consideration that this is the result of surface mining only. It is the dust which has been rudely shaken out of the soil by the first eager efforts of an excited and inexperienced throng of adventurers, who

encountered every disadvantage and underwent every hardship, and that but few of them realized much benefit themselves—the proceeds of their labor being absorbed in the cost of travel and subsistence. Each man depended only on his own unaided labor, and although that yielded him much gold, sickness and expenses usually took from him an equal amount. The manner in which the gold is scattered through the soil seemed to preclude the application of capital by machinery or otherwise, to its extraction; and as individual labor as a whole, did not remunerate for the hardships encountered, there were natural apprehensions of a great diminution in the source of California prosperity.

The existence of the veins of gold in quartz, and the reports of their richness, were for a long time doubted, but these facts have now been established, and an entirely new phase is given to the operations. Although no regular survey of the state has been made, it is well established that rich veins of golden mineral exist through the entire distance, commencing at the edge of the Colorado sand desert, and extending to the north-west at least as far as the northern branches of the Yuba, with many probabilities, if not the certainty, that they exist even to the borders of Oregon, and perhaps to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Many of these veins have been proved to be very rich, much beyond any which exist in Europe.

There, where labor is cheap, and all the appliances for working gold are easily obtained, and at very reasonable rates, money is made at mining where the ore produces at the rate of only half a cent to the pound. In Virginia, and the Eastern states generally, where gold mines are wrought, it is supposed that it costs about half a cent to the pound to work the mineral. Consequently, whatever it produces beyond that pro ratio is clear profit

In California, the poorest specimens in which no gold whatever was visible, yielded by assay at the rate of 30 to 65 cents to the pound avoirdupois; and of a considerable quantity of assorted samples in which gold was visible, brought by the Hon. G. W. Wright to the Philadelphia mint, the assay yielded $11 50 to the pound, avoirdupois. The accounts which have been received from that region down to the first months of the present year, describe the ore as very rich in appearance, and incredible in abundance. The surveying, locating, returning and working these ores, requires capital, and in so far changes the nature of the operations, and reduces them to a more regular and reliable business. Under these circumstances the gold production and export from that region to the states will become greatly enhanced.

In the face of these known facts, Congress adjourned, without making any provision for the coinage of even the California gold. The mint at Philadelphia is known to be utterly inadequate to the business required, and California suffers incredible evils from the want of a mint at San Francisco. We have stated, that in round numbers, $140,000,000 of dust has been mined, and sold by the miners at $16 per ounce, although its mint value is fully $18 per ounce. Thus every digger has lost $2 per ounce, through the neglect of the government to provide means of coinage on the spot. That is to say, those who toiled amid incredible hardships for the gold, lost on the amount mined, $18,000,000, which went into pockets of dealers, brokers and bankers, through the want of a mint; because a few individuals in Philadelphia, by false representations, defeated the bills for the establishment of mints in San Francisco and New-York. The brokers and bankers of these two cities have acquired immense wealth at the expense of

California miners belonging to every state in the Union, because there was no mint accessible to the holders of the dust.

If a miner sells his gold in California at $16, it is because there is no mint; and if he, seeking to avoid that sacrifice, brings it to New-York on his way to his home in the south or west, he is as badly off as when in San Francisco. Thus an Ohio farmer recently arrived from California with 225 ounces, worth at the California price $3.600, but worth at the mint $4,418. When he arrived in New-York he was anxious to get home, but must first sell his gold. The New-York brokers would give $17 per ounce—or $593 less than the mint value. They would send it for him to Philadelphia to the mint, charging commission, transportation, insurance, &c.; but then it would require to wait at least three months before the mint could coin it. He could have the mint certificate discounted, at which, added to the other expenses, came to as much as the brokers would give. He therefore sold it outright, at a sacrifice of nearly $600, and went home. Now, had there been an adequate mint in New-York, he could have got $4,418 at notice, and carried to Ohio nearly $600 more money. On $30,000,000 which have arrived in New-York, the brokers and shavers have made $3,000,000—or enough to build four mints at the expense of the Californians, of all parts of the Union. It has therefore not been to their interests, that the mint bills should pass. Last year the inadequacy of the mint was causing great public discontent, and in order to hurry payments to quiet the clamors of those who were waiting their turn for coin, Congress in May last permitted the payment of certificates from the United States funds in New-York, consequently the bullion in the mint became the property of the United States. The old law allowed only $1,000,000 to be in the mint at one time. The new law removed the limit, without increasing the bonds of the officers. The bullion thus bought by the government has not been coined, but the mint has struggled desperately to turn into $20 the newly arrived gold deposited by individuals. The appropriation bills having now passed, government will require its money, and the mint must coin it. To do so, it must coin for individuals, and a great pressure will arise from that source. In illustration we may make a table of the money in the public treasury, distinguishing that held by the mint:

SPECIE IN UNITED STATES TREASURY.

	In New-York.	In Mint, uncoined.	Elsewhere.	Total.
Dec., 1849	$2,159,296	$1,000,000	$2,754,455	$5,913,751
June, 1850	$4,632,371	$1,000.000	$3,842,140	$9,474.511
July 1, 1850	$3,227,922	$2,500 000	$4,143,430	$9,871,352
March, 1851	$2,615,634	$7,870,000	$3,185,164	$13,663,798

In June last, it will be observed, there was an accumulation of coin in the New-York Treasury, while the quantity then held in the mint was limited by law to $1,000,000. There was then outstanding a large amount of mint certificates, which could not be paid, on account of the tardiness of the mint operations, in consequence of inadequate machinery. Authority was then given, to pay these certificates out of money in the New-York Treasury. Thus the amount of bullion in the mint uncoined, belonging to the United States, has increased to nearly $8,000,000. If the mint certificates had not been paid from the United States funds collected in New-York, there would now have been in the treasury about $10,400,000. Instead of that, out of $13,663,798 nominally in the treasury, $7,870,000, in bullion, are not available. Now to make that available, will re-

quire two months work of the mint at its highest rate of movement. In all this time, nothing can be done for the public, and all the gold that arrives in the meantime from California, will only create a demand for money, for advances on it. The Mexican Indemnity and claims, with other payments of the government, will require disbursements of its means, and the mint must devote itself entirely to the wants of the department. In effect, we shall have no mint for the public service.

It is also to be remembered, that the law authorizing $20 pieces and gold dollars, expired by limitation, March 4th, and the ability of the mint to coin nominally has been reduced by that event.

In this state of affairs, as we have no adequate national mint, the gold will probably become an article of export in its raw state, at a loss to the country of full-$1 per ounce, or $4,000,000 per annum, at the revised estimates. In the mean. time bank credits are increasing with immense rapidity, and stimulating that rail-road speculation which threatens to assume a dangerous magnitude—following the course of events which marked that of England a few years since.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

EVENINGS AT DONALDSON MANOR: OR, THE CHRISTMAS GUEST. By Maria J. McIntosh, author of "Charms and Counter Charms," &c. Illustrated with ten steel Engravings. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

THIS beautiful gift-book, got up in the best style of art for the holidays, is one of the few, of which the splendor of the exterior is not disparaged by the contents. How tasteful and beautiful soever may be the mechanical execution, the reader will not fail to find in it a triumph of "mind over matter." The gifted author informs us in her preface, that she has ventured to introduce another of the single-sisterhood, "Aunt Nancy," to those who found intercourse with "Aunt Kitty" so congenial; and bespeaks for her that kindly reception, which we are sure she will not fail to receive. Some of the tales produced in this form, as related by "Aunt Nancy," have been before printed in the magazines of the day. The author has become so general a favorite for the attractive manner in which she conveys moral lessons, that even those who have before perused the republished tales, will be glad to preserve them in their present permanent shape.

THE ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: OR, YEAR BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART,—exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Astronomy, Geology, Zoölogy, &c.. together with a list of recent Scientific Publications; a Classified List of Patents; Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men, &c. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M., of the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, and George Bliss, Jr. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

The second volume of this exceedingly important and interesting work, is illustrated by a fine steel Engraving of B. Silliman, Esq., and is replete with valuable information not to the scientific world only, but of interest to all in every department of life. It is indispensable to every well selected library. It is a well bound 12mo., and well printed.

THE MOORLAND COTTAGE. By the author of "Mary Barton." Harper Brothers.

The great interest excited by the tale of Mary Barton, both in England and in this country, makes the announcement of a new work by the same author of importance. The present volume is of a similar character, but small and neatly bound.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS: His Fortune and Misfortunes; His Friend and His Greatest Enemy. By W. M. Thackeray. Harper Brothers.

This extraordinary work of Mr. Thackeray has been completed, and elegantly published in two volumes, by the Messrs. Harpers. Of all the living English novelists, Thackeray possesses the most accurate knowledge of men and manners of the world as it is, and his accuracy of delineation is second to none. He has less of that sham pathetic, with which Dickens is so replete, and presents a far truer picture of the passions and motives which actuate the world. This last, if in some points inferior to "Vanity Fair," is in other respects greatly its superior.

WALLACE: A FRANCONIA STORY. By the author of "The Rollo Books." Harper Brothers.

These little stories by Mr. Abbott have become so widely popular, that their successive announcement only adds to the demand for them. They are all of a beautiful uniform illustrated style.

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY: A SATIRE. By Motley Manners, Esq. Adriance, Sherman & Co., 2 Astor House.

This is a little poem of eighty pages, in which are passed in review, with great comprehensiveness, all the writers of the day, a complete literary fricassee, excellently well spiced, and done to a turn.

CHRIST IN HADES: A POEM. By William W. Lord. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This poem, although embracing a subject of deep interest to the Christian world, is new in its argument. It is based on the descent of Christ into Hell, according to the Christian tradition, for the purpose of freeing the souls of ancient saints, and to demonstrate his universal supremacy even among the damned. It is a subject which requires no ordinary power to deal with it, from the sublimity of its nature and the strength with which similar ground has been occupied by Milton.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS: With Introductory Remarks and Notes, Original and Selected. Boston Edition. No. 28. Timon of Athens. 8vo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This edition of Shakspeare is hardly surpassed in the beauty and clearness of its topography, by any that has ever been published. The illustrations are well executed, and the price of the numbers is quite cheap—thus rendering it one of the most desirable editions that can be obtained. Number thirty-four has made its appearance.

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY, AND OF THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS. By Elias Loomis, A.M., Professor of Mathematics in the University of the City of New-York. Harper Brothers.

This is the fourth volume of a course of Mathematics designed for the use of Schools. The high reputation of Mr. Loomis is a guarantee, that in this work his design is ably carried out; and that for classes of average ability, no better work can be had.

DE QUINCEY'S WRITINGS. THE CÆSARS: By Thomas De Quincey. Author of "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

Of the literary merits of De Quincey's book, no reader of taste can be insensible. There is a naturalness about the "Confessions" which impresses the reader with their truth. The style of the work is excellent, at times flowing along majestically, and bearing upon its bosom the grandest and most beautiful thoughts and images, and at others, dashing by with a quick, rapid motion, and sparkling with wit. The works of this author are being presented by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, in four volumes. The first is the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater;" the second, the "Biographical Essays;" and the "Miscellaneous Essays," and "The Cæsars," follow. The volumes are in the well-known elegant style of the firm.

THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mary Cowden Clarke. 18mo. Part I. New-York: George P. Putnam.

The design of this series is to imagine the possible circumstances surrounding the infant life of Shakspeare's heroines. This second number is written with much beauty of style and sentiment, and presents quite an attractive picture of Cawdor Castle.

NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI. Harper Brothers.

After all that has been said and sung about the Nile and Egypt, such a title as the above possesses but little attraction. The reader, however, who is induced to take it up, immediately finds himself fascinated by a new charm, and his amusement increases as he advances. The lively and racy style, chaste humor, and graceful sallies of the author, lend a new hue to the hackneyed scenes of the Nile. Of all books on the East, from Thackeray to Dr. Hawkes, this has afforded us the most satisfaction.

THE OLD RED-SANDSTONE: or, New Works in An Old Field. By Hugh Miller, author of "Foot-prints of the Creation." Illustrated with numerous Engravings. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

Hugh Miller is an eminent geologist of Scotland,—one who has not only contributed greatly to the advance of the science, but who, by his wonderfully clear, pleasing and attractive style, assumed at once the highest rank among the scientific writers of the age; and rarely has so remarkable a book, as the one before us, come from the press even in the present age. Perhaps, never have the facts of science been stated with so much poetic beauty of expression as in this work of Mr. Miller. It is just the work to make popular the subject. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

TWICE TOLD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New Edition. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

A new and revised edition of these admired tales, which have gained for Mr. Hawthorne a niche in the gallery of American writers, notwithstanding his vaunt, "that he was, for a good many years, the obscurest man of letters in America," is a welcome announcement from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Co. It is an evidence of the growing popularity of American literature, and we trust also of increasing remuneration to deserving authors.

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By B. J. Lossing. No. 12. New-York: Harper Brothers.

This work, which will be completed in about twenty numbers, abounds in interesting incidents and occurrences which took place at the time of the Revolution, and which are too pleasant and valuable to be lost. It will be illustrated with more than six hundred engravings on wood—some of them are quite clever.

De Bow's Review of the Southern and Western States: A Monthly Industrial and Literary Journal; Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures, Internal Improvements. New-Orleans. J. D. B. De Bow, Editor and Proprietor, Professor of Political Economy, etc., in the University of Louisiana.

We are exceedingly pleased to hear of the success of this work, so important to the South, and so creditable to its literary enterprise. It comes to us monthly, freighted with the most valuable and reliable information in relation to the resources of that section of the country, and ought not to be missed from any Northern library.

A Treatise on the History and Management of Ornamental and Domestic Poultry. By the Rev. Edmund Saul Dixon, A.M.; with large additions by J. J. Kerr, M.D. Illustrated with many original Portraits. E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

The rearing of poultry has of late attracted much attention, and in the neighborhood of Boston, Mass., has become a speculative mania, absorbing much capital and to a considerable profit. The present work is decidedly the ablest on the subject, and is well illustrated with original portraits of the fowls. Dr. Kerr, the American editor of this work, is now a resident of New-York, and devotes much attention to the prosecution of this branch of natural history.

Theory of Pneumatology: In reply to the Question, "What ought to be Believed or Disbelieved, concerning Presentiments, Visions and Apparitions, according to Nature, Reason and Scripture. By Dr. Johann Heinrich Jung-Stelling. Edited by the Rev. Geo. Bush. J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

This is a work possessing extraordinary interest upon a subject, which, more than all others, is of vast importance to mankind. The object of the work is to overthrow the system of materialism and consequent infidelity, and also to accumulate a long array of undeniable facts in the department of the supernatural. This it has done with great force and clearness: giving application to a fund of anecdote in relation to visions and ghost-seeing, and affording great amusement to those even who do not agree with the learned author or editor.

Popery: British and Foreign. By Walter Savage Landor. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Boston.

This is a waif upon the turbulent surface of British opinion, in relation to the authority of the Pope and his proceedings in England. A more ridiculous excitement never existed since the Popish Plot of Charles' time, and like that, only serves the purpose of state ministers.

A Pastoral Letter for the Lent of M.DCCC.LI. By Bishop Walsh. Dunigan and Brother.

This is a very interesting letter, and is addressed to the Diocese of Halifax, but is full of general instruction.

Lyra Catholica: Containing all the Hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal, arranged for every day of the week and the festivals. Dunigan & Brother, 151 Fulton-street.

This is a very beautifully printed copy of the Lyra Catholica of Edward Caswell, M. A. A work highly prized for the thorough and reliable translations of the Hymns and Sequence of the Pentecostal Office and Corpus Christi. They also contain some of the choicest gems of the Catholic poets of the early English literature.

Mount Hope: or, Phillip, King of the Wampanoags. An Historical Romance By G. H. Hollister. Harper Brothers.

This is a spirit-stirring tale, drawn from the ample materials furnished from the early history of Massachusetts, and they are wrought up with great power and effect.

POEMS. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

This collection commences with a highly finished poem, entitled, "The Spirit of Poetry," first published, we think, in 1843. It is followed by minor pieces, of some fancy and sentiment. The volume is published in the unique style of Messrs. Ticknor & Co.

THE VOLCANO DIGGINGS: A TALE OF CALIFORNIA LAW. By a Member of the Bar. J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

A very interesting sketch of scenes in the gold diggings, turning on the fortunate escape of an innocent man condemned by lynch law, as has also frequently been the case by statute law, through circumstantial evidence.

THE FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE. By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Edited by John P. Norton. New-York: Leonard Scott & Co.

This is the fifteenth number of this work. It is, in many respects, one of the best books for the farmer's use and instruction that is published.

DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS: ENGINE-WORK AND ENGINEERING. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This great work has reached its twenty-sixth number, with undiminished merit, and it should be well patronised.

PLANK ROADS. HISTORY, STRUCTURE, AND STATISTICS OF PLANK-ROADS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By William Kingsford, Civil Engineer Hudson River Rail-Road. A. Hart, (late Carey & Hart,) Philadelphia.

Among the many improvements in the means of communication which have been prosecuted in the last few years, Plank-Roads are assuming a very important rank. A little work by Mr. Kingsford, of the Hudson River Rail-Road, is of great interest, and should be well circulated throughout the country. It appears that the first Plank-Road in Canada was laid down in 1836, and in New-York, in 1847, but it is only within the last four years that they have been much prosecuted. There now exist as follow:

PLANK-ROADS IN OPERATION.

	No. of Roads.	Miles.	Average cost per Mile.	Total.
Canada		442	$1,750	$773,500
New-York	19	2,106	1,833	3,860,298

Very nearly four millions of dollars have been expended in New-York upon these roads, and the resulting advantages are immense. The roads have all been subscribed for by individuals, and all pay handsome dividends. For instance, the Troy and Lansingburg Road pays 10 per cent., semi-annual; the Utica and Burlington 20 per cent., and we believe none in operation pay less than 10 per cent., and none of the stocks can be bought in the market.

The importance of Plank-Roads in farming regions becomes self-evident, when it is stated that on the Salina Road a two-horse team drew *six tons* of iron twelve miles, without unusual strain. Four-and-a-half tons is an ordinary load, and a team will travel with it eight hours per day, four miles an hour, day after day. A farmer, in a heavy country, stated that the tolls paid saved themselves in the *labor of cleaning horses*. In all localities where these roads are in operation, land rises greatly in value. On the Salina Road, farm land rose from $9 to $15 per acre; on the Syracuse Road, the increase was $10 per acre. It will be observed, that an amount of property equal to $4,000,000, bearing a high rate of interest, has been created; and that property has added in addition several millions to the value of the land through which it runs, and that all this property is mere saving from the old cost of transportation.

COL. RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

EULOGY BY HON. J. C. MATHER.

On the 6th of December, 1850, the Hon. J. C. Mather delivered before the "Society of Tammany, or Columbian Order," of the City of New-York, an Address on the occasion of the funeral obsequies of the departed statesman and warrior. It is an eloquent and feeling tribute to the memory of one whose long life was devoted to the public, and whose services to his country, in the field and in the councils of the nation, have associated his name imperishably with its military and political history. As a review of the fine traits of character, illustrated by glances at the principal features in the career of the distinguished dead, the Address will be read with high interest by all who can appreciate philanthropy and patriotism, blended with the sterner qualities that belong to the soldier and reformer.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Members of Tammany Society:

I feel that it is due to the occasion—it is due to this large and intelligent audience—no less than to myself—to say to you, that I have been most unexpectedly called upon to take a prominent part in these interesting ceremonies. With little time at command to collect and arrange the materials illustrative of the character of the distinguished dead, whose memory you propose to honor on this ocnasion,—I am compelled to throw myself upon your indulgence for the brevity, as well as the manner and matter, of the remarks I shall submit to you.

The occasion upon which we have assembled, is one of deep and abiding interest to every patriot heart. We have met to commemorate the death of one, who, in the course of a long and eventful life, has distinguished himself alike on the field of battle, and in the councils of the nation.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, the hero, the patriot, the statesman, is no more. The last link that bound him to earth is broken, and his pure spirit has gone to the God who gave it. Your ancient and respected Society, of which he has long been an honored member, has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the nation mourns over the death of one of her noblest and most distinguished sons.

Of the last moments of the illustrious dead, we have few particulars. But we know that he died, as for the last forty years he has lived, *with his armor on.*

He was at the time occupying the responsible position of member of the Legislature of Kentucky, still honored with the respect and confidence of the people of his native State, and himself devoted to their interests. Though his bodily vigor usually fitted him for arduous and protracted efforts in public service, his physical energies had of late been somewhat shaken by the infirmities of age; yet he gave, all that he had to give, at an advanced age, to the public weal, and left the legislative hall to die, like one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." In glancing over the career of a man who has left a strong impress on the military, as well as legislative annals of his country—shaping results on the field of battle, and the scarcely less important conflicts of opinion in the national legislature, and full of incident in both, I cannot but feel, with great force, my utter inability, under the most favorable circumstances, to do justice to the man, the soldier and the statesman.

There are those about me who know more of those personal qualities which won for Col. Johnson so many warm and devoted friends, and those attributes of a military as well as a political leader that gained for him the confidence and the affections of the American people. His history is interwoven with that of his country for the last half century; and all who are familiar with the one, need not be instructed in the other. And yet it is a pleasing duty, now that his career is ended,—now that the brave old soldier, the prudent and sagacious legislator, the able statesman, and true patriot, has gone to the grave, full of years and full of honors,—to review some of the more prominent points of his character and events of his life.

Col. Johnson commenced his public career as a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Kentucky. He was returned to that body for several succes-

sive terms, and was there down to 1812, when war was declared against Great Britain. He was one of that noble band of patriots who voted for that measure, and he sustained it with all his eloquence, energy and zeal. He saw with what injustice and indignity our country had been treated, and he believed that an appeal to arms was the only mode of redress. In the execution of that measure, he felt it was the duty of every good citizen to co-operate. Not content with inculcating that duty, he enforced his precept by his example. He resigned his seat in the House of Representatives, and entered the service of his country as a volunteer.

Need I recall to your remembrance his truly brilliant career in arms? Need I remind any American citizen of his deeds of valor—his generalship, his impetuous bravery in the field of battle, his self-sacrificing devotion to his country's interests, and of the important services which he rendered to the nation on the North-western frontier during the second war of Independence? For his brilliant services in defence of his country, let the impartial record of history speak. But the importance of the event, and his noble bearing throughout, will justify me in recounting its minutest particulars. You will at once perceive that I refer to the glorious victory achieved at the battle of the Thames, on the 5th of October, 1813. Says a distinguished historian of that period: "At the commencement of the Twelfth Congress, when the dispute between this country and Great Britain had become incurable by any remedy but war, Col. Johnson was among those who, in argument, assumed the responsibility of declaring for it with alacrity. In recounting the injuries England had done to this country, he spoke of her instigations of the savages to hostility. 'If,' said John Randolph, in reply to the gentleman from Kentucky, 'he will prove his assertion, I will join him in an expedition to Canada, to avenge the wrong.'" At the succeeding session, when proofs of the fact to demonstration had been multiplied, Col. Johnson called upon Mr. Randolph to redeem his pledge; but the call was disregarded.

In the autumn of 1812, after Hull's shameful surrender of his army, Colonel Johnson led a company of Kentucky volunteers, under the command of Gen. Harrison, to the relief of Fort Wayne. The foe having retired at the close of that campaign, the Col. repaired to his seat in Congress.

Before he left the seat of Government, he arranged, with the Secretary of War, the plan of raising a thousand mounted volunteers to join the North-western army, and carried his commission in his pocket. On opening the rendezvous, he had the gratification to realize his expectations, in rallying his fellow-citizens around his country's standard. In the meantime, he had been re-elected to Congress, and the session was about to open, for the important purpose of laying taxes. His warmest friends seemed to think he was bound to take his seat, and gave that opinion.—He, at the same time, was about to engage in a dangerous service in a subordinate command, which might subject him to a disagreable responsibility and mortification. But his resolution was unalterably taken, and he repaired to the field, which for a long time promised but few laurels. At the battle of the Thames, the regulars of the opposing army were vanquished at a single, though desperate and hazardous charge. When the routed lines of their savage allies were about to be rallied for a new conflict by their leader, Tecumseh, Colonel Johnson seeing the necessity of a bold and instant onset, repaired to the spot where the force was assembling with a daring band of followers. Advancing, they received a most destructive fire from them, which deprived Col. Johnson of his venerable friend Col Wheatley, who fell by his side. After the fire, but one man remained on horseback near the Colonel. The Colonel himself was pierced with four bullets.—At this instant, he saw Tecumseh, the savage chief, present his rifle not more than twelve yards distant. With a resolution rare, in so great a peril, he faced his horse upon him, and received his ball by this change of position, in his left hand. The savage drew his tomahawk, and the Colonel attempted to spur his horse to meet him, but his horse having also been severely wounded, advanced but slowly upon his adversary. In these moments of danger, he with heroic presence of mind, preserved his right arm from exposure, by keeping it close to his side. In that hand, he carried a well charged pistol: the eyes of his antagonist were fixed upon him with the fiercest intent, and his hand was in the act of throwing his deadly weapon at five yards' distance. For a moment the savage shrunk with terror at this unexpected danger, and at that instant the Colonel lodged its contents in his bosom. He fell, and his warriors gave up the contest instantly. Colonel Johnson, faint with the loss of blood which streamed from five wounds, retired to his line. During the return of the army, the Colonel was exposed for several days in an open boat, to an inclement and stormy sky, and the torture he suffered from his inflamed wounds was such as to put a hero's soul to trial.

On his return, he was everywhere received with the utmost kindness and attention.

On the 12th of November, he reached his residence, and on the 12th of February following, he had so far recovered from his wounds, as to be enabled to set out for the seat of government.

As he passed along, wherever he was known, he was rewarded as became the brave. Arrived at the capital of the Union—not the gallant and fortunate Perry was received with more flattering approbation or more marked distinction. The naval hero had achieved the mantle of triumph without a wound; but the military commander, equally successful in vanquishing his country's enemies, bore on his mutilated frame the honorable testimony, through which he had passed to victory.

But let me not, by dwelling upon events in the life of Col. Johnson, which are more familiar to the American people, because of stirring interest, lead any one to suppose that I undervalue his civil services. His military career, though brilliant as it was brief, exhibiting the strength of his patriotism and of his forgetfulness of self, is, in my judgment, eclipsed by the noble achievements of his legislative career.

The war being over, Col. Johnson's talents, and sound republican principles, were again called into exercise in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of the United States. For many years he was a member of one or the other House of Congress; and both positions illustrated his devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. His views on the subject of imprisonment for debt, are well known to the country. In the work of its abolition, it is not too much to say, that Col. Johnson had perhaps a larger share than any man of his day. His eloquent and convincing appeals to the people of the United States, against that absurd, unjust, and most barbarous principle, no doubt, did more to work its abolition in the states, than all the labors of those who followed him in that field.

Col. Johnson was not less honorably and conspicuously identified with those measures of justice, by which the men who achieved our national independence have been in some measure rewarded for their toils and sufferings in youth, by providing for them a comfortable support to cheer and sustain them in their declining years.

He was among the foremost of those who, by zealous and persevering effort, accomplished that act of tardy justice—and he will long be remembered as the benefactor of a race of men who, for patient endurance, unwavering resolution, and ardent devotion to the cause of freedom, have had no equals in modern times. Col. Johnson, distinguished as he was by the great events of his life, both in the field and in the councils of the nation, was peculiarly the friend and the champion of the masses. By the people he had been first taken by the hand, and led from the humble walks of life up to the high places of the land; and this attachment and confidence of the masses of the people touched a chord in his generous heart which never ceased to vibrate while his life lasted; and it was always his highest pride, among the many important offices which he was called to fill, to be able to say that he had received them in nearly every instance directly from the hands of the people, who loved to honor him, and whom he always served with the fidelity of a true and faithful son. This feeling was strongly evinced at the time when his name had been presented to the legislature of Kentucky as a candidate for the office of Senator of the United States, and which was subsequently withdrawn by his brother. In speaking of the withdrawal of his name, he said, shortly after, in a letter to a friend: "I have uniformly looked to the people for office; I have never expressed a wish that I desired any office in the gift of the government; and I have preferred serving in my present situation to any other, because of my gratitude to those who first honored me, and have continued their confidence when placed before them. In the twenty-four years that I have served in the legislature and in Congress, I have never been more than the same number of days absent from my duty."

His devoted attachment to the people never shone with greater brilliancy—never with more power—never with such splendid and lasting results, as in his famous report on Sunday mails, submitted to the Senate of the United States, January, 19, 1829.

Religious fanaticism had seized upon the public mind at the North. The peaceful and quiet transportation of the Sunday mail, that essential aid, that vehicle of daily and hourly aliment of a thinking, reading, social, moral and benevolent people, was assailed, as hostile to the dogmas of religious sectarianism. The pulpit, the press, and the popular assemblies of the excited, the over-zealous and the over-righteous, poured forth their anathemas against a measure which had been adopted by the purest spirits of our Revolutionary era, which had received the sanction of Franklin and his compeers, and for half a century had fulfilled all the duties of worldly reciprocity, of religious charity and brotherly love, which free and uninterrupted communication never failed to secure. Yet nothing was so sacred by its consecration, or its uses, or its antiquity, as to protect it from the wild and reckless spirit of religious fanaticism. That scheme of agitation had all the characteristics of a religious frenzy, stimulated to excess by a bigotry and

intolerance which knew no bounds, and which sought to coerce submission to its behests, under the high sanction of the Christian faith.

True, our fathers had fled from religious persecution and tyranny in the old world, and had fondly hoped *here* to find an asylum for themselves and their children. True, the Constitution purchased by their blood, and consecrated by their prayers, had for ever prohibited legislation over the religious opinions and the consciences of the people, and we had boasted to the world, that *here* at least, true religious freedom might be found. Yet, all these time-honored—these consecrated and hallowed privileges, the hope of the living, and the consolations of the dying—ALL were to be cloven down, and a "higher law," the offspring of a blind, one-ideaism of a pharisaical superiority, which stood up and said, "I thank God that I am not as other men," was to be installed into spiritual dominion, and was to be made to usurp the place of the highest and most sacred constitutional rights. The whole country, with anxious solicitude, was looking to the decisions of Congress on this question, which came home to all classes and conditions of our people. Col. Johnson, who never shrunk from his duty when on the field of battle, was regarded, at the time, as the man of all others for the emergency; and who would meet this question with the moral courage and firmness which the occasion demanded.

It was universally regarded as a crisis in the legislation of the country, which to pass in safety, was a consummation most earnestly desired by every true friend of freedom and lover of his country. I need not tell you how fully, how nobly, Col. Johnson met the public expectation under these critical circumstances. His report covered the whole ground of controversy, in language at once bold, dignified, and convincing. It settled the question then, and I doubt not, forever. Congress sustained the doctrines of the Report, and it met the approving voice of an enlightened people.

Fortunate, indeed, was it for the country that the people, who had so often trusted and never been deceived, in this emergency confided to the gallant hero who, on the field of blood, had struck to the ground the savage chief—the duty of engaging in conflict with this more than savage spirit—the demon of religious intolerance. He grappled with the monster, and felled him too, never more to rise.

That ever-memorable Report can never be read, without awakening feelings of the deepest gratitude to its patriotic author—and though now dead, "he yet speaketh."

The closing paragraph sums up in glorious review the rights of the people under the Constitution, in these words:—

"What other nations call religious toleration, we call religious rights. They are not exercised in virtue of governmental indulgence, but as rights of which Government cannot deprive any portion of citizens, however small. Despotic power may invade those rights, but justice still confirms them. Let the National Legislature once perform an act which involves the decision of a religious controversy, and it will have passed its legitimate bounds. The precedent will then be established, and the foundation laid for that usurpation of the Divine prerogative which has been the desolating scourge to the fairest portion of the Old World. Our Constitution recognizes no other power than that of persuasion for enforcing religious observances. Let the professors of Christianity recommend their religion by their deeds of benevolence, by Christian meekness, by lives of temperance and holiness. Let them combine their efforts to instruct the ignorant, to relieve the widow and the orphan, to promulgate to the world the gospel of their Saviour—recommending its precept by their habitual example—Government will find its legitimate object in protecting them. It cannot oppose them, and they will not need its aid. Their moral influence will then do infinitely more to advance the true interests of religion, than any measures which they may call on Congress to enact. The petitioners do not complain of any infringement upon their own rights. They enjoy all that Christians ought to ask at the hands of any Government—protection from all molestation in the exercise of their religious sentiments."

It is impossible, at this day, to look over that admirable paper without being gratefully impressed with the weight of obligation due from all liberal-minded and right thinking men of the Republic to the old soldier, who with the honesty and straight forward purposes that ever characterized the man, stepped forward on that memorable occasion, and breasted the storm that was raging about him. The sentiments and doctrines of that report, which lay at the foundation of the American Government, were hailed alike by every lover of freedom, in our own and in foreign climes, as second only in importance to the Declaration of Independence. In Ireland, where dwells many a patriot heart, so great was the enthusiasm in its favor, that thousands of copies were printed in letters of gold, and scattered broad-cast through the land, and at this day they are to be found adorning the walls of the mansions of the rich and the cottages of the poor. It is difficult to say whether Col. Johnson wielded his pen or

his sword with the most vigor and efficiency. With the one he did good service for his country on the frontier, with the other he achieved a moral victory over fanaticism and religious bigotry, which has rendered his name immortal, and left behind it glorious and beneficent results.

That the people of the United States should have felt deeply the debt of gratitude for this, his noble stand in their behalf, is not strange. The American people never did fail to distinguish between their true friends and the time-serving, hollow-hearted politician, and in the general election of 1836, attested their grateful remembrance of his services, by honoring him with the second office in their gift.

In all the ancient republics the fickleness of the popular mind had so manifested itself as to originate and give currency to the proverb which has come down to our own times, and is often used by the enemies of free government to express their dislike of its principles. "Republics are ungrateful," say the advocates of monarchy, and why? Because, in republics so called, but where in reality power was wielded by a patrician oligarchy, and the great body of the people were bondmen, without voice, influence or control; the fierce rivalries of the aristocracy often drove a victorious general, or a patriotic statesman into banishment from the country he had enriched or saved. Governments thus organized partake but little of the true spirit of freedom, but carry within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution. They needed no Macedonian phalanx under Alexander, no Goths and Vandals to overthrow them, and blot out their name from the map of the world.

But in a Democratic Republican Government, the sincere friend of his country, the *true* patriot, is never ostracised. The foundations of his Government are laid on the broad basis of *equal rights*, and he claims not the cringing service of inferiors, but the spontaneous gratitude, the honorable recognition of his compeers—*the people*. His power is all their own, and each one of the reading, reflecting and thinking millions garners it up as a precious treasure to be watched and guarded as his own good name. On the other hand, the American people, under the benign influence of universal education, know their rights, and ever guard them with a sleepless jealousy. They know no Tarpeian Rock for traitors to their country and the principles of its Government. But in the ballot-box, that silent, yet most expressive index of their will, they hold an engine far more terrible to the false and faithless, than even the blood-stained precipice of Roman vengeance. The tried patriotism of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and the brave man whose death we have assembled to commemorate, with a host of other sons of the Republic, has found a lodgment in the American heart too deep to be ever uprooted. If the fickle Athenians denounced Aristides the Just, Americans of all parties, through all coming time, will cherish the virtues and venerate the name of the brave soldier and the philanthropic statesman. To fill the second office in the nation to the entire satisfaction of a large majority of such a people, was what the personal and public character of Col. Johnson enabled him fully to accomplish. As the presiding officer of the Senate, his manner was marked by that uniform kindness and urbanity which ever distinguished him. As a magistrate among his fellow citizens, as he mingled with the masses, the overflowing of his kind heart caused all to forget the officer of State in the nobleness of the man.

It will not perhaps be deemed irrelevant or inappropriate at this time, while speaking of one whose acts are left as a legacy to the nation, whose life was devoted to the Union, on the battle-field and in the council chamber, to remark, that the contemplation of such services should have a tendency to deepen and strengthen our attachment to those cherished institutions, founded by our fathers, and which can only be handed down by us to those who are to come after us, by a firm, abiding and unwavering attachment to the "Union as it is." I deem it my privilege on an occasion like this, to advert to a subject which we all know was dear to the heart of the illustrious dead. Nay, further, when we are daily hearing the Union spoken lightly of, and its dissolution discussed by fanatics, North and South, I deem it proper upon any public occasion, however sacred in its character, to bear testimony of our unalterable attachment to it, and our firm determination to sustain and uphold it, in the spirit which actuated its founders—in the spirit of those men who shed their blood to establish it, and who, while living, watched its growing power with feelings of pride and satisfaction, and who, when death called them from the scenes of earth, offered up their last prayer to the God of nations, to preserve and defend our glorious Union. Upon this subject your great city has spoken out in thunder tones, which have been heard, and will be respected from one end of the country to the other. The great and good men everywhere, of all parties and creeds, on this subject and in this crisis, should meet and worship at one common shrine, and swear upon the altar of their country, in the language of the immortal Jackson: "The Union must and shall be preserved!"

Col. Johnson, from his first participation in the duties of political life, up through all the grades of office, and to the close of his career, was a member of the great republican party of the country. His political creed was as broad and as liberal as his philanthropy. It was not bounded, like a township or state, by any geographical lines. Like the broad Ohio, which washes the border of his native state, it was confined by no artificial bounds, but bore on its deep and ever-flowing current the interests of the North and the South, the East and the West. Indeed, the distinguishing trait of his political character was its *nationality*. He looked to the nation as one glorious and powerful in its unity, but degraded, despoiled and enfeebled, if divided. He never sought his own advancement, or that of his native State, at the expense of the harmony, good order and fraternal affection of the different sections of the republic. He had no ambition to become the champion of the South or the North. He preferred the prosperity and the happiness of all to any temporary advantage he might gain as the leader of a new sectional party. Next to the Hero of New-Orleans, nullification found in him its most dreaded foe, ready, as in 1812, to take the field as a volunteer at the head of the Kentucky riflemen, to assert the supremacy of the constitution and the laws; and, but as yesterday, when the summons called him to join the hosts of the good and the brave in that "spirit land," he stood ready, at the call of his country, to strike his last blow in defence of that glorious Union of the States, for which he had poured out his youthful blood like water.

He has gone from among the living, leaving an example like that of the other departed great men of our land, which, in its silent yet powerful influence, will do more than fleets or armies to perpetuate the Union; and, I deem it not too highly wrought eulogy to say, that in RICHARD M. JOHNSON the country has lost one of her most faithful and devoted sons—one who loved and venerated her free institutions—who gloried in her success and triumphs—and whose whole heart beat responsive to every note that sounded her praise and her glory—one who, if permitted to speak from his tomb to his countrymen, would say—Better, far better, to stand over the open graves of *all* who have labored for the building up of this glorious political fabric, in the past, than blast the hopes of a world, by allowing sacrilegious hands to be laid upon the Union, to bury the hopes of freemen everywhere, by consigning to the tomb the fairest structure ever reared to protect the rights, to expand the mind, and to perfect the liberties of man.

ON our cover will be found the advertisement of Messrs. FRANCIS & LOUTREL, Manufacturing Stationers, No. 77 Maiden-lane, New-York. They afford a gratifying example of success resulting from perseverance, industry and ingenuity, in the improvement and manufacture of Blank Books, Manifold Letter-Writers, and every description of article which pertains to stationery in general.

From year to year they have gradually extended the circle of their operations, and steadily won upon the confidence of their customers in all parts of the Union, until their establishment has become, in all its departments, equal to any in the country.

Their business is based upon the gradual results of personal application to all its details. It has never outgrown their own abilities to attend to it, because they have grown with it. They are of that old-fashioned school of business men, which we hope is not becoming so rare, as some may think, who are never above their business, and never imagine that the dignity of increasing wealth justifies a neglect of the means by which it has been produced. It is by such men, that the simplicity of our republican manners will be prolonged amid those dangers of increasing prosperity, which have ever been fatal to former republics, and which were predicted to be the overthrow of this.

OURSELVES.

During the past six months, Mr. Theodore Augustus Foster, connected with this Review, has made a tour of the Southern and Northern sections of the States, calling personally upon all the leading democrats of each locality. In every quarter he has, without exception, met with a warm-hearted and generous response to the claims of this work upon the great Democratic Party, as the national exponent of those great principles for which it has ever contended. The confidence reposed in the course of the Review is expressed in the following paper, signed by more than two thousand democrats, of all sections. We append a portion of the names in this number, to be continued in successive numbers, with the additional names furnished by Mr. Foster, now on his Western trip.

We, the undersigned, subscribers to the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, feel deeply interested in its success, and recommend it to all our democratic friends. Its primary objects are to advocate and disseminate true Democracy, (such as was taught by Jefferson and Jackson,) and we feel confident, that such being the character of the work, all true democrats will feel the same interest that we do in the promulgation of those principles, and will be found to contribute to its support and development. We feel a national pride as well as duty in liberally supporting the only organ of the National Democratic Party in this great republican country; and we are confident in assuring our friends, that if they will do their duty, that the editor and proprietors will make this organ, both as a literary and political Magazine, equal, if not superior, to any work published in this country or Europe. We would further add, that their general canvassing agent, Mr. Theodore A. Foster, is now on his Southern and Western tour, and we earnestly recommend all good democrats to avail themselves of the present opportunity of enrolling their names on the books of the Democratic Review.

FOUR THOUSAND NAMES CONTINUED:

J. A. Weeks.	*Pontiac, Mich.*	Benjamin F. Arnold,	*Pawlings, N.Y.*
A. C. Baldwin,	do.	W. Wood,	*Detroit, Mich.*
M. L. Bragg, M.D.,	do.	Thomas Doney,	*New-Brunswick, N J.*
Alexander Tinkham,	do.	Col. Thos. W. Harris,	*Holly Springs, Miss.*
M. G. Spear,	do.	H. A. Gildea,	*Philadelphia,*
John Lockwood,	do.	Francis E. Ensign,	*William Centre, Ohio.*
George R. Hixon,	do.	C. R. Baker.	*Kingston, Wis.*
Hodges House,	do.	John A. Lowell,	*East Machias, Me.*
Dean & Hovey,	do.	Com. Lawrence Kearny,	*Washington, DC.*
A. Williams,	do.	Col. Ward B. Burnett,	*Philadelphia.*
Charles Pittman,	do.	William T. Riddle,	*Eaton Grenn, Ala.*
J. W. Crain,	do.	H. A. Fitzpatrick,	*Germantown, Ky.*
M. E. Crofoot,	do.	William F. Blackwall,	*McFarland, Va.*
R. C. Whittemore,	do.	William H. Blunt,	*Columbian Grove, Va.*
John Almy,	*Detroit,*	William B. Anderson,	*Mount Vernon, Ill.*
Andrew T. McReynolds,	do.	S. A. Baker,	*Washington Ct.*
A. H. Bragg,	do.	J. Joyner,	*Port Washington, La.*
Wetherell & Chipman,	do.	Col. Saml. H. Whithom,	*Shelbyville, Tenn.*
A. Leadbeater,	do.	John Phillips,	*Haverstraw, N.Y.*
C. H. Curry,	do.	Hon. A. P. Stevens,	*Rockland Lake, N.Y.*

John N. Gott,	*Ann Arbor, Mich.*
John C. Munday,	do.
O. W. Moore,	do.
William G. Goodwin,	*Union City,*
George B. Cooper,	*Jackson,*
G. W. Gosham,	do.
H. A Hayden,	do.
James Wood,	do.
H. Budington,	do.
A. W. Bennett,	do.
S. S. Vaughan,	do.
Bloomfield & Curtis,	do.
C. & O. R. Cole,	do.
W. V. Buck,	do.
J. B. Eaton,	do.
E. Higby,	do.
A. Bennett, Jr.,	do.
H. O. Brown,	do.
W. H. Horton,	*Mason, Mich.*
M. McRoberts,	do.
Z. D. H. A. Tillotson,	*Marshall,*
Joseph Hollon,	do.
A. L. Hays,	do.
M. Mann,	do.
Nathan Benedict,	do.
Lucius G. Noyes,	do.
J. W. Burgess,	do.
George C. Gibbs,	do.
Alonzo Noble,	*Battle Creek,*
Edward Cox, M.D.,	*Marshall,*
B. F. Graves,	do.
L. C. Kellogg,	do.
William M. Campbell,	do.
Edward Packer,	do.
J. K. Ward,	do.
Miss Susan M. Cox,	*Battle Creek,*
William H. De Yoe,	*Kalamazoo,*
Charles Gibbs,	do.
G. W. Rice,	do.
Abram Edwards,	do.
Samuel Clark,	do.
Silas Hubbard,	do.
M. D. Howard,	*Ann Arbor,*
N. R. Ransdell,	do.
G. H. Shaw,	*Jackson,*
John T. Hitchings,	*Concord,*
O. M. Barnes,	*Jackson,*
Francis W. Sherman,	*Marshall,*
J. R. Harding,	*Weston, Mo.*
Mr. Simpson,	*Elmira, N Y.*
Mr. Bailey,	*Harrisburg, Pa.*
George A. Hicks,	*Pearl-street, Brooklyn.*
Hiram Arnold,	*Kalamazoo, Mich.*
S. J. Prindle,	*Paw Paw,*
H. C. Clapp,	do.
J. W. Willard,	do.
F. H. Stevens,	do.
E. Durkee,	do.
William H. Hulburt,	do.
G. Briggs,	*London, Eng.*
Hon. Edward Gilbert,	*San Francisco, Ca.*
William Kirby,	*Princeton, N.J.*
Joseph C. Palmer,	*San Francisco, Ca.*
Staples & Deavitt,	*South Bend, Ind.*
C. W. Emrick,	do.
J. K. Wright, M.D.,	*South Bend, Ind.*
J. A. Liston,	do.
J. Ketchum,	do.
Brownfield & Day,	do.
W. Eddy,	do.
M. H. Smith,	do.
H. Bement,	do.
N. E. Marston,	do.
A. W. Higgins,	do.
J. M. Ewing,	do.
J. B. Duret,	do.
Adkins Nash,	do.
G. E. Adams,	do.
George B. Walker,	do.
Orlando Hurd,	*Miskawha,*
C. Carter,	*Logansport,*
A. W Gooden,	*Lafayette,*
Mark Jones,	do.
E. M. Weaver,	do.
Thomas Wood,	do.
J. Walker,	do.
A. M. Crane,	do.
R. Heath & Co.,	do.
H. W. Chase,	do.
R. S. Ford,	do.
Jesse Andruas,	do.
W. W. W. H. T. Bramble,	do.
Daniel Mace,	do.
A. R. Wood,	*Crawfordsville,*
M. D. Munson,	do.
D. Vance,	do.
James Graham,	do.
Morgan Snook,	do.
H. T. Snook,	do.
D. C. Stover,	do.
George P. Buell,	*Indianapolis,*
Barbour & Porter,	do.
Isaac Blackford,	do.
S. A. Fletcher,	do.
Morrison & Talbot,	do.
O. F. Meyhew,	do.
Edward Lander,	do.
M. G. Bright,	*Madison,*
J. H. Lane,	*Lawrenceburg,*
W. M. Noel,	*Rockville,*
O. P. Davis,	*Newport,*
A. L. Patterson,	*Battle Ground,*
G. Swihart,	*North Manchester,*
R. F. Donaldson,	*Peru,*
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J. Buckels,	*Munice,*
John P. Dunn,	*Troy,*
J. J. Alexander,	*Gosport,*
James Elliott,	*Shelbyville,*
Smith Jones,	*Columbus,*
Joseph Allen,	*Brownsvalley,*
E. R. Bascom,	*Blufftown,*
G. Schwarts,	*Jeffersonville,*
C. J. Miller,	*Frankfort,*
John Hunt,	*Anderson,*
M. J. Dugun	*Eagle Village,*
Thomas D. Walpole,	*Greenfield,*
N P. Hovey,	*Mount Vernon,*
B. R. Edmondston,	*Maysville,*
Charles Alexander,	*Petersburg,*

James H: Stewart,	*Delphi, Ind.*
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Grafton F. Cookerly,	*Terre Haute,*
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John S. Reid,	*Connersville,*
W. F. Sherrod,	*Paoli,*
Col. W. R. Haddon,	*Carlisle,*
James B Foley,	*Greenburg,*
Thomas Armstrong,	*Vevay,*
E. Dumont,	*Lawrenceburg,*
W. R. Bowes,	*Michigan City,*
W. W. McCoy,	*Laporte,*
A. P. Willard,	*New-Albany,*
W. Crim,	*Anderson,*
D. E. Williamson,	*Bowling Green,*
W. R. Johnson	*Paoli,*
Perry Brown,	*Winslow,*
C. P. Furguson,	*Charlestown,*
J. Riston,	*Covington,*
B. O. Deming,	*Lafayette,*
John Lilly,	do.
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Alexander McRae,	do.
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David Yarborough,	do.
D S. Beauchamp,	do.
Alexander McKneely,	do.
O. McKneely,	do.
Josiah Knighton,	do.
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John W. Hays,	do.
John Killian,	do.
L. S. Gwynn,	do.
Thomas J. Worsham,	do.
A. T. Going,	do.
T. L. McGhee,	do.
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Noel Waddill,	do.
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Jed. Sherwood,	*Cassapolis,*
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CONSTITUTIONAL COMPROMISES.

THE first principle upon which governments are formed, is this: that *consolidation produces power;* and the first problem that was presented to mankind to be worked out in the application of this principle, was:—In what manner shall this consolidation be effected, so as best to promote its object? In a high state of physical energy—such as characterized the early inhabitants of the earth, the idea of power was inseparable from the idea of happiness, and the noblest form of power was physical power. Hence the solution of the question seemed easy. It was self-evident, that the united force of a numerous body of men, looking to one common end, working for one object, and swayed by one mind, could accomplish much more than the same force would accomplish, working disjointedly, and with different moving principles. And, without experience to prove the contrary, the reasoning was conclusive, that the direction of affairs must be entrusted to one master mind, to procure the unity sought for. Consequently, it became necessary that the supreme direction of affairs should be entrusted to the wisest and most experienced heads, which were well judged to be the oldest, both for the framing of laws, the carrying on of extensive operations, and the administration of internal justice. This train of reasoning, so generally acquiesced in that it required not to be expounded, gave rise to the first, or patriarchal system. The gradual flow of the current of time washed out the direct relationship existing between the father and his subjects; but the descendants of the founders of governments possessing the blood, and supposed to possess the virtues of their man-deified progenitors, continued to rule, until patriarchism merged into despotism. Still, however, the principle held good, that consolidation produces power; and as rival empires—commenced at the ends, as it were, of the then known world, by different branches of the family disjointed at Babel—extended their sovereignties until they clashed at their bounds, the old war spirit, and the vast operations which it called forth, favored the idea. But, as time rolled on, the despot, as might naturally be expected, forgot that he ruled for the benefit, and, in the first instance, by the sufferance of his subjects, and oppressed them, as well as others, as it suited his pleasure or his caprice.

The political philosophers of the first ages fell into the same error that the political economists of a later day hold. The one, starting from the true proposition that the consolidation power is advantageous to a country, arrived at the false conclusion that the consolidation of power in the

hands of one unaccountable and irresponsible governor, would be productive of no bad effects. The other, starting from the true proposition, that the consolidation of capital is advantageous to a country, arrived at the false conclusion, that the consolidation of the whole power in the hands of a favored few, would best promote the happiness and the prosperity of the whole people. That, in the one case, if we could be always assured, that the wisest and best, and most disinterested man, would be placed at the head of the nation, and would use his power solely for the happiness of the people, and their greatness rather than his own, the first conclusion might be a correct one, will be allowed as soon as the second conclusion would be, if every rich man held his wealth, as the cashier of a bank holds the keys of the vault, in trust for the less-favored sons of the soil. But, in the absence of such guarantee, and with the experience of ages against it, the first solution of the problem could not stand, and the task, after the lapse of centuries, appeared less easy than it was at first.

The second principle of government that was discovered was, that, *in order to secure the stability of a government, every individual must feel a personal interest in it.* It was evident to the most ordinary reasoners, that, however much the people might be convinced of the fact that consolidation gave them power—however much they might believe it to be true, they would have no interest at stake—nothing to make them rally round their standard, and battle for their country, whether with the strong arm or the strong mind, unless they felt that, having once lost their government, they had lost their all. Under a despotism, the subject, whether a soldier or a civilian, was but a mere tool in the hands of his ruler; and whatever advancement in knowledge or power was gained, he received no share of it, for the principle by which it worked was known only to the single mind which controlled it. Such a state of affairs was repugnant to the progressive intellect of mankind in general, and contributed to the failure of despotism, and the rise of republicanism.

Greece was the first expounder of this new law. In her earlier experience, its truth was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt. Under its application, each individual had a direct voice in his government, and the intellect expanded as a flower in a hot-bed. What country, not recognizing the principle in its fullest force, can boast of such poets, moralists, dramatists, lawgivers, soldiers, or patriots, as she? But in this one law, her political attainments stopped. Anxious to prove the truth of the discovery they had made, the Greeks paid little attention to that other principle, which appeared to have failed, on account of an error in practice. They consolidated themselves in very small bodies, and, in the course of time, dissensions sprung up which might have been avoided, but which ended, finally, in the rejection of this rule, and the return to the first. Then Greece sank, and the star of her destiny, bright as her own ideal of beauty, shone for a time with transcendent brilliancy in Alexander, and sank beneath the horizon for ever.

The Roman made no new discovery in the science of government; but taking the two principles left him in the legacy of the warring dynasties, he united them, and kept them separate. The first principle he applied, by reducing under his arms all the nations around him; and the second, he recognized in a system of laws and jurisprudence, and an internal policy, which has been the admiration of all succeeding nations. But he neither applied the first nor the second principle in its fullest extent; for, without the city walls, he bound his tributaries by no ties to the govern-

ment to which they were tributary; nor did he, within the city walls, allow the plebeian the same amount of interest in the welfare of the state which he gave to the patrician. Hence the splendid temple of Roman greatness was but a fabric whose walls were uncemented, and ready to crumble by their own weight.

The third principle of government was now discovered, *that a division of labor is necessary to attain the highest degree of perfection.* This principle belongs to the feudal ages. The feudal monarchies were formed on the three principles here laid down, intermixed with a false one, to wit—that a division of labor created a division of rank, and that rank once obtained, was hereditary. In other words, they denied the law—so self-evident at first, that no one asserted it as a law—that all men are born equal. But these three principles, once recognized in their fullest extent—all equally and alike—cannot fail of producing a government perfect in theory, and that government is the Republic of the United States.

We use the words, "perfect in theory," for perfect in practice the government of the United States certainly is not, nor is any government which has ever existed; for of them all, we have the most perfect. The three fundamental axioms, which all experience proves are correct, are united in her; and if she cannot claim the honor of having discovered anything new, she has combined and arranged them all, in a manner which makes her grand combination a grand discovery. And, moreover, she has given utterance to, and maintained against the world, in her corporate capacity, truths which others have rejected—which others have declared falsehood, but which are none the less true. She has declared that all men are free and equal; she has proved that nations may become powerful without annihilating other nations; she has repudiated the doctrine that force is power, and upholds the doctrine that knowledge is power; she has demonstrated that honesty is the best policy, and that justice between nation and nation is as necessary as justice between man and man—that the most lasting advantage is gained, where the advantage is equal on both sides; and she has proved, in her internal policy, that war is not a necessary evil, and that the principle of peace is of universal application. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Republic is not perfect in practice: for perfection knows no compromises, which, however, are rendered necessary in our Constitution, by circumstances over which we have no control. It is the object of the present article to show why and wherefore the compromises of the Constitution—especially upon the subject of negro slavery—ought to be respected and held inviolable, until expunged by the common consent, and to prove that the dissolution of this Union, because of an asserted moral wrong, for which we are not accountable, would be the height of absurdity, as it would neither goad nor drive those who are accountable to a sense of their accountability; but it would sacrifice the first principle of all government, and the incalculable advantages which daily accrue from it, to a mere abstraction.

A distinguished lawyer, writing to the Maryland Constitutional Reform Convention, uses these words:—"No one can place less value than I do upon what has been called philosophical legislation—a legislation based upon a pretended insight into the nature of man; and, consequently, fitted for all nations, by a little modification suited to the difference in circumstances. No laws are suited to a people, but those which have grown up from their necessities—from their customs—from their opinions." And

the fathers of the Republic, in the great Declaration of Independence, hinted at the same truth, in the following language:—"Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments, long established, should not be changed for light and trifling causes; and, accordingly, all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are endurable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." The opinions, the teachings, the practice of all ages of the world, show that this view of affairs is the correct one, and that we are as much indebted to the circumstances in which the colonies were placed—for our excellencies as well as our evils—as we are to the reason of these master minds who made those circumstances subservient to the best possible ends. In all ages, except our own, it has been a blind experiment, rather than the deduction of philosophic minds, which has produced each successive principle of government, as a blind experiment with the galvanic battery showed Sir Humphrey Davy the component parts of water. In this view, a consideration of the circumstances under which the Republic was formed, will furnish data whence to produce arguments why it should be preserved, notwithstanding the evils with which it is found necessary to compromise.

To carry out this idea, it is not necessary to trace every step in the path through which the nation has passed, from the discovery of Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, or the arrival of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, down to the time of the adoption of the Constitution. It is not necessary to go into an elaborate statement of the causes which led to an estrangement between the daughter states and the mother country. Those causes existed, and are stated with sufficient exactness in the Declaration of Independence. Grievances called forth remonstrances and protestations; but as protestations received no attention, and remonstrances no answer, the Genius of Liberty proclaimed that servile submission was a crime. The people gave their response, when she declared that they were free and independent. Amid the din of the battle, in the roar of the cannon, in the rattle of the musketry, in the rallying cry and the charging shout, at Lexington, at Bunker's Hill, at Saratoga, at Stony Point, at Yorktown, they sealed the word that was spoken, with a firmness and a weight which impressed Christendom with admiration, by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, who, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, did, "in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

This once accomplished, a government was to be formed that should secure to its subjects every blessing to which they were entitled, and for which they had fought. The Declaration of Independence held the following language:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed; and that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." The circumstances in which the United Colonies were placed,

determined the form of that government. It was true, that if each individual cared for nothing more than his "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the best way to secure to each individual these rights, free from governmental interference, was to abolish all government. But the advancement in civilization which had been made under government, from the primitive condition of the red man, who knew none, taught the lesson that consolidation is power. This lesson had been taught more practically in the experience of the war. What it would have been impossible for one colony singly to have achieved, was done by the union of the thirteen. The second principle we have laid down was brought home by the strongest of all arguments—the argument of private interest. The interest of every citizen was at stake, when the imposition of an odious system of taxation was attempted, and the same was enlisted on the side of the new confederation, which impelled resistance to the old laws. The third principle of the division of labor, was pressed upon the mind by the evident inconsistency in the course of the colonies, if they should fight against one government for withdrawing their legislative powers, and voluntarily relinquish them to another. Hence the colonies retained their laws, their legislatures, and their separate existence, and thus was taught the principle of the division of labor, which puts aside, in so large a country as this, the necessity for, and the errors which might arise out of the so-called "philosophical legislation," and gave the people those laws which were best suited to their necessities, their customs and their opinions. For in truth the philosophy of legislation is not the making of principles by which to rule, but, like the philosophy of the mathematics, it is the deduction of causes from effects, a deduction of principles from their actions.

Had the United States been placed in other circumstances, her Constitution would not have been the same it now is. Had the war of the Revolution never broken out, the Federal Union never would have been formed. The different states would have been too jealous of their own importance, to have made concessions for the benefit of those surrounding. Where the concession of too much produces despotism, they would have conceded as little as possible. What should the staid and sober Puritan concede to the jovial son of New-York? What right had the rigid and precise Quaker to demand concessions from the chivalrous Carolinian or Virginian, or *vice versa?* would have been asked. Or had the colonies been planted under one patent, and governed by one central organization, our motto would have been, as the motto of the French Republic is, "one and indivisible," instead of "*E Pluribus Unum.*" This would have made "philosophical legislation" necessary, and would have thrown the responsibility of slavery upon all alike, and would have made it right for us of the North to join issue with the South, on the question of its abolition—a right which, under the present state laws, does not, and cannot exist. And the circumstances being as they were, made the Union first a consolidation of men into states, responsible for their own actions alone, and then a consolidation of states into one nation, as component parts of which, we are responsible only for what is done by its supreme government.

This, then, is the true character of the federal compact. It is a government which comes between the two extremes of anarchy and despotism; which concedes just enough, and concedes it to the right authorities. It is a confederation which, by one supreme government making uniform and universal laws, secures international intercourse between thirty-one differ-

ent nations, without the complexity of an endless amount of treaties and conventions; and one nation has no more right to make aggressions upon another nation, because of that confederation, than it would have because of a postal treaty, a treaty of offence and defence, or a treaty of commerce. General legislation only belongs to Congress; exclusive legislation belongs to each state respectively, and with that we have no right to interfere. That such is the case is evident from the powers directly and explicitly conferred upon the legislative body by the Constitution, which we will briefly state—the clauses relating to the Executive and Judiciary not being relative to our purpose. It is enacted by article 1, section 8, that Congress shall have power to levy and collect taxes, pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and welfare of the United States; to borrow money; to regulate commerce with foreign nations; between the several states, and with the Indian tribes; to establish an uniform rule of naturalization; to coin money for the whole United States; to establish uniform weights and measures; to establish post-offices and post-roads; to promote science, and grant copy-rights and patents for limited periods; to constitute tribunals; to declare war, and make rules of war; to raise and support armies; to raise and support a navy; to provide for calling forth the militia, (under the officers of the several states;) to execute the laws of the Union; to suppress insurrections, and to repel invasions.

In all this, we see a power which is wielded for the benefit of the whole Union, and which can be employed for the whole Union, without interfering with the distinctive rights, or local wants of any part of it. Thus are secured the two fundamental principles of power by consolidation, and regularity by the division of labor. That the other principle is equally well understood, is shown by our rapid increase in strength within the last seventy years. Truly, the little one is become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. From thirteen states, we have become thirty-one, and yet our extension does not weaken us as it did ancient Rome. And why? Because we hold our new territories as sovereign states, possessing rights co-equal and co-extensive with ourselves, and not as the territories subdued by a military aristocracy. Hence, every citizen, except those fanatics who do not understand the true principles of government, is interested in preserving the Union inviolate. And in order that it may be kept so, the strong cement of a mutual confidence in the justice and integrity of each partner in the firm, is applied in the good faith and sincerity with which all assent to the provisions of the Constitution—that full faith and credit shall be given by one state to the acts and doings of another; that no preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one state over those of another; that vessels bound to or from one state, shall not be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another; and, though last, not least, to the provisions of the following section: "No person held to service or labor in one state by the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law, or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor shall be due."

Such clauses as these, and the spirit in which they were framed, and in which they should be kept, are what make up the compromises of the Constitution. They are compromises of opinion and of interest, but not of principle. They are compromises of opinion for the sake of principle, which are generated and rendered necessary by circumstances over which

the Republic has no control. In the opinion of all statesmen, the construction that may be placed upon this important document is of far more importance than the letter of the law. To an observer, ignorant of the peculiar institutions of any part of our great country, the clause quoted above may seem nothing more nor less than a requisition upon one state, to deliver up criminals who have escaped from servitude in another. But when it is known that in thirteen of the confederates, negro slavery is sanctioned by law, and that the remaining eighteen disallow the same, the case is widely different. Both the letter of the law, and the spirit which actuated the framers of it, become invested with the highest importance. Of all evils, those in which mankind are pecuniarily interested are the most difficult to get rid of. Taking the fact as it stood, that slavery existed when the Constitution was formed, the members from the North and the South met in convention, with a spirit of mutual compromise, respecting the prejudices of each other, and intent only on forming a general treaty, and constituting legal authorities to carry out its provisions, which should secure to all the parties to it the benefits of free trade and unrestricted intercourse, and the mutual co-operation of each other, in the event of differences with other nations. Hence, out of respect to the prejudices of the North, the odious word is not found in the whole document; while, with a due regard for the feelings of the South on the subject, the tenor of the article is fully shown by the construction which the premises put upon the section under consideration. The recent struggles arising out of the questions agitated by the application of California to be admitted into the Union, have caused certain gentlemen at the South, with a warmth which is pardonable, but not justifiable, in consideration of the amount which they have at stake, to insist upon disunion as a measure of self-protection; and certain gentlemen at the North, with a zeal which is not tempered with knowledge, to insist upon disunion as a sacrifice to a moral right. An acquaintance with the fact that the ratio of prosperity in the South is not equivalent to the increase in the North, prompts the well-meaning gentlemen first spoken of to jump at their conclusion; while that inconsiderate zeal for proselytes and abstractions, which has, in all ages, been the bane of the world, has actuated the well-meaning gentlemen last spoken of, in bringing them to the same conclusion; so that we observe the two extremes meeting and standing together. We do not say that many persons at the North openly advocate disunion, but the recent movements in some states look very like rebellion to the laws, which is equivalent to the same. But, thank Heaven, the great mass of the people think that the Union must be preserved, and the compromises of the Constitution must be maintained, or we shall lose the experiment in government, for which we have ventured "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Let us offer one or two considerations why slavery should not be made the rock upon which to shatter the ark of the Republic.

In order to settle the question at once and forever, we must do one of these three things:—We must emancipate every negro now held in servitude; or we must dissolve the Union; or, thirdly, we must bury all differences, and abide by the Constitution of our fathers. In regard to the first proposition, we hold it to be a well established principle of legislation, that evils of long standing can only be eradicated by gradual and far-reaching means; or, in other words, that legislation should be directed towards securing posterity from them, rather than in a vain endeavor to make an act of Congress produce a revulsion of feeling in the minds of

a majority of those who control that Congress. If this be true, and experience proves it, then emancipation is impracticable and absurd. The position of the negro upon our continent has always been an anomaly. His transmigration, as is well known, was at first projected in a mistaken notion of benevolence to the aborigines of the soil, in the days of Las Casas and Hernando Cortez—the former of whom took great credit for his philanthropic scheme, in supplying vassals who would work, instead of those to whom labor was death, to the men whose papal bulls and patents of nobility, according to the belief of the sixteenth century, gave them a right to be masters. The negro's residence here, during a period of three hundred years, has been characterized by an unbroken chain of servitude, through all the different changes of government that have taken place in that time. In manners, in habits, in education, in feeling, he has been as distinct from the other portions of the community, as he is in color. In the struggles for freedom, he has borne no part, and in their fruits he has asked no share; and why should we, for the sake of a race which does not feel the importance of the act sufficiently to ask for it as a race, do that which would be suicide to us and to our institutions? In the meantime, every day which has passed over the heads of the holders of the slaves, has added to the length of their undisturbed possession, and given them a fee-simple—an actual right and title—where, before, a charge might have been made of usurpation. Had slavery only existed a year or two before the war of independence, we might have insisted upon emancipation; and so we might, if the political importance of the slaveholder had been as small as it was in England or France; or had the slaves, in mass, asserted their right to a political existence, we might have insisted upon it with equal force. But in the state in which they are, and continue to be—their *vox populi*—their voice as a race,—tacitly acknowledges the words of the *vox Dei*, repeated thousands of years ago, "a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren;" and abolitionists may preach, and senators may talk as much as they please, before they find a "higher law" than that.

But with the slaveholder it is vastly different. While, with us at the North, the matter is of no importance only at particular times, or as a hobby upon which to ride to political eminence, every word that is said upon the subject is a dagger in the side of a Southern man. When he came into the Union, he came in with vested rights—whether just rights or not, is not for us to determine—but with rights which he had held from a time whence the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. To speak of emancipation at once and immediately to him, is to take away from him everything by which he exists, and is a measure which he certainly did not expect, when he, conjointly with ourselves, signed the articles of confederation. In view of the immense importance of the stake to him, we can pardon his attempts to make slavery perpetual, and his opposition to the admission of a free state, to swell the balance against him, unless he has a fresh pledge, that the power of an augmented majority shall not be used where it is unconstitutionally against him.

Under these circumstances, then, emancipation is impossible. Prudence, indeed, would dictate that we should co-operate, by a patient and persevering line of conduct, with the interests of the slaveholder, which are gradually elevating the condition of the slave, until, in the course of time, he may become capable of freedom, which by the way we doubt; or else to labor for the same time, patiently and

perseveringly to carry out a colonizing system which might in the end relieve us of our slave population. But as this would be too tedious a process to suit the mercurial genius of the abolitionist, they either revert themselves, or cause others to revert to the second proposition—disunion. But, for the sake of the argument, admitting (what we do not *in fact* admit) that the right of secession belongs to the states, it is the height of fanaticism for a state, either in the North or the South, to scatter to the winds all the advantages which it possesses by virtue of the Constitution and the Union. As we have shown, this confederation is formed to secure to thirty-one different nations international peace and intercourse, and consolidated strength. Under it, the states have grown in wealth and commerce to an unexampled degree. Admitting that the Union did not exist, would the commerce of the great father of waters be what it is, if its navigation were shut out from one state by the jealousy of another, as the St. Lawrence is shut out from us by the policy of Great Britain? Would the blessings of free trade be as fully appreciated as they now are, if each state levied prohibitory duties on every article imported from another state? Would the postal arrangements be as efficient as they now are, if, instead of a general department at the seat of government, each state was compelled to make twenty or thirty treaties similar to that which exists between this country and Great Britain? Would there be a slave the less, or would northern industry be less dependent upon the slave products? The plain answer to these questions is, No! And we shall have as much reason on our side in breaking a postal treaty with Great Britain because she holds to the principles involved in a monarchical government, to which we do not hold, as we should have in breaking the federal compact, because some of the parties hold to the principle of negro slavery, to which we do not. If we dissolve the Union, we disclaim the principle that consolidation is power; we stifle the feeling of peace and good will; we loosen the ties of country which made the men of the North and the men of the South stand together in the wars of the Revolution, and of 1812; and we dissolve the brotherly feeling which led the Palmetto Regiment and the New-York Regiment, the Mississippi Regiment and the Indiana Regiment, to cast aside all sectional feeling, and to fight together, against a common foe, on the Mexican battle fields, as American citizens! If we dissolve the Union, we deny that the time can ever come, when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and when the nations shall learn war no more. And if we dissolve the Union, we that instant lose our proud name as American citizens, and our political importance altogether, and shall, as we deserve, be reduced to the same low level with the petty states of Central and South America.

Under these circumstances, when emancipation is not feasible, and disunion would be the direst calamity that could befall us, every honest and patriotic heart will feel himself, not merely a sectionalist but an American, and exclaim, "Let the compromises be sustained, and let the Constitution which sheds such lustre on the names of the Fathers of the Republic, and upon the stars and stripes which they raised as symbols of a new nation born into existence, make our country still, as it has made it hitherto,

> "A union of hearts and a union of hands,
> A union of principles none may sever;
> A union of lakes and a union of lands,
> The American Union forever."

FALLACIES OF LEGISLATION.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION ACT OF MARCH 3, 1851.

It has been said and admitted, that knowledge is power. Ignorance and poverty are the props of tyranny and oppression. Ignorant men are generally credulous, and are readily influenced by positive assertions when uttered by men of property and position in the world. It often happens, that the intellects of poor ignorant men is confused and blunted through the mere presence of those whom they regard to be great and good. Hence they are often the victims of well-tutored knaves, who have won enough of popular approbation to hold some office. They become the playthings and support of demagogues, who, while pretending to devote their time and labor for the common advantage of those who constituted them, are only attentive to their own selfish interests. The difference of mental efficiency between a child and a man, depend more upon the inexperience and want of knowledge of the former than upon the greater age of the latter: those who are inferior in experience and information are children, no matter about their age; in conflict with the highly cultivated minds of educated men, they must always be beaten, especially where they are also opposed by selfish, dishonest pretensions.

The depressed or low condition of sailors, compared with other classes of citizens, is attributable to a want of knowledge beyond their very simple vocation. As a class, sailors have been scourged and maltreated in various ways, and it is only within a few years that any efficient attention has been paid to their condition. Among the most prominent efforts to ameliorate it, are those of Watson G. Haynes. He stumped the country, and kept up agitation of the subject until the use of the lash has been abolished. But this was effected in a hasty manner, and no modes of punishment have been substituted in its place to coerce the vicious to proper action. Though hastily performed, still the act itself is a good one; but more by chance than judicious proceeding on the part of Congress. The members of the national legislature are so much occupied in electioneering for office, in making buncombe speeches, that legislation, the great object of their meeting, is left till the last hours of the session, when laws are enacted in haste and confusion. The last Congress is not free from this imputation. In proof of it, the naval appropriation bill may be cited as an instance of imperfect, hasty legislation.

It is a duty and a privilege of every American citizen to express his views on all points affecting the common good or interests of classes. While he is bound to bow in obedience to all laws in existence, the American may attempt to point out their errors, that they may be corrected. Even when his opinions are wrong, they may be expressed advantageously to himself, because discussion will elucidate and bring out the truth, and render it manifest to all, or at any rate to the majority.

It may be said in defence of Congress, however, that it is the custom to rely on the reports of committees, and the heads of bureaus in the executive departments, especially upon technical points. If the heads of bureaus be feeble, prejudiced, antiquated men, destitute of the spirit of progress which

is characteristic of our age and country, or men who are capable only of imitation and of following the precedents of other nations, or men so conservative that they naturally oppose all change and improvement, it is to be anticipated that Congress and the Executive himself will be often led astray, in spite of the best intentions. It is time that the capabilities and qualifications of heads of bureaus should be scrutinized, and where they are found incompetent, even in a moderate degree, more efficient men should be substituted. Those offices may be occupied now, by the best and most efficient men at command of the administration; if so, examination will not harm them or the administration. Yet it is surmised that examination would lead to change in some cases.

The law making appropriations to support the navy for the fiscal year, 1851–2, provides, 1st, "That no commutation of rations shall be allowed except to officers and their attendants, and for the spirit part of their rations; and no person not actually attached to, and doing duty on board of a sea-going or receiving vessel, and the petty officers, seamen and ordinary seamen attached to the ordinary of the navy-yards, shall be allowed a ration."

2d. "That no rations stopped for the sick on board vessels, shall be credited to the hospital fund, but shall remain and be accounted for as part of the provisions of the vessel; and that the rations of officers and others of the navy, sent to hospitals on shore, shall be credited to the hospital fund at the cost only thereof; and the chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing, with the approbation of the Secretary of the Navy, shall prescribe all such regulations in relation to stopping such rations as will ensure a faithful accountability for the rations stopped for the sick on board vessels, and to ensure due credit to the hospital fund for the rations at cost of those sent to the hospitals on shore; the said regulations to go into effect on the first day of the succeeding month after their official receipt at yards, stations, and on board vessels."

The above legal enactments are based upon injustice, and will operate cruelly and fraudulently upon the common sailors, employed in the naval service.

An endeavor to demonstrate the truth of this proposition is here made, in the hope that some benevolent legislator may take up the subject, and procure the repeal of this unjust law, at the next session of Congress.

The first provision relates to the commutation of rations; or, in other words, to taking a sum of money in lieu of the articles constituting the ration. The law limits this commutation "to officers and their attendants;" and there is also provided commutation "for the spirit part of their ration," but it is not very clear whose rations; whether it is the spirit part of the rations assigned to the officers alone, or the spirit ration to which the attendants upon officers are entitled, or the spirit ration of both officers and their attendants. At any rate, the interpretation of the words of the law above quoted is, that hereafter seamen cannot commute their grog ration for money, but must drink their grog or throw it away; while officers and their attendants may receive money in lieu of grog, if they please.

The question may be asked, who are officers' attendants? The law of March 3, 1835, regulating the pay of naval officers, declares that no officer shall be "allowed servants, or pay for servants, or clothing or rations for them, or pay for the same." Whether this act of 1851, repeals that of

1835, is not absolutely clear; but it is clear that the provisions of the two laws are in conflict as to this point, unless it can be shown that the word "attendants" is not used to designate "servants."

Prior to March 3, 1835, the compensation of all who were in the navy was composed of monthly pay and daily rations. No commission officer received less than two, and many received sixteen rations daily. The commutation price of the ration was then twenty-five cents; two rations a day were equal to $182 50, and sixteen daily rations were equal to $1,460 per annum. The law of 1835 changed this mode of paying officers to an annual salary, with one ration only when afloat, and annulled all allowances and perquisites of every description; but the compensation of sailors continued to be made in a monthly pay and a daily ration. About this time the commutation price of a ration was reduced to twenty cents, which makes it worth $73 per annum.

Now, why should "officers and their attendants" be permitted to commute their rations, while sailors are cut off from the same privilege? It is presumed that officers prefer other articles of food than those provided in the naval ration; and as the attendants on their messes will partake of whatever the officers procure for themselves, it is for the advantage of both that their rations should be commuted.

But is the privilege of commutation of no advantage to the sailor? A ration supplies more food than is absolutely necessary for one, but not enough for two; perhaps twenty-five rations would, with care, feed a man during thirty days. Experience has taught that a mess of twelve sailors can subsist on ten rations. This knowledge has been made to increase the comfort of men on board ship, and contribute towards the preservation of their health. It has been a common practice for each mess of twelve or fifteen to commute two rations, which brings to the mess a cash revenue of twelve dollars monthly. When in port, this money is expended in fruits, vegetables, milk, or such little table luxuries as do not enter into the composition of the ship's ration. Or, if not expended for common mess stock, the sum is equally divided among the members of the mess, to spend or hoard, as each may deem best.

These being the facts, it is very clear that the commutation of rations, at an established price, is of quite as much advantage to the sailor as to the officer. The ration is as much a part of the sailor's compensation, as it is of that of the officer. To make the compensation of the sailor less valuable and less available to him than the same kind of compensation to the officer, is unequal, illiberal, and unjust. It is true, a mess may save its surplus from the rations, and, in most ports, barter it with bom-boatmen for fruit, &c.; but, if this alternative be cast upon the sailor, why should the officer be released from it?

Commutation is an advantage to the interests of the government. The materials of a lawful ration cost in most foreign ports, from twenty to fifty per cent. more than in the United States. When a ship is on a foreign station, after the original outfit of provisions is exhausted, she must be supplied by purchase in a foreign market, or from depôts furnished from the United States. The cost of provisions. &c., kept in depôt on foreign stations, is increased beyond the original contract price, by the amount of freight, transportation, store rent, &c., and by the amount lost from leakage, breakage, and decay. For reasons of this nature, it is desirable to lessen the demand or consumption of ration materials; and this

is effected at the rate of at least fifteen per cent. by the practice of commutation, which the law in question has annulled.

It is conjectured that this law will increase the consumption of ration materials from ten to fifteen per cent., to say nothing of the annoyance and discontent it is likely to produce among the crews of ships abroad. No class of people are more punctilious than sailors as to the stipulated quality and quantity of their food; on this point, their prejudices are remarkable. They have been known to demand their "regular rations," even when green turtle and poultry had been furnished *ad libitum* as substitutes for salted beef and pork.

The second part of the law under consideration, relates to the Navy Hospital Fund, and is directly opposed to the provisions of "an act establishing Navy Hospitals," approved Feb. 26, 1811, according to the construction heretofore given to it. That act has not been repealed.

The Navy Hospital Fund had its origin in a law of March 2, 1799, in virtue of which twenty cents are retained from the monthly pay of all persons employed in the navy, to provide for their temporary relief when sick and disabled. By the law of Feb., 1811, this tax of twenty cents on the monthly pay, was made the Navy Hospital Fund, from which source navy hospitals and a naval asylum were to be established and supported. The fifth section of this law provides, "That when any navy officer, seaman, or marine, shall be admitted into a navy hospital, the institution [the Navy Hospital Fund] shall be allowed one ration per day during his continuance therein, to be deducted from the account of the United States with such officer, seaman, or marine;" and it requires, likewise, that the pensions of inmates of hospitals shall be paid to the fund, while they are entertained at its expense.

The revenue of the Navy Hospital Fund is derived, 1, from the deduction of twenty cents monthly from the pay of all persons paid by pursers in the navy; 2. "all fines imposed on navy officers, seamen and marines, shall be paid to the commissioners of navy hospitals;" and, 3, from the commuted value of rations stopped on account of the sick. But the first and third are in fact the only sources of revenue. Fines are rarely imposed in name, and stopped pensions are not accounted for to the Commissioner of the Navy Hospital Fund. It may be a question, when an officer is sentenced by court-martial to suspension without pay, whether it is not to be regarded virtually as a fine to which the Navy Hospital Fund is legally entitled.

It must be clear that this fund belongs virtually to the sailors and others of the navy, and is held and managed in trust for them by the Secretary of the navy, who is by law the Commissioner of the Navy Hospital Fund. It receives from the pay of the navy, in the monthly tax, not less than $22,000 annually, and about $25,000 on account of stopped rations; or, in other words, the hospital fund has heretofore received from the property of officers, seamen, and marines, deducted from their pay and subsistence, about $45,000 annually. The current expenses of all navy hospitals and naval asylums, are borne by the fund.

When a sailor is ill, and unable to eat his ration on board ship, or when he is lodged and fed in a hospital, the practice has been to credit its arbitrary value to the navy hospital fund, on the ground that the ration was the property of the man and not of the government, and therefore it should be regarded as an equivalent for the medicines and sick-diet fur-

nished at the cost of this trust fund, to the benefits of which he is entitled, because he is a (forced?) contributor. This law is based on a different view. It assumes that the ration of a sailor on board ship does not become his property until he has eaten it, or at least drawn it, and if left undrawn on account of sickness, the ration reverts to the treasury, and he loses all right and claim to it, direct or indirect.

Medicines and sick-diet are furnished on board ships of the navy by annual appropriations at the expense of the treasury, without charge to those who require them; but this bounty does not lessen their claim and right to a daily ration; life-buoys are always in readiness to be cast into the sea to save those who accidentally fall overboard, but no one contends that a man rescued from a watery grave by such a humane contrivance loses any right to pay or to rations for the use of the machine, which, by the way, it may be observed, is prepared with the economical object of saving and securing an individual's life, not so much for the use and advantage of the owner, as the benefit of the government, which has rented it for a limited term at a stipulated rate, to be paid in money and subsistence.

The effect of this law will be to deprive the Navy Hospital Fund of about one-fourth of its whole revenue, without any advantage to the treasury; and at the cost of doing a moral wrong to those entitled to its benefits. It assumes that rations are not a part of the compensation of sailors, and takes away one of their means of contributing to a fund created for the common benefit of their class. It will not probably enable the chief of the bureau of provisions to show that the navy is fed at less expense than under the administration of his predecessors in office; but it may compel the chief of the bureau of medicine to ask appropriations for the current expenses of naval hospitals; and had he been alive to the interests of sailors and to his own reputation for finance, he would have protested against such a law in time to prevent its enactment. The gentleman must have been somnolent.

It is questionable whether any rations will be stopped on account of the sick afloat under this law. If not, there can be nothing saved to the treasury in the expense of provisions for the navy.

It may be urged that twenty cents is more than the original cost of a ration, because the law proposes to ascertain the actual value of rations stopped on account of sick in hospitals, and to credit the hospital fund accordingly. Then the commutation value of a stopped ration for the hospital fund will fluctuate with the contract price of provisions; while the commutation of rations of officers and their attendants will remain at twenty cents. This fluctuation in the value of a ration for the purpose of commutation, is contrary to the spirit of the act of August 29, 1842, "to establish and regulate the navy rations." The fourth section of that act gives to commanding officers a right to diminish the daily allowance of provisions in case of necessity, but provides that "payment shall be made to the persons whose allowance shall be thus diminished, according to the scale of prices which is or may be established for the same." The fifth section of the same act provides for the commutation of the spirit part of a ration according to the "established" price of the same.

It has always been the practice to have an established price for each article composing the ration, in order to facilitate commutation, which frequently becomes absolutely necessary. When one article of the ration cannot be procured, it is a custom to substitute another for it, but not at a

greater cost than that of the article for which substitution is required. The practice is a good one; but it may be a question whether this law does not annul it.

This law seems to invade one of the broad principles of our government:—Equal legislation for all classes alike, be they gentle or simple. It is suggested by this law, that sailors' rations, when commuted for their common benefit, shall yield less than officers' rations when commuted. It presents the absurd notion that the rations credited to the Navy Hospital Fund shall be at their actual cost. Why not say at their actual value, and then authorize their sale at public auction at stated periods, and pay the proceeds into the fund?

Heretofore, the common opinion has been that a great desideratum in the construction of ships of war is to secure ample capacity for carrying provisions without detracting from her sailing qualities. A ship which can carry six months' stores for her crew, is more efficient and less expensive than one which can carry but for three, or for four months. For this reason, whatever will increase the capacity of a ship is usually attempted; because, when at sea, provisions are of very much greater value than the money paid for them in port. This is true even in a pecuniary point of view, for reasons previously alluded to. Hence, it was judicious to establish a price for the naval ration, and to encourage commutation, because the capacity of a ship is increased in proportion to the diminution of the expenditure of provisions on board. If a frigate with a crew of 400 men can keep the sea for 120 days at full allowance under the present law, the same vessel could keep at sea 142 days under the practice of commuting rations.

Enough has been said to show the injustice and impolicy of this part of the law. But there is another point in it to illustrate the incompleteness of legislative work, and lead us to doubt that "law is the perfection of human reason." The third section provides, "That if any assistant engineer shall have been absent from the United States on duty, at the time others of his date were examined, he shall, if not rejected at a subsequent examination, be entitled to the same rank with them; and if from any cause his relative rank cannot be assigned him, he shall retain his original position on the register."

Engineers in the navy are divided into four grades, viz.: chief engineers, first assistant engineers, second assistant engineers, and third assistant engineers. In each of these grades they serve a definite period; and to be promoted from an inferior to the next superior grade, they are required to be examined and approved by a competent board, composed of chief engineers. It frequently happens that engineers are absent on duty at the time when entitled to examination; but those of the same class or date, who have served the required period, being at home, are examined, and, if found qualified, promoted. In this manner, those who are absent are deprived of the opportunity of competing with their classmates for rank or relative position. If an assistant engineer fail to be approved on examination, he is allowed a second trial after the lapse of a short time; and if he fail a second time, he is dropped from the navy list.

The system is calculated to emulate the engineers to become meritorious in their vocation, and excite a competition for relative position, because it is esteemed an honor to rise through merit above those of the grade in which they stand. Therefore, it becomes an object of interest,

that they should not lose their position in consequence of being deprived of the opportunity of achieving this honor by being absent on duty.

Now, the defect in the law is, that it does not provide at all for one class of cases. Those who have been rejected at one examination, but pass on the second trial, may, under this law, retain their original position, and thus lose nothing by the first failure. The question is, what shall be the position of those who are absent when others of their date are examined, and are "rejected at a subsequent examination," but pass on the second trial? Should they compete for position with the next date below their own, or with those with whom they may be examined without regard to date? In the opinion of the writer it would be just to provide that they shall, on passing at a second trial, be placed at the foot of those of the next date below, who may have passed on a first trial; but relatively to those who may also have passed on a second trial according to merit, if their relative merits can be determined by the board. But if their relative merits cannot be determined, they should be placed at the foot.

The argument for a rule of this nature is, that a candidate may be absent when those of his date are examined, and be rejected when examined; and he may be again absent at the time when entitled to a second trial, and his opportunity for examination might be deferred by absence on duty, until those of several dates below him may have been examined, and promoted. It does not seem to be just that such a candidate should be required to lose more than one year in his time of promotion, in consequence of being absent on duty at the period when entitled to a second trial.

This may appear to be a very small matter, because the rule can only affect a small number of individuals. But if it be carefully considered, it will be apparent, that no law should be so framed as to permit even a single individual to suffer in his interests unjustly under its operation. It is surely unfair to the meritorious, that a candidate rejected at his first trial, should have an opportunity, subsequently, of being promoted before them. This has occurred in the medical corps, to which a law, in the same words, is applied.

Even with the greatest care, it is difficult to state laws in words susceptible of only one import. But this fact should lead to the observance of great caution in the framing of laws, and teach all to apprehend danger from haste in their enactment. Good laws, well worded, are the bulwarks of society; but imperfect, incomplete, fallacious legislation is injurious, because rogues of quality, as well as paupers, are always sufficiently cunning to break through its weak places, and prey upon mankind with impunity.

The writer supposes that he understands the import of the sections of the law he has ventured to remark upon; but if he has mistaken the views of their author, as well as their object, it may be said, in extenuation of his error, that it is probable other men of greater, as well as those of less intelligence, may regard them in the same light, or in a different one; variant interpretations will lead to confusion in their administration, and this should be a reason for their revision, at least, if not their repeal.

LORD HOLLAND'S FOREIGN REMINISCENCES.*

A LATE number of the Edinburgh Review contains a very able essay on the recent publication of Lord Holland's Reminiscences—a book which has attracted deserved attention in England as well as in our own country. Dissenting from some of the positions assumed by the writer of the article alluded to—particularly those wherein he undertakes to controvert the opinions of Lord Holland, from whose impressions of men and things he frequently differs—we refer to it, mainly for the purpose of drawing attention to the fact, that this little volume has produced something of a "sensation" on the other side of the Atlantic. Of the late Lord Holland, the writer speaks in terms of warm, but not unjust eulogy, as a man who entertained through life "an ardent love of liberty and hatred of oppression." After remarking very truly that a posthumous work from the pen of such a man could not fail to be an object of singular interest, he adds:—"Still more welcome must such a publication be to those who had enjoyed the privilege of the author's social intimacy, and who remembered with grateful respect the varied delights of his animated conversation: his wit untainted by bitterness or sarcasm; his humorous pleasantry, guarded by good sense and wisdom, and raised above vulgar irony or personality; his literary taste and discriminating memory, freed from all formalism or pedantry; and the still higher qualifications of an unfailing flow of genial good humor, and graceful and hearty benevolence, which seemed to create, and rejoice in, the happiness of all who surrounded him." So much for the Reviewer. Our business, however, is with the book itself, from the perusal of which we have arisen with feelings of unmingled satisfaction.

The "Foreign Reminiscences" is neither history nor biography; it is not a book of travels, anecdotes, nor yet a mere diary of passing events. It is precisely what its title imports, "Reminiscences"—recollections of men and things as they occurred to the personal observation of an intelligent and right-thinking man. It is not striking for its novelty, its originality, or its profundity. The interest that attracts us to its pages is of the same kind as that with which we have listened to the narrative of some representative of the past age, the light of whose memory was still undimmed, and the charms of whose conversation were enhanced by our knowledge, that he had mingled personally among the men of whom he spoke, and might say of the great events he described, *pars magna fui.* The narrative of Lord Holland is clothed with all that attractiveness which belongs to sprightly, discriminating conversation, drawn from a well-stored and vigorous memory, interspersed here and there with characteristic anecdotes, piquant remarks, philosophical reflections, with now and then a bit of secret and hitherto unpublished private history. Nor is the narrative at all impaired, even if we do occasionally meet with an old anecdote or a well-known scrap of history. On the

* Foreign Reminiscences, by Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his son Henry Edward Lord Holland. Harper & Brothers, New-York.

contrary, such a repetition rather enlivens the story; and on the whole, it is an agreeable surprise to find in the Reminiscences of Lord Holland, some well-remembered anecdote of Mirabeau or Napoleon, or a familiar *bon mot* of Talleyrand.

The reflections of Lord Holland upon the men and events of that period are attractive also for the reason that they are written without a particle of that narrow-minded prejudice against popular government, and that supercilious contempt of democracy, which characterize many of the English comments on the French Revolution. Lord Holland belonged to that liberal and enlightened school of politics of which the illustrious statesman, Fox, was the head. He sympathized with the popular movement in France, and was upon terms of friendship, not to say intimacy, with some of the leaders in the Revolution. These recollections of his extend through the period of twenty-five years, commencing with the opening of what Carlyle calls, the "stupendous world-drama," the French Revolution, and closing with the last sad scene of the drama, the rock of St. Helena. The events of that period, we believe, are fast coming to be regarded, not only in our own country, but in England, in a different light from what they were a quarter of a century since; and we know of nothing, certainly, that is calculated more effectually to bring about such a change of feeling, and to inculcate more just views of the great event of which we are speaking, than the personal recollections of impartial and enlightened observers, like Lord Holland. We believe the day has dawned, even in Europe, when these things are beginning to be seen through a clearer vision. The system and theories of Pitt, that splendid personification of the English aristocracy, have had their day. The exaggerated but grand and imposing rhetoric of Burke—that Burke who, it is said, "harpooned the leviathan of the French Revolution"—can no longer be imposed on mankind as the perfection of political wisdom, and almost prescience. Men are at last beginning to discover in this stupendous event, something more than the statesmanship of Pitt or the philosophy of Burke could discern. Men are waking up to the reality that there was in this Revolution something of deeper moment to mankind than the death of a king and queen—than the Septembrisers and Danton—than the Revolutionary tribunal and the guillotine at the Barrière du Trone—than Valmy and Jemappes—in short, something more than mere terror, and bloodshed, and battles, and massacres. Beneath these horrors, there is discovered a vital principle, which, shooting out beyond the widespread ruin and devastation, has started forth on its grand mission to reform the social and political institutions of Europe, and to change the face of the world.

Lord Holland, then a very young man, arrived in Paris soon after the death of Mirabeau, and not long after the King had accepted the Constitution. With Mirabeau, therefore, he had no acquaintance, but he tells us that he formed an intimacy with the friend of the great orator, M. Dumont, who subsequently published the "Recollections of Mirabeau." Dumont told Lord Holland, what he has since given a wider publicity in his "Recollections," that Mirabeau was one of the most notorious plagiarists that ever existed. On this subject, Lord Holland says:

"Mirabeau had the talent, or at least the trick and contrivance, of appropriating the ideas and labors of other men to his purposes in a very extraordi-

nary degree. I have been assured by one who knew him intimately,* and acted for a short time as his secretary, that not only the reports he made, but the speeches he delivered, were often written by others, and read by him in the tribune, or even run through and adopted by him (as I have seen briefs by our lawyers) while he was actually speaking."

This mental infirmity, or, perhaps we may call it, this ingenuity of Mirabeau, is well authenticated, independently of Lord Holland's statement. On one occasion, he pronounced, or rather read a speech from the tribune, carefully prepared for him by the Marquis de Casseaux. It was upon the question of conferring upon the King the veto power. Mirabeau had not even read the speech before he entered the tribune. Dumont says he never saw him out of countenance but this once in his life. He afterwards admitted to Dumont, that as he proceeded with the manuscript he felt himself in a cold perspiration, and that he omitted half of it without being able to substitute anything in its stead, having, in his unwavering confidence in Casseaux, neglected to study the subject.

The propensity clung to him to the last—and was even exhibited in that remarkable scene of the death-bed which he made so highly dramatic. Lord Holland alludes, in a note, to the fact of Mirabeau requesting Talleyrand to pronounce a posthumous speech which he (Mirabeau) had written, and which it seems Lord Holland supposed original. The speech was a discourse on wills. Dumont says of his own knowledge it was written by a friend, and that the style was not at all like Mirabeau's. "These are the last thoughts the world will have *of mine*," said the dying actor—"Read it when I am no more. It is my legacy to the Assembly!"

A greater egotist than Mirabeau never lived; nor does history furnish another example of a man of his genius and vast powers, who so unblushingly appropriated and palmed off as his own the thoughts and labors of others.

Lord Holland early made the acquaintance of Lafayette, and seems to have appreciated the virtues and the elevated patriotism of that excellent man. He sees, however, very clearly, and admits the great error committed by Lafayette in bringing the King back to Paris, after the flight to Varennes; and the subsequent error after his capture and return as a prisoner, of endeavoring to maintain him in his place as the Constitutional head of the government. We have the authority of Napoleon himself for saying, that the time had then come for the deposition of Louis. The nation distrusted the King, and the King had become wearied and disgusted with the Revolution. With Louis XVI. at the head of the Government, the Constitution was already an impracticability. And yet Lafayette, with unyielding tenacity, clung to his one system—"a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions,"—and continued, consistently, and it may be said, somewhat obstinately, to adhere to it, till the 10th of August convinced him—almost the last man in France—of his error. Speaking of the discussions which ensued between Lafayette and his friends on the return of the King from Varennes, Lord Holland says:

"Lafayette assured me that, at a meeting of his friends, all present but two agreed that monarchy must be, for a season at least, preserved—that France was not ripe for a Republic—and that a Constitutional King was still necessary. The

* Dumont.

Duke de la Rochefoucault earnestly urged, before the others had spoken, the immediate declaration of a Republic, though, when it was otherwise decided, he never courted popularity, nor sought to distinguish himself from his friends, by referring to such an opinion. On the contrary, he did his utmost to maintain the Constitutional system, and the King at the head of it. The meeting alluded to occurred after the arrest at Varennes, and in the hotel of the Duke de la Rochefoucault. Surely the Duke de la Rochefoucault was in the right. The establishment of a monarchy, with the view of ripening it into a Republic, was as mischievous to the community as unjust to the monarch; and the notion that Louis XVI. could become a Constitutional King, disposed to weaken rather than strengthen his own authority, after his intended flight, and with the Queen for his consort and adviser, was chimerical and puerile in the extreme. He had justified his deposal by his flight. It was imprudent in Constitutionalists—it was madness in Republicans, not to insist on it. Above all, it was, as the event proved, very mistaken mercy."

The "two" of Lafayette's friends who advised the immediate proclamation of a Republic, were Dupont de Nemours, and that wise and virtuous nobleman, La Rochefoucault. This fact, we believe, is new; at all events, we do not recollect to have seen it stated before. It is said that the idea of the Republic was at that time considered, even by the Republicans themselves, as impracticable or premature. This is, perhaps, true; but it furnishes no argument in favor of the course that was actually taken. That a mind so cool and discriminating as La Rochefoucault's should have recommended the deposition of the King, is certainly no slight evidence of the wisdom, the policy, and even the necessity of the measure. Other minds there were, too, besides Rochefoucault's, who appreciated the nature of the circumstances which had arisen, and were prepared to look the crisis full in the face. Among these was the philosopher Condorcet, one of the most enlightened of the Republicans, who afterwards fell a victim to the wrath of the Convention. "If a Republic ensues," he remarked, "in consequence of a new revolution, the results will be terrible; but if it is proclaimed just now, during the omnipotence of the Assembly, the transition will be easy." This was the language not only of philosophy, but of true statesmanship; and Condorcet himself, in less than two years, realized the truth of his prediction. Lafayette and his friends, however, thought differently; they temporized with the emergency, and suffered the golden moment to pass. Lord Holland informs us, that Lafayette told him he was the more readily inclined to acquiesce in the restoration of the King, by the receipt of letters from eminent persons of liberal views in England, and particularly from Mr. Fox. Lord Holland, however, says that the letter of Mr. Fox was written with no such view; that statesman doubted the policy and even justice of continuing Louis XVI. on the throne.

The errors of Lafayette, doubtless, were those of "position" only. His heart was in the right place, even if his judgment was sometimes at fault. Lord Holland speaks of him truly as "a pure, disinterested man, full of private affection and public virtue, and not devoid of such talents as firmness of purpose, sense of honor, and earnestness of zeal, will on great occasions supply." His very errors sprang from the noblest traits of character—from a punctilious sense of honor, and a rigid and unbending consistency of purpose. He had sworn, in the Champ de Mars, fidelity to the Constitution, and he never violated that oath. Even after the events of the 20th of June, Lafayette did not wholly despair, but returned

from the army to Paris at the risk not only of his popularity, but his life, to restore the Constitutional throne.

That acute observer and accomplished gentleman, Gouverneur Morris, was then American minister in Paris. Mr. Morris' principles, it is well known, were of the highest conservative stamp. He looked upon the Revolution with ill-concealed disgust, and regarded the Constitution as little better than a swindle; nor did he hesitate openly to express his sentiments of opposition to the whole thing in the saloons of the Baroness de Stael during the ministry of Necker, where he met the most celebrated persons of that period, and where he sometimes engaged in a warm debate with Madame herself, whom all his ingenuity and eloquence failed to convince of the absurdity of the "Rights of Man," and the insufficiency of the Constitution. Mr. Morris' interesting diary shows that several discussions, sometimes, we should judge, pretty warm ones, sprang up between him and Lafayette on this subject; and it would seem, in consequence, that, although always received with a sincere hospitality at the General's table, yet a little coolness, if not distrust, was manifested towards him on the part of Lafayette. Mr. Morris, however, met him at court, when he repaired to Paris after the 20th of June, in his vain and hopeless effort to re-establish the Constitution. The conversation which ensued between them, as we find it in the diary, is strikingly illustrative of Lafayette's devoted and over-scrupulous consistency. "He speaks to me," says Mr. Morris, "in the tone of ancient familiarity. I tell him that I shall be glad to see him a few minutes. He says he is going out of town this evening, but gives me rendezvous at Monsieur de Montmorin's. I observe to him that he must soon return to his army, or go to Orleans, and that he must determine to fight for a good Constitution, or for that wretched piece of paper which bears the name—that in six weeks it will be too late. He asks me what I mean by a good Constitution—whether it is an aristocratic one. I tell him yes, and that I presume he has lived long enough in the present style to see that a popular government is good for nothing in France. He says that *he wishes for the American Constitution, but an hereditary executive.* I reply, that in such case, the monarch will be too strong, and must be checked by an hereditary senate. *He says it goes hard with him to give up that point.* Here ends our colloquy."

This was only six weeks before the Constitutional throne went down under the cannon of the Marsellaise, on the 10th of August. Indeed, the Constitution was even then practically annulled. On the 20th of June, the day on which the mob invaded the Tuilleries, we find an entry in Mr. Morris' diary—"The Constitution has this day, I think, given its last groan." That conclusion was undoubtedly correct. Nothing further was to be expected or hoped from it; but Lafayette hoped on to the last. It went "*hard with him to give up that point.*"

No man, we are inclined to think, of that period, was treated with more shameless ingratitude and studied insult, by the court, than Lafayette. Amid all the inconsistencies and follies of the King and Queen, this was one of the most fatal and inexcusable. Lord Holland barely alludes to it in a single passage:—

"These strictures," he says, "on his blemishes, are less applicable to the period to which I am now referring, than to most others of his public life; for with all his love of popularity, he was then knowingly sacrificing it, for

the purpose of rescuing a court from contumely and injury; and, though a Republican in principle, was active in preserving the name, and, perhaps, too much of the authority of a King in the new Constitution."

The fidelity of Lafayette to the person of the King, and his scrupulous deference for the authority which the Constitution had left him, need not a word of comment. Louis, however, was unable to comprehend his high-toned sense of honor, and his chivalrous devotion. As for the Queen, it was enough for her that Lafayette had sworn to be faithful to the "King and *nation*," and that he strove religiously to fulfil his oath. It is, indeed, almost impossible to account for the fatuity of this ill-fated princess, which led her on all occasions scornfully to reject the General's aid and advice. "I will place myself," she passionately exclaimed, "between Barnave and the executioner—but Lafayette, never!"

On another occasion, when urged to rely on him for safety, she remarked with bitter sarcasm—"It would be too much to owe our lives twice to Monsieur Lafayette."

The character of Marie Antoinette is certainly not a lovely one. Her sufferings, her misfortunes, and the cruel indignities which were heaped upon her, have, in a measure, obliterated her faults, and thrown round her history a melancholy interest. Lord Holland met her at the playhouse, the only time, he says, he ever saw her:

"She was then in affliction, and her countenance was, no doubt, disfigured by long suffering and resentment. I should not, however, suppose, that the habitual expression of it, even in happier seasons, had ever been very agreeable. Her beauty, however extolled, consisted, I suspect, exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air, which her admirers termed dignity, and her enemies pride and disdain. Her total want of judgment and temper no doubt contributed to the disasters of the royal family; but there was no member of it to whom the public was uniformly so harsh and unjust, and her trial and death were among the most revolting parts of the whole catastrophe."

Lord Holland, on what he conceives to be good authority, does not hesitate to accuse Marie Antoinette of gallantry. Her amours, he says, were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading, but they were *amours*. The writer in the Edinburgh Review, alluded to at the commencement of this article, undertakes, with much spirit indeed, but it seems to us with rather an unsatisfactory argument, to refute this statement. It is true, that Lord Holland had it on hearsay, and hearsay is no legal evidence; but it is often the only proof of which such a case is susceptible. This hearsay came direct from Madame Campan, the attendant and *confidante* of the Queen. Lord Holland states that the intercourse between the Queen and the Duc de Coigny, to which Madame Campan was privy, was acknowledged by her to persons from whom he had the information. Talleyrand twice assured him that he had the fact from Madame Campan herself, that on the famous night of the 6th of October, at Versailles, one Ferson was tête-á-tete with the Queen in her bed-chamber. All this, however, may be a calumny; still, it is impossible to acquit Marie Antoinette of unpardonable levity and indiscretion. Her masqueradings, her disguises, her night adventures, almost unattended, in the gardens, and her flirtations,* were enough to compromise the character of one less ele

* See Louis Blanc's Hist. Rev., 1789.

vated than herself, and induce the belief at least that there is nothing improbable in the statements of Lord Holland.

With equal spirit, and we think with very little better success, the writer in the Edinburgh Review undertakes to defend the King against the strictures of Lord Holland. We had supposed that it was an established historical fact, as well established by evidence as such a fact could be, that Louis was unfriendly to the Constitution even when he accepted it, and that towards the last he dispatched an emissary to the foreign powers to solicit their aid, or at least to provide for securing his own safety. The statement of Lord Holland, that Louis was actually a coadjutor and adviser of those who were seeking to put down the Constitution by force, is however pronounced a harsh judgment, and not warranted by the facts of history. Upon the discussion of this point, it would be unprofitable at present to enter.

Lord Holland regrets that he had not seen more of the Duke of Orleans—the famous Philippe Egalité, father of the late King of the French. No man, he thinks, has lived in those times whose character has been more calumniated, or will be more misrepresented to posterity. With Lord Holland's opinion in this respect, we cannot entirely agree. Doubtless the Jacobin Prince has had more maledictions showered on his head than even his gross vices deserve, but that he is the most calumniated character of the Revolution, we do not believe. The character of the Duke of Orleans has always appeared to us one of the worst of that age, and we are at a loss to find any redeeming traits in it. He had received, it is said, harsh treatment, and nothing but insult from the Court. This is all true; but it is a poor justification of the Duke's revolutionary career. The inference is, that he became a revolutionist, not from conviction and principle, but from resentment, and that he continued the career, and even outstripped some of his Jacobin associates, from necessity and the instinct of self-preservation. In the Convention, Orleans voted for the death of his kinsman, Louis XVI. On the question of the appeal to the people, which the more moderate members hoped might respite the king, the Duke, prompted doubtless by that same instinct of self-preservation, remarked—"solely occupied by my duty, I vote no!" Such a character as this, is surely not the most calumniated of any of that period.

With Talleyrand, Lord Holland seems to have been upon terms of intimacy and friendship; while he has unbounded confidence in Talleyrand's veracity, and seems to place the utmost reliance in his statements and opinions, he speaks of his character with discernment and impartiality. Talleyrand, he says, "displayed little or no talent for public speaking in the National Assembly. His reports and papers, especially one on education, procured him some celebrity, but were, I suspect, the composition of other men. His abilities, however, were acknowledged, for they were undeniable, and his future success foreseen."

Speaking elsewhere of Talleyrand's wit, he says:

"For thirty or forty years the *bon mots* of M. de Talleyrand were more frequently repeated, and more generally admired, than those of any living man. The reason was obvious. Few men uttered so many, and yet fewer any equally good. By a happy combination of neatness in language, and ease and sauvity of manner, with archness and sagacity of thought, his sarcasms assumed a garb at once so courtly and so careless, that they often diverted almost as much as they could mortify even their immediate objects."

Talleyrand's escape from Paris, about the time of the September massacre, it seems was accomplished by means of a passport from Danton. Lord Holland had written, on the relation of Dumont, an account of an interview between Danton and Talleyrand, charging, we presume, Danton with extorting money from Talleyrand; but he erased it on being assured from Talleyrand himself in 1830, that the passport did not cost him a shilling, and that Danton did not attempt either to cheat or bully him; on the contrary, that he was obliging, and even friendly. Lord Holland calls Danton "the ablest, but most corrupt of all the terrorists of 1792," but thinks there is ground for *suspecting* that he had "some designs, and even *some principle*, though not favorable to monarchy." This is rather more than any English writer has yet been willing to give Danton credit for. Had he examined the subject further, perhaps he might have found others of these charges of corruption and extortion against Danton resting on no better authority than Dumont's. Danton's generosity was certainly munificent. Not Talleyrand only experienced his clemency in the days of September, but even his personal enemies, Duport, Barnave, Lameth, all who came to him, and whom he could serve either privately, or in his official character as minister of justice. Surely, when we see what place Danton has had assigned him in history, we shall become the more satisfied that Philippe Egalité is not the most calumniated man of the Revolution.

The interesting and suggestive topics treated of in these "I
ces" of Lord Holland, have led us into a longer disquisition th
nally designed, and yet our remarks extend merely to the rev
pages in the commencement of the book. Our limits, and no
inclination, will at present prevent a further examination o
But an inconsiderable portion of the whole work is devote
tions upon the events and men of the earlier period of the
lution, to which we have alone referred. The "Reminisce
Holland are connected with most of the prominent cour
with Denmark, with Prussia, with Russia, and particular
of which latter court many interesting details and anec
But by far the larger, and perhaps most interesting port
is devoted to Napoleon, of whom Lord Holland was a w
in whose misfortunes he deeply sympathized. This part
—so different from the view ordinarily taken by Engli
entirely consonant with that wide-spread popular sympa
own country is felt in the misfortunes and fall of the "
democracy"—would furnish the subject of an extended
are one or two topics which it suggests sufficiently attracti
still further to tax the patience of the reader; but we forbear,
the difficulty of abandoning so interesting a field when once fairly
upon. We therefore take our leave of Lord Holland's "Reminiscences," with the simple remark that we have not recently encountered a book combining at once so much of agreeable narrative, valuable instruction, strong common sense, liberal views of public events, and of discriminating and suggestive description of individual character.

THE ENGLISH IN CEYLON.

British policy, or that system which the British Government has for ages systematically pursued, and by which it has acquired its vast colonial empire, is but very imperfectly understood by the mass of the American people. Deriving our knowledge of English affairs, for the most part, from English sources, we are too apt to be dazzled by the contemplation of an empire upon which "the sun never sets," and to ascribe to Divine destiny, that which, in reality, is the result of a *system*, more fiendish, and more detestable, because more extending and more extended in its operation, than that of Machiavelli. The conquests of old Rome were attended, at least, with glory; and, in modern times, those of our own country were laden with fruits, not alone of glory and renown to the conquerors, but better far, of freedom, of happiness, and of civilization to the conquered. England alone, of all the nations, ancient or modern, is the only one whose sword, while entwined with wreaths of cypress for the vanquished, has failed to reap one pure laurel to deck the victor's brow. Survey her colonial empire; glance your eye athwart those boundless plains made fruitful by the young embraces of the "god of day"—and point, if you can, to one rood of territory, whose acquisition was not conceived in selfishness and iniquity, and consummated in treachery, in perfidy and fraud. As the subject, however, of England's colonial empire is one which could not properly be treated within the limits of a review article, we shall confine ourselves, for the present, to a condensed *exposé* of certain occurrences of which the island of Ceylon has recently been the theatre, and which have startled the propriety even of that most "fastidious" assembly, the British House of Commons.

Placed at the western entrance of the Bay of Bengal, Ceylon is separated by a narrow strait from the mainland of Hindostan. In size, it is nearly as large as Ireland; and it possesses a population of about a million and a half of souls, made up of various tribes of native Cingalese, Malabars, Mahometans, Coolies, Dutch and English, and their mongrel descendants. Once the abode of civilization, as is evidenced by the ruins of ancient cities, canals, bridges, aqueducts, &c., in which the interior of the island abounds, its geographical position, and natural advantages of soil and climate, should make of Ceylon, in our day, the chief mart of Eastern commerce. That it does not occupy this position, can only be attributed to that system, as short-sighted as vicious, by which the island has, for half a century, been governed, for the immediate profit of the mother country. In 1796, Ceylon was taken possession of by the English, and the Dutch expelled from its shores. From that period, down to so late as 1819, the native chiefs boldly resisted the usurped authority of the invaders, and were finally reduced to subjection only after a desperate struggle, and by such agencies as England alone is skilled to employ for the accomplishment of her darling objects. Since 1819, the government of the colony has been administered by a Governor, appointed by the Colonial Secretary, for the time being, at home, assisted by a council composed entirely of European civil and military servants, who are described by McCulloch as being, from their tenure of office, "totally subservient to the will of the Governor." The religion of the island is that of Buddha, as establish-

ed by the following clause of the treaty of the 2d of March, 1815, between the British government and the native chiefs—"The religion of Buddha, professed by the chiefs and inhabitants of these provinces, is declared inviolable; and its rites, ministers and places of worship, are to be maintained and protected." The period embraced between the years 1819 and 1846, was not remarkable for any extraordinary occurrences in Ceylon; suffice it to say, that the history of the island during this interval, is made up of patient suffering and distress on the part of the natives, and of heartless tyranny and exaction on the part of their foreign rulers.

In 1846, Lord Torrington was appointed by Earl Grey, Whig Colonial Secretary, to the lucrative office of Governor of Ceylon. Arrived at the seat of government, his lordship is surprised to find the financial affairs of the colony in an embarrassed condition; and, accordingly, in virtue of the "wide discretionary powers" vested in him, proceeds to meet the difficulty off-hand by the imposition of severe new taxes of his own invention. These taxes, though decidedly *original* in their way, were yet of that character, that any one at all acquainted with the colony might have foreseen that they could never by any possibility be collected. The most obnoxious of them were, a road-tax, a shop-tax, a gun-tax, and a dog-tax. The first ordained, that every male resident in the island, between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five, should either labor for six days in each year on the public roads, or pay three shillings sterling, in lieu of such personal service. The second enacted, that every occupant of a shop, the rental of which amounted to £5, should take out a yearly license on a £1 stamp. The third directed, that on a certain day in each year, the Cingalese should repair to the chief towns, armed, and apply for licenses for their fire-arms, at a cost of 2*s.* 6*d.* for each gun. The fourth, imposed a tax of 1*s.* on every dog kept in the island, and sentenced to death all puppies above three months old whose proprietors could not produce the protecting shilling. Now, it is necessary to understand, that in Ceylon, as in all countries subject to the British flag, the bulk of the population are extremely poor; hence, the payment of these taxes was to them an impossibility. Those, moreover, upon dogs and guns, were imposed upon what were to them absolute necessaries of life. Besides, the road-tax was a direct outrage upon that religion which, as we have shown above, the English had bound themselves by treaty to *protect*, since the native priests are restricted by it, both from labor and from touching money. The promulgation of the decree announcing these new taxes naturally created great excitement throughout the island. Petitions, memorials, remonstrances, from all classes of the inhabitants, were laid before the Governor. They were disregarded. By *any* means, Lord Torrington was resolved to carry out his object. The assembling of the people in large masses was encouraged by the government agents, in the hopes that a collision between them and the British troops would occur. It did occur. A British soldier is "slightly" wounded, whether by any of the native inhabitants or not, does not appear from the evidence taken before the Parliamentary Committee, which is the only authority which we shall quote. But the "collision," so anxiously sought for by Lord Torrington, had taken place; and martial law is at once proclaimed. Proclamations are issued, confiscating the lands and properties of all those who, terrified at the atrocities they had before seen committed under martial law, had fled into the jungles. Courts martial, composed of subaltern officers, ignorant of the

language of the country, tried, convicted, sentenced, and put to instant death, hundreds of the innocent inhabitants; and this, not only in violation of all law, human and divine, but in utter contempt of the 7th article of the treaty, to which we have already referred, which stipulates that—"No sentence of death can be carried into execution against any inhabitant, except by the written warrant of the British Governor or Lieutenant Governor for the time being." But what cares Lord Torrington for treaties, or for the laws of humanity? Must he not *govern?* And what means "government" in the vocabulary of a British aristocrat, but confiscation and murder?

Much has been said of the "magnanimity" of the British soldier. Let the following letters, addressed by the commandant of Kandy, to the presiding officer of one of the courts martial, hounding him on in his bloody career, serve as a specimen:—

"*My dear Watson:*

"You are getting on swimmingly. Impress on the court that there is no necessity for taking down the evidence in detail; so they are satisfied with the guilt or innocence of the individual, that is sufficient for them to find and sentence. *This is the law and the mode.*

"Yours, T. A. DROUGHT,

"August 16, 1848." Col. Commanding."

Well were these *magnanimous* instructions obeyed. For a period of nigh three months, confiscations, burnings, massacres, were the order of the day in Ceylon: and this, be it remembered, notwithstanding that *subsequent* to the imposition of martial law, not a single offence was *pretended* even to have been committed by the inhabitants. Amongst those who suffered during this period, was one whose execution is thus mentioned by Lord Torrington in a dispatch to Earl Gray—"*An influential priest who was convicted of administering treasonable oaths, was shot at Kandy in full robes.*" This priest's trial took place at Kandy, and he was arraigned—

"*First,* For having directly or indirectly held correspondence with rebels, and for not giving all the information in his power which might lead to the apprehension of a proclaimed rebel—he, Kaddapolla Unanse, professing to know his place of concealment—on or about 17th August, 1846. *Second,* For administering, or *conniving at the administration* (!) of a treasonable oath to one Kerr Bande, on or about the 17th August, 1848."

On these absurd and unintelligible charges the poor Buddhist priest was dragged before a military tribunal; tried by military judges, not *one* of whom understood the language in which the evidence against him was given; convicted and shot! Several attorneys who were present at the trial, and who *did* understand the language, felt satisfied that the witnesses for the prosecution had perjured themselves for the purpose of currying favor with the Governor, and that the priest was innocent. Under this impression they besought the Governor to postpone the execution. In vain—Lord Torrington's answer was—"By G—, sir, if all the lawyers in Ceylon said that the priest was innocent, he should be shot to-morrow morning." And shot he was. More, Earl Grey, in answer to Lord Torrington's dispatch announcing the execution, pronounced the death of the Buddhist priest to be "*highly satisfactory!*" Again, in a subsequent dispatch, Earl Grey, in the name of the Queen, complimented Lord Tor-

rington, and declared his complete approval of "his decision, promptitude, and judgment." Thus sustained by the Home Government, and having *triumphed* over the *refractory* inhabitants of Ceylon, surely Lord Torrington must feel proud and happy! But no: after all the massacres, pillages, burnings and confiscations—after he had made

"A desert, and called it peace,"

Lord Torrington discovered that his severe taxes were inapplicable to the island, and could not be collected. They were accordingly every one repealed!

These proceedings had now begun to attract popular attention in England, and in the session of 1849, a parliamentary committee was appointed to investigate them. Upon the evidence taken before that committee, we have based our statements. Their authenticity, therefore, cannot be impeached. And this is England—England of the "World's Fair," and the "Peace Congress;" England of George Thompson, and the Abolition Societies! What matters it, that a few men, Cobden and Bright, and their associates, should denounce these atrocities, and that the London Quarterly Review should stigmatise them as a "disgrace to the English name"—they have been sanctioned by the British government, and are the consequences of the policy by which, in its foreign and colonial relations, that government has invariably been directed. The history of Lord Torrington's administration in Ceylon affords an epitome of English rule, wherever throughout the world, by force, or fraud, or violence, she has succeeded in planting her guilty flag. The horrors perpetrated during 1848 in the island-gem of the East, are the counterpart of those of which, from time to time, during a period of seven centuries, the green isle of the West has been the victim.

We have reproduced this Ceylon tragedy, because it contains a moral upon which it behooves the Democracy of America, at the present moment, seriously to reflect. The flag which sanctioned the massacres of the Cingalese, and has witnessed the devastation of Celtic Ireland; the flag which, usurping every advantageous commercial and political position throughout the globe, has been the harbinger everywhere of desolation and death—this flag, which in two wars, our fathers levelled in the dust, now flaunts us in the face on the southern portion of this our continent; outspreads its crimson folds over republican soil, insulting our manhood, blighting our commercial prospects, and dimming the lustre of the stars and stripes. Shall Central America share the fate of Ceylon? Shall our sister Republics on this continent, whose independence, by every principle of honor, of interest, and of duty, we are bound to protect, be consigned to the tender mercies of a Torrington? Shall the island of Ruatan become the Ceylon of the Western Hemisphere, and the Isthmus of Central America be made, on a smaller scale, a second Hindostan? We submit these questions, in all earnestness, to the consideration of the Democracy of America, confident that they will be answered in a manner worthy of those, whose pride it is, that they inherit the principles of a Jefferson, a Madison, a Monroe, a Jackson and a Polk.

GEOGRAPHICAL MORALITY.

We are a peculiar people—we patriotic and moral Americans—peculiar in that our patriotism is not a thing to be defined by geographical lines and boundaries, but a high abstract system of principles, whose field is ever widening, and indicated not by rivers and mountains, but by the presence of its emblem—our flag. Peculiar are we, too, in that our moral sentiments —or, at least, one important subject—are regulated as most other nations bound their patriotism, by geographical land-marks, and certain degrees of latitude and longitude. Thus on one side of what may be called a river of moral definitions, a certain thing is wrong, while on the other bank, it becomes very right and proper. Keep advancing in the direction in which it begins to be wrong; and as you go on, this moral sense strengthens, until in those high latitudes to which the sin is particularly uncongenial, it becomes so abominable, that there you may commute and be forgiven a reasonable freight of small, customary sins—such as pride, hatred and uncharitableness, on payment of an extra amount of abhorrence to this crime. It makes the more clamor, the more it is unknown to them; and they leave in peace a snug family of familiar household sins, whose ugly features have almost ceased to be repulsive from being daily seen, to wage exterminating war upon this stranger iniquity, although he approaches them rarely, and has, as I hinted before, geographical objections to settling in their family. But the more shy the sinner, and the farther he carries his evil doings beyond their reach, the more violently and conscientiously do those who are his enemies, by the decrees of latitude, leave behind the ripe harvest of their domestic sins, and neglect every interest at home to chase him up in his own domain, and will he, nill he, regulate for him his household and his morals.

Go in the other direction from this river of moral division, and this awful iniquity becomes more and more innocent and moral, until at last it warms with the clime into virtuous beauty. Fair Ohio! who shall exactly indicate where the sin becomes morality, and what portion of thy flowing waters are tinged with the black iniquity of slavery, and what enriched with the sweat-drops of free toil?

On the south bank African servitude is but a proper social convenience; and a little farther south, it becomes yet more proper and necessary; and farther still, it becomes an important lever of civilization, and its due protection and adjustment one of the first moral duties of the fathers of the state.

On the north bank of this naughty river of doubtful morality, the sin of slavery has no material tangible existence, and is only known in some oblique rays refracted upon it from the other side through the medium of the Constitution. Still, they face it so nearly, and can trace its looks and ways so distinctly, that those of the northern bank do not make out of it a gigantic and supernatural phantom to curdle the thin blood of their grandmothers, and fly off with their innocent babes. They only say, as they are bound to by their geographical position, "this thing suits not us or our interests, and we will have no more of it than we must." A little farther back, it becomes more seriously immoral; and

still farther on, as the realities of the case grow more indistinct and disjointed in the distance, it starts up into a sin so deadly, that we are ready to stab our federal brothers for practising it, and to strangle our Union mother for giving them countenance. We have reached by then the high latitudes of morality; and in the fashion of religious sectaries, who enforce creeds with drum and bayonet, the farther we are from knowing the exact quality of the thing we differ about, the more we are ready to eke out the inconclusiveness of our arguments by the undeniable conclusions of fire and sword.

If, differently from other nations, we refuse to pin our patriotism to the soil rather than to the governing principle of our country, we do not cheat the soil or its productions of the homage of as strong and steadfast a faith. No matter where we were born, the geography of our position determines our moral convictions. We are of the great army of pro-slavery morals, or anti-slavery morals, according to whether we are raising wheat on one side of a river, or cotton on the other, and still more markedly when the geographical distinction is between those who grow cotton and those who only manufacture it; and yet greater between those who plant the sugar-cane, and those who distil its sweets into rum. Those extreme sections could no more bring their opposing moralities to an affectionate equation, than those great divisions of the Church who fain would have baptized the world in blood and fire for their respective faiths, could agree whether a painted or a carved image in a church were the most necessary to God's glory. Most perilous of all, however, would be the heresy of proposing to love God, serve man, and to use or to dispense with both, as seemed best to each man. Fancy such a cool absurdity as non-intervention hazarded in a conclave of devout iconoclasts! As well hint at the morality of Abolitionism in fiery South Carolina, or the innocence of slave-holding in godly Massachusetts. Their geography would cry aloud against the word.

The expansiveness of our patriotism, and the stringency of our sectional morality, are alike a puzzle to the foreign student of our national characteristics. It is a mixed problem, altogether above our science, and we take it, as we do the fruits that represent the various shades of latitude opinions, without the fatigue of analysis; and hold them all good, if moderately taken, especially if they don't all meet at once in angry Congress, and quarrel for precedence. Apples and abolitionism have a genial climate, and the first rank north of 40° north lat.; but when apple trees and abolition principles are carried south of that line, they are less prosperous and honored. The juicy, genial peach indicates a softer clime, and a greater capacity for tobacco and toleration. As the kindly, complaisant fig comes up to meet it, this moral sentiment passes from the careless quietude of peaches, pears and indifference, to the decisive generosity of protection. From a crime among the apples and cherries, it is modified to an "inconvenient necessity," neither to be absolutely censured, nor unqualifiedly approved, among the apricots and nectarines, and becomes, at last, "an admirable social arrangement," wherever a plate of fresh-gathered figs graces the planter's welcome to his hospitable board. This delicious fruit only prospers in those sections of the Union adapted to sugar, rice, and cotton; and its luxurious shade informs you as distinctly as an inscribed pillar, that here abolitionism is highly immoral, exceedingly dangerous to society, and disgraceful to its professors. It is not a favorable latitude for the

growth of fine pippins and high-flavored anti-slavery men, and the inhabitants cultivate, in good faith, what suits best their climate—in morals and agriculture.

Now, in pious and prudent New-England—coming back from figs and cotton to apples and buckwheat—this anti-slavery faith, which from 38° to 28° is such rank heresy, is as necessary to a perfectly *comme il faut* social standing, as white kids at the opera. It is in those states the finishing touch to an irreproachable moral toilette, while, in as many more states at the extreme South, it would be as unseemly and out of place as those same white kids would be in the black vesture of a new-made widow. The blame of this halting and contradiction in the morals of our dear mother, the Union, who thus shows such different colors on her opposite cheeks, should be entirely laid on the shoulders of those obstinate witches, latitude and climate. If they would consent to grow fine crops of sugar and cotton on the hills of New-Hampshire, and make the swamps of Louisiana propitious to apple-trees and common schools, to wheat and butter, and white labor, we would soon reconcile all difficulties, in a grand convention of common interests. Since, however, latitude and climate will not consent that pears and oranges shall thrive alike in the same orchard, and potatoes and pine-apples flourish together under the same hoe, this schism of slave morality can only be healed by a cordial and liberal sectional interchange of all good fruits, whether of the heart, the head, or the soil. While we are creeping and stumbling—instead of walking quickly and resolutely over the roughnesses of the path—towards the middle platform of fraternal equity and forbearance, strangers must often be perplexed to guide themselves among our confused crossings. It is but charity to give them a slight land-mark or two, that while floating in the midst of our moral shallows and sectional eddies, they are not stranded on an unfriendly bar, in pure innocence. Here is a simple chart, that the traveller can put in the hollow of a cherry-pit, and keep in the smallest corner of his vest pocket. No need to beat about, and make long observations. Ask at the earliest, of the one whose class of products and principles it is necessary to sound before you commit yourself, and ask *en amateur*, like one who feels an interest in good fruit, whether his state produces superior apples. If he hesitates and qualifies, do you the same; his morals on the abolition question are, at the best, doubtful. If he answers promptly and decidedly in the affirmative: he also affirms, incidentally, his soundness on pro-slavery principles. The opposite are to be forthwith dismissed from sight, unless the questioner has a serene confidence in his talent for controversy. If a word or two is added in especial commendation of cider, he should trust to nothing, for he has a descendant of the pilgrims before him, and it is cheapest to brail topsail at once. If the careless reply is rather favorable to apples, with a warm addenda in regard to peaches, the questioned is of the indulgent latitudes of the middle states, and you may discuss the matter without fear and at length; lying on the border, where the immoral is in steady course of transition into the moral, and where his pocket and his prejudices are not deeply implicated, he may flow between them as impartially as the Ohio.

The apple is the test at the North, but the fig is the safest indicator south of the line of dubious morality—say from 39° down. After the climate has fairly changed the color of its morals, and converted popular and praiseworthy abolitionism into a felon and peace-breaker, it is well to deal cautiously with it to avoid explosions. Not only is the morality of the

thing now on the other side of the fence, but it takes sharper texts, and more practical illustrations. The moral duty of preaching for abolitionism is, at the North, but a safe and pleasant theory, which you may wear constantly or leave off, at will, like your finger-ring; but the moral duty of guarding against it at the South, is a practical necessity, like your daily raiment, which cannot be omitted. The northern moralist will show you on one side of the leaf your obligations to your colored brother—the southern will turn the other, and read as fair a homily on what he owes his family and kindred. You cannot digest with figs the code under which cider is pressed. In any case, he has but to recollect that our moral susceptibilities on slavery shade off with our fruit latitudes; and with this fact before him, it will be altogether his own fault, if the traveller does not take care to adjust his principles, as well as his dress, to the changes and exactions of our varied climates.

PARIS.

Were all this world can give of hollow show,
Of rapturous pleasure and of bitter woe,
Of scenes entrancing, soft with love's delight,
Of days delirious or of sorrow's night,
Of wealth unlimited in strange display,
Of hopeless poverty in dark array,
Of virtue, thronging the cathedral's aisle;
Of vice, alluring with invidious smile,—
  In one brief word contracted, it would be,
  Thy name, O Paris,—centred all in thee.

What have thy streets not witnessed, mighty town;
Beneath the sceptered sway of many a crown?
What is the tale thy stones could not relate;
What wonders cease to tell of church and state?
Here, where thy river rolls its sluggish flood,
A revolution poured its heated blood;
Here, where this garden smiles in fragrant green,
Once shameless stood the fatal guillotine;—
  No more with regal joys this palace rings,
  For from its portals fled "the last of kings!"

Where this proud column taunts Republic day,
Ambition's mightiest monarch held his sway;
Whose dust once crumbling on Helena's isle,
Now honored sleeps beneath yon swelling pile.
Under thy Gothic arches, Notre Dame,
Which echoes oft the choral pealing psalm,
Where white-robed priests their matins murmur low;
And swing the solemn censor, to and fro,—
  Hath war's relentless cannon poured its sound;
  And steel-clad soldiers scarred thy sacred ground!

Within the circuit of thy stately walls,
Rises the tide of human life, and falls;
Thy darkened waters picture misery's day,
Or brightly leap in sparkling fountains gay;
Here, generous Art no longer fears to roam;
Here, genial Music finds its cherished home;
And bustling commerce jars the crowded street,
Where beauty, beggary, birth, commingling, meet;—
  City of cities! in thy precincts hurled,
  Are all the joys and ills which make a world!

THE PODESTA'S DAUGHTER.

In the month of June, 183–, my diplomatic duties made it necessary for me to visit Genoa, that old republic of grand seigneurs and wealthy merchants, transformed into the brightest jewel in the diadem of a young monarchy. The Genoese gentry are intellectual, hospitable, and remarkably polite. Strangers are graciously received, and kept in faithful remembrance when found not unworthy of the kindness bestowed upon them. The two weeks of my stay, passed in society of the most distinguished men and the most amiable women, were fraught with enjoyment of which the remembrance is still infinitely pleasing.

Nearly all my evenings were brought to a close in the brilliant saloons of the Prince C**; and among the persons whom I there habitually encountered, the most distinguished was a Sardinian gentleman, the Chevalier de Lipona. He was past the prime of life, but possessed of an open and prepossessing countenance, and a sympathetic voice. He accompanied a superior mind, and an amiable character, with the most thorough breeding. His conversational powers were of a high order, and irresistibly attractive. He seemed to convey ideas not only by words, but also by the most furtive glances and the most involuntary gestures; whether he expressed himself in Italian, French or Spanish, his elocution was equally clear, elegant and picturesque, and his remarks, whether ingenious or profound, were always replete with curious facts. Almost upon the commencement of our acquaintance, we were mutually inspired with a warm and sincere friendship, and he, with the most cordial good will, proffered his services as my *cicerone* during my stay at Genoa. In the morning, we visited the palaces and churches of the city; at the hour of dinner, we returned together, because he was always a guest at the houses where I was invited. In the evening, we occupied his box at the theatre; and when the opera was over, we took tea with the Prince C**, of whom he was the warmest friend; and finally, he would conduct me to my hotel; or sometimes it would happen that we remained conversing until day-break on the terrace which overlooked the peaceful waves of the Gulf.

On the eve of my departure we attended, as usual, at the opera, and as we were expressing our mutual regrets at an approaching separation, the box opposite was opened, and immediately occupied by three persons, viz., a gentleman of about 60 years, and two young ladies of the most surprising beauty. These placed themselves in the front of the box, while the former remained standing behind them.

On their arrival, a lively sensation manifested itself throughout the audience. The ladies leaned from their boxes, and the gentlemen of the parterre and the orchestra turned their heads, to catch a glimpse of the new Venuses, whom my friend saluted with the air of an intimate acquaintance.

"Who are these charming persons?" I demanded of him. "They are my countrywomen of Sardinia," he replied, with a certain loftiness of manner, "and I by no means regret an opportunity to show you, before your departure, such a specimen of the beauties of my dear country." "In that case the chance has served you well," said I. "When you visit me at Sassari, you shall dance beneath flowering orange trees, with twenty

belles as beautiful as those." "Your island must certainly be the land of promise," I replied with enthusiasm. "A land of promise which produces forbidden fruit," said he with a mixture of archness and melancholy. I smiled at that reflection with much of French flippancy, and then, with my lorgnette, examined with greater care the isolated belles. Evidently, they were sisters, and so much resembled each other as to be perhaps twins, but the one on the right of the box was a little more pale than the other. They were both tall, elegant and graceful, and as free in their movements as children of the mountains. Their features were regular and expressive, but it appeared to me, that they favored more the Spanish than the Italian type. Their black, almond-shaped eyes, glittered with vivacity without losing any of that sweetness which seemed to be their habitual expression.

Magnificent hair, at the same time dark and brilliant, fell in rich curls upon their shoulders, forming an elegant contrast to the clear whiteness of the complexion. Notwithstanding the picturesqueness of their attitudes and the animation of their glances, none could accuse them of coquetry, but only of a lofty and noble confidence in their truly marvellous beauty, and I remarked as much to the Chevalier. "Our ladies are not coquettes," he replied, "but their love shows itself as unmistakably as their hate."

"Do these ladies reside throughout the year at Genoa?" "They are now here since some months, but their habitual residence is in Sardinia. The property of their father adjoins that of mine: we are country-neighbors." "Then, you are well acquainted?" "None more so." "I infer that one of them is married?" "What leads you to that inference?" "Because only one of them is in mourning, from whence I conclude that the loss she has sustained is not common to the family." "Your observation is very just. The weeds she wears are in truth personal; and she has made a vow never to cast them aside; yet she has never been married." "You pique my curiosity." "So much the better, since I have the means of satisfying it." "You are always obliging." "No, always gossiping; agree with me, it is not the same thing." "I will agree that you are the most amiable and best of men, it is all I can do for you. It seems, however, that you have a story to relate?" "Yes, and a very curious story it is, one that I think could have transpired only in our island." "When shall I hear it? You know I have but little time to lose." "To-morrow evening." "But I leave after dinner." "I have long postponed a visit on business matters to Naples, and I intend now to accompany you as far as that city. Thus a business voyage becomes a pleasure trip." I silently pressed the hand of my friend, in acknowledgment of his kindness. "To morrow evening," he resumed, "we shall be on the deck of the Francis I.; the moon will mirror itself in the blue waves of our beautiful and poetic Mediterranean; the breeze will come to us laden with the enervating perfumes of the orange trees on its banks, and no one will come to interrupt our impressions; that will be a choice moment for you to listen to the history you desire to know. But," added he, "in order that your interest in it may be enhanced, I will now, if you wish, present you to the family."

"If I wish!" cried I, "it is above all things that which I desire." The first act of the opera being finished, we repaired to the box of the isolated beauties. The Chevalier entered first, and presented me in terms of which my modesty will not permit the repetition, but which produced for me the most gracious reception. The father gave me cordially the hand, and

the two young ladies addressed to me some words in the mixed language of Spanish and Italian, which is the idiom of the pure blood of Sardinia. The Chevalier kindly acted as interpreter, and, thanks to him, the conversation did not languish.

It is a phenomenon that I cannot explain even at this day, when I think with calmness of the circumstance, that although I neither knew Spanish nor Italian, I lost not a word of the conversation of those charming sisters. Their eyes were so intelligent, their gestures so expressive, that I comprehended all that they would say, from the most common phrases even to those refined shades of thought, not always clear even to those who are familiar with the language in which they are expressed. The Chevalier, therefore, had little more to do than to translate my responses, for the rest he confined himself to listening. After the lapse of some fifteen or twenty minutes, my friend expressed for me my regrets at not having encountered, until, on the eve of my departure, persons whose acquaintance I should have been so proud to cultivate. "You will come and visit us at your leisure in Sardinia," said the father of the ladies, and I engaged so to do; thinking, as usual in such cases, that people care little if the promise is kept or not.

The next day, towards two o'clock—having taken leave of my acquaintances and friends, I proceeded in company with the Chevalier to the wharf, where was moored the Francis Ist., manifesting impatience at the tardiness of her passengers, by the roaring of her steam-pipe and the clouds of smoke and cinders which floated silently from her dark and lofty chimney. The weather was magnificent, and the sea smooth and glittering as a plate of polished steel, in which mirrored themselves the facades of the city palaces and the domes of the numerous churches. A crowd of vessels were taking their departure, while as many more were arriving from their several voyages. Here were groups silently manifesting regrets at the departure of friends, and there might be heard the joyous felicitations upon happy returns. Never had Genoa appeared to me more lovely or more animated than at this moment, when I was about to leave it, perhaps never to return. Leave-taking has its illusions as well as absence, of which it is the commencement and death of which it is the image.

At half-past two the steamer was clear of the port, and some minutes thereafter was cleaving with graceful majesty the blue waves of the Gulf, within musket range of the shore.

Such a proximity to the land enabled my amiable friend and myself to observe in the minutest details the most interesting points. He was enabled to point out to me each city, each village or hamlet, and there was no seat so obscure, no chapel so diminutive, that he could not inform of the proprietor or patron. On almost every spot he had a curious historical fact or piquant contemporaneous anecdote to relate, and he did so with gravity or spirit suited to the importance of the subject. With such a companion, it may easily be supposed that the time passed rapidly, despite the impatience with which I awaited the recital of the story promised for the evening.

At last the sun disappeared, as if extinguished in the waves of the Mediterranean. The twilight rapidly deepened, and permitted us to see the lights, each moment becoming more numerous and distinct in the little city of Albenga; nearly at the same moment the ruddy disc of the moon

showed itself behind the high peaks of the Apennines, illuminating with a poetic splendor their slopes covered with sombre forests, and emitting rays which lost themselves in the brilliant wake of our steamer.

"Have we not the fine evening that I yesterday promised you?" said the Chevalier. "There is nothing wanting to the complete fulfilment o your prediction," I replied, as the air from the shore wafted towards us the perfume of the orange flower. "Well, then, if you are disposed to listen, I am ready to impart the promised history to you." We seated ourselves with the shoulder leaning against the little balustrade which surrounded the smoke pipe; each of us lighted a cigar, and after a few moments' reflection, he commenced in these terms:

"The Podesta of the Island of Sardinia is a person of far greater importance than his equals in the mother country. He not only administers the municipal finances, but he has charge of the police, and in a multitude of instances he fulfils the functions of judge. If he is upright, which is generally the case, and particularly so in that of Martinola, his influence is boundless. In that country of simple manners and primitive customs, most of the difficulties which arise are settled by arbitration, and for this purpose reference is always made to the chief magistrate of the city. Martinola had acquired a great reputation for the good sense which he had always brought to these decisions; and for his acknowledged impartiality, which had passed into a proverb. 'The Podesta has said so,' was a victorious declaration in all discussions; and when the worthy man pronounced sentence, the losing party was as well convinced of its justice as he who had thereby gained his cause. A night as long as in December would not suffice, were I to undertake to recite to you all the public services which Martinola has rendered, all the painful affairs that he has arranged, all the quarrels he has reconciled, and all the hatreds which he has transformed into durable friendships. When in the evening he enjoyed the fresh air on the promenade of Tempio, you might suppose that the King, Saint Louis, was dispensing justice under the historic oak at Vincennes. Rich and poor, innocent and culpable, all approached him with confidence, and quitted him with joy or consolation in their hearts, because for each and all he had kind and sympathetic words. It was as I have described him that I always knew him, and now that you know him also, I will proceed to describe the events which determined him to exile himself for some months from our dear and beautiful Sardinia.

"It is about two years in May last (you know I have a mania for dates) since awaiting the hour for supper, I promenaded in a little wood of myrtle and orange trees situated at a short distance from my house, when I saw in the path approaching me a young woman whom I soon recognized as the charming Erica, the eldest of the two daughters of my friend Martinola: her whom you thought so beautiful at the theatre last evening. Surprised to see her alone at so unusual an hour, and at so great a distance from the dwelling of her father, I feared that some misfortune had happened of which she came to apprise me. I therefore hurried towards her with what speed my limbs of fifty-eight years could make. She also hastened her steps towards me, it being apparently me that she sought.

"As she drew near, I was struck with the pallor of her countenance, and with the singular animation of her looks. I took her hand, which trembled in mine; and when she replied to my salutation, it seemed to me that her ordinarily sweet and flexible voice had lost its accustomed tone. 'I hope

no misfortune has happened at home?' said I, interrogatively. 'None that I know of at present,' she replied; 'however, I have come to speak to you of a circumstance that may produce one in the future, if you aid me not to remove the obstacles that oppose its accomplishment.' 'You know that you may dispose of me at pleasure, and also that that is not an idle phrase in my mouth.' 'Unless I had been convinced of that, I should not have come to you in such filial confidence.' She remained silent for a few moments, and it seemed to me that a rosy tint slowly spread itself over her pallid cheeks. I comprehended that, despite the habitual resolution of her character, the confession which she was about to make somewhat embarrassed her. I therefore sought to assist her.

"'I will engage now,' said I, smiling, 'that there is some love fancy in the case.' 'Speak not so flippantly of a serious matter,' said she quickly; 'it is not of a love fancy that I would speak, but of a profound passion which I inspire, and in which I participate.'

"'As such a person as you, my dear child, is not capable of conferring her heart upon a person unworthy of such a treasure, I cannot see what should so have troubled your mind, or made the counsel of your friends so necessary to you.'

"'My father has this morning refused my hand to the man I love,' she replied, in a sorrowful voice. 'Ah! I begin to understand. You wish me to intercede in his favor. I ask nothing better.' 'She took both my hands in hers, and pressed them with a force that caused all the joints to crack. 'Yes, it is that which I wish. O! how good you are!' 'Is it necessary that I should go this evening to Tempio?' 'I think it would be better to wait until the morning. I have had a violent scene with my father, and he is much irritated against me.' 'You are right. Now'—

"'It is just,' interrupted she, with a promptness that indicated that she had divined my thought. 'It is essential that you should know the name of him for whom you are to intercede. 'Well,' she continued, after a pause, 'it is—it is Marco Broggi that I love.' 'And your father refuses Marco Broggi?' cried I. 'Marco Broggi, the handsomest, the most intellectual, the richest and most noble young man of Tempio! It is inconceivable. There must have been some misunderstanding. What has taken place? You must understand that it is necessary for me to know all, that I may serve you usefully.'

"'Marco Broggi came with his father, who demanded my hand for him. My father did not refuse positively, but gave an evasive response; and, when the Broggi were gone, he sent for me, and said, with much mildness, but with great firmness, that I ought not to encourage hopes of this marriage, to which he never would consent, and besought me never to speak to him again in relation to it. 'What, then, did you do?' 'I asked the motive for this refusal.' 'That is the point. What reply did he make? So just a man would never take so extreme a position, and in appearance, at least, so extraordinary, without the strongest reasons.'

"'My father made no positive reply. He said that he had endeavored all his life to inspire his children with confidence in him, and that he had hoped, when he told me that I should be unfortunate in a union with Broggi, that that would suffice.' I then used hasty words, which caused my poor father to weep, without inducing him to make any concessions.' 'All this is a very grave matter, my child, and I do not wish to dissimulate to you that, for your father to act thus, there must have been reasons

which would make any other course impossible, and in that case I can succeed no better than you.'

"'Try, at least, I conjure you,' she cried, in a supplicating attitude. 'The fear of difficulty will only excite my zeal; therefore, to-morrow, at day-break, I shall be on my way. Your father is an early riser, and I shall find him in his garden among his flowers. I will recall to him some youthly remembrances, to which he always recurs with pleasure; and when the opportunity serves, I will open to him this affair, which you have confided to me.'

"'In the mean time, I will offer up a prayer at the feet of the Madonna.' During our conversation, we had insensibly gained the border of the little orange and myrtle grove, and seeing, by the golden rays that glittered through the foliage, that the sun was about to set, I asked Erica if I should accompany her to the first houses of Tempio. 'I have often,' said she, 'taken this walk at a more advanced hour; but besides, this evening I have a companion.' 'Your sister, surely?' 'No,' interrupted she, 'it is Marco Broggi who has offered me his arm, and he knows also that I am come to see you.' 'And fear you not that your father'—'My father,' said she, again interrupting, 'has forbidden me to espouse Marco, but he has not forbidden me to see him, or to promenade with him, as I have always done since I knew how to walk.'

"'I would observe to you,' said the Chevalier, interrupting his recital, 'that the purity of our manners, and the patriarchal simplicity of our customs, authorize these promenades at all hours between young people, of both sexes, who have attractions for each other. With us, strength is so loyal and weakness so bold, that the great liberty allowed to all never produces scandal. 'Nevertheless,' said he, resuming the narrative, 'under all the circumstances, it appeared to me that Erica was in fault thus to brave the will of her father almost at the moment when he had made it known; and I doubted not that, if Martinola had known of that nocturnal promenade, it would so have irritated him as to have made him still less favorable to the marriage, and I hesitated as to what course I ought to pursue on the morrow.

"I said all this to the young lady with the utmost frankness, regardless of the anger which glanced in her eyes, and the impatience betrayed in her least movement while I spoke.

"'Why should I be restrained to-day?' she cried, stamping with the foot, 'when yesterday—no longer ago than yesterday—hear you, Monsieur Lipona—my father invited Marco to supper, and I passed with him part of the day and the evening? He wishes, then, that I may have a lover, and cares not if I take a husband.'

"'Your father is a true Sardinian with respect to the ancient customs of our country, and has faith in the honor of his daughters. Nevertheless, I am convinced that, if he learns of your walk this evening, he will not fail to tell you that you show little confidence in his advice, and still less submission to his orders.'

"'But still,' interrupted Erica, 'he has only forbidden me one thing, and that is, to espouse Marco Broggi.'

"'At least,' my dear child, 'we shall see to-morrow, and I assure you, I wish, with all my heart, that I may be mistaken in my anticipations.'

"We emerged from the wood at this moment, and Marco Broggi, who

watched for our return, came to us. He was, as you have already gathered from my conversation with Erica, a most handsome youth—tall, agile, full of grace in his movements—elegant in his language, and with eyes that spoke even when his mouth was silent. He had no equal in the execution of our rustic dances; and when he sang one of our national airs, our best singers avoided the rivalry under pretext of listening. The only son of one of the richest proprietors in the neighborhood of Tempio, he united substantial advantages with accomplishments, to which, although I acknowledged the value, I, perhaps, did not attach so much importance as did Erica.

"Marco was profuse with his thanks, when the young lady informed him that I had engaged to intercede in his favor on the morrow. While he expressed to me his acknowledgments with his usual poetic facility of language, I examined him with more attention than I had done before, although I had seen him nearly every day; and I was struck with a false and wicked expression of countenance, that betrayed itself seemingly in spite of himself and of his usual intellectual and amiable appearance. That expression was fugitive and rare, but when once detected, it could not be mistaken each time that it again produced itself, and it gave evidence of a bad nature veiled under prodigious hypocrisy. Martinola had probably remarked it, and some circumstances might have come to his knowledge to confirm the impression that it made. This idea filled me with inquietude, because I had the welfare of Erica much at heart.

"'I hope, Marco,' I said to the young man, pointing to Erica, 'that you appreciate the value of such a treasure? If I thought otherwise, nothing in the world would tempt me to meddle with your affairs.'

"'He took me earnestly by the hand, and described his love so enchantingly, that I cannot repeat the phrases for fear of enfeebling the charm.'

"'She will be happy with you, is it not so?' I replied, with a little distrust in my manner, because I am always on my guard against a sentiment which expresses itself with eloquence and spirit.

"'I hope so,' said he, modestly. 'To insure that, I only ask of her to be content with the happiness of being always adored.' Erica hung upon his arm with a fondness replete with modesty, and turned upon him one of those looks, at the same time chaste and passionate, that I have never seen burn except in the eyes of the daughters of my country. 'Well, my children, to-morrow, then—but do not take the longest route to Tempio, in order that you may reach home before nightfall.'

"Marco smiled; Erica raised on me her haughty glance, as if to say, 'who dares to draw evil inference from the conduct of a daughter of Sardinia?' They withdrew, and I followed them for sometime with my eyes, as they, leaning on each other, descended the hill along the narrow zigzag path which led directly to the city. Sometimes a group of trees, a hay-stack, or a turn in the road, would conceal them for an instant; I then accompanied them in the thought, and when they re-appeared, they were always in the same attitude, Erica walking with the head lowered, Marco leaning towards her, and murmuring words of love in her ear. The twilight deepened each moment, and the distance becoming greater, soon shrouded them completely from my view. After remaining a few moments, I musingly resumed the way towards my lonely dwelling. All night I thought on that love of Erica, a passion so ardent that it drove her even to brave a father, for whom she had always manifested a love little short of

adoration. Then I thought on that sinister expression of Marco, and I said to myself with alarm, that I, perhaps, was wrong to interest myself for his marriage with the daughter of my friend. Nevertheless, at day-break I was on foot, and as five o'clock sounded in the parishes and convents of Tempio, I knocked at the door of Martinola. As I had foreseen, he was in his garden; when he saw me, he set down by the side of the fountain two waterpots that he had just filled, and came towards me, the hand extended, joy in his eye, and a smile on his lips. 'What brings you so early, my dear Chevalier?' said he, in that voice, grave and soft, that you heard yesterday evening. 'An affair that interests me so much the more, that it concerns you personally.' 'It is then in relation to my children?' he replied with anxious tenderness. 'Precisely, but there is nothing in it alarming.' 'Let us be seated, that we may converse with more ease. Is it of the health of Isidore that you wish to speak?' said he, when we had seated ourselves in an arbor of thickly interwoven oak leaves and jessamines, spangled with thousands of white and red flowers.

"'No, because the physician that has visited you quite reassures me in that respect.' 'Ah! I guess your business,' he cried joyously, 'you have come to propose to me a husband for my dear and beautiful Erica.' 'Precisely.' 'From your hand I will take him blindfold, but the difficulty is to make her accept him.' 'It is done already.' 'Again Marco Broggi,' murmured he with a profound melancholy. 'Excuse me, Chevalier, but you must understand that I cannot accord to you what I have believed my duty to refuse to the solicitations and tears of my daughter.' 'I understood as much before coming here, my old friend, only I promised myself that if your objections were based on prejudices, I could, perhaps'—'I never indulge prejudices, Lipona,' he said, mildly but sorrowfully; 'have you not discovered that during the many years of our acquaintance?' 'You are right, my friend, but I may excuse myself by saying that I have badly expressed my idea. I believe that possibly the great disproportion of the fortunes was the true cause of your opposition to this marriage, otherwise so necessary.' 'I have another species of vanity, Chevalier, it is to think that whoever espouses my daughter will be less rich than she, even if he possessed all the riches of the earth.' 'Marco Broggi belongs to one of the best families of the country.' 'I know it.' 'He passes for a good and honest young man.' 'I have never heard anything to the contrary.' 'Your daughter loves him.' 'Alas! there is the misfortune.' 'But he loves her also.' 'That is less sure, Lipona,' said he, placing his hand on my arm. 'Whence comes that doubt?' 'I had rather not reply to that question: it involves a confidence which has been reposed in me, and although secrecy has not been enjoined on me, it might be wrong to divulge it even to a man as true as you.' 'Take care, Martinola,' said I; 'but in that case your daughter can only believe that you oppose her wishes for reasons that are not very important.' He covered his face with his hands, and I heard him say, as if to himself, 'he is right, passion cannot be governed by the mere words.'—'Believe me, do this which I say.' 'Hear me, Chevalier,' said he, raising his voice and dropping his hands, 'I am about to do what is wrong, a thing that I have never done before, but what of your esteem I lose in this respect, I hope to regain subsequently. I will tell you for what reason I do not desire Marco Broggi for my son-in-law.' He paused a moment to collect himself, and he seemed to suffer much from the idea of that to which I attached far less importance than he

appeared to do. 'It was yesterday, towards mid-day, that the Broggi came to demand of me the hand of Erica; you may suppose that I was surprised, since I was aware that on the previous evening they had made the same demand for the hand of the daughter of Martha Corbari.'

"'Martha Corbari!' I exclaimed, 'the rich widow, whose deformed daughter has not six months to live, according to the judgment of all the physicians of the island?' 'Precisely, my friend. The same morning Martha came to confide to me that affair, and said that although she suspected that her daughter was not indifferent to Marco Broggi, yet she had the good sense to refuse. Now you comprehend, my dear Liponi, that I cannot believe in a love which could accommodate itself so well to another marriage, and that I must entertain a bad opinion of one who feigns sentiments he cannot feel; and moreover, do you not despise one who would marry that poor little Corbari for her fortune only, since she is doomed to an early death?'

"'It is necessary that your daughter should know all that,' said I quickly. 'When she sees that she has misplaced her affections, she will recover herself quickly.' 'Will you charge yourself with that care, Chevalier? For myself, I do not feel the courage to cause her so much affliction.' 'I will impart it to her as soon as she rises.' 'She has risen long since. My daughters always begin to warble with the swallows. You will find them in the parlor. Do your best, my friend, but I will never concede the point: Marco Broggi is a bad man, who would render my daughter unhappy.' I sought to shake that resolve, but I found only that arguments which betray unstable convictions are without force. I then quitted Martinola, and directed my steps to the parlor. Erica, leaning on her sister, awaited me near the door; both were trembling with agitation, as if the same love animated both bodies. I recounted to them what their father had learned, and did not conceal that I had lost my own good opinion of Marco. 'You are right if the story is true,' interrupted Isidora, 'but we have good reasons to doubt it. It was Martha Corbari who demanded Marco for her daughter, and, enraged at her repulse, has invented this tale out of revenge. Marco has forewarned us.' 'Martha is a good woman, my children,' I replied; 'and I ask why she should have been guilty of so wicked an act? She has always said to me that her daughter never should marry.'

"'I will investigate that,' said Erica, with a deep tone; 'let those beware who would deceive me! Thanks always for your good-will, Monsieur le Chevalier,' added she, extending her hand; 'if I have again want of your services, you will permit me to claim them, without being discouraged by your ill success of to-day?' 'I promise to do all in my power or that the occasion would demand.' I then took leave of the amiable sisters, and saw them not again for some days.

"On the following Saturday, Martinola came to see me. He stated that he had had a very calm explanation with his daughter, and had found her much more reasonable, although disinclined to renounce Marco. He had not felt it his duty to forbid the intercourse between the two young people: his respect for the usages of the country predominated over his paternal solicitude, and besides, he had all confidence in th
Erica.

"The summer rolled on. My neighborly intercourse with the family of Martinola continued as customary, but Erica claimed no more my good

offices, and her father spoke no more to me of the marriage. Once only, as, on the anniversary of the death of his wife, a sweet and noble creature whom he had lost fifteen years before, we returned together from church, he said to me, that a house without a maternal head was nearly always doomed to misfortune; and I think that in thus expressing himself he had at heart allusion to the love of his daughter for Marco. That young man latterly had visited the good Podesta more rarely, who, however, had never ceased to receive him with cordiality. It was possible that he wished to have it believed that Erica was cured of her passion, or at least decided to combat it. Such an effort was vain, because it was matter of public notoriety that the interviews between the young people were as frequent as ever. At one time they would be seen in the morning riding in the shady roads of the poetic forest of Mylis—one of the wonders of our island; at another, they would be encountered arm in arm promenading the sea beach; at the ball, Erica never danced but with Marco; at the *Tavolasso*,* when Marco hit the ring, Erica reddened like the pulp of an over-ripe pomegranate. When Marco was sick, Erica caused wax tapers to burn day and night before the altar of the Madonna. However, all the gossips of Tempio insisted that 'they love each other well; but if the daughter of Martha Corbari recovers, it will be her that Marco Broggi will espouse, because she is the richest girl of the country.'

"In the month of December I quitted Sardinia, as is my custom, in order to pass the winter in Genoa. On the eve of my departure I went to take leave of my friend Martinola, and during my visit I was for an instant alone with the two sisters. 'When will you return?' asked Erica. 'As usual, in the month of May.' 'It is probable that you will find me married.' I had no time to reply, Martinola returned, and Erica placed her finger on her mouth, to enjoin secrecy.

'On the 25th of May of the following year, and now consequently 13 months since,' continued the Chevalier, 'I passed through the streets of Tempio to reach my villa, where I had been expected some days. It was on a Saturday, and it seemed to me that the city had not its usually gay appearance. The faces were gloomy, and groups of persons conversed mysteriously. It was whispered that some great catastrophe had plunged the peaceable city in mourning. Being uneasy, I ordered my vehicle stopped, and asked of a citizen, whom I knew, what had happened. 'A great misfortune,' he replied. 'Marco Broggi has been found assassinated at San Germano. It seemed that he had been dead many hours, because the body was cold, and the blood congealed around the spot where he lay.' 'Who has committed this crime?' 'God knows,' cried my informant, passing on to go to the examination. I ran to Martinola's in great anxiety, as you may suppose. Never shall I forget the spectacle that presented itself in that house, or the scene which followed immediately on my entrance. In a large hall, Martinola, clothed in his insignia, as Podesta, was seated before a table, on the opposite side of which was the clerk of the court with pen in hand. On the right of my friend was his daughter Erica, while Isidore sat on his left. The room was filled with a tumultuous assemblage, each bringing some evidences, of which the clerk took note. My entrance was not remarked amid that excited crowd. I did not regret it, thinking my presence might augment the trouble of my poor friends, and might disturb the calmness of which they were so much in need. Placing myself so as not to be discovered, I observed

* Target Firing.

closely all that passed: one thing attracted me above all others, and soon completely absorbed my whole attention. This was the attitude of Erica. The eyes were dry, the brow elevated, the nostrils dilated; she had no appearance of a woman injured in the dearest point; all her manner, which I would have supposed subdued by sorrow, displayed a savage energy and an indomitable haughtiness. Her lips were parted, as those of a person who listens with attention, but quivered not; no nervousness betrayed itself in her hand, placed negligently upon the table, nor did the slightest muscular contraction vary the superhuman immobility of her features. From time to time, her father, seemingly as much confounded as I by this calmness, turned towards her with an anxiety that betrayed the characteristic of terror as the scene was prolonged. At each instant arrived fresh information, contradicting accounts previously received. Marco had had rivals, but no enemies; notwithstanding, the assassination was not doubted, and it was necessary to discover the criminal for the honor of the city of Tempio.

"The father of Marco was present: he rose, glanced around him wit suffused eyes, and then slowly, but firmly said:

"'Podesta, it is the Ferretti who have done this deed. I demand justice against them.' At this a deep murmur of discontent circulated through the crowd. The Ferretti were the most honored family of Tempio after the Podesta, and it was known that they had gained a lawsuit against the Broggi. 'Murmur as much as you will,' resumed the father of Marco, 'but I have my proofs, and shall produce them at the proper time; meanwhile, I require the arrest of the Ferretti. Why are they not present, like all the other gentry of the city? You see, their absence accuses them.' All eyes sought them in the hall, and they were certainly not present. The Podesta then leaned towards the secretary, and in a low voice gave him orders to prepare a warrant for the arrest of the accused. He had not finished his words, when Erica rose at his side like a spectre of vengeance. She raised her hand, in signification that she wished to speak. Profound silence succeeded, every soul felt that the truth was about to issue from that energetic mouth.

"'Search no longer for the criminal,' she cried; 'here is the poniard which made the wound, and it is thrown to you by the hand that dealt the blow.'

"As she pronounced these words, she drew from her bosom a poniard, and cast it on the table before the Podesta.

"'Signor Broggi,' said she, turning towards the father of Marco, 'I loved your son. I loved him so much,' she continued, after a few moments of sorrowful silence, 'that I consented to fly the paternal mansion and espouse him secretly. Well: do you know what he said to me when we were alone in the middle of the night, and when he believed me sufficiently compromised not to dare to return? He was not ashamed to inform me that he was already affianced to the daughter of Martha Corbari, and that he was about to marry her in a few days; but that it was not possible for her to live long, and that then he would come and rejoin me at Cagliari, whither he was now conducting me. I saw at a glance that I had sacrificed my family, my honor, my love for an ingrate, and as quickly I grasped this poniard, and killed him on the spot!'

"She reseated herself, haughty, serene, intrepid. Her voice did not tremble in making this bold confession, nor did the sight of the poniard shake

her nerves. She was magnificent, even sublime: it might be said, the living personification of the ancient pride of Sardinia's daughters. A shudder of admiration and horror ran through the audience; nevertheless, it appeared to me that the first feeling predominated over the last, in accordance with my own impression.

"The old Broggi, who, perhaps, since his son was dead, would rather that he had died by the hand of a Ferretti, since in that case he would have had the consolation of a vengeance, waited until the murmuring subsided, and then addressing himself to my poor friend, who was overwhelmed by the revelation of his daughter, said:

"'Podesta! they have killed my son, and they have calumniated him: I demand two reparations.' He had scarcely pronounced these words, than the cry of *justice! justice!* resounded from the door of the hall. All eyes turned in that direction, when Rossita Corbari appeared, leaning on the arm of her mother, who sought to penetrate the close ranks of the crowd in order to reach the judge. The old Martha, after placing before the Podesta a golden ring, some letters, and a promise of marriage signed by Marco, demanded justice on the murderer of the affianced of her unfortunate daughter. In presence of these accumulated witnesses, old Broggi kept silent, and Martinola pronounced a decree which sent his daughter before the extraordinary tribunal of Sassari, as guilty of murder.

"She appeared before the high court as calm and intrepid as she had shown herself by the side of her father a few hours after the murder. Half the population of Tempio had assembled to assist at the trial, and when the acquittal was pronounced, of which none had entertained a doubt, two thousand arms were extended to bear home in triumph the young lady, who in vain sought to evade an ovation so painful, yet so flattering. On the same evening, the eldest sons of the three principal families of Sassari came successively to demand the hand of Erica. She responded to each that she had taken mourning for life, and that she should never marry.

"Some weeks since, at Genoa, she made the same response to an offer of marriage from the young Marquis de P., who would have placed at her feet an income of a hundred thousand pounds, and one of the first names of Italy.

"You have my story," said the Chevalier, "how do you like it?" "Very interesting; but I will not conceal from you, that it has a little diminished the desire with which you inspired me to visit your island."

"Come to see me nevertheless, my friend; civilization makes progress every day."

THE RACE OF AMERICAN INDIANS.*

The condition, history, and destiny of the singular race which occupied these American continents, prior to the invasion of the whites, and which is rapidly becoming extinct, form a subject of inquiry of absorbing interest. As a branch of ethnological research, it is of the highest importance, and perhaps possessed of more attractions than any other. It has, however, presented great difficulties, inasmuch as that the repulsive nature of the race, and the rapidity with which it melted away before the approach of civilization, prevented it, so to speak, from coming practically within the grasp of the philosophic mind. Like that of all untamed beings, the nature of the red man was shy, and possessed scarcely sufficient stamina to enable it to withstand even the presence of white pioneers, as wild, as lawless, and almost as savage as themselves; and the approach of settlements was always fatal to their existence. The peculiarity of the Indian mind, in the highest degree suspicious and reserved, presented almost an impenetrable barrier to exploration into the nature of his moral being, leaving it mostly to inferences drawn from the incidental and inaccurate observations of those whom business or accident had thrown in contact with the race. Erroneous theories and supposititious views had, therefore, to a considerable extent, misled the public mind. Meantime the United States, as the successors of this race in the occupancy of the soil, were becoming responsible to the world for an account of the remarkable people whom they dispossessed. This duty, surrounded as it was by difficulties, was reluctantly approached, until at length "the man and the hour arrived;" and a work is now being given to the world every way worthy of the subject, and of the government by whose order it is produced. Mr. Schoolcraft must be regarded, whether we consider his great ethnological, philosophical and philological attainments, or his long and zealous investigation into the Indian character, facilitated by a peculiarly happy combination of personal circumstances, as the standard and chief authority respecting all that concerns the aboriginal race. Much has been contributed, doubtless, by General Cass, Mr. Catlin, and other eminent men, to this department of ethnography, but none have so long and so exclusively devoted to this study learning and abilities of so rare an order.

It may be necessary to the right appreciation of the work before us, to sketch briefly the career of its author: He is of English parentage. His grandfather had, early in the eighteenth century, emigrated to Schoharie County, New-York. His father, Colonel Schoolcraft, is identified with the memorable defence of Fort Stanwix; and our author himself was born near Albany, in 1793. His early turn for literature earned for him the name of the "learned boy," by which he is still remembered by the octo-

*Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States. Collected and prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act of March 3, 1847. By Henry S. Schoolcraft, LL.D. Illustrated by S. Eastman, Captain U. S. A. Published by authority of Congress. Part First. One volume, 4to.

genarians of the neighborhood; and he became without aid remarkably proficient in Natural History, English Literature, Hebrew, German, French, and the philosophy of language. At the age of twenty-four, he had been conductor of extensive glass-works in Geneva, in Vermont, and New-Hampshire, in which his experience led to the publication of a work, entitled, "Vitreology." In 1818, he made a geological survey of Missouri and Arkansas, to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains; and in the following year, published a view of the lead mines of Missouri, which established his scientific reputation. In 1820, the publication of a journal of his tour towards the Rocky Mountains attracted the attention of Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of State, who commissioned the author to accompany General Cass to the head waters of the Mississippi. The journal of this tour was published in 1821, and was highly popular. In the same year he was appointed commissioner to treat with the Indians at Chicago. From that time, when his reputation had become widely and firmly established, he devoted his attention to the red race. In 1822, he was appointed, by President Monroe, resident agent for Indian affairs at St. Mary's, on Lake Superior, and attended the convocations of tribes in 1825–26–27. In 1831 he was sent on a special embassy to bring the war between the Sioux and Ojibewas to a close. In 1832, being on a similar mission, he traced in a canoe the Mississippi River, from the point where Cass stopped in 1820, to its true source in Itasco Lake, which he entered on the 149th Anniversary of the discovery of the river's mouth by La Salle. While he was at Sault St. Marie, Mr. Schoolcraft married the grand-daughter of the hereditary chief of Lake Superior, or Lake Algoma, as it is known to the Indians. This lady was the daughter of Mr. John Johnston, a gentleman from the North of Ireland, but had long dwelt on the Lakes. She had been highly educated in Europe, and was an accomplished and interesting lady. After residing there eleven years, Mr. Schoolcraft removed to Michilimackinac to assume the joint agency of the two districts. In 1836, he was appointed, by General Jackson, commissioner to treat with the North-east tribes for their lands in the Lake region; and he effected a cession of sixteen millions acres to the United States. In the same year he was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Northern district. In 1839 he published two volumes of Algic researches, comprising Indian tales and legends. In 1842 he contributed to the Royal Geographical Society of Denmark, of which he was elected a member, a paper on the great mounds of the West.

In the manner here very briefly sketched, Mr. Schoolcraft passed more than thirty years of a very studious life. The forest and its children have been the objects of constant and enthusiastic analysis, aided by all the facilities which science and learning could afford, together with the peculiarity of his domestic relations, which opened to him the Indian mind, with its hopes, and fears, and religious impressions, so well guarded by the eternal distrust natural to the Indians, from the penetration of the casual observer. The author himself observes: "The theme has been pursued with all the ardor and hopefulness of youth, and the perseverance of maturer years passed in the vicissitudes of frontier life. If, to many, the wilderness is a place of wearisome solitude, to him it assumed, under these influences, far more the choicest recesses of an academic study. This study has only been intruded upon by the cares of business and the higher duties of office; but it has ever been crowned, in his mind, with the in-

effable delights that attend the hope of knowledge and the triumphs of research."

Mr. Schoolcraft had made repeated attempts to give the results of his labors to the world, but publishers could not be found who would undertake so gigantic a work, in a manner commensurate with its importance. Congress, at length, became aroused to the necessity of securing the materials that presented themselves for the performance of the duty; and in March, 1847, a law was passed, requiring the Secretary of War "to collect and digest such statistics and materials as may illustrate the history, the present condition, and future prospects of the Indian tribes of the United States." Mr. Schoolcraft was appointed under this act to carry out its intent, and the volume before us is the first part of the results of his labors. It is a quarto of nearly 600 pages, with 76 colored drawings, illustrative of Indian customs, implements, deities, pictographs, inscriptions, &c., &c. The text is divided into seven general heads: 1. General History. 2. The mental type of the Indian race. 3. Antiquities. 4. Physical Geography. 5. Tribal Organization, history and government. 6. Intellectual capacity and character of the Indian race. 7. Population and statistics. These general divisions embrace a very wide scope, and are treated with an ability which satisfies the mind and wins the confidence of the reader. In relation to the origin of the race, Mr. Schoolcraft adheres to the opinion, that the existing races were not the first occupants of the continent, and that they came hither from Asia, in accordance with the theory of the general dispersion of mankind over the face of the earth, from a common centre in Asia. In sustaining this opinion, he relies with great force upon the unchanged and unchangeable type of the race. He remarks:

"There must be something permanent in the physical type of the man which has produced itself with such amazing constancy through all our latitudes, torrid, tropical, temperate, and frigid; and the facts go nigh to prove that this type is more prominent and important, as faithfulness to organic laws of lineament and corpuscular organization, than is generally supposed. At least, the result of three and a half centuries does not, where the blood is unmixed, much favor the idea of a *progressive physical development.*"

It is stated that all the tribes claim to be aborigines, having the earth for a progenitor, except the Algonquins, which alone admit of a foreign origin. The Toltec race, however, claim by tradition to have originated from a land of adventurers from the "seven caves." Hamilton Smith, in his work upon the Natural History of Man, assumed, as theoretic philosophers are too apt to assume when their knowledge falls short, that "caves" meant ships and canoes. This passage of Smith's book, Mr. Schoolcraft submitted to Lieut. M. Maury, U. S. N., chief director of the American Nautical Observatory at Washington, and that gentleman, in a luminous and amusing reply, states:—

"At page 261 the Col. had a stronger case than he imagines. Referring to the Chichimec legend of the 'seven caves,' he conjectures that the Chichimecs might originally have been Aleutians, and that 'caves,' if not denoting islands, might have referred to canoes.

"The Aleutians of the present day actually *live in caves* or subterranean apartments, which they enter through a hole in the top; they are the most bestial of the species. In their habits of intercourse, they assuredly copy after the whale and the seal.

"Those islands grow no wood. For their canoes, fishing implements, and *cavehold* utensils, the natives depend upon the drift-wood which is cast ashore, much of which is *camphor* wood; and this, you will observe, is another link in the chain, which is growing quite strong, of evidence, which for years I have been seeking, in the confirmation of a gulf stream near them, and which runs from the shore of China over towards our North-west coast.

"You wish me to state whether, in my opinion, the Pacific and Polynesian waters could have been navigated in early times—supposing the winds had been then as they now are—in babsas floats, and other rude vessels of early ages. Yes, if you had a supply of provisions, you could 'run down the trades' in the Pacific on a log," &c.

In considering the probability of the transition of the race from Asia to America, across the Aleutian Islands, Mr. Schoolcraft remarks:—

"This chain of islands connects the continents of Asia and America at the most practicable points; and it begins precisely opposite to that part of the Asiatic coast, North-east of the Chinese Empire, and quite above the Japanese group, where we should expect the Mongolier and Tartar hordes to have been precipitated upon those shores. On the American side of the traget, extending south of the peninsula of Onalsasca, there is evidence in the existing dialects of the tribes, of their being of the same generic group with the Toltec stock. By the data brought to light by Mr. Hale, the ethnographer of the United States Exploring Expedition, under Captain Wilkes, and from other reliable sources, the philological proof is made to be quite apparent. The peculiar Aztec termination of the substantives in *tl*, which was noticed at Nootka Sound, and which will be found in the appended specimens of the languages of Oregon, furnished by Mr. Wyeth, are too indicative, in connection with other resemblances in sound, and in the principles of construction noticed by Mr. Hale, to be disregarded."

The identity of the type of the Indian race with the Asiatics, is brought in proof of their origin. They continue to possess not only the physical traits of the inhabitants of Asia, but remain also psychologically the same. The non-progressive state of the oriental Indian mind presents itself among all the tribes of the continent—an apparent assimilation to Asiatic arts and ideas manifests itself, and without any tendency to improvement; utterly destitute of any intellectual propulsion, the Indian mind "reproduces the same ideas in 1850 as in 1492." It would seem to be the case that at the time of the discovery of the country, the race had rather retrograded than advanced since the monuments which exist of the industry of remote ages have neither been improved upon nor equalled in later years. These antiquities, Mr. Schoolcraft informs us, have been greatly overrated; they are the "antiquities of barbarism," and not of "ancient civilization," and do not sanction the belief of any high or general state of advancement before the discovery of the continent. The author states:—

"We perceive in them, if examined by the light of truth, as revealed alike to divine and profane records, a marked variety of the human race, possessing traits of a decidedly oriental character, who have been lost to history, ancient and modern. Of the precise time and manner of their migration to this continent, we know nothing with certainty which is not inferential. Philosophical inquiry is our only guide. This is still the judgment of the best inquirers, who have investigated the subject through the medium of physiology, antiquities, arts, traditions, or whatever other means may have been employed to solve the question. They are evidently ancient in their occupancy of the continent. There are probably ruins here which date within 500 years of the foundation of Babylon.

"As a race, there never was one more impracticable; more bent on a nameless principle of tribality; more averse to combinations for their general good; more deaf to the voice of instruction; more determined to pursue all the elements of their own destruction. They are still, as a body, nomadic in their manners and customs. They appear, on this continent, to have trampled on monumental ruins, some of which had their origin before their arrival, or without their participation as builders, though these are apparently ruins of the same generic race of men, but of a prior era. They have, in the North, no temples for worship, and live in the wild belief of the ancient theory of a diurgus, or Soul of the Universe, which inhabitsand animates everything. They recognize their Great Spirit in rocks, trees, cataracts, and clouds; in thunder and lightning; in the strongest tempests and the softest zephyrs; and this subtle and transcendental spirit is believed to conceal himself in titular deities from human gaze, as birds and quadrupeds; and, in short, he is supposed to exist under every possible form in the world, animate and inanimate." * * *

"The influence of the civilization of the Zea Maize on the semi-civilization and history of the Indian race of this continent, has been very striking. It is impossible to resist this conclusion in searching into the causes of their dispersion over the continent. We are everywhere met with the fact that those tribes who cultivated corn, and lived in mild and temperate latitudes, reached a state of society which was denied to the mere hunters. The Indian race who named the Mississippi Valley at the era of the first planting of the American colonies, were but corn growers to a limited extent. It was only the labor of females; while the men were completely hunters and periodical nomades. They spent their summers at their corn fields, and their winters in the wild forests, doing just what their forefathers had done; and the thought of their ancestors having had the skill or industry to raise mounds, or throw up defences on the apex of hills or at sharp defiles, never occurred to them till questioned on the subject by the whites."

Mr. Schoolcraft admits the claim of the Scandinavians, as put forth by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, as having visited this continent as early as the tenth century, or nearly six hundred years before its admitted discovery. All the supposed evidences that have been discovered, of the presence of Europeans upon this continent, are carefully collated; but they fail to impress the mind with any very strong convictions upon that point. The inscriptions upon the famous Dighton Rock of Mass., were the subject of elaborate and profound research. The Royal Society of Copenhagen appeal to this rock as bearing upon its face an Icelandic inscription, supposed to have been made by Scandinavian adventurers as early as the tenth century. This inscription is surrounded by Indian rock writings. Mr. Schoolcraft submitted a copy of the inscription to an old chief skilled in that Indian art. He interpreted the whole as relating to strife between two tribes of Indians, rejecting, however, some characters as not Indian, and precisely those which are claimed as Icelandic. He had for inspection two copies of the inscription—one made in 1790, and the other forty years afterwards, in 1830. The latter wants many lines and figures which appear in the former; and this discrepancy is ascribed to the action of the tide, which rises and falls over the inscription twice a day. This naturally suggests the doubt as to how far the lapse of the previous six centuries might have affected the inscription, if forty years was known to produce such changes. Nevertheless, the characters are generally admitted to be Icelandic.

We can see no practical importance attached to the fact of visits to the continent prior to those of Columbus. They left no evidences or de-

tails which could throw any light upon the then condition of the race which inhabited it, and whose barren possession is now being brought rapidly to a close. It is remarkable that this race, which has been so non-progressive physically—never having learned by experience or profited by observation—should nevertheless possess a high degree of poetic fancy, strongly imbued with the supernatural cast of thought which is so peculiarly oriental. Some of their allegories are beautifully sustained, and give evidence of much intellectual invention, as in the following:

THE MAGIC CIRCLE IN THE PRAIRIE.

"A young hunter found a circular path one day in the prairie, without any trail leading to or from it. It was smooth and well beaten, and looked as if footsteps had trod in it recently. This puzzled and amazed him. He hid himself in the grass near by see what this wonder should betoken. After waiting a short time, he thought he heard music in the air. He listened more attentively, and could clearly distinguish the sound, but nothing could be seen but a mere speck, like something almost out of sight. In a short time it became plainer and plainer, and the music sweeter and sweeter. The object descended rapidly, and when it came near, it proved to be a car, or basket of osier, containing twelve beautiful girls, who each had a kind of a little drum, which was struck with the grace of an angel. It came down in the centre of the ring, and the instant it touched the ground they leapt out, and began to dance in the circle, at the same instant striking a shining ball. The young hunter had seen many a dance, but none that equalled this. The music was sweeter than ever he had heard, but nothing could equal the beauty of the girls. He admired them all, but was most struck with the youngest. He determined to seize her, and after getting near the circle, without giving alarm, made the attempt; but the moment they espied a man, they all nimbly leapt into the basket, and were drawn back to the skies. Poor Algon, the hunter, was completely foiled. He stood gazing upward as they withdrew, till there was nothing left, and then began to bewail his fate. "They are gone forever, and I shall see them no more." He returned to his lodge, but he could not forget this wonder. His mind preyed upon it all night, and the next day he went back to the prairie, but in order to conceal his design, he turned himself into an opossum. He had not waited long when he saw the wicker car descend, and heard the same sweet music. They commenced the same sportive dance, and seemed even more beautiful and graceful than before. He crept slowly towards the ring, but the instant the sisters saw him they were startled, and sprang into the car. It rose but to a short distance, when one of the eldest spoke: "Perhaps," said she, "it is come to show us how the game is played by mortals." "Oh, no!" the youngest replied; "quick, let us ascend." And all joining in a chant, they arose out of sight. Algon returned to his own lodge again; but the night seemed a very long one, and he went back betimes the next day. He reflected upon the plan to follow to secure success. He found an old stump near by in which there were a number of mice; he thought their small form would not create alarm, and accordingly assumed the shape of a mouse. He first brought the stump and set it up near the ring. The sisters came down and resumed their sport. "But see," cried the youngest sister, "that stump was not there before." She ran affrighted towards the car. They only smiled, and gathering round the stump, searched it in jest, when out ran the mice and Algon among the rest. They killed them all but one, which was pursued by the youngest sister; but just as she had raised her stick to kill it, the form of the hunter arose, and he clasped his prize in his arms. The other eleven sprang to their osier basket and were drawn up to the skies. He exerted still to please his bride and win her affections. He wiped the tears from her eyes. He related his adventures in the chase. He dwelt upon the charms of life on the earth. He was incessant in his attentions, and picked out the way for her to walk, as he led her gently

towards his lodge. He felt his heart glow with joy as she entered it, and from that moment he was the happiest of men. Winter and summer passed rapidly away, and their happiness was increased by the addition of a beautiful boy to their lodge circle. She was, in truth, the daughter of one of the stars, and as the scenes of earth began to fall upon her sight, she sighed to revisit her father. But she was obliged to hide these feelings from her husband. She remembered the charm that would carry her up, and took occasion while Algon was engaged in the chase, to construct a wicker basket, which she kept concealed. In the meantime, she collected such rarities from the earth as she thought would please her father, as well as the most dainty kinds of food. When all was in readiness, she went out one day while Algon was absent, to the charmed ring, taking her little son with her. As soon as they got into the car she commenced her song, and the basket rose. As the song was wafted by the winds, it caught her husband's ear. It was a voice which he well knew, and he instantly ran to the prairie. But he could not reach the ring before he saw his wife and child ascend. He lifted up his voice in loved appeals, but they were unavailing. The basket went up. He watched it till it became a small speck, and finally vanished in the sky. He then bent down his head to the ground, and was miserable. Algon bewailed his loss through a long winter and a long summer, but he found no relief. He mourned his wife's loss sorely, but his son's still more. In the meantime, his wife had reached her home in the stars, and almost forgot, in the blissful employments there, that she had left a husband on the earth. She was reminded of this by the presence of her son, who, as he grew up, became anxious to visit the scene of his birth. His grandfather said to his daughter one day, "Go, my child, and take your son down to his father, and ask him to come up and live with us. But tell him to bring along a specimen of each kind of bird he kills in the chase." She accordingly took the boy and descended. Algon, who was ever near the enchanted spot, heard her voice as she came down, in the sky. His heart beat with impatience as he saw her form and that of her son's, and they were soon clasped in his arms. He heard the message of the star, and began to hunt with the greatest activity, that he might collect the present. He spent whole nights, as well as days, in searching for every curious and beautiful bird or animal. He only preserved a tail, foot, or wing of each, to identify the species; and when all was ready, they went to the circle, and were carried up. Great joy was manifested on their arrival at the starry plains. The star-chief invited all his people to a feast, and when they had assembled, he proclaimed aloud that each one might take of the earthly gifts such as he liked best. A very strange confusion immediately arose. Some chose a foot, some a wing, some a tail, and some a claw. Those who selected tails or claws were changed into animals, and ran off, and others assumed the form of birds, and flew away. Algon chose a white hawk's feather, which was his totem. His wife and son followed his example, when each one became a white hawk. He spread his wings, and followed by his wife and son, descended to the earth, where his species are still to be found.

THE TEAR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A Tear will sometimes bliss impart
  To him who flies from pleasure's charms;
The wise man finds it in his heart,
  The warrior in the noise of arms;
The lover owes it to sweet thought;
  The young girl to her jewelled hair:
'Tis nowhere, by the vicious sought,
  But to the virtuous, everywhere!

THE MINT.

The want of a mint in New-York has been apparent for a great many years, and many attempts have been made to have one established, but without success. The failure of the attempt at the last session of Congress, is ascribed altogether to the want of practical knowledge on the part of members of Congress, and the strange misapprehension of the whole question that many of them betrayed. Thus it was freely alleged, that a mint in New-York would aggrandize that city; and Western members stated, that they "did not wish to do anything to add to the already great advantages possessed by the commercial metropolis." The fact is, that New-York is becoming rich at the expense of the Western people, concerned in California, simply because there is no mint here. It is the business of the government to facilitate the interests of all parties; when it fails to do so, or confers special privileges on any class, it is at the expense of the many. If Western members of Congress had got up in their places, and proposed a bill to tax all California gold which arrives in New-York, $2 per ounce, for the benefit of New-York brokers, they would have been denounced at once from one end of the Union to the other; and yet, by defeating the mint bill, they in effect passed such a law, and did so under the pretence, that, to erect a mint in New-York, was to aggrandize that city. A little reflection will make this perfectly obvious.

The production of California has hitherto been almost exclusively gold. On the discovery of its existence in the soil, crowds thronged thither to procure it. They carried thither none of the comforts, and but few of the necessaries of life; as they possessed themselves of the metal in the shape of dust, that became the medium for which they procured food and other supplies, which soon found their way thither. When five barrels of flour could be bought for an ounce of gold, in Ohio, and sold for five ounces in California, the extremes of price indicated the scarcity of gold in Ohio, and its abundance in California, and *vice versa* in respect of wheat. The number of persons digging in California gradually increased, until the number reached 170,000, by the latest returns. The quantity of gold which each of these must carry about him, or hold at his command in that country, where it requires more of it to purchase the most ordinary necessaries, is much larger than the amount of money required per head of the population in other countries. A small bag of gold dust will be worth $500, and be no great stock to the supply of individual wants. The most accurate authorities calculate the amount so retained in the country at 80 millions; and the best data give 64 millions as the value of the exports up to January 1st, 1851, making together 144 millions of gold produced. When the miners began to pay out this dust for commodities, it was necessary to fix some rate at which it would be taken.

Pure gold is said to be twenty-four carats fine. Its standard mint value is then $20.672 per ounce, but beyond that it usually bears a premium of from six to seven per cent.; the cost and trouble of refining enhancing its value to that amount, say $21.92 cts. per ounce.

It is usually found alloyed, a portion of the mass being silver. The

fineness of the gold depends upon that fact. If 100 parts are silver, and 900 parts gold, the fineness is twenty-one carats and nineteen thirty-seconds of a carat, and an ounce is worth $18.605. The United States coin are 900 thousandths fine, and of the remaining tenth, one-half, 13 grains, is silver, and one-half copper. Now, the bullion found in California, when properly cleaned, will average nine tenths pure gold and one tenth silver. The gold which reached the United States Mint in 1848, was found in lots of $40,000 to be worth $18.5 before melting, and $18.50 per ounce afterwards; the loss by the process was 2½ per cent. Private assays in California produced the same result. Nevertheless this bullion, worth $18.5, was sold by the miners at from $15 to $15½ per ounce—giving a profit of nearly $3 per ounce to the brokers and dealers; subsequently the price advanced to $16 per ounce, at which it remains. Gradually, however, the miners finding that they could not get the full value of the bullion, took less pains in cleaning it or in freeing it from the black sand and quartz, and instead of losing but 2½ per cent. in melting, late assays show that it loses 8 per cent., making a difference of nearly $1 per ounce. The merchants, however, continue to receive all at $16 per ounce; select the best to send to the mint, where it will realize $18 per ounce, and pay out the refuse in trade at $16 per ounce. Thus the currency of California suffers all the evils of a varying depreciation of unknown extent. Under these circumstances it has been estimated, that the bullion exported from California, say 4,000,000 ounces, has been sold by the miners at an average of $2 per ounce less than its value; or, in other words, the want of a mint there has cost them in gold $8,000,000. In addition to this loss, they are exposed to all the manifold evils which flow from an unstable and depreciating currency.

A great deal of coin has been sent to California, it is true; but it is a known fact, that it is entirely absorbed by the gambling-houses. It is indispensable to their operations, and, moreover, will not circulate in trade, for the reason that those who have goods to sell will not take coin in payment at its legal value at about $18 50 per ounce, when they can get bullion at the current value of $16 per ounce, or, at most, $17, including the earthy matter. The difference between the current value and the mint value, is the shave which the wealthy dealers make at the expense of the workers. Hence, what are called "influential men," had no real desire to see a mint at San Francisco, when they profited so largely by its absence.

Of the bullion exported from San Francisco, about $32,000,000, say 2,000,000 ounces, arrived at New-York, where there was still no mint. The bullion was sent down from the mountains to San Francisco, and found no means of coinage. It travelled 6,000 miles to New-York, and still found no chance of coinage, but further expense and delay were to be encountered. Of the 2,000,000 ounces arrived there, probably one-half belonged to large dealers, who had received it from miners at $16 per ounce, and these persons could afford the delay and expense of sending it to Philadelphia and back, to be coined at a profit to them of $2½ per ounce; but the other 1,000,000 ounces were in the hands of persons who belonged in every state of the Union, north, east, west and south, all anxious to get home to their families as soon as possible. They had retained possession of the dust, sacrificing as little as possible, in order to turn it into coin in New-York; but having arrived in that city, they found themselves no better off than

when in the *Sierra Nevada.* A person belonging in Ohio, has, when he arrives in New-York, three modes of procedure by which to convert his gold into money. He can sell it to the brokers in Wall-street for $17 per ounce, well cleaned. He can go to Philadelphia and stay there on expense until it shall be coined, and that requires an average of three months; or he can send it to Philadelphia through a broker, who will charge commission, freight, insurance, &c., and when the certificate of deposit shall be received, it may be discounted at 7 per ct. per ann., having probably 60 days to run. As nearly all the returned Californians hold small sums, the average of all these necessary charges would be $2 per ounce, which would be rather more than the profit which the brokers make when it is sold to them. Thus New-York dealers have made out of the mines $1,500,000 at least, because there has been no mint here. Had there been an adequate mint in New-York, the moment the miners landed they could have deposited their gold, taken coin for the bullion at $18 per ounce, and left for home on the same day, carrying out of New-York at least $1,500,000 more than was actually the case, and this amount was left in Wall-street as a profit to the brokers. The refusal to pass the bill for a mint in New-York was thus in effect the levying a tax of $2 per ounce on all the gold owned in the western country, for the benefit of New-York brokers. While the majority of the holders of small sums, those who were diggers, and arrived at New-York on their way to their own homes in the South and West, were thus subjected to a toll of $2 per ounce, the wealthy holders of large sums were accommodated in a better manner. Thus the gold bill of 1837, section 31, restricted the amount of coin and bullion in the mint at any one time to $1,000,000. It occurred under the operation of the present tariff, that the coin received for customs, accumulated in the New-York Assistant Treasury, in June, 1850, to $4,632,371, while at the same time a large amount of bullion was waiting coinage at the mint. Under these circumstances, Mr. James G. King, member of a banking house in New-York, and also a representative in Congress for New-Jersey, brought in a bill to permit the mint to receive an unlimited amount of bullion, and to issue certificates therefor, which certificates should be paid out of the coin in the United States Assistant Treasury, New-York; that is to say, that the United States government should buy bullion of the large houses to the extent of its means. The amount accumulated under this law was as follows:

SPECIE IN THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

	In N. York.	In mint, uncoined.	Elsewhere.	Total in the Treasury.
Dec., 1849,	$2,159,296	$1,000,000	$2,754 453	$5,913.751
June, 1850,	4,632,371	1,000,000	3,842,140	9,474.511
July, 1850,	3,227,922	2,500,000	4,143,430	9,871,352
March, 1851,	2,615,634	7,870,000	3,185,164	13,668,798
April, "	3,076,958	7,870,000	3,367,448	14,314,406

Thus, $6,870,000 was purchased by the government, between June and March, at the mint price, mostly of those who had become possessed of the gold from the mines at $16 per ounce. The profit of this was to them not less than $1,000,000. Another project, in the shape of a bill to authorize the collector at San Francisco to receive ingots at the mint rates did not succeed; thus, the gold purchased of the miners, or received from them for goods at $16 per ounce, was to be melted into bars, called "ingots," and these were to have been turned in to the government at the

coin value, or $18.50 per ounce. The pretext for this was to facilitate business in San Francisco to benefit the "poor people."

The banking and "ingot" interest defeated the establishment of mints, both at New-York and San Francisco. A bill for the establishment of an assay office in the latter city was passed, and a contract has been made with Moffat & Co., bullion dealers and private coiners, to assay the bullion in California. The process is for the assayers to receive not less than 60 ounces of gold at one time, which they assay and stamp according to its value, charging 2¾ per cent. to the depositor. The effect of this is, that the owner of 60 ounces could sell it to brokers for $16 or $960; by assay it will yield $17½ average, say $1.050, out of which he must pay $30 for the assay expenses, and he realizes $60 or $1 per ounce more than he could get from the brokers; the holder of less than 60 ounces, that is, the poor miner, must take his chance with the brokers—there is no remedy for him. Why should the California digger of gold be charged this tax of 2¾ per cent. for merely assaying his gold, when the banker in Philadelphia can get it assayed and coined for circulation without charge? It is apparent that the charge is enormous, amounting to 50 cents per ounce.

The operations of this assaying office, as reported, show the deterioration of the gold in circulation. Thus, early in 1849, 1,804 ounces of California gold, assayed at Philadelphia, lost 2½ per cent. The average loss of the recent assays in San Francisco was 4 per cent.; the results are as follows:

	Fineness.	Loss per cent.	Value per oz.
1849, at Philadelphia,	894	2½	18.50
1851, at San Francisco,	891	4	17.67

The deterioration, is according to this comparison, 83 cents per ounce, mostly due to careless washing.

The objections mostly urged against the establishment of branch mints in New-York and in San Francisco, were on the score of economy. The poor government which expends this year over $50,000,000, including steam contracts, Galphin claims, and fat jobs generally, could not afford to spend $280,000 for a mint in New-York; it was "a piece of unheard of extravagance," and denounced as such, with great vehemence and pertinacity. To obviate this objection, however, seems to be so very easy, that it becomes matter of surprise that it should not have been attempted. We have said, that the 1,000,000 ounces which arrived at New-York, belonging to people in the interior of the country, was charged at least $2 per ounce, or $2,000,000 in the aggregate, to get itself turned into money. This sum would have built four mints. Let Congress now build two mints—one at San Francisco and one in New-York,—and charge all depositors not $2 per ounce, as the brokers now charge them; not 50 cents per ounce, as the assaying office charges, but 25 cents per ounce, or 1¼ per cent., throwing it open to the poor as well as to the rich; and the coinage of six months will pay in full for both mints, while the miners will get perhaps $2 per ounce more money than they get now. When the mints are paid for in full, the charges might be remitted as under the old mint law. The only charges now made for coinage are in the words of the law as follows:

"For refining, when the bullion is below standard; for toughening when metals are contained in it which are unfit for coinage; for *copper and for alloy, when the bullion is above standard; for silver introduced into the alloy gold.*"

If the estimates are correct, that there is now $80,000,000 worth, or 5,000,000 ounces of gold in the hands of the California citizens, which it is at present impossible to get coined, and which, consequently, the miners are compelled to part with at 1½ below its real value, it being mostly depreciated through insufficient cleaning; the establishment of a mint on the terms indicated would enable them to have it all coined for $1,210,000, thereby saving to the holders of the coin $6,500,000. It becomes the *people* of California, as well as all those in the United States at all interested in California,—and who is not?—to investigate into the causes that have been at work to retard the action of Congress upon this important matter.

We have endeavored partly to show that this is not a matter of local interest: it is one which embraces the welfare of all citizens. The object of a mint is, to stamp the metal with such a device that its quantity and quality shall be readily recognized by all, with the view to its general diffusion through the whole country. To effect that object, the mint should be at the locality where all can reach it without delay or expense, as at San-Francisco, where all holders of the metal congregate to take their departure, or at New-York, where the majority arrive, on their way to their homes. It should be of a capacity to meet all demands, without the delay of a moment, or the expense of a penny. If a citizen of Michigan, coming from California with gold, arrives at New-York, why should he be compeled to go to Philadelphia merely to make his gold available? or why should he spend $2 00 per oz. in New-York for the same purpose? It is to the interest of a few persons in Philadelphia, and to that of brokers and bankers everywhere, that the difficulties of turning gold into coin should be as numerous and as great as possible; because, in such a case, their expensive agency in the matter becomes requisite, and they are enabled to levy a tax upon the miner. These interests have conduced to promote a sectional feeling against New-York with the sole view of defeating the mint. It was for this reason that the mint at Philadelphia was declared in Congress to be perfectly adequate to the wants of the community, although it was notoriously inadequate. Upon this point, we append the evidence of R. S. McCulloh, Esq., for many years a most responsible and accomplished chief officer of the Philadelphia mint. It was prepared for Congress at the last session, but by some means suppressed, neither of the New-York members presenting it, although they pretended to oppose the contrary statements of the mint directors.

WASHINGTON, January 14th, 1851.

Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, I give you my reasons for considering the establishment of branch mints in New-York and California, a measure of great commercial and national importance.

1st. The mint at Philadelphia is wholly inadequate to perform the work required of it, either with or without such increased facilities as may be derived from a new process of refining such as that invented by me, for the reason that its coining machinery is insufficient, and cannot be made adequate without a heavy expenditure of money. That this is so, may be with others only a matter of opinion; but with me, a late officer of the mint, familiar with all that relates to that institution, it is a matter of knowledge, as I shall proceed to show.

During the year 1847, heavy importations of gold took place from Europe, and the mint was frequently tasked to its maximum, to convert the sovereigns and other imported coins, into United States coins, in the shortest possible time, owing to the exigencies arising from the Mexican war. We were thus enabled

to ascertain the fact, that the mint could coin but wo million of dollars per month, in eagles and half eagles, of equal amount, as were then instructed by by the Secretary of the Treasury to work. In eagles alone, we could have coined three millions of dollars per month. But if we had been required to manufacture small gold coins, or any considerable quantity of silver at the same time, the amount would have fallen much below the above mentioned sums. If we had been required to devote one-half of each month to coining silver, say in half dollars, the maximum would have been in silver, $350,000, and in gold, $1,000,000, eagles and half eagles; and if eagles alone had been coined, instead of eagles and half eagles, the coining power in gold and silver would have been $1,850,000 only. Nor would this result have varied materially, if small gold coins had been substituted for silver half dollars.

The authority given to the mint to manufacture double eagles, has enabled it to coin, since the dies were ready, in March last, $23,405,220 into double eagles, out of $25,702,110 of gold deposited and coined. In January and February, the work was nearly all in eagles; and during the whole year, out of a total gold coinage of $27,756,445, there has been struck $26,319,730 of double aglees and eagles. The smaller gold coins have, therefore, amounted to $1,436,715 only; and this at a time when there has been a very great demand for small gold coins, to relieve the scarcity of silver, which has been at a premium of several per cent.

During the year there has been deposited at the mint, silver bullion to the amount of $635,221, of which $409,600 only was coined; leaving $225,621 thereof uncoined on the 1st of January, 1851. Only two-thirds of the silver work carried to the mint has, therefore, been done; and this known tardiness, doubtless, prevented many persons from depositing silver for coinage, who otherwise would have so done.

There was deposited at the mint in 1850, in gold bullion, $33,015,141, of which $27,756,445 only was coined; leaving $5,258,695 uncoined; to which extent, therefore, the mint has proved itself inadequate to the gold coinage demanded of it. If we add to this the silver balance of $225,621, we have a total incompetency of $5,484,316. And this has occurred, notwithstanding the fact that advances from the United States Treasury to the amount of $4,840,000 have, since September last, been made to and used by the mint to pay the depositors of bullion, who have, nevertheless, been obliged to submit to an average delay of about one month in obtaining such payments, and to the consequent loss of one-half per cent. interest.

To tax the owners of bullion to such an extent, and to subject the nation to the great inconvenience of a coinage, of which 23-25ths is double eagles, is, I think, in the highest degree unwise.

By some persons it is supposed that the coining power of the mint has of late been greatly increased, but such is not the fact; although *the refining capacity* has been augmented by new apparatus, invented and constructed by myself, in 1849, and since enlarged and improved by my successor in office. Nor without extensive and costly additions to its machinery, can the mint at Philadelphia be rendered much more efficient. Then why may not the public money required for such additions be appropriated to establish branch mints in places where the facilities of coining are more needed, and will be most useful to commerce and to the nation?

2. Although the claims of the city of New-York are of minor importance to those of the nation, in this matter, yet the facts, that *nearly all* the bullion is imported into that city, and that the owners thereof are subjected to an expense of one-fifth of one per cent. for freight and insurance, and of one-half of one per cent. interest by delay in payment, under the present system of transportation of bullion from New-York to Philadelphia, for coinage,—which expense amounts to $210,000 on the $30,000,000 of California gold imported at New-York in 1850, is certainly a just reason why the $225,000 estimated, and *fully sufficient* for the establishment of a branch mint in New-York, should

be appropriated for that purpose. To adopt a system of an assay office at New-York, and of transportation by, or at the expense and risk of the government, to and from the inadequate mint at Philadelphia, would subject the Treasury to a needless expense now borne by the depositors of bullion; and an assay office alone would require for its establishment an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, besides salaries, wages, and other annual expenses, amounting each year probably to ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

3. The local trade of California, and its commerce with the nations of the Pacific, imperatively require the facilities for coining in that portion of this Union; yet, as gold is its chief production, much of it may and should be exported from California in the form of bars, to be coined in New-York, Philadelphia, New-Orleans, and elsewhere.

4. It is by some persons believed that branch mints in New-York and California would leave the mint at Philadelphia without employment. But, if we are ever to have sufficient fractional parts of dollars, in place of worn Spanish coins, there will be work enough for the Philadelphia mint and each branch to do. Let them also manufacture small gold coins, to supply the wants of the country; and if the trade of New-York requires double eagles, let them be made only there. Thus work enough will be found for all, without a monopoly to either, and fractional gold and silver coins will cease to be held at several per cent. premium, as they are now. Very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

R. S. McCulloh.

P. S. That the coining power of the mint is still only the same as in 1847, to wit, about $3,000,000 per month, if in *eagles only*, is shown by the following facts:

During the months of November and December last, the mint worked to its *maximum*, in order to close the accounts on the 1st January, 1851, with as small an uncoined balance as possible, which, nevertheless, amounted to $5,484,316, as above.

In November, there was coined:

Double Eagles	196,170,	pieces	worth	$3,923,400
Quarter Eagles	27,320,	"	"	68,300
Gold Dollars	94,800,	"	"	94,800
Total	318,290	pieces,		$4,086,500

Suppose that every piece had been *an eagle*, we should have 318,290 pieces at $10—$3,182,900—and during this month $17,500 only of silver, or a half day's work in silver was done.

In December. there was coined at the mint:

Double Eagles	189,821,	worth	$3,796,420
Quarter Eagles	45,000	"	112,200
Gold Dollars	78,098	"	78,098
Total	312,919	pieces worth	$3,987,018

If these 312,919 pieces had all been *eagles*, they would have amounted to $3,129,190. During this month there was coined in silver only $42,700, being, say, 1½ day's work in silver.

Hence, we may calculate that the mint can coin, if gold alone be struck, and of only one kind or denomination of coin:

Gold Dollars	say $325,000	per month.
Quarter Eagles	812,500	"
Half Eagles	1,625,000	"
Eagles	3,250,000	"
Double Eagles	6,500,000	"

R. S. McC.

The operations of the Philadelphia mint continue to be almost entirely in double eagles, or $20 pieces, which are of very little utility as a currency

to the people at large, although they serve the purpose of bankers admirably well. The double eagles being of but little service as a coin in the operation of general trade, seek the bank vaults, and become the basis on which at least twice their amount of small bills are issued. The only effect, therefore, instead of giving the people a better currency, is to promote the dangerous circulation of promises that so frequently have proved faithless. Coins over $5 in value each are of very little use for the purpose of retail trade, yet nearly all the gold has been turned into pieces of higher denominations. The operations of the mint were as follows:

COINAGE—PHILADELPHIA MINT.

	Silver.	Gold Dollars.	Quarter Eagles.	Half Eagles.	Eagles.	Double Eagles.	Total Gold.
1847	1,347,580	——	76,535	4,598,955	8,620,264	——	13,296,080
1849	922,750	688,567	53,235	665,350	6,536,180	——	7,948,332
1850	409,600	481,953	632,307	322,455	2,914,510	23,405,220	27,756,445
1851 3 mos.	98,850	702,968	682,476	243,815	——	12,960,940	13,969,688

In this table we find that the large pieces, which are as useless for circulation as bullion, are almost exclusively coined. In the first quarter of the present year, in order, apparently, to make a show of furnishing small coin, the coinage of silver, which has been at a premium of several per cent., has almost entirely ceased. Where gold dollars are struck in the place of half dimes, the amount shows better for the mint, and when $20 pieces are struck in the place of half dollars, the mint shows a high figure, but the community get no currency. The new post-office law requires that the whole country should be supplied with the new 3 cent pieces, but provides no mint capable of furnishing them.

It is very evident, that unless mints are established in San Francisco and New-York, the country must suffer great inconvenience and disastrous losses from the stimulus which the present state of things gives to the bank expansion. The amount of capital already organized in several states, and to go shortly into operation, is not far short of $10,000,000, and as usual in such cases, this will not only give rise to a much larger amount of paper money to circulate as a currency, but the issue of this paper in exchange for individual obligations, which are created for the purposes of speculation, will give rise to further demands, as their obligations mature. It is in this manner that when bank loans beget a demand for their own expansion, and the cry for more bank capital to "meet the wants of business" always increases, industry becomes absorbed in idle speculations. The want of a mint of sufficient capacity to furnish circulating coins, is now the chief element in stimulating this expansion. The question of expense is fully met by a seignorage or tax upon coinage, until the mint shall be paid for.

THE LEGEND OF THE LAKE OF BOLSENA.

There are as many ways of waking up a man as of killing a dog; which the old proverb proves to be multifarious, by cunningly saying only that there are more than one. We do not mean to speak now of the psychological phenomena elicited by waking up one with a feather applied to his nose, a too generous pinch of sneezing-snuff, or even a tumbler of cold water. Every collegian is familiar, from personal experience, with those methods of excitation. But while we, a poor college lad, on a furlough through the south of Italy, were dreaming and nodding in the corner of an old Veturino's travelling machine, we often noted the pleasurable excitement following the usually unpleasant transition from sleep to waking, when it was caused by the name of some classic monument, or romantic place joyously cried out by our fellow passengers. "There's the dome of St. Peter's!" is often the signal for raising your drooping head, and rubbing your drowsy eyes as you jolt Romeward over the wastes of Campania. "There's Mount Vesuvius!" scares up the traveller, as he approaches Naples by land, and stretches his neck to look at the pillar of white smoke steaming up from Vulcan's time-honored blacksmith shop.

One particular night in autumn, 1845, we had been serving for a shuttlecock between the left shoulder of a ponderous Dutch traveller and the side of a villanous old Italian traveling coach for some hours, when we were roused by the Veturino, who bent down, as he hoarsely announced through the front window, "*ecco l'isola d'Amalasunta.*" "There is the island of Amalasunta!" We let down the panel at our side, and as we gazed before us, lay the beautiful Lake of Bolsena, equally famous for the recollections of its warlike history and the flavor of its luscious eels, which Horace delighted to eat, and Dante did not disdain to celebrate. Though the weather was mild, the night was misty, and we dimly discovered the celebrated island rising in the distance upon the unruffled expanse of waters. We soon rumbled into the town of Bolsena, attracting the notice especially of sundry watch-dogs, who, in sounds of various depth and volume, complained that we should infringe upon the monopoly of noise which they seemed to have reserved to themselves during the night in Bolsena by a charter from the town authorities. After sleeping at a comfortable inn, or *locanda* as it is styled in Italy, some of us wended our way to the Palazzo Cozza, a noble and illustrious family, celebrated (as various mediæval portraits hung around the palace walls testify) during other times for their indulgence in what is metaphorically termed "*fire-eating*," now given to the more useful avocation of breeding chickens, cabbages and cattle, in place of discord and feuds upon the paternal estate. From the battlements of their grim old baronial mansion we enjoyed a view of the beautiful lake spread out like a silver mirror under the rays of the morning sun. The neighborhood affords an enchanting prospect, and though spreading over a mountainous district, is extremely fertile. The vineyards which abound there furnish the same wine to be enjoyed round Orvieto and Monte Fiascone, but it looks blacker at you when you are going to drink it, and bites you as it goes down. We will not venture to bring forward our own opinion upon a point of such vital import-

ance; but venerable authority, historical and poetical, asserts that it always went excellently well with the unparalleled eels of the lake.

Our eye immediately sought for the fatal island. It is small, but rises abruptly to some height above the surface of the lake. There is not far distant from it an islet smaller than the first one, equally romantic, and which also has its legend. But we will content ourselves for the present with recounting the historical circumstances connected with that of Amalasunta.

This remarkable woman was a royal princess, daughter to Theodoric, the warlike king of the Goths. Perhaps she would have remained unknown in history had not singular circumstances placed her upon an eminence. Her father was comparatively young; her husband, Cutaric, and her son, Atalaric, ensured the Goths of warlike male succession to the throne. Unexpectedly her husband died, and soon after Theodoric, by pecial providence, or human treachery, was hurried out of the world—Ataaric being only ten years old. Amalasunta was thus placed at the head of a powerful nation, used to bow with submission only before a terrible military despot. She was equal to her new task. She kept up the vigor of Theodoric's government, and excelled him in prudence, conciliating the favor of the Greek Emperor Justinian, checking, by timely and far-seeing management, the advance of the Visigoths under Amalric, and gaining even the favor of the Senate and people of Rome. She kept near her person, and employed in her councils, the celebrated Cassiodorus, one of the most learned men and judicious writers of his age. Mild and generous with those who obeyed her rule—those who attempted to thwart her plans, found her as lion-hearted as her terrible father had been. She was, however, just and impartial, and it was found both a difficult and dangerous attempt to sow discontent among her subjects.

The first serious disagreement between her and the leading men among her people, was the plan of education she marked out for her son Atalaric. The Goths could not understand the use of having him instructed in the craft of the Romans, called arts and sciences. They were scandalized at his being placed under Roman tutors and professors. The Queen-Regent was informed that they grumbled bitterly at her worrying their young master to death, and thought that she had the design of killing him by these stupid, unmanly studies, so as to get married and reign in his place. She treated their ignorant impertinence with contempt. One day, however, the matter took a serious form. Entering the room of her son, she found that careless boy, like a "neer-do-weel" that he was, engaged in some vulgar game, in place of studying the task which his old Roman Doctor had proposed for his attentive perusal. The high-blooded woman gave him a sonorous box upon the ear, whereupon the booby ran out crying with might and main. The faces of the tough old Goths to whom he told the story of his sorrows, grew amazingly long and thoughtful at his blubbering narrative. They came to the conclusion that this was carrying love for literature to an unpardonable excess. The gravest and wisest of them considered it a matter of conscience to wait upon the queen, and tell her the Goths thought the way after which she educated her son an extremely bad one. "No man," said they, "who is fond of letters, can be brave, for they only make one mean and chicken-hearted. Our excellent lord Theodoric did not know how to write his own name, nor how to read it when another had done it for him; and yet see how

many nations he has conquered. He never let the Goths go to school, for he knew very well that he who is afraid of a switch, will never stand up against the lance and the sword. Send away those musty old Roman pedants, and let your son be accompanied with young warriors of his own age, and trained up to reign after the plain old fashion of the Goths." Though such pretensions were extremely annoying to Amalasunta, she was forced to yield to them for fear of exasperating her people too far. This condescension was the ruin of Atalaric. The young men with whom he began to associate drew him gradually into every vice, and rendered him deaf to the wise counsels of his mother. They even began to sow disaffection among the people, representing how unbecoming it was that a woman should be the chief of such a warlike nation as the Goths.

Things went so far that a conspiracy was formed against the government, and even life of the queen. But she was wide awake, and resolved to frustrate their plans of treason. She found out that the chief promoters of disloyalty were three personages filling places of great trust in the kingdom. With admirable precaution she sent them to military commands on opposite ends of the kingdom, under pretence that their valor alone could make the frontiers safe. This might have made them her friends, or at least put an end to their machinations. It was not so in fact, however, for they still continued to inflame the minds of the soldiers against the queen, keeping up by inflammatory letters their old connections, and plotting to deprive her of the regency and the tutorship of her son. Apprized of these proceedings, the proud-souled woman resolved to settle matters forever between herself and these petulent opponents. She wrote letters to the Emperor Justinian, with whom she continued on terms of friendship, strengthened by the presents with which the adroit Amalasunta mollified the heart of the avaricious Greek. She mentioned that desiring some truce from the weighty cares of the administration, she meditated a little trip to Constantinople, and wished to know if she would be favorably received in case she should make her appearance in the imperial city. The answer was fully satisfactory.

She then secretly dispatched a vessel to Durazzo in Albania with a few of her most trusty ministers, forty thousand pounds of gold, and other objects of rare value, with orders to await there her further pleasure. She then boldly ordered the three revolutionary leaders, who were now loud in their complaints against her, to be secretly, if it could be, summarily, at all hazards—put to death. Her satellites obeyed her orders, and no confusion following which she could not control, the arrangements she had made to secure a retreat in case that this bold stroke should fail, were countermanded, and the trip to Constantinople put off to an indefinite period.

The next affliction the queen had to endure was on the part of her son. The graceless Atalaric, for whom she had undergone so many trials, passed his time in excesses of eating and drinking with his infamous companions, and in the foulest and most reckless debauchery. In vain did his fond and noble mother endeavor to reclaim him. Not a trace of his former virtue or docility remained, and at the age of seventeen he died a victim of disease, brought on by his own folly. Even this grievous misfortune, though it sorely afflicted, did not discourage Amalasunta. Her spirit and ambition remained unabated. She had thought first of resigning her power into the hands of the Greek Emperor, and retiring to Constantinople;

but this hopeless design vanished with the momentary dejection which had suggested it. She resolved to hold fast the power she had wielded so far in her son's behalf, and boldly assumed the style and title of Queen of the Goths. Casting warily around in her examination of what elements would be in favor, or in opposition to her plans, she found only one serious obstacle in the way, for among the nation in general those who loved her did not oppose her, and those who loved her not, feared her too much to show much opposition.

There was one man, Theodatus, the son of a sister of Theodoric, and consequently her cousin, whom Amalasunta found it hard to explain. He led then a retired life in Tuscany, but she was far too wary to trust him. He, like Boethius, and others at the court of Theodoric, had studied considerable literature and some philosophy. He was a patron of learning, and could read and write—qualifications which then by themselves alone made a man a good deal of a scholar. He was cautious and prudent, but was also believed to be a miser and a coward. On one occasion he had practised audacious extortions in Tuscany, and after warning him sufficiently, Amalasunta, with her usual thoroughness of manner, had him summoned to Ravenna, tried before a court, and compelled to make over to the rightful owners, with far less ceremony than dispatch, the ill-gotten treasures wherewith he had filled his coffers. This was the kind of man it now became necessary for her to make sure of. The manner in which she set about solving the problem was characteristic. She might have tried to buy or bribe him, but she had offended him, and this would not be easy. She might have had him removed by secret violence, or open aggression; but this would have created suspicion, perhaps enmity in the whole kingdom against her. Amalasunta, moreover, though daring, was conscientious. To intimidate him she hardly could, for with all his knowledge of her ambition, courage, and energy, he was now supposed to be plotting against her. Judging him to be a man of naturally mild disposition, whom disappointment only had soured, she resolved to gain him over by an act of unprecedented generosity. She made him an offer of partnership in her power, of the title of King of the Goths, and *the hand of their Queen!* By his acceptance of this splendid offer, she hoped that she would identify with her own the only interest that seemed at all likely to oppose it, while at the same time she felt confident that in simple fact all real power would remain in her own hands. Her reliance upon her diplomatic tact, did not prevent her from binding Theodatus under a solemn oath to abide by the conditions upon which alone she wished him to assume the rank and style of sovereign. Never was man more falsely judged, or woman more sadly deceived. The queen ought to have known that a nature so quiet as that of Theodatus in a bad man, could not but serve as a smooth surface to conceal the foulness of envy, malice, and hatred, where such passions had been once excited, and nursed through long years of neglect. Amalasunta feared and mistrusted Theodatus, but she was noble and generous—Theodatus hated Amalasunta, and he was neither. As soon as he came into power, the perfidious wretch unscrupulously broke every promise he had made, and remembered nothing in his benefactress but her former severe justice against his person.

With the blind fury of a vicious nature, long dormant, but suddenly roused to action by the stings of vengeance, hatred and jealousy, he resolved and accomplished the downfall of the queen, with a brutality of

violence which even she was unable to parry. Attacking first her outward defences, in a short period he caused all who were influential and her friends to be murdered. He had succeeded already in alienating the affections of the people; and to complete her misery and disappointment, he had her removed by sudden force from the brilliant theatre of her exploits to the little island of the Lake of Bolsena, which now bears her name.

Here was confined in bitter solitude the lion-like daughter of Theodoric, the first King of the Goths. Her complaints against the treachery of one whom she had raised from dishonorable obscurity to a royal throne, were answered only by the rippling of the waves of the lake against the rocky barriers of her prison. A terrible catastrophe still remained to consummate the misery of the unfortunate queen, and the celebrity of the island of blood which was to become her tomb. Theodatus had recourse to the groundless accusation of unfaithfulness, to blast her reputation among the Goths; and that her death might be as cruel as ignominious, he empowered those among the barbarian nobility who nurtured the oldest and most bitter feelings of revenge against her, to proceed to the island as the ministers of his wary and watchful justice. They fully understood the nature of their mission, and glutted their own vengeance, while they calmed the apprehensions of the tyrant by the horrid method of strangling the wretched princess in a bath.

The cruelty of Theodatus did not remain unpunished. The Emperor Justinian, either for the sake of a pretext to move against the Goths, or out of respect for the memory of the murdered Amalasunta, ordered the imperial army to march against Theodatus, under the far-famed commander Belisarius. The cowardly monarch, being unfit to defend the kingdom against so great a general, and the Goths seeing the danger resulting from his dastardly irresolution, put him to death, and elected another chief in his stead.

SONNET.

Come, blessed May! and with thy smiles complete
  The bliss and beauty of all earthly things;
  How spring the flowers for thee—what joyful wings
Make glad the forest shade, thy welcome sweet!
What though I join them not—what though my feet
  Thread not thy green nooks where the shy thrush sings?
  Yet as the fettered captive oft-times flings
A languid eye from out his loathed retreat
On the fair earth and sweet face of the sky,
  So I on thee, and feel thy blessed sway
Full o'er my heart. Oh! never may my eye
  Gaze undelighted, while thy daisies gay
Sheet every pasture, while thy fresh gales sigh
  To dewy roses and white thorns. Come, blessed May

POPULAR PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

CHARLES STEWART, U. S. NAVY.

THE events of what has been popularly known as "The late War," were productive of moral results, of far greater importance than those which have flowed from any other occurrences in the present century, and the time and money which the war cost were cheaply expended, in placing the country in a position before the world, for which, under other circumstances, she might in vain have struggled through a century. The mere glory of our naval victories, great as it is, was by no means the most substantial acquisition by the country in those three brilliant years. Our arms had humbled the Mediterranean pirates, and our commerce was safe in that quarter; but, although the nations of Europe were unequal to a contest with the English on the ocean, the respect they entertained for American prowess was small indeed, and the avidity with which they preyed upon our commerce, before and during the war, was equalled only by the alacrity with which they made restitution, when, not only England, but the world, had been set right upon the point of ocean supremacy; and years of peace and unmolested commerce have been enjoyed, instead of the constant vexation, loss and indignities, that were wantonly inflicted, when we were supposed incapable of defence. The triumphs of the British navy for above a century had been so uninterrupted, and the moral influence they had acquired in consequence had become so prodigious, that it was generally believed, at home and abroad, that they were invincible, and that no other nation had any chance of success in combating them upon the ocean.

A remarkable instance of this presented itself in the resolution of the United States government, on the breaking out of the war, to lay up all government vessels in ordinary, to prevent their being taken by the enemy. This extraordinary resolution was changed only by the energetic remonstrances of Captains Stewart and Bainbridge, whose representations to Mr. Madison induced him to annul the order, which had already been issued to Com. Rodgers, and to permit the vessels to go to sea; and this was assented to by two of the cabinet only, on the ground that the vessels would be lost at once, and would be of no further trouble.

Under these circumstances, no words can express the excitement caused throughout Europe, when, in the first few months of the war, the unparalleled news reached England of the successive capture of three crack frigates, in three distinct combats, with the despised "shingle-palaces" of America. The fact that English frigates, manned and officered by the elite of the British navy, struck to vessels of the same class and force, and that not in one combat, but in three distinct fights, fell like a bomb amid British Councils. England was stunned as by an earthquake; and the startled nations of Europe discovered the "small black cloud," destined to involve forever British maritime power. When the English recovered from their astonishment, they babbled franticly of "unequal force," "larger ships," "heavier metal," and "English deserters." But neither of these excuses had ever been needed in the previous hundred years; and the continued victories of the American navy, through the

succeeding two years, convicted John Bull of his vain boasting, and developed a fact, which has since, in the operation of thirty-five years of peace, been fully confirmed and admitted, in and out of Parliament. It is this, viz.: that American officers and seamen are more skillful, prompt and active, than the English, and are, therefore, more than their match when there is an equal numerical force. These qualities, so characteristic of the American sailor, were peculiarly marked in the gallant officer whose career we sketch.

Charles Stewart was born in Philadelphia, on the 22d of July, 1776. Both his parents were natives of Ireland. His father came to America at an early age, and followed the business of a mariner in the merchant service. Charles was the youngest of eight children, and before he was quite two years old, had the misfortune to lose his father. His mother, left in the midst of the revolution with four children to provide for, had but limited means; but, being a woman of great energy and perseverance, she performed the arduous task with the care and affection of a devoted parent. At the age of 13, Charles, having a strong propensity for a seafaring life, commenced that profession in the merchant-service, in which he gradually rose, through the several grades, from a cabin-boy to the commander of a merchant vessel, and was often entrusted with the sale and purchase of whole cargoes. In the early part of 1798, when there was a strong probability of a war with France, he was induced to offer his services to his country. They were accepted; and on the 13th of March, 1798, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the navy of the United States, and appointed to the United States, 44, under the command of Commodore Barry. In this ship he remained until 1800. In the early part of this year Mr. Stewart, finding that persons were appointed to the command of small vessels in the service immediately upon entering the navy, and over the heads of older officers, called upon the Secretary of the Navy with his commission, and stated to him that he was anxious to be in the line of promotion, and of glory: and that if others, who had subsequently entered the navy, were appointed to commands, while he remained in the position of first lieutenant on board a frigate, he must request the acceptance of his commission by the department. The secretary replied, that he had supposed that his position as 1st lieutenant on board a fine frigate, to be much more agreeable, than would be the command of a small vessel; that his services were appreciated by the department, but that this was the reason of his not having been promoted. The odd nautical proverb, "never spoil a good first officer by promotion," seems to have been applied in this case. He also promised him the first vacant command. He was, in consequence, promoted soon after to the command of the U. S. schooner Experiment, of 18 guns, to cruise on the West India station. On the 1st of Sept., of the same year, he fell in with the French schooner Deux Amis, of eight guns, which the Experiment engaged, and captured without any loss, after an action of ten minutes. While on this cruise occurred the following patriotic act, which will ever be remembered by his country: "Being short of water, he proceeded to St. Rupert's Bay, in St. Domingo, and while there, H. B. M. ship Alert, Capt. Nash, accompanied by his majesty's ship Siam, Capt. Matson, arrived and anchored; soon after, Lieut. Stewart received a letter from a citizen of the United States, named Amos Beeley, stating that he had been impressed on board the British ship Siam, and claiming an interference for his release. Although Lieut. Stewart's pow-

er was inadequate to enforce his demand for the release of Seeley, the two ships mounting 20 guns each, his patriotic heart could not withstand the appeal of his countryman, and, prompted by that chivalry and patriotism, which were destined to blaze out in after life so gloriously, he resolved on opening a correspondence with the British captain for the release of Seeley. A polite note was addressed by Lieut. S. to the senior officer, conveying the request that Amos Seeley might be transferred from his majesty's ship Siam to the schooner under his command, that he might be restored to his family and his home. The British captain demurred, but in answer requested a personal interview, wherein he remarked to Lieut. Stewart, that the war in which his Majesty was engaged was arduous; that the difficulty of obtaining men for his numerous fleets and ships of war was great; and that he should encounter the great hazard of being censured by his government, should he lessen his force by yielding up his men. Lieut. S. replied in substance, that the British officers had too long trampled on the rights and liberties of his countrymen; and that it was high time they had learned to respect the rights and persons of an independent nation; that whatever power his Majesty claimed over his own subjects, he had no right to exercise it over a people who had forced him to acknowledge their independence; that to resume this power was to belie his own solemn act, and practise a deception on the world. It was stated in answer, that Seeley was impressed in England, as an Englishman; to which Lieut. Stewart replied, "Then prove him so, and I have done; but if you cannot, I am prepared to prove him a citizen of the United States." Seeley was at once transferred to the schooner. Shortly after, while cruising under the lee of the island of Bermuda, the Experiment discovered two vessels, one a brig of war, the other a three-masted schooner, both standing for her, under a press of sail, and displaying English colors.

The Experiment hove to, and the British signal of the day was made, which not being answered by the strange vessels by the time they were within gun-shot, that signal was hauled down, and the Experiment stood away with all sail set. A chase was now commenced, which lasted two hours, when, finding that they were out-sailed by the Experiment, they relinquished the pursuit, and bore away, under easy sail, firing a gun to windward, and hoisting French colors. Lieut. Stewart now manœuvred his schooner so as to bring her in the enemy's wake, to windward, when a chase was made on his part. At eight o'clock at night the Experiment closed with the three-masted schooner, which was the sternmost of the hostile vessels; and having taken a position on her larboard quarter, opened a fire upon her from the great guns and small arms, which, in about five minutes, compelled her to strike. She was immediately taken possession of, and proved to be the French schooner of war La Diane, of 14 guns and 65 men, commanded by Lieut. Parradeau. The detention, occasioned by removing the prisoners, enabled the brig of war to escape. She mounted, as was afterwards learned, 18 guns, and had a crew of 120 men. The Experiment proceeded to St. Christopher's with her prize. Soon afterwards she put to sea, and on the 16th of Nov. fell in with an armed schooner in the night, chased, attacked, and conquered her. This vessel proved to be the Louisa Bridger, of Bermuda, carrying 8 nine pounders, and a stout crew of Bermudians, principally negroes. She was much cut up, and in a sinking condition. The Experiment having given every requisite aid to her British opponent, whom she had mistaken for an enemy,

dismissed him, and returned to her station to windward of Mariegalante and Guadaloupe, for the purpose of intercepting the French privateers and their prizes. On the 14th of Dec. she fell in with the privateer Flambeau, of 16 guns and 90 men, with a prize brig, steering for Mariegalante. The breeze being light, and the enemy to windward, it was late in the afternoon before there was any prospect of closing with him. Notwithstanding all the exertions of the Experiment, the Flambeau escaped in shore, but her prize was re-taken. This vessel proved to be the Zebra, of and from Baltimore, laden with flour. During this important cruise the Experiment re-captured several American vessels; sometimes as many as two or three in a day, and thus rescued American property to an immense amount.

Accounts now arrived of peace having been made with the French Republic: the Experiment was thereupon sent from Martinique to the island of St. Thomas, and from thence to Curacoa, to look for the U. S. brig Pickering and frigate Insurgent; but nothing could be heard of those vessels at that place; they had both foundered in the equinoctial gale, with a store-ship under their care, and all hands perished. On leaving Curacoa, the Experiment proceeded to Norfolk, Va., to be put out of commission.

On her passage thither, she discovered a vessel in distress, near the island of Laona, at the east end of Hispaniola; and had the good fortune to rescue from the jaws of death about sixty persons who were on board of her. They consisted chiefly of families of the most respectable inhabitants of St. Domingo, flying from the siege of that city by the blacks. The persons thus saved from destruction had remained two days, without any nourishment, on a small part of the quarter-deck of their vessel, which had struck upon a rock that went through her bottom, and fixed her to the reef; the greatest part of her being under water. They were placed in safety on board the Experiment, with their plate and other valuables, which the sailors had recovered by diving into the hold of the wreck, notwithstanding the roughness of the sea. They were soon restored in safety to their friends in St. Domingo.

They, and the inhabitants of that city in general, expressed to the officers and crew of the Experiment their most grateful thanks, showed them every possible civility and attention, and furnished them with fruit, and all kinds of stock which the island afforded, in such great profusion, that much of the supply was obliged to be returned.

Soon after Lieut. Stewart's return to the United States, he was appointed to the command of, and to superintend the equipment of the brig Siren, for the Mediterranean service; so much activity was employed in fitting her out, that she was completely coppered in ten hours. After convoying some merchant vessels, and conveying the naval consular presents to Algiers, he proceeded to Syracuse, in Sicily, the port appointed for the general rendezvous of the squadron. There they heard of the capture of the frigate Philadelphia by the Tripolitans, and Lieut. Stewart hastened with the brig Siren, to aid the gallant Decatur in his victorious efforts against these savages—the particulars of which are given in the memoirs of those to whom they belong; a victory which caused the Pope to exclaim, "The Americans have done more for Christendom in one battle, than all Europe in a century." On the 17th of May, 1804, Lieut. Stewart was promoted to the rank of master and commander; and on the 22d of April, 1806, he was promoted to the rank of captain in the navy. The years 1806–7, he

was employed in superintending the construction of gun-boats at New-York, and was afterwards engaged in prosecuting mercantile enterprises to the East Indies, the Mediterranean and Adriatic. In 1812, in the prospect of a war with Great Britain, he was appointed to the command of the frigate Constellation; but as that ship required so much repairs, there was little hope of getting her to sea before the beginning of 1813. Captain Stewart, on the declaration of war, proceeded to Washington, as he had already stated, and having, by his energetic representations, induced the government to employ the navy, he projected an expedition for the Argus and Hornet. The President and Secretary of the Navy approved of it, and applied to Capt. Stewart to undertake its direction. On his return to New-York, he found that those vessels had sailed in the squadron under the command of Commodore Rogers; the project, of course, was abandoned. He therefore resumed the command of the Constellation, and on the 4th of February, 1813, was anchored in Hampton Roads. Having learned that the enemy were off the Chesapeake in great force, and presuming that they would soon be informed of her situation, Capt. S. sent to Hampton at midnight for a Norfolk pilot, in order to be prepared for a retreat, if it should become necessary. At seven o'clock the next morning the enemy appeared, with two ships of the line, three frigates, a brig and a schooner. No time was now to be lost. Captain Stewart got up his anchor, and there being no wind, and the ebb tide making, commenced kedging his ship towards Norfolk. He succeeded in getting her partly over the flats at Sewell's Point, when the tide had fallen so much that she took the ground. By this time the enemy were within three miles, when they were obliged to anchor. Capt. Stewart, apprehensive that they would kedge up one of their line-of-battle ships, pressed all the craft he could lay hold of, unloaded his frigate of everything that could be removed, and made preparations for burning her in the last extremity. He sent to Norfolk for the gun-boats to assist him, but such was their condition, that none of them could be sent to him. As the enemy lay quiet for the want of wind, until the flood tide made, Capt. Stewart continued lightening the ship. At the first quarter she floated. He then sent off the boats with a pilot, to station them on the different shoals, with lights, and with these precautions he was enabled to get the ship up to Norfolk in the night, through a different channel. Her safe retreat diffused universal joy among the inhabitants of that city, to whose protection she afterwards greatly contributed. A division of gun-boats was put in condition for service, and manned from her crew. By this means the communication between James River and Hampton was kept open, and every facility afforded to the transportation of the troops to their different stations. Capt. Stewart, seeing that there was hardly a possibility of getting the Constellation to sea, applied for and obtained, in June, 1813, the command of the frigate Constitution, then vacant by the appointment of Com. Bainbridge to the superintendence of the navy yard at Boston. On the 30th of December, in the same year, the Constitution proceeded to sea from Boston harbor, although it was then blockaded by seven ships of war. During this cruise, she captured the British schooner-of-war Picton, of 16 guns, together with a letter-of-marque ship under her convoy; the brig Catharine and schooner Phœnix; and chased a British frigate, supposed to be La Pique, in the Mona Passage. On the 4th of April, 1814, she returned to Boston Bay, and was chased into Marblehead by two of the

enemy's heavy frigates, La Nymphe and Junon. In December, 1814, she proceeded on her second cruise, under the command of Capt. Stewart, and on the 24th of the same month she captured and destroyed the brig Lord Nelson. She cruised off Cape Finisterre, the Rock of Lisbon and the Madeiras, without meeting with anything except a merchant ship from the river Platte; but on the 20th of February, 1815, at two o'clock in the afternoon, two ships were discovered to leeward. Chase was given immediately to one of those vessels, which was several miles to windward of the other, for the purpose of cutting her off from her consort, but without effect, for at sunset they formed a junction, and prepared to receive the Constitution. She soon got alongside of them, and commenced the action, which was kept up with considerable vivacity on the part of the enemy, for about forty minutes, when the headmost ship bore away, and the sternmost struck her flag. The latter, which proved to be H. B. M. ship Cyane, rated at 20, and mounting 34 guns, was taken possession of, and her consort pursued without delay. She, too, the Levant, of 21 guns, was compelled to surrender, after exchanging broadsides. In these actions the Constitution had three men killed and thirteen wounded. The British ships had in all, thirty-five killed and forty-two wounded.

Lieut. Hoffman, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, states, that "The Cyane is a frigate-built ship, mounting thirty-four carriage guns, viz.: twenty-two 32 lb. carronades on the main deck; eight 18 lb. carronades on the quarter deck; two 18 lb. carronades and two long 9's on the forecastle; and, from the best information I could obtain, carrying a complement of 175 men, commanded by Gordon Falcon, Esq. The Levant, mounting twenty-one guns, viz.: eighteen 32 lb. carronades, two long 9's, and a shifting twelve-pounder on the topgallant forecastle; with a complement of 156 men, commanded by the Hon. George Douglass. Both ships suffered severely in their spars, rigging and sails. The Constitution received but trifling injury, having only four men killed, and ten wounded.

Ballard's Report says:—"The Cyane had 7 killed and 17 wounded; the Levant 9 killed and 17 wounded—together, 16 killed, 34 wounded.

Capt. Stewart's Report says:—Levant: eighteen 32-pounders, carronades; one 12-pounder do.; two 9-pounders, long guns. Total, 21 guns; 156 officers, seamen and marines. Prisoners, 133 officers, seamen and marines. Killed, 23; wounded, 16. Total killed and wounded, 39.

"Cyane: twenty-two 32-pounders, carronades; ten 18-pounders, do.; two 12-pounders, long guns. Total, 34 guns, (besides two brass swivels,) 180 officers, seamen and marines. Prisoners, 168 officers, seamen and marines. Killed, 27; wounded, 26. Total killed and wounded, 38."

The Constitution carried 52 guns.

The Cyane and Levant could discharge from all their cannons 1,514 lbs. of shot; the Constitution, 1,424. Difference, 90 lbs.

This action, perhaps, more than any other during the war, made manifest the superior nautical skill of American officers and men. There was the almost unprecedented spectacle of a single vessel engaging two enemies, and manœuvring with such skill, as not only to prevent being raked herself, but to succeed in raking both her opponents. The masterly manner in which the action commenced, the Constitution forming the basis of an equilateral triangle, of which her two enemies formed the two opposite sides, and the promptitude and exceeding skill with which, after twenty

minutes' cannonading, the Constitution delivered her broadside at the Levant, backed swiftly astern, raked the Cyane, immediately filled, shot ahead, compelling the Levant to wear under a raking broadside; and then turning short on her own heel, forcing the Cyane to strike her colors under a raking broadside, excited the admiration of nautical men throughout the world. It was this skill, intelligence, and activity which, more than the mere victory, convinced the world that John Bull had found his master.

In this action, a grape-shot shattered the splendid hilt of Captain Stewart's sword, without injuring the wearer. The ship's armorer made an iron hilt, which was quite as useful, if less ornamental; and the weapon, with its Toledo blade and splendid scabbard, surmounted by a rough iron handle, remains a memento of danger and of glory.

Capt. Stewart proceeded with these prizes to the island of St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd islands, with a view to divest his ship of the numerous prisoners, consisting of officers, seamen and marines, of both ships of the enemy, amounting to nearly 400. While making arrangements for dispatching them at Port Praya for Barbadoes, the British squadron, consisting of the ships-of-war the Acasta, of 50 guns, the Newcastle, of 64 guns, and the Leander, of 64 guns, under the command of Sir George Collier, reached his position, under the cover of a thick fog. Notwithstanding their near approach, Capt. Stewart determined to retreat, and immediately the Constitution and her prizes cut their cables, and crowded sail to escape. He was fortunate in being able, by his skillful management and manœuvres, to save from their grasp his favorite frigate Constitution, and the Cyane. The Levant was captured by the squadron, and sent to Barbadoes.

The prompt and decided manner in which Capt. Stewart extricated himself from Port Praya, indicated not only his own self-reliant sagacity, but also his judgment in properly appreciating the uniform English contempt for the rights of neutral nations, not strong enough to resent insult. In ten minutes after Lieutenant Shubrick reported the appearance of the enemy, the Constitution was standing out of the roads under her three topsails—the prizes following. Nothing could exceed the cool and officer-like manner in which sail was made, and the ship cast. An instant lost in that fussy bluster, which was a part of English seamanship, would have endangered the vessel. The lessons thus taught in that war have gone far to improve the English navy in effective seamanship, but they lack the fiery energy of the teachers.

After this escape, Capt. Stewart proceeded with the Constitution to Maranham, in the Brazils, and landed the prisoners—refreshed his crews—refitted his vessel, and returned to Boston:—

"The Constitution, when entering Boston harbor, fired a salute, which was immediately returned from Fort Independence. On anchoring, this glorious vessel was welcomed to her native place by federal salutes from the Washington Artillery and a company of citizens. Capt. S. then left the ship in his barge, accompanied by several officers, and was received at Long Wharf by his assembled fellow citizens, with repeated huzzas and other hearty demonstrations of gratitude and respect. The officers of the Boston Brigade being that day on duty, proceeded in a body to the place of landing, and, through their Commander, Gen. Welles, paid their respects and congratulations to their gallant and meritorious countryman. An escort, composed of the Boston Fusileers and Winslow Blues, under Capt. Fairland, conducted Capt. Stewart

and the other officers of the ship to the Exchange Coffee House, amidst the repeated cheers of the citizens of both sexes, who filled the streets, wharves, and vessels, and occupied the houses. The procession was closed by a large number of citizens. A repast was provided at the Coffee House, where Capt. Stewart received the congratulations of a great number of citizens and strangers, during which a full band of music played national airs and marches; and the ships, wharves, and State-street, were beautifully decorated with the colors of all nations."

On his way through New-York, the Common Council honored Capt. Stewart with the *freedom of the city* in a gold box, and extended towards him and his officers the courteous hospitalities of that great city, by a public dinner. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him their thanks, and directed a gold-hilted sword to be presented to him.

On the meeting of Congress, the assembled representatives of the nation passed a vote of thanks to Capt. Stewart; his officers and crew, and resolved that a suitable gold medal, commemorative of that brilliant event, —the capture of the two British ships of war, Cyane and Levant, by the Constitution, should be presented to Capt. Stewart, in testimony of the sense they entertained of his gallantry, and that of his officers, seamen and marines under his command on that occasion. The war with Great Britain having terminated, the Constitution was put out of commission, and laid up in ordinary.

In 1816, Capt. S. took command of the Franklin ship of the line, of 74 guns; and in 1817 she was fitted out at Philadelphia as a flag ship, and directed to sail for England, to convey the Hon. Richard Rush as Minister to the Court of Great Britain; after which the Franklin proceeded to the Mediterranean, and Capt. S. took command of the forces of the United States in that sea. The crowned heads of Italy and Austria, attracted by the fame of the conquerors of England, failed not to visit the Franklin; and by so doing, confirmed their respect for the growing power of our country. Since our country has been at peace, he has been alternately employed either in command of squadrons abroad, or in superintending the navy at home.

In every position he has evinced talents of a high order. As an administrative officer in the navy department, he has had few equals. His counsels and advice have uniformly been required by the heads of departments on all important questions in relation to the navy, its well being, improvement and government, and in every case his prompt and sagacious opinions have been justified by results. Capt. Stewart is one of that galaxy of heroes to whose memory the American heart clings with fondness and pride. They are types of the nation: commencing on the lowest rounds of the service, they not only climbed swiftly and surely to its highest grade, but they improved the service itself in their progress, as an instrument of their country's defence, and also raised the character of naval warfare generally. The terrible energy and active skill which Napoleon infused into land battles, they applied to naval combats. The intuitive genius, the cool determination, the rapid perception, the prompt action and utterly fearless execution, shone out in resplendent contrast to the dogged courage and blundering pride of John Bull. These qualities ensured victory, and will always ensure it, not only in battle and naval tactics, but in the strategy of commerce, where superior address drives the English from the ocean in time of peace, by doing the work better, as surely as better fighting does it in time of war. The whale fishery, that noblest employment on the ocean

affords an instance where, other terms being equal, American skill and courage have formed a monopoly of the business; and the nations of Europe, including England, after vainly striving for centuries "to encourage the fisheries," abandoned the scheme, and admitted American oil free of duty. Not the least of the compliments paid to the countrymen of Stewart, is the application of the lady of an English Admiral to the United States government, to rescue her husband from the perils of arctic navigation. This is a tribute to that nautical skill first made apparent in the person of such men as Stewart, and which has come to be recognized as the true cause of our naval triumphs.

THE CHALLENGE.

The knight errant of our cotemporary, the Whig Review, has proposed to us a species of duello for which we have not stomach. He has published our review of Mr. Carey's philosophy and statistics entire, and appended thereunto some twenty-four pages of comment, which he asks us to publish in return. Well, we have no doubt he consulted his readers' good taste and appreciation, in making so choice a selection, and we are quite sure that, in declining to introduce him to our readers, we not alone consult their taste, but their feelings and good sense. And to that course we are otherwise impelled by certain weighty considerations, of which one is conclusive, namely, that, save a few trivial matters, to which we shall very briefly refer, the commentary does not contain one original fact, figure, idea or argument, that any sane man would think it worth while to expose—answer is out of the question, because it would imply the existence of something to be replied to, or refuted.

Before referring to the little matters that require explanation, for our good brother's ease of mind, we may as well quietly displace one or two huge windmills, which he has blown himself, rather too much for these times in doing battle with.

The first is a morbid delusion, that what we wrote was an authoritative exposition of the sentiments or public convictions of the free trade league, of the very existence of which we are at the present writing most blissfully ignorant. The writer hereby declares, that he did not as much as know any one that was, is, was to be, or is to be, a member of said league, and his object was neither more nor less, nor any other, than to expose what he considered, and yet considers—Heaven help his impervious cranium!—the folly, fallacies and frauds of Mr. Carey's book.

The second consists of a diseased impression concerning *British* "Free Trade," or "system," or "policy," which haunts our brother like a nightmare. We only dealt with Mr. Carey's system. With the policy or object of England we had nothing to do, and we said so. The "*British system*," so far as it has any the most remote reference to the subject we discuss, proves this, and nothing but this, namely, that Mr. Carey's philosophy was unsound and untenable. That system, the system actually pursued in England, and from which it is now attempting to retrograde, famished and alarmed, was a protective system, purely and enormously protective. Instead of abetting or upholding, the tenor of our remarks was to expose and condemn it, as far as it came within the scope of our inquiry. Now, we trust, we have been plain and explicit enough, even for our cotemporary.

He is greatly scandalized at our levity in discussing questions of such moment. Well, we are not afflicted with the blue devils, nor overmuch atrabilious of temperament, and we do not choose to resist a laugh when we see a prim, finical little gentleman going out of his depth, or making a splutter in a tub. Moreover, we have respectable warranty for a jest. Our brother no doubt remembers a sentiment of a hard specimen of the genus poeticum, who was hammered out of or into a taxman, (we forget which,) in the grand old days of Rome. *La voila.*

"———quanquam, ridentem, dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

So say we; and independent of philosophy, there are some sayings and doings so infinitely ludicrous, as to make Mundungus or Smelfungus relax into a smile.

In connection with this view of the matter, we are charged not alone with irreverence in laughing at Mr. Carey and his dusty manure, but with actually misrepresenting him; a matter attributable only to our ignorance or malice, for Mr. Carey used the word "refuse," which we, instigated by ——, translated into "stalks," and thereupon he discourseth thunders.

But he fails to enlighten us as to what is the refuse of an acre of potatoes, except the stalks; and, by Apollo, if he discover it, his fame will transcend that of Columbus; and the oldest of old sayings must go by default, for there will be one new thing under the sun. We will volunteer a hint, too, to facilitate his search. Some few years ago, a royal commission issued through the back door of Buckingham Palace, conferring on a titled chemist and two aids a sub-divine right to assume their best microscopes, and pry the potato through and through, with a view of discovering the laws of its progression, health and decay, that the same may be duly regulated by act of Parliament. We are not aware that these learned persons have yet reported. Possibly they are waiting for the world's fair, at which may be exhibited a potato phenomenon, justifying the grand theory of Mr. Carey and the reviewer. But, as the matter stands now, either we did not misrepresent, or we never have had any acquaintance with that plaguiest of esculents.

The reviewer accuses us of not knowing the meaning of the word "rent," and gives the following as his own:

"The interest upon the value of property constitutes its rent, as is known by every school-boy. The man whose farm is worth $20,000, knows well that his rent is $1,200, [by the year, we presume,] and that to that extent the return obtained is interest on his capital, the surplus alone being the reward of labor. As land increases in value, rent increases in amount, but diminishes in *proportion* of the commodities obtained from it, because labor increases still more rapidly, and the laborer receives a larger proportion, and rapidly increasing quantity. When land prepared for cultivation is scarce, lesser rent is paid, but the *proportion* of the land sown is large, as in Ireland. Where such land abounds, much rent is paid, but the *proportion* of the land sown is small."

All this, the reviewer says, is obvious, and he wonders how we could be ignorant thereof. We can only answer, that we were ignorant, and, unhappily, remain so. We thought we had read Blackstone on the subject, and that he was very precise and very intelligible in his chapter on rent; and moreover, we have paid rent and received it, and if it so happened that the reviewer did the same thing, he could make a nearer approach to being intelligible. Every school-boy, he says, knows the thing

to be as he states. Perhaps so. But most assuredly no one else does. For us, we are not so juvenile as even to comprehend a word of it. To write it might be puerile enough, but to read through twenty-four pages of such matter, would require a patience of steel; and to reconcile it to fact, to common sense, to experience, or history, or itself, is a labor that would require Hercules to descend from Olympus, and if he succeeded, it would be an achievement overtopping the twelve that make up his divinity.

The second misrepresentation charged against us, consists of using "centralization" for "concentration." The word is a misprint, which any one may see from the context, and the argument is just the same as if the proper one were used. But the reviewer makes it the frame of a dilemma, with two most formidable horns, on either of which we are to conceive ourselves gibbeted. May we be permitted to warn our friend against practising with these desperate weapons. They are passè, and like worn-out knives, are sharp on either side, and just as likely to cut your finger as the hot cake on your plate; as he may see, if he will endeavor to master the true meaning of the following, to be found somewhere in Sterne's Sentimental Journey:

"So my Uncle Toby had nothing to do but to fall in love with the Widow Watling, or let it alone,

"But, my Uncle Toby, on consideration, did neither one nor the other."

And so we are done.

DEMOCRATIC STATE SENATORS.

We append the address of the Democratic Senators, who resigned their seats rather than countenance a flagrant and repeated violation of the State Constitution; the election of United States Senator, the Bank Note Redemption Law, the Bank Department Law, and the Canal Bill, are all of this nature. All should read the address. The 20th of May is appointed for new elections, and the democracy should bear in mind that those who sympathise with the Sewardites in their abolitionism, cannot be honest in their opposition to the monstrous iniquity of this canal bill, which is intended as a means of consolidating that abolitionism into a permanent party. It is only a means to an end. Adherence to the Fugitive Slave Law should be the test of honesty in opposition to the canal bill. The democracy have been so often betrayed to Sewardism, that they should have learned wisdom from defeat. The whole patronage and moneyed power of the state will be combined with free soil treachery to defeat the re-election of two or three of these senators, enough to ensure the passage of the bill. If the democracy does not rouse itself as one man in opposition to the abolition moneyed power now, New-York becomes hopelessly abandoned to Seward freesoilism.

"Fellow-Citizens,—The undersigned democratic members of the Legislature, during its recent session, now about to return to our homes, feel it our duty to give you some account of the present condition of our State affairs, and of the manner in which we have endeavored to discharge the important trusts committed to us. The session of the Legislature which has just terminated in a sudden and unexpected manner, has been, in many respects, of an extraordinary character, and will be remembered in the history of the state. The executive, legislative, and administrative departments of the government are in the full possession of a political party, whose doctrines and policy

have ever been antagonistic to good government based on sound republican principles. That party had, until the 4th of March, 17 of the 32 members of the Senate, and 82 of the 128 Representatives in the Assembly. They from that time, by continuing Mr. Schoonmaker in his seat in the Senate, notwithstanding his being a member of Congress, possessed uncontrolled power over the course and action of both branches of the Legislature, and must be held responsible to the people for the policy pursued and the measures brought forward and adopted, or rejected.

"The Governor, in his annual message, recommended to the consideration of the Legislature various subjects of general interest to the people of the state; but such has been the course of action on the part of the controlling majority, that but few subjects of that character have received that careful attention which they deserved from the representatives of the people. Subjects of a political or private nature have engrossed more of the time and attention of the Legislature than those of a general and public character, and have exercised so pernicious and corrupting an influence on the whole course of legislation, that suspicion has been unavoidably cast on its purity and integrity. The subjects of a general nature which have engaged most of the attention of the Legislature, have related chiefly to the finances and internal improvements of the state, and matters intimately connected therewith. These are always subjects of great importance to the whole people, and deserve, and should receive, the careful attention of those whom they have sent here to protect their interests and guard their rights.

"The party now in power has had uncontrolled possession of the state administration for three out of the four years since our present Constitution was adopted, and a brief statement of the results of their management of the financial interests of the state during that period, cannot be otherwise than useful. The people, in the adoption of our present Constitution, incorporated into that instrument such financial provisions as would insure the certain and gradual payment of our large state debt of twenty-two and one-half millions of dollars; and in that way, in a few years, relieve the transportation of property on our canals from high tolls, and at the same time secure to the people ample revenues for the payment of the annual expenses of government, and thus free them from the burthen of a direct tax, now imposed for that object. It should not be forgotten that this large state debt, and the necessity for a direct tax to support the government, have been imposed on the people of this state by the whigs, when in power, departing from the financial policy always sustained and advocated by the democratic party. The whigs, as a party, have always been distinguished, both in the state and national administration, more for their ability and willingness to contract, than to pay debts; and this marked feature in their character seems to remain unchanged and unchangeable. They have ever treated the financial provision in our state Constitution as 'an obstacle across their path.' They seem to have held, that the 'adoption of a Constitution, containing so many valuable provisions, could not be regarded as an expression in favor of the financial article; and that that article was not rejected, because its rejection could only be purchased by the rejection of a Constitution, containing many, very many, wise and enlightened provisions.'

"Their actions have corresponded with their views as to the financial policy of the government. The framers of the Constitution, and the people who adopted it, made a sure provision for the certain but gradual extinguishment of our state debt, by sacredly pledging in the Constitution, one million six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, annually, from our canal revenues, to that object; but the people of the state cannot learn but with surprise, that, although this large sum has been annually set apart and appropriated to pay our state debt, in each of the four years since the Constitution was adopted, that the debt has, nevertheless, been diminished only the small amount of $406,854. The official reports from the Comptroller's office, show that our entire state debt on the 30th September, 1846, was $22,937,656, and that it was, on the 30th September, 1850, reduced only to the sum of $22,530,802. You will very naturally inquire into the causes which have produced this result; a result for which the party now in power is responsible. To us it seems clear that it has been produced by the bad administration of our finances. Money has been used with a profuse and lavish hand, to reward followers, to benefit localities, and to procure supporters of the party in power. The expenses of the general administration of the government and of our canals have been largely increased; old claims against the Treasury, of doubtful obligation, have been revived, and finally allowed by persevering and combined pressure on the Legislature and Canal Board; and funds dedicated by the constitution to the completion of our canals, have been used for the benefit of other localities, in violation of law.

"But one abuse exercising a corrupting influence and strongly demanding the condemnation of the people, is that which has arisen from the great and unprecedented increase in the expense of the public printing. The average annual cost of doing the public printing for eight years next preceding the 30th September, 1846, was $45,405. But under the present administration its annual cost has been greater by one hundred

per cent than the average of the eight years next prior to September 30, 1846. This expense is paid out of what is called the General Fund of the state, which is in part derived from a direct tax levied annually on the property of the people. During the year 1848, ninety thousand dollars were appropriated and paid for public printing. In 1849 seventy thousand dollars were appropriated and used for the same object; in 1850, eighty thousand dollars were appropriated for the same purpose; and there was paid out of the Treasury, from September 30, 1849, to January 1, 1851, a period of fifteen months, for public printing, engraving, and binding, over the sum of one hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars, leaving still due on January 1, 1851, the sum of thirty thousand dollars for printing, as stated in the annual report of the Comptroller, made at the present session of the Legislature. This enormous absorption of the public money for printing, has arisen from the practice of ordering large editions of books and reports to be printed, having no connection with the proper business of legislation; and the last act of the Assembly was to postpone, for twenty minutes, the motion to concur in the joint resolution for adjournment, so that a resolution could, in the hurry and excitement of the moment, be pressed through for printing a large edition of the Documentary History of the State, for the use of the members, at a cost to the Treasury, as estimated, of from thirty to forty thousand dollars. This last act of the present Assembly may justly be regarded as the crowning and closing act of the session, and as in some manner characterizing the majority who controlled its action in that matter.

"The measure of the greatest importance to the people of this state, which has been brought before the legislature for its adoption during its recent session, was a bill to authorize nine millions of dollars to be borrowed on a pledge of the 'remainder of the revenues of the canals,' for the purpose of completing within three years, the Erie Canal enlargement, and the Genesee Valley and Black River Canals. It is proper that we should advert to the circumstances under which this measure was brought forward, and its final passage unyieldingly insisted on.

"The Governor, in his message at the commencement of the session, said:—'It affords me much satisfaction to congratulate you on the sound and healthful condition of our state finances.' From this official announcement, we were naturally led to suppose that our financial condition was of the most prosperous character, and that all the great interests of the state, as well as of our canals, were in the most flourishing condition. We were also told, in the Comptroller's report, that the general fund was in 'a healthy condition,' and had been found sufficient to meet all the demands upon the treasury during the year, and that the balance of cash in the treasury on the 30th September last, was $54,521; but on analyzing the statement of the condition of the various funds, it was found that the money reported as in the treasury on the 30th of September, all belonged to the School and Trust Funds of the state, and that there was not, in truth, a dollar of money in the treasury on that day, out of which any current expenses of government could be legally or constitutionally paid. The Canal Funds of the state, it was also soon found, were in but little better condition. It was shown by the reports of the state officers, that there were two millions four hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars of work under contract on the enlargement, and Genesee Valley and Black River Canals, yet to be paid for, and that there was not, on the 1st of February last, a dollar in the treasury from which payment could be made to the contractors, and that the sum of only $403,749 would, as estimated by the Auditor of the Canal Department, be received into the treasury during the remainder of the current fiscal year, which could, under the Constitution, be applied to the prosecution of the public works. The contractors were, accordingly, notified that the works which they had engaged to perform for the state, must, be suspended for want of means in the treasury to pay.

"The mismanagement of the state officers in letting contracts without means in their hands to fulfil them, and the bankruptcy of the treasury, could be no longer concealed from the people of the state, unless some device could be invented to borrow money, by violating the wise and safe financial provisions of the Constitution.

"To submit the whole matter fully and unreservedly to the people, and ask them to change the financial provisions of the Constitution, or to give their assent to the contracting of a debt in the manner authorized in that instrument, would not meet the exigencies of the case. The time required to obtain relief in this constitutional manner was too long; and besides it was feared that the people would not be willing to abandon the protection they had secured to themselves and their property by the adoption of the financial provisions of the Constitution, or give their assent to the contracting of a debt in the manner pointed out in that instrument for these objects. Some mode must, therefore, be devised of obtaining money, by borrowing it for the use of the state without contracting a debt by or in behalf of the state for the money borrowed.

To perform this feat of legerdemain certainly required the nicest dexterity of 'able jurists;' but still the trick was attempted to be performed by a bill introduced into the Assembly, entitled 'An act for the completion of the Erie Canal Enlargement and Genesee Valley and Black River Canals.'

"By the provisions of this bill, the Comptroller was authorized to borrow, on what were to be called canal revenue certificates, nine millions of dollars, within three years, on a pledge of the future surplus revenues of the canals for the payment of the interest and the principal, within twenty-one years. And the state was, by the bill, to obligate itself so to arrange and fix in each year the tolls on our canals as would, taking the average of the tonnage of the three preceding years, yield a surplus of revenue, after setting aside the sums pledged in the Constitution for the repairs and the payment of our state debt, of at least eight hundred thousand dollars in each year, until the canals were completed, and then a surplus of at least a million of dollars in each year, until the money borrowed should be fully paid. These canal revenue certificates were to be issued in sums not less than fifty dollars, payable to the lender of the money or his assigns; and authority was given by the provisions of the bill, to make them receivable by the Bank Department, as security for circulating bank notes, and also to the Canal Board to issue them to the contractor or contractors on the public works, in payment of the work performed for the state.

"The bill further provided, 'that the Canal Commissioners shall, upon such terms and in such manner as the Canal Board shall direct and approve, contract for the completion of the canals," but such contracts shall be awarded to such parties, being of sufficient responsibility, as shall agree to execute their works so as to insure the completion of the canals by the opening of navigation in the spring of 1854, "on terms which shall, in the judgment of the Canal Board, be most safe and advantageous to the state." These extraordinary provisions of the bill indicate clearly the real designs of the political jobbers who were its authors and advocates. The party in power have a majority of one in the Canal Board, while two out of the three Canal Commissioners are democrats. It was necessary, therefore, to change the laws which have been in force for many years in this state, by which the Canal Commissioners were required to award contracts for the execution of the public works to the lowest bidder, irrespective of their party attachments, so as to secure to the peculiar friends of the party now in power the patronage arising out of the expenditure of nine millions of dollars, and of the remainder of the revenues of the canals for twenty-one years, and thereby save them from political ruin, which they perceive is rapidly approaching, to prostrate and overwhelm them. Such a concentration of power and patronage in the hands of a few men, would tend to corrupt the purity of the elective franchise, and would prove greatly destructive to the best interests of our system of internal improvements. Under the provisions of this bill, judging from the experience of the past, it is fair to infer that contracts would have been made by the favor of the Canal Board only with those who would use the means placed in their hands, so as in the best manner to sustain and perpetuate the power of the men by whose partiality the contracts were awarded to them.

"Although the nine millions of dollars were to be borrowed in three years, yet under the peculiar and extraordinary provisions of the bill, contracts could have been made, not with the lowest bidders for the work, but with such individual or individuals as the Canal Board deemed of sufficient responsibility, and without any security for performance, to do the entire work required in the completion of the Enlargement and the Genesee Valley and Black River Canals; and in that way the present Canal Board would have disposed of, pledged or appropriated the whole of the nine millions to be borrowed, as well as the surplus canal revenues for the next twenty-one years. This unprecedented job, thus to be farmed out by the present Canal Board, would have been used as the canal patronage has been used, solely for the perpetuation of the party now in power.

"As your representatives, sworn to support the Constitution which the people had adopted for our guidance, we could not, according to our understanding of what seemed to us its plain import and meaning, give any support to the proposed bill for borrowing nine millions of dollars on a pledge of the future revenues of our canals.

"The twelfth section of the 7th article of the Constitution declares that, except as therein specified, no debt shall be hereafter contracted by or on behalf of this state, unless such debt shall be authorized by a law for some single work or object, which law shall not take effect until it has been submitted to and received the assent of the people, at a general election.

"The sixth section of the same article of the Constitution declares, that 'the Legislature shall not sell, lease, or otherwise dispose of any of the canals of the state, but they shall remain the property of the state, and under its management forever.' The third section of the same article provides, that the remainder of the revenues of the canals, (after setting aside the sums pledged by the Constitution for repairs, and to pay our

state debt.) shall, in each fiscal year, be applied in such manner as the Legislature shall direct, to the completion of the Erie Canal enlargement, and the Genesee Valley and Black River Canals, until the said canals shall be completed.'

"These provisions of the Constitution seem to us so plain, that no man can misunderstand or misconstrue their meaning. They were intended to guard and protect the people against hasty legislation and corrupt schemes of public plunder, sanctioned by faithless representatives in the Legislature, for the purpose of rewarding party adherents, and perpetuating their own power at the expense of the tax-payers of the state.

"The twelfth section, before referred to, plainly declares that no debt shall hereafter be contracted by or on behalf of the people of this state, except in the manner therein authorized; and yet an attempt has been made, notwithstanding that plain declaration, to borrow nine millions of dollars, under the pretence that no debt will be thereby created. Our minds are not acute enough to understand how the state can borrow nine millions of dollars on a pledge or mortgage of its own property and for its own use, and agree that it shall be repaid with interest, and not owe a debt for the money thus borrowed; nor are we able to understand how the Legislature can mortgage or pledge the revenues of our canals, without violating that plain injunction of the Constitution, which declares that the Legislature shall not sell, lease, or otherwise dispose of any of the canals of the state, but that they shall remain the property of the state and under its management for ever.

"The third section of the Constitution has provided for the certain completion of the enlargement of the Erie Canal and of the Genesee Valley and Black River Canals, by declaring that the surplus revenues shall in each fiscal year be applied to these works, until they shall be completed. This provision was agreed to by all parties in the convention which framed the Constitution, as a compromise between conflicting interests, and should be faithfully adhered to.

"We have felt it was a duty we owed to our constituents, and to the cause of constitutional government, to resist and defeat by every means in our power, the adoption of a measure which to us seemed a clear and wholly indefensible infraction of the plain provisions of the Constitution. In our view, it is better to have no constitution of government, than to have one which is set aside and trampled in the dust by the people's representatives in the Legislature, whenever the interests or wishes of the corrupt leaders of a party demand the deed to be done.

"But we could not regard the adoption of the measure in question, irrespective of the constitutional objections, as either wise or expedient. The bill in question required the enlargement of the Erie Canal to be completed in three years. We are in favor of the completion of that work and of the other canals at the earliest practical period in which the work can be done under the provisions of the Constitution and the circumstances of the case, but we do not believe that over 246 miles of the excavation on the enlargement (185 miles of which is not yet under contract,) can be properly or economically executed in three years, when, in order to preserve the navigation of the present canal, a great portion of the work must be done during the winter months in this severe climate. The completion of the enlargement under such disadvantages in doing the work in the short period of three years, would probably cost nearer twenty than ten millions of dollars.

"Since the resumption of the work on the enlargement and on the Genesee Valley and Black River Canals, in 1847, six millions twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty dollars of work, at the estimated cost, has been put under contract, and payments made to the contractors to the amount of three million six hundred and one thousand five hundred and ninety-seven dollars; and during the same period there has been paid on these canals for engineering, $258,355, and $525,549 for land damages and miscellaneous charges; and within the four years ending the 30th of last September, there has been paid for interest on the canal debt of the state the sum of $3,616,414, all of which has been levied on the transportation on our canals. Now it is proposed to increase the annual expenditure for construction, at the rate of three millions of dollars a year, by borrowing that amount, and levying the interest on the money borrowed as well as the principal, by high tolls on transportation for the next twenty-one years. In our judgment, it is much better policy to pursue the safe and prudent course always adhered to by the democratic party for the completion of these canals, and which, by a wise, faithful, and economical application of the means placed at the disposal of the state, would complete them as rapidly as the necessities of business or the interests of the people demand.

"Another fact in relation to the enlargement was incidentally developed in the discussion of the Nine Million bill, which deserves notice. We allude to the changed plan adopted, or intended to be adopted, by the Canal Board, in the size of the enlargement between Rochester and Buffalo, and which has not hitherto been communicated to the

Legislature or the public by the officers having charge of the canals, in any of their official reports required by law to be made. It is now, however, admitted that the canal, from Lake Erie to Lockport, or the greater part of that distance, is to be nine feet deep and ninety feet wide, and from Lockport to Rochester the size is to be gradually diminished until it shall be at Rochester seven feet by seventy. Whether this change in the plan is required to maintain a good navigation, or to give an additional water power to Lockport, does not appear in any official report from the Canal Board. A resolution of the Senate, requesting the Canal Board to communicate their plans, and copies of the resolutions adopted by them in respect to an increase of size in the enlarged canal west of Syracuse, has remained unanswered. Why this fear of disclosure of plans for the enlargement, unless it is that an apprehension exists that the plans, adopted or proposed, will not meet the approval of the Legislature or of the people, or that the actual cost of executing the work may far exceed the estimates on which legislative action was to be predicated.

"Fellow Citizens:—We have thus briefly given to you a statement of the provisions of a highly important measure, deeply affecting the interests and welfare of the state, which has been originated and brought forward since you have had an opportunity of choosing representatives in the Legislature, and which you have had no opportunity of examining or considering, or expressing your wishes in relation to it, to those who, as your agents, were called on to give to it the form and sanction of a legislative enactment.

"The measure in question had been pronounced by the Attorney-General, the legal adviser of the Legislature, and the highest law officer of the government, to be clearly in conflict with the plain provisions of the Constitution. Under these circumstances, we felt constrained by our sense of duty to you, and by our obligation to support the Constitution, to oppose the passage of the bill in question by every means in our power; but all our arguments and remonstrances were unheeded by an overbearing and tyrannical majority in both branches of the Legislature, and the bill was about to be forced through, when thirteen members of the Senate, as the last and only means of resistance left to them, resolved to resign their seats, if necessary, to defeat so unconstitutional a measure, and to appeal to the people for a justification of the act.

"Twelve of these Senators felt compelled to tender their resignations, and the remaining one avowed his determination to do so, in case it was necessary, all declaring at the same time a willingness to retain their seats in case the nine million bill should not be passed, and thus enable the Legislature to complete the large amount of other business then matured and ready for final action, and having, according to all legislative usages, a priority in point of time to the bill for borrowing nine millions of dollars But the majority, in their rage and disappointment at the threatened defeat of their favorite scheme of public plunder, resolved that if that could not be passed, all other bills which had been previously matured, and which deeply affected public and private interests, should be lost with it, and they accordingly adjourned both branches of the Legislature without day, with a recommendation to the Governor to convene an extra session at a large expense to the state, for the pretended purpose of doing what could have been done, and what the twelve Senators who resigned offered to remain and assist in doing, by continuing in session for a single day longer; and there can be no doubt that the session would have been so continued by the majority, and the business transacted, notwithstanding the resignation of the twelve Senators, if the nine million bill could have been passed.

"It is urged by some, that if the nine million bill was in violation of the Constitution, an appeal should have been made to the judicial tribunals to arrest its execution; but under a law of this character, the mischief might have been done before it could be arrested by an appeal to the courts; and it is not yet well settled whether the courts have jurisdiction in a case of this kind, to afford a complete remedy by restraining the executive officers of the government from executing a law enacted by the Legislature, authorizing the borrowing of money for or on behalf of the state. A proposition so to amend the bill as to give unquestioned jurisdiction to the courts to adjudicate the questions raised, was rejected by a unanimous vote of a majority in the Senate.

"We have thus given you a brief account of the present condition of affairs in our state government, and of the manner in which we have endeavored to discharge the responsible trusts committed to us as your representatives.

"We submit our conduct in respect to the important matters on which we have been called to act, to your impartial judgment, with undoubting confidence that the free and independent electors of the state of New-York, will, at all times, and under all circumstances, manifest a firm determination to maintain and preserve for themselves and their posterity, the Constitution which they have adopted for their government, inviolate and sacred.

ALBANY, *April* 17, 1851. *Signed by the Democratic Senators and Assemblymen.*

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THE great prosperity which everywhere manifests itself throughout the Union, gives irrefragable testimony of the wisdom of that general commercial policy adopted by the Polk administration, in furtherance of the principles maintained by the party whichelected it. There never was a time when the industrial products of the whole country were so large, more promptly available, or the proceeds more generally diffused among the producers than is now the case. The great object of free-trade, or the operation of the "voluntary principle" in matters of trade and industry, is to diminish the proportion of products which capital acquires at the expense of labor, to lessen by the removal of legal barriers, and by the overcoming of natural ones, the expenses of transportation, and the amount of the commission and profits of those who come between producer and consumer, in order that each may obtain more for his labor; that is to say, to remove from cost or price, the profits of dealers and the taxes of government. It is by these means that industry gets its reward the most directly. That hazardous and indirect mode of rewarding labor advocated by protectionists, by which all the proceeds of industry are accumulated in a few hands, in order that they may employ the many at their option, suits neither the spirit of our institutions, nor the temper of our people. The quantity of land brought under cultivation has been very large, and the population of the whole country has increased from 17,063,353 in 1840, to 23,138,454 in 1850. The large majority of these are workers, and have been producing where during the decade ending with 1840, they were consuming on credit, and producing less. The fifth decade of the century has therefore commenced under widely different circumstances from those which marked the commencement of the previous one in 1831.

The period alluded to commenced under circumstances calculated to produce the happiest effects in promoting the commercial and social intercouse of the nations of the earth, on a basis productive of mutual benefit. These circumstances, taking their rise at the general cessation of hostilities in 1815, had developed the commercial principle in legislation, which gained strength in a period of fifteen years of profound peace, until in 1830 it exercised a powerful influence upon the governments of the respective nations. No country has made such rapid advances as France in the prosecution of the peaceful arts. Its results was seen in the revolution of 1830, which placed the "citizen king" upon the throne, and paved the way to liberal principles in commercial legislation. In the United States a revolution of a less violent character had taken place, and the democratic ascendency in the Federal government had justly began to exert its influence upon commercial regulations. The effect was speedily seen in the enactment of the compromise law, providing for a gradual return to unrestricted trade from the high protective tariff of 1828. In England a similar change had taken place, and the party avowing the most liberal doctrines on the subject of commercial intercourse had come into power. Thus it happened, that in the three leading nations of the earth, the progress of events had placed in power, simultaneously, the parties in each most inclined to favor national intercourse on the broad basis of mutual advantage. It was

natural to suppose that such a combination of powerful leading causes should have produced effects extraordinary in themselves, and of the greatest consequences to commerce at large. These results were only to be dreaded from the fact, that the combined movement of all three countries in connection with that of the commercial world, revolved round and pivoted upon the paper system of England. There resulted over the face of the commercial world the most extraordinary paper expansion, and the production of national wealth did not keep pace with its consumption. The instrument of this increase was bank loans; and in the United States the highest and lowest points of bank expansions were as follow:

BANKS IN THE UNITED STATES.

	Bank Capital.	Loans.	Circulation.	Deposits.
1830	$145,192,268	$200,451,214	$61,328,838	$27,397,185
1840	358,442,692	525,115,702	149,185,890	64,890,101

A very large portion of these loans was wiped out by the bankrupt loan, and $161,548,383 of the bank capital was lost. It had been loaned to those who had eaten and drank it up without having produced any equivalent, and the accounts were mostly wiped out by the bankrupt act of 1841. In the ten years which have closed with 1850, an entirely different state of affairs presented itself, comparatively no capital was invested in banks, but very large sums in the means of communities. The length and cost of rail-ways and canals were as follows for the United States:

	RAIL-ROADS.		SHIPPING.	
	Length.	Cost.	Tons	Cost.
1840	2,738	65,230,000	2,180,764	109,038,200
1851	8,200	205,182,000	3,535,454	176,772,700
Increase	5,432	$139,952,000	1,354,690	$67,734,500

In addition to this, there have been in round numbers, $60,000,000 expended in canals and plank-roads, and the aggregate makes $260,686,500, to which add the $30,174,765 of increased bank capital, and $60,000,000 the cost of the Mexican war, and the totals will compare with similar expenditures in the previous decade, as follows:

	1830 to 1840.		1840 to 1850.
Rail-roads	65,230,000	Rail-roads	139,652,000
Shipping	45,500,000	Shipping	67,734,500
Canals	35,500,000	Canals	60,000,000
Bank Capitals	213,250,424	Bank Capital	30,174,765
Florida War	42,000,000	Mexican War	60,000,900
Total	$401,480,424	Total	$357,861,265

The amount of all the bank capital and the expense of the Florida war of the previous decade was an utter and total loss, making altogether $250,000,000. There remained $100,000,000 spent on canals and rail-roads, much of which was also lost. Six or seven millions, for instance, expended on the Erie Rail-road for work, very little of which was available in the reconstruction of the work. Probably with the shipping, $100,000,000, or 25 per cent. of the whole expenditure of that decade remained good at its close. On the other hand, all the expenditures of the last decade are yielding continually increasing profits.

An extraordinary instance of this is afforded in the Massachusetts Rail-roads, as follows:

	Length of Miles.	Cost.	Receipts.	Net.	Per Cent. of Cost.
1842	433	$19,241,358	$1,971,787	$1,013,387	5.26
1850	1120	$53,264,000	$6,903,371	$3,480,347	6.55

The cost has increased thirty-four millions, and the aggregate profit 1¼ per cent. The only apparently wasteful expenditure was the Mexican war, and yet that investment is paying better than all the others. California has already re-supplied the amount in gold. All the rail-roads and canals pay increasing dividends, and as a general result, the additional value of the land through which they run amid importers, by their operation, is equal to the sum of their cost. Under these circumstances, it is apparent that we take our departure for the sixth decade of the century, with entirely different prospects from those which presented themselves ten years since.

In our article for November, 1842, we remarked:

"We have seen that the period of ten years—1830 to 1840—commenced under the happiest prospects and ended with the direst reverse. We have now entered upon a fresh term with a different order of things. In England, although the late ministry professed liberal principles of trade, they did nothing during the long period of apparent prosperity to change the existing regulations. A new ministry are now in power, and have been obliged by the prevailing distress to carry out the principles professed by their opponents, and have made bold strides towards free-trade, by the amelioration of the tariff. In the United States the reverse has taken place: the distresses here wrought a temporary change in the Federal government, and the opportunity has been seized upon by the party in power to restore the oppressive tariff rates of former years. The credit system is, however, so far crippled by the effects of its own excesses, as to be incapable of a speedy renovation. The aggregate real wealth of the country is, however, very great, and nothing seems to prevent a return of trade but faulty legislation. We have a large surplus of produce, which, to be available, must find its way abroad, and the state of affairs in England is such as to lead to the hope that a large market will yet be found there."

This view has been realized, and a considerable amount of wealth has been realized to this country in exchange for raw produce. This trade has now become settled, and as the late decade opened with an upward movement from a state of insolvent exhaustion, so does the present open with the full activity of vastly accumulated capital, and rightly applied.

The intervention of a short harvest in England did not disturb our general estimate of the course of affairs: because short harvests in England recur at short intervals, and the general demand for food has become large in times of good harvest; the past year has, moreover, been that of a turning point in prices of western Europe. The short harvests of 1846-7 in England and Europe, carried prices to an extraordinary height, and those good prices stimulated production, resulting in abundance greater, and, consequently, prices lower than ever; and the year 1850 has been distinguished in France over all others of the nineteenth century for one blessing, which has done much in mitigation of the effects of the political and social evils which so embarrass the present and darken the future—*cheapness of bread.* The price of bread in Paris is fixed the 1st and 15th of every month by the police. This price is regulated by the sales effected at the corn market. At present (and during the months of December and January last it was the same) the price of bread of the first quality is 26 centimes the killogramme. The centime is a trifle less than the fifth part of a cent, and the French killogramme is equal to 2-10 avoirdupois. This makes the bread about 2½ cents per pound. It is of most excellent quality, much better than bakers' bread generally is in the United States, and as good as any man need wish to have upon his table for common use.

The following statistical table, shows the average price of wheat in France per hec. for each year of the first half of the nineteenth century, just concluded:

Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.	Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.	Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.	Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.
1800	21.50	1813	22.58	1826	14.81	1839	22.49
1801	24.39	1814	17.50	1827	18.31	1840	21.98
1802	24.16	1815	19.53	1828	22.03	1841	18.34
1803	18.81	1816	28.31	1829	22.59	1842	19.65
1804	20.18	1817	36.16	1830	21.17	1843	20.17
1805	20.19	1818	24.65	1831	22.09	1844	19.04
1806	20.18	1819	18.42	1832	22.33	1845	18.93
1807	18.60	1820	19.13	1833	16.34	1846	43.86
1808	16.67	1821	17.80	1834	14.72	1847	29.38
1809	15.18	1822	15.89	1835	14.80	1848	16.36
1810	19.61	1823	17.52	1836	16.37	1849	15.25
1811	26.13	1824	16.52	1837	17.47	1850	14.26
1812	34.34	1825	15.74	1838	19.31		

The average for 1850 (14f. 26c. the hectolitre) is equal in our measure to 94 cents per bushel, the hectolitre being equivalent to 2.838 bushels. This is the lowest price since the opening of the present century. The highest was in 1817, being 36f. 16c. per hectolitre, ($2 38½ per bushel.) The general average for the fifty years ending with December last is 20f. 20c. per hectolitre, ($1 33½ per bushel.)

Against large quantities at these low prices, the United States have been obliged to compete in the supply of England, nevertheless the sales have been considerable, as seen in the following table:

EXPORT OF BREAD-STUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, SINCE 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1850.

From	Flour. bbls.	Meal, bbls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.
New-York, to April 1	558,952	400	622,808	239,744
New-Orleans, to March 22	128,959			
Philadelphia, to March 28	73,852	2,589	180,907	190,945
Baltimore, to March 28	60,739		26,451	54,716
Boston, to March 28	5,834			8,532
Other ports, to March 22				
Total 1851	828,336	2,989	830,166	493,937
Same time, 1850	281,734	2,552	430,329	2,348,922
" 1849	726,979	61,034	956,419	6,751,514
" 1848	155,224	83,471	215,139	2,056,053

The export of provisions, being the produce of the western states, has become considerable only in the last ten years, and its increase is ascribable to the modified laws of Great Britain, by which foreign food is admitted to the supply of the English people at large in competition with the products of British soil. The insufficiency of the latter to feed the enhanced numbers of the British people, at as low a rate as the people of other countries could be fed from their respective soils, made the importation of food necessary. When the door was once open for its admission, that country which could supply the greates quantities on the lowest terms would naturally take the trade. The United States were scarcely in a position to meet the demand. A sufficient tract of land to afford any great supplies above home consumption was not accessible to market, and the cost of transportation in the interior was such as to preclude the delivery in England on remunerative terms. Since then an immense amount of capital has been expended in transportation. In 1840 the length of rail-roads in operation was 2,270 miles, at a cost of $60,000,000. In 1850 there were in operation 8,200 miles, which had cost $205,000,000. In the same period there had been opened four routes for transportation between the country west of the

Alleganies and the Atlantic ports. The tonnage of the home and foreign trade also increased as follows:

UNITED STATES TONNAGE.

	1840.	1850.	Increase.
Tonnage in foreign trade	899,764	1,540,769	641,005
Steam in foreign trade	None	44,942	44,942
Total tons in foreign trade	899,764	1,585,711	685,947
Tonnage in coasting	946,473	1,274,792	328,319
Steam in coasting	198,191	481,004	282 813
Total coasting	1,144,664	1,755,796	611,132
Total foreign and coasting	2,044,428	3,341,507	1,297,079

At an average of $50 per ton, the cost of this increased tonnage is equal to nearly $65,000,000. This sum added to the cost of the rail-roads built since, and to $50,000,000 spent in canals and other works, gives $260,000,000 of capital put into the means of transportation in the United States in ten years. The effect of this has been to open an extent of agricultural country to the demands of the seaboard several fold larger than that which was capable of supplying it in 1840. As a necessary consequence, much larger quanties of produce were available for export at lower rates. Of several leading articles of western produce the quantities exported have been as follows:

UNITED STATES EXPORTS OF WESTERN PRODUCE.

		1840.	1850.	Increase.
Beef	bbls	19,631	95,387	75,756
Pork	bbls	66,281	188,841	122,560
Butter	lbs	1,171,639	3,876,175	2,704,536
Cheese	lbs	723,217	13,020,817	12,297,600
Hams	lbs	1,643,897	41,014,528	39,370,631
Lard	lbs	7,418,847	54,925,546	47,506,699
Flour	bbls	923,151	1,385,448	462,297
Wheat	bush	96,325	608,661	512,336
Corn	bush	162,306	6,595,092	6,432,786

The year 1840, having been one of short crop abroad, was considered a year of large exports; but the trade has gone on to increase in the astonishing manner here indicated. These large exports in the past year were made in the face of prices in western Europe and England lower than in any previous year of the present century. They have ruled so low in France, that the War Minister proposed the entrance of the government into the markets, for the purchase of large supplies for the army to go into store, as a matter of economy for the government and of relief to the grain-growers.

The prices in England now hold out inducements for renewed exports; and if the price of cotton falls back from its high level, the increased supply of bills from produce may be expected to prevent any serious drain of the precious metals. The bank credits throughout the Union are undoubtedly spreading very fast, and already $20,000,000 of new capital is being organized. Of this, 7 millions is in Massachusetts, $6,000,000 in New-York, $2,500,000 in Kentucky, $2,000,000 in Virginia, &c. The supplies of gold from California are large, and the general increase of business is great, which causes a demand for circulating medium. The mint only turns the gold into $20 pieces, and these are of no use as a currency, but serve as a basis for bank operation; hence the demand falls upon bank paper, and thus promotes the inflation which will soon lead to revulsion. The great wealth of the country will prolong the season of apparent prosperity, but the revulsion will be all the more severe when it comes.

NORTHERN DEMOCRACY AND THE UNION.

THE LATE SILAS WRIGHT.

The following extracts from an oration delivered by the late Silas Wright, Jr., on the 4th of July, 1839, embodies the true sentiments of the Northern Democracy upon that subject, as distinguished from the Van Buren Sewardism of the present day:

"Another difficulty of equal magnitude, and superior delicacy, met our venerable fathers in the Convention of 1787, at the threshold of their most responsible labors. One of the earliest features in the policy adopted by Great Britain towards her American colonies, *was the firm and extensive establishment within them of the institution of domestic slavery.* At the time of which we speak, the institution existed in a large majority of the northern and middle states, and, from the circumstances of climate, pursuits, habits, and various other accidents of established and settled society, was much more extensively and firmly incorporated with the existence and prosperity of the southern states. Hitherto, the slavery existing in the colonies had been a subject over which the colonists had had no control, and for which they could be held, in no way, responsible. The policy of the mother country was marked and settled, and its pursuit was determined and unyielding. Every attempt, on the part of any one of the colonies, to check the growth, or ameliorate the condition of the institution, or even to remonstrate against the policy, met the stern rebuke and indignant frown of power at home. This state of things had continued for more than a hundred years, when the termination of the war of the revolution made the colonies free and independent. Then, for the first time, it devolved upon them to manage and direct this fastly-rooted, firmly-established, and widely-disseminated evil. A forced inheritance from an unkind mother was upon their hands, was incorporated with the very organization of their society, habits, and pursuits. It was thus placed as much beyond the reach of sudden and violent remedies, as is that disease of the human body which has its seat in the heart, and is diffused with the blood over every portion of the system. The idea of a republic, therefore, must be entirely abandoned, or the seeming anomaly *must be encountered,* of organizing a free republican confederacy, with the extensive existence of *slavery within the States which should compose it.* This was the alternative presented to the Convention of 1787. Could the patriotic delegates who composed that body, men whose devotion to liberty had made them the principal and prominent advocates for the war of the revolution, and the independence of the colonies, most of whom had devoted themselves to, and encountered the perils of, the public service throughout that protracted and desperate struggle, and many of whom, with their Illustrious President at their head, had followed the fortunes of the war, and freely offered their lives as the price of the liberty they contended for: *could such men doubt what was their duty? what choice they should make?* The fact of the slavery, or the extent of its existence in the country, was not to be affected, certainly not strengthened or magnified by the plain course of right and reason. The opposite alternative, an utter abandonment of all effort to organize a Republic, might, indeed, have avoided the apparent contradiction of a free government with the toleration of domestic slavery, by continuing the white race in an endless subjection to some despotic and arbitrary power, similar to that from which they had just discharged themselves by the force of arms, and an immense expenditure of blood and treasure; by making them the enduring objects of the oppressions, exactions, and contumely of such a power, and thus constituting for them a slavery, not perhaps as perfect, but, considering the condition of the two races, far more galling and unendurable to them, than is that to the African which holds him in involuntary servitude. Then, too, might African slavery have preserved its existence, in its full extent and vigor to this day, in all the states where it was instituted. Were our revolutionary fathers to be the authors of superadded evils like these to their country and their fellow-citizens? Never! The delegates assembled in convention did choose, and our present free and happy institutions of government are the result of their choice. The present greatly increased, and rapidly increasing population and wealth and power of these states are the fruits of the choice. And does any one who hears me, does any American, who loves his country, her institutions, and her prosperity, believe, or feel, that the choice thus made was unwise, or unpatriotic? Can any one make himself believe that the venerable framers of the Constitution of the

United States were less lovers of their country and of liberty than their descendants of the present generation? That they were less pure and patriotic and conscientious than we are? And yet, under the circumstances in which they found themselves placed, they did not consider it a fatal impeachment of their republican principles, or a violent outrage upon their conscience, *to tolerate domestic slavery when it became essential to the establishment of a free government, for the free citizens of their country.*

"This was, at that time, a great and commanding interest in the states of the confederacy. Our own proud and powerful, and now free state, was then an extensive holder of domestic slaves. Such, at that period, was the fact with many other of the present free states. The interest, therefore, was one to be *compromised* by the Convention, or their labors must come to a useless termination. *They did compromise it, and how?*

"*The nature of the institution was such as required that its police be left unconditionally with the states where it existed.* It was so left. Its continuance, or abolition, was purely a matter of state interest, when the police was devolved upon their local governments, and when all questions of private property were, of course, questions between the state and its citizens, and were, like all other questions, in reference to all descriptions of property in all the states, to be left to the state administrations. So far, therefore, the only duty of the Convention was not to interfere with the state sovereignties. Yet there were other considerations connected with this delicate and troublesome subject, which could not fail to be pressed upon the Convention, and to require their action. *The laws of the slave states recognized the slaves, not only as property, but as persons, and so far as they partook of the latter character, they necessarily formed an ingredient in that basis of representation which was established upon population alone without reference to property.* A recognition, too, of the institution, in its anomalous form, in the provisions of the federal compact, was a matter of *vital interest* with the states of the South, where slavery existed most broadly, and was most deeply interwoven with the existing organization of society. The basis of federal popular representation and taxation adopted in the Constitution, is the compromise of the Convention upon these points, and it will not fail to be remarked that, while the free states may feel that the rule of representation is unfavorable to them, the slave states cannot forget that they pay for any advantage they receive in the rule of taxation. The terms of the provision are,

"'Representative and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons.'

"A further concession was yielded by the Convention to this great interest, for a most valuable equivalent. It was vitally essential that the power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations' should be conferred upon the national government, as neither internal peace and harmony, nor external quiet and prosperity, could be reasonably hoped to be secured without this grant. The apprehensions of the slave-holding interest formed a strong impediment to success, and a compromise to that interest was effected in the following provision:

"'The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.'

"Here again it will be seen that the power of taxation, to a limited extent, was given, for the temporary privileges conferred, limiting the force and effect of the clause to the strict letters of its terms: But it is now matter of history, and universally conceded, that the fair construction of the provision gave to Congress the power, after the time limited, (1808,) to prohibit the importation of persons, and thus to cut up the foreign slave trade altogether, without being compelled to resort, for that important power, to the general grant of power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations.' The practice of our government, under the clause, has been, since the expiration of the period of limitation, in conformity with the construction here declared, and it is gratifying to be able to state that this practice has been no more strongly recorded by the representatives of any portion of the American people, than by the representatives of the slave-holding states. Was not here a compromise entered into upon sufficient equivalents? And has it not already resulted in an immense alleviation of that evil in favor of which it purported to be made?

"A single other provision of the Constitution touches this delicate question, and its justice shall be plainly submitted. It is in these words:

"'No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping

into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.'

"That this clause of the Constitution is applicable to the fugitive slave is unquestionably true, as he is held to service in the slave state, 'under the laws thereof,' and that it is as applicable to the legally bound apprentice and servant of the free states is equally plain and true. Does the fact, that the provision is broad enough to embrace the slave vitiate it, and make wrong its insertion as a part of that sacred instrument? *Is it not just and proper in itself, and ought not the friendly relations to exist, and be perpetual, among the states of the Union?* As applicable to the slave, is it not due to the previous provisions, which recognize and tolerate the institution of slavery, and respect the rights and interests of the slave-holding states? Could the fair faith implied by these provisions be carried out without this one, and can they now be available, in the true spirit of the compact between the states, *without a faithful observance of this covenant also?*

"Are there any who will blame our venerable fathers, the delegates in the Convention of 1787, for giving their *assent* to this clause of our Constitution? All the old thirteen states assented to it, and to all the other concessions and compromises which have been mentioned, as connected with the subject of domestic slavery. The people of all the states assented to them, and fifty years of internal peace and abundant prosperity have attested the wisdom of the Convention, the patriotism and devotion of the Federal Union, and the intelligence and justice, and faith of the people. What American citizen will now rise, and, claiming to be purer than Washington, the President of that Convention, purer and more patriotic than the sages who supported him in the great work of forming our Constitution, as they had previously in the achievement of our independence, will cast the first stone at that temple of human liberty which they erected? Who, that loves his country, *will open again the delicate and troublesome compromises* thus solemnly formed, thus settled, and now consecrated by time and happy experience, with the hope of reaching better results from the present temper and feeling of the country? Who will cast upon the ocean of time and chance the invaluable blessings we have gained, the triumph to human liberty we have secured, for the dark and stormy prospect which presents itself of more perfect success in a new effort? Who will wantonly trample upon the faith we have solemnly pledged to our brethren of the other states, upon entering the confederacy, as a means of moulding them to a more yielding disposition in some future compact? *Who will boldly strike at the Union itself, and take its fate against his sympathy for the slave?*

"Look, fellow-citizens, at the pivot upon which the fate of this fair fabric of ours turned. One state was entirely unrepresented in the Convention of 1787. A majority of the delegations from two of the states, among the largest class, and them both slave states, declined to sign the Constitution as adopted by the Convention. A merely equal portion of the delegates from two other of the states, and one of the second in population, could consent to give it their signatures. Majorities, and in some cases bare majorities, from four others, subscribed to the instrument, and in but four states out of the twelve, did the entire delegations in attendance give their signatures. Thus imperfectly sustained and recommended, the Constitution was submitted to Conventions of the people of the several states. It received, with as much promptness as could have been reasonably anticipated, the ratification and adoption of eleven of the states, while five of the eleven accompanied their assents with expositions of their understanding of the true intent and meaning of various provisions of the instrument, or with proposed amendments to it, or both most strongly indicative of their distrust and fear of the workings of the system, to which, from the most solemn convictions of public necessity and duty, they were yielding a reluctant assent. These ratifications enabled the Congress to declare the Constitution in force over the states which had adopted it, and to take measures for the organization of the government under it, which was done on the 13th of September, 1788. The 4th day of March, 1789, was fixed upon for the organization of the new government; and the elections of a President, Vice-President, Senators, and members of the House of Representatives, in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution, were to be immediately made. The elections were made, and the government organized on the day appointed, and still two of the thirteen states, the one north and the other south, had not given their assent to the system, and were not members of the confederacy under it. The twelfth state came in unqualifiedly on the 21st of November, 1789, while the thirteenth held out until the 29th day of May, 1790, and then accompanied its ratification with a long exposition, and with recommendations for amendments consisting of twenty-one articles. This restored again the union of the states, completed the new system of government, gave it an extension over the whole territory of the original United States, and may be said to have terminated the

civil, as the peace of 1783 had done the military, incidents of the American revolution.

"Still the public mind was not at rest. Apprehensions were extensively entertained that the powers granted to the federal government were too broad, and that they would be made yet broader by unforeseen and unintended constructions. To prevent these evils, if they should be real, and to allay apprehension if they were not, the Congress organized under the Constitution, at its first session, caused amendments to be prepared, taken from the suggestions and recommendations of the several State Conventions, consisting of twelve articles, which were, according to the provisions of the Constitution, submitted to the several State Legislatures for their ratification or rejection. These amendments were acted upon with reasonable promptitude by the requisite number of the legislatures, and ten of the twelve articles were adopted and made part of the Constitution, while the two first did not receive the ratification of the requisite number of the legislatures of the states, and were rejected. Of the ten articles adopted, it is worthy of remark to notice that every one is restrictive of the federal powers, or declarative of the rights of the people, or of the states, or both, and that not one word relating directly, or indirectly, *to the subject of domestic slavery*, is found either in the articles themselves, or in the expositions or recommendations of the State Conventions which gave rise to them.

"But two other amendments have been made to the Constitution of the United States up to this day, the first of which relates to the stability of the states, and was adopted in January, 1798; and the other relates to the manner in which the presidential electors shall give their votes for President and Vice President, and was adopted in September, 1804.

"Such and so few have been the amendments to that Constitution, adopted and recommended to the people and the states by the Convention of 1787; and it would be more just to consider the ten articles of the amendment first adopted as parts of the original instrument, incorporated upon it by the Conventions of he states, at the time of their ratification, than as alterations of it, after it had met their approbation. In not one of these amendments has a single point been touched, which was matter of compromise of any delicate or conflicting interest.

"Is it not then unwise, as well as unfaithful to this sacred compact, and dangerous to the permanency of the Union, for the people of the free states now to disturb the harmony of the country, *by threatening a violation of those compromises which disposed of the agitation question of domestic slavery* in the country, and by virtue of which that question remained at rest for nearly the first half century of the existence of the republic under the Constitution? To pretend that the subject of the immediate abolition of slavery in the country can be seriously urged upon the national legislature, without disturbing these compromises of the Constitution, is to disregard as well the plain provisions as the spirit of the instrument; and to *persist in the agitation*, regardless of these considerations, is to set the *object* above the Constitution, above the value of the Union, above the peace of the country, and above the most solemn obligation of the citizens to observe and regard the rights of others, while in the enjoyment of their own.

"That *foreigners*, ignorant of the nature and character of our institutions, and owing no duty or obligation to them; that citizens of that country which *forced* domestic slavery upon us, as though it was an institution best calculated to put far off the day when we should venture to spurn the protection of a monarch's arm, or attempt to liberate ourselves from the despotism of a monarch's power, *should be willing now to disturb the harmony of our country, to break its peace*, and perhaps overturn those enviable institutions which are so rapidly conducting us to wealth and power, and greatness, *by means of that very institution* which was intended to perpetuate our colonial bondage, is not strange. That the *subjects of that monarchy*, schooled to bow before an earthly throne, and to cringe and tremble, and be silent in the presence of hereditary aristocracy, *should visit our country to lecture us* upon the subjects of liberty, may not be as strange as it is ludicrous; but that the high-minded citizens of our republic should be led away by such teachers, into conflicts with their political brethren, into excitements which threaten, not the quiet and harmony of their country merely, but the perpetuity of that sacred charter by which she exists as a united nation, is strange, is more than strange.

"Yet such things are; and is it not time that we devote ourselves to examination? That upon this solemn festival, when we meet to celebrate the returning anniversary of our country's independence, we inquire, not simply how that independence was gained, but how it has been secured? That we examine carefully the history of the formation of our Constitution and our Union, and learn thence our duties to both, that we may transmit to our successors unimpaired and pure, and perfect as they have come down to us from the hands of our revolutionary fathers, the richest of civil blessings?

"The field, fellow citizens, is too broad for your strength, or your patience. The general history connected with the formation of our constitutional government has covered too much space to allow of comments upon the immensely important topics which every step has presented. A single instance, a single topic, as being one of the present agitation and of deep interest to the whole country, has called them forth, perhaps obtrusively; certainly to the consumption of too much of the time allotted to this address. Yet the topics seemed to commend the notice which has been given to it. The compromises of the Constitution are directly involved in it, and it is the only topic of present agitation, in which the pillars of that charter of human liberty are directly assailed. It is, too, a local, a geographical controversy, and is sought to be made one of passion and sympathy, rather than of reason and judgment.

In this aspect it is most alarming, most deleterious; but here the speaker will not attempt to characterize the efforts of the agitators in his own language, but will use that of the sainted Washington, the father of his country, in his farewell address, his last great legacy to those for whom he had so lavishly periled his life, his fortune and his honor, in the field, in their most difficult councils, and finally in the first administration of the executive power of that new government, the value of which it is our present object to impress upon our countrymen.

"Speaking of the value of the Union, General Washington says:

"'The unity of government which constitutes you one people is now dear to you: It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and *from different quarters*, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of *internal and external enemies* will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed; it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it: accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity: watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.'

"Again, speaking on the same subject, the value of the Union, he says:

"'In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by *geographical* discrimination—*northern* and *southern*—*Atlantic* and *western*; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burnings which spring from these misrepresentations: they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.'

"Are these remarks *prophetic of some of the agitations of the present day in our country?*

"If so, let us more attentively review this advice, more attentively examine our obligations to the Constitution and the Union, and more attentively guard ourselves against any influences, foreign or domestic, open or covert, which may have a tendency to draw us from our duty as faithful citizens of the republic, or to bring danger upon our country, and its free institutions.

"Many other passages of this invaluable address would be quoted to you, but time does not permit. Many other points, which had been brought to mind by the review we have taken, would be gladly discussed, but the same necessity compels me to pass them. I can, therefore, only say, from the *danger which surrounds the passionate agitation of one of the compromises* upon which the Constitution rests, we should take warning as to all that remain. Any approach to a change of that consecrated instrument should only be made in conformity with its own provisions, and even when it may seem to us that such a change is desirable, our whole ground should be carefully surveyed; the rights and interests and feelings of every state, and of the people in *every section of the Union*, should be fully considered and justly appreciated; our requests should be calmly and dispassionately made, and the results of the action of the constituted authorities be borne *in that spirit and with that temper which gave existence to the Constitution and the Union.* Then shall we set an example to our political breth-

ren of the other states which we may invite them to follow, and give evidence of our attachment to the confederacy, which should command their confidence.

"Finally, fellow citizens, let us cling to the Constitution and the Union, as the surest and most efficient mode of promoting the causes of liberty in our own country, and throughout the world. Let our every obligation to both be discharged with wakeful vigilance, strict fidelity, and patriotic devotion; let us remember, when the troubles we have reviewed were met, encountered and overcome, that but thirteen independent states were to be consulted and conciliated, but some three or four millions of people united and reconciled; that half a century of the prosperous workings of our glorious system has doubled the number of states, and swelled our population to some sixteen or seventeen millions; that with this increase of states and population, and of consequence wealth and power, local and conflicting interests, sectional jealousies, rival feelings, and all the impediments to the formation of an efficient government, and a perfect union, which interposed themselves, and almost overcome the resolution, and patience and hope of our revolutionary fathers, must have proportionably increased. And let these remembrances strengthen our zeal and fortify our determination to preserve the Constitution and the Union they formed, for the increased millions over whom the blessings of both are daily and hourly diffused, and to transmit them, unimpaired, to the still increasing millions of freemen, who will so soon succeed us.

"If there be those among us, who, *misled by a mistaken sympathy, or by sudden excitement*, upon any subject, are forgetting their obligations to *the whole country*, to the Constitution and the Union, let us use every effort of persuasion and example to awaken them to a sense of their dangerous error. If those, who, for the sake of private interest, personal ambition, or momentary political success, are willing to experiment upon the public passions, to treat lightly their constitutional obligations, *to foment sectional jealousies and raise up geographical distinctions within the Union, let the absence of our countenance and support convince such, that the personal gratification, or public services of any living man, are not objects of sufficient magnitude to be gained at the expense of the harmony of the country, the peace of the Union, or a single letter in the list of our constitutional duties.*—If among us there be any, which Heaven forbid, who are prepared, for any earthly object, to dismember our confederacy and destroy that constitution which binds us together, let the fate of an Arnold be theirs, and let the detestation and scorn of every American be their constant companions, until, like him, they shall abandon a country whose rich blessings they are no longer worthy to enjoy.

"Towards foreigners, and foreign nations, let our conduct be governed by the strict rule of right. Let our every duty, arising under the laws of nations, or the obligations of treaties, be promptly and punctiliously performed; and then, neither claiming nor attempting to exercise, a right to interfere in their internal affairs, or to control their civil and political institutions, let us give them, at all times, and under all circumstances, to understand, that we neither ask, *nor will receive, any such interference from them.*

"Thus demeaning ourselves as citizens of the Republic, and of the great commonwealth of nations, if the time must come when our proud Temple of Freedom must fall, crushed by external violence, or rent asunder by internal dissensions, let the Freemen of New-York sustain, erect and unbroken, that pillar that the structure committed to their keeping, when every other may be prostrate, and, scattered over the face of our fair land, a mass of shapeless ruins, it may stand a monument of their fidelity to the perfect edifice, and of their unyielding attachment to constitutional liberty.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE UNITED STATES: ITS POWER AND PROGRESS. By Guillaume Tell Poussin, late Minister of the Republic of France to the United States. First American, from the third Paris edition. Translated from the French, by Edmund L. Du Barry, M.D., Surgeon United States Navy. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

Major Poussin was for many years a member of the board of topographical engineers, appointed by his government to examine the physical resources of our Atlantic coast, in relation to its defence. His residence in this country seemed to develop in him a naturally strong republican tendency, and his power of observation and just discrimination, enabled him to detect the true workings of our institutions. On his return to France he was ever prominent in promoting popular liberty, and was one of those active spirits, who so promptly, in 1848, erected a republic on the throne deserted by the "citizen king." He was sent to represent France at Washington, and in common with most others whom official duty took to Washington, suffered from the imbecility of the cabinet.

The work before us is valuable, as the result of observations by an intelligent foreigner long resident in this country; and well, and justly, does he appreciate the wonderful progress of our country, while he does ample justice to our institutions, without that disgusting mock-philanthropy and absurdly patronizing air, which make the English at once so contemptible and so ridiculous.

THE IRISH CONFEDERATES, AND THE REBELLION OF 1798. By Henry M. Field. Harper Brothers.

THE long suffering of Ireland, and the heroic character of the noble hearts, who, from time to time, have stepped forward to strike a blow in her cause, are always stirring themes, and afford in their contemplation, an example of the necessity, on the part of tyranny, to keep the people in ignorance. Had the people of Ireland in 1798 known half their strength, or the value of the great men who sought to raise them to a national rank, the author of the present work would not have been compelled to call that great movement a "rebellion." It is, however, a story which should be familiar to all; and the day may not be far distant, when the wrongs of those persons will be avenged.

REPORT OF A GENERAL PLAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF PUBLIC AND PERSONAL HEALTH: Devised, prepared, and recommended by the Commissioners appointed under a resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, relative to a sanatory survey of the state. Dutton & Wentworth, Boston.

In accordance with a resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1849, commissioners were appointed to prepare a sanatory survey of the state. Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, a well-known and able statistician, was embraced in the commission; and a report has been made by him on the subject, which does great justice to his research and ability. An immense number of facts, illustrative of the influence of disease and the means of preserving the general health of the community, are collected and digested into a comprehensive health-act, for the consideration of the general court. The course of the cholera in Massachusetts, as influenced by the sanatory regulations of the boards of health, is strongly illustrative of how much may be done by judicious action to prevent contagion. The work of Mr. Shattuck ought to be widely circulated, and his views adopted in all the states.

THE PRACTICAL COOK-BOOK, containing upwards of 1,000 Receipts: Consisting of directions for selecting, preparing, and cooking all kinds of meats, fish, poultry and game, soups, &c. By Mrs. Bliss, of Boston. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

In this age of refined accomplishments, the useful is very generally voted vulgar, and the art of housewifery denounced as an attempt to "enslave woman," and to "degrade her" from that intellectual sublimation which a few of the sex, prompted by laziness and opinion, fancy is the true sphere of woman. They imagine that the further she departs from the practical, the more she fulfills her duties. A work like the one before us is calculated to dispel such illusions. As the animal appetite becomes excited by the visions of viands which the receipts conjure up, the heart yearns towards that portion of the sex whose skill is devoted to their preparation. If, as an eminent packet-owner once remarked, "the road to the public hearts is through their throats," what an influence may not that lady exercise who is mistress of the contents of this volume! "Oh!" says Miss Blue-Stocking, "marry your cook, then." True: but in this democratic age and country, parlor ornaments are only an extra expense; and education, like taxation, should be uniform and equal.

THE CELESTIAL TELEGRAPH; or, Secrets of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism; wherein the existence, the form and the occupations, of the soul after its separation from the body, are proved by many years' experiments; by the means of eight extatic somnambulists, who had eighty perceptions of thirty-six deceased persons of various conditions; a description of their conversations, &c., with proofs of their existence in the spiritual world. By L. Alph. Cahagnet. J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

The title of this work presents a pretty formidable bill of fare; but the promises are well sustained in the text, as far as the assertions of the somnambulists go. The departed souls are described in rather an unsatisfactory manner, but that is probably in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of our apprehensions. The ladies in Heaven are dressed in "light gauze dresses" of different colors! but whether of "home manufacture" or not, is not stated.

THE WORKS OF J. FENNIMORE COOPER. WING AND WING: OR, LE FEU FOLLET. A Tale by the author of "Deerslayer," &c. Complete in one volume. Revised and corrected, with a new Introduction, Notes, &c., by the author. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This, as one of Mr. Cooper's sea stories, has been considered inferior to some of his other brilliant delineations of life upon that element. But it also contains a very just appreciation and accurate description of the peculiarities of Italian character. The story turns on a nautical incident, embracing the black-hearted murder of the noble Caraccioli, by that peculiarly British ruffian, Nelson, and his paramour. The damning infamy of the act was participated in by the whole British nation, inasmuch as that it did not visit with its displeasure the profligate couple who prostituted public justice to private vengeance. The whole story is one of the best, if not the very best of Mr. Cooper's immortal works, and the present is the author's standard edition.

WILLIAM PENN: An Historical Biography from New Sources, with an extra chapter on the "Macaulay Charges." By William Hepworth Dixon. Blanchard & Lea.

This work has acquired a great reputation for the research and accuracy it displays. In it is collected a vast deal of information throwing light upon the course of the great founder of the "Key-Stone State;" but it derives its chief interest from the success with which the charges contained in Macaulay's history against Penn for bribery and corruption, are met. In the opinion of all, the historian is completely refuted, and the purity of Penn's character quite justified.

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, BY HERNANDO DE SOTO. By Theodore Irving, M. A. G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This admirable production, from the pen of a nephew of Washington Irving, and dedicated by the author to his renowned uncle, has been justly appreciated for the accuracy of its description, and the extent to which the romantic interest which attaches to the Spanish work of De La Vega is preserved. The adventures of De Soto are in the highest degree romantic and interesting, and the subject has been treated by Irving in a manner that does no discredit to relationship to the celebrated author of the "Conquest of Granada." The volume is uniform with Putnam's standard edition of the works of Washington Irving.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Boston Edition. No. 36. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The present number of this beautiful edition of Shakspeare contains the play of Romeo & Juliet, and is embellished with a finely executed portrait of Juliet. The elegance of this edition is such as to satisfy the most fastidious taste, and it is edited with equal skill and ability.

LONDON LABOR, AND THE LONDON POOR. By Henry Mayhew. With Engravings, 8vo., pp. 48. New-York: Harper Brothers.

This is designed as the first part of a graphic and quite interesting account of the social condition and earnings of the poorer classes of the British Metropolis. The writer has enjoyed every advantage for information, and after a perusal of his pages, no one can fail to exclaim, "truly, one-half the world knows not how the other half lives."

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES: A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

The reputation of Mr. Hawthorne is sufficiently established and widely known, to procure for any stories of his production a large and eager circle of readers. His delineations of New-England manners, conversations and language, are governed by good taste in avoiding to adulterate the conversations of ordinary people with idioms and barbarisms, which rarely have existence in New-England. That the works of Mr. Hawthorne will go down to other generations, conveying a truthful picture of the manners of our times, there can be no doubt. He occupies the first rank among the imaginative writers of the day, and his productions are not excelled here or elsewhere.

THE RANGERS: OR, THE TORY'S DAUGHTER. A Tale: Illustrative of the Revolutionary History of Vermont, and the Northern Campaign of 1777. By the author of the "Green Mountain Boys." Benjamin B. Murray & Co., Boston.

The favor with which the "Green Mountain Boys" was received, bespeaks a similar fate for this work upon a kindred subject. It turns upon the battle of Bennington, and finely illustrates, in the character of the "Tory's Daughter," the innate patriotism and heroism of America's daughter, under the most trying circumstances.

THE COMMISSIONER: OR, DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper Brothers.

This is the title of Mr. James' last novel, or rather the last we have seen: there may be a later one. Mr. James cannot be called an author, because he has created nothing. He has a crowd of very good-natured readers, who buy the books that bear his name, and these will buy "the last" as rapidly as any of the former.

LOUISIANA: ITS COLONIAL HISTORY AND ROMANCE. By Charles Gayarre. Harper Brothers.

This work is composed of four lectures, delivered before the People's Lyceum in New-Orleans; one edition of which has already been given to the world, and so favorably received, as to encourage the author to continue his labor; and the present new octavo edition by the Messrs. Harper contains six lectures of increased interest, bringing the narrative down to the middle of the 18th century. Mr. Gayarre is a graceful and lively writer, and has been led on by public encouragement until he fairly takes rank among popular American authors. Indeed, his subject is full of interest, and abounding with romance, although there are not a few who deny the latter every thing American.

PHYSICO-PHYSIOLOGICAL RESEARCHES on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their relations to Vital Force. By Baron Charles Von Reichenback. The complete work from the German. Second Edition. By John Ashburner, M.D. J. S. Redfield, New-York.

In our number for March, 1847, we gave a review of this extraordinary work of Reichenback, which had then not attracted the attention in the scientific world which has been drawn to it. The numerous experiments which he made with magnets, and the extraordinary results which followed, explaining by natural causes many supposed supernatural results. threw a new light upon the power and properties of magnetism. The present admirable translation, published by Redfield, with cuts, possesses very great interest.

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS. From the German of Goethe. New Edition Revised. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

The taste for German literature in this country is continually on the increase, not only from the very considerable number of German settlements where the "*Muttersprache*" is retained, but from the gradual spread of acquaintance with the great German authors. Goethe has won continually upon public favor; and these translations by Carlyle, who claims to have imported Goethe into the English language, are very attractive. The style of the publication is every way worthy of the matter, and is distinguished by that clearness of typography, which characterize the productions of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMORIALS OF CAPTAIN OBADIAH CONGER, for fifty years Mariner and Ship-master from the Port of New-York. By Rev. Henry T. Cheever. Harper Brothers.

This memoir of an old salt possesses great interest for the lovers of adventure, apart from the false glare and incongruous conceits that characterize the writings of the author.

SECOND-LOVE: OR, THE WORLD'S OPINION. By Martha Martel. G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This is an American story, whereof the object seems to be to prove, that in the public mind, weakness is erroneously confounded with tenderness, and want of character with gentleness; in short, that the female character is very generally misunderstood or not properly appreciated, and the well-sustained narrative is intended to correct such impressions.

NATURE AND BLESSEDNESS OF CHRISTIAN PURITY. By Rev. R. S. Foster, with an Introduction by Edmund S. Janes, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Epi scopal Church. New-York: Harper Brothers.

This able work will be an acceptable addition to the religious literature of the country. It is neatly and cheaply printed; with a portrait of the author.

THE EDUCATION OF A DAUGHTER. By Archbishop Fenelon. Translated from the French; to which are added, Fenelon's "Epistle," &c. Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

This great work of the celebrated Fenelon should be widely circulated; and the beautiful and cheap style in which it is got out by Messrs. Murphy & Co., is calculated to promote that desirable object.

CURRAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By Charles Phillips, F.R.S. Harper Brothers.

The time has come, when in England, the celebrated Irish patriots, of whom this work gives an account, are more justly appreciated. But the book is full of interest, treating as it does, of the brilliant galaxy of genius who flourished at the time of Ireland's sacrifice. It confines itself, however, more to the personal than the political history.

HURRY-GRAPHS: OR, SKETCHES OF SCENERY, CELEBRITIES AND SOCIETY. Taken from life By N. P. Willis. Charles Scribner.

Any person who glances at this title, will, before reaching the name, say "it is by Willis;" and the book does not depart from the author's peculiarities. Its title is justified, on the ground that the papers are the "editorials" of the Home Journal. Those who take that paper are forearmed, and those who do not, are forewarned.

A GREEK GRAMMAR: for the use of High-Schools and Universities. By Philip Butman. Revised and enlarged by his son, Alexander Butman. Translated from the German, by Edward Robinson. Harper Brothers.

This great work needs but an announcement, to have the substantial and correct edition now offered to the public properly appreciated.

AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES. No. I.—The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America. By E G. Squier, A.M., Member of the British Archæological Association, &c. George P. Putnam.

This is a work of extraordinary scientific interest, and we have laid it aside for a future extended article. The opportunities and abilities of Mr. Squier have enabled him to throw a world of light upon the subject. Mr. Schoolcraft, in his great work upon the Indians, regards the Serpent Symbols of America as a proof of the Eastern origin of the Indians. Mr. Squier does entirely agree in that view. The illustrations are numerous, and the work well got up.

Very truly yours
Wm. D. Kelley

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XXVIII. JUNE, 1851. NO. CLVI.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY.

The wheat trade of the United States has undergone a great development in the last ten years, and has now, in relation to England and th west of Europe, reached a position in which a continued and extensive expansion may be looked for, if only that principle of reciprocal interchange of industrial products is adhered to, through the operation of which the markets of the world have become open to the fields of the world; the excessive productions of one locality become available to the excessive demand of another region. Since England adopted, in 1842, the policy of admitting foreign food to English consumption, legal and artificial barriers to the interchange of produce have been removed, to an extent which has sufficed to impel the currents of trade in a new direction, and to deepen and strengthen its channels, so as to present a swelling volume of national wealth rolling into the lap of industry, instead of the coffers of capitalists under the restrictive system. The high price at which food had ruled, for many years, down to the modification of the duties in 1842, had circumscribed the consumption in a double ratio. The fact, that indispensable food absorbed most of the earnings of the working classes, prevented them from buying necessary clothing, which, in turn, diminished employment, and lessened emoluments, narrowing, in a farther degree, the means of buying food. The population was thus moving in a ruinous vortex, of which the gyrations were momentarily increasing in velocity. The national earnings, although diminishing in amount, were absorbed by the monopoly land-holders, whose fears were also awakened by the swelling number of paupers charged to the poor rates. The great evil of the state was dear food, of which the prices were unnaturally sustained by legal enactments; that is to say, the whole earnings of industry were, by law, poured into the pockets of food growers to the exclusion of other interests. The remedy was obvious, viz., to throw open the granaries of the world to the supply of the people, in order that English industry might be able to obtain other necessaries, in addition to food, for its exercise. From the moment of the accomplishment of that event, the

prosperity of England has been on the increase, as measured by the increased employment of the people, and greater wages—not money wages, but more of the actual comforts and necessaries of life, for a given amount of labor. In proof of this material progress, may be taken a table of the quantities of raw materials of manufacture and of food, imported into England, for a series of years, for the use of the people.

The following table shows the leading articles of food and manufactures imported into Great Britain:

IMPORTS OF FOOD AND RAW MATERIALS INTO ENGLAND FOR CONSUMPTION.

		1836.	1849.	1850.
Animals,	No.	Prohibited	185,235	217,247
Hams,	cwt.	none	12,282	16,268
Bacon,	"	1,433	384,325	336,321
Beef,	"	1,222	144,638	123,662
Butter,	"	143,149	282,501	331,135
Cheese,	"	134,643	397,648	347,773
Rice,	"	98,227	975,316	785,692
Pork,	"	29	347,352	210,948
Sugar,	"	3,856,562	6,925,851	6,641 419
Molasses,	"	622,479	1,062,661	905,054
Tallow,	"	1,005,276	1,468,719	1,241,781
Lard,	"	—	185,838	229,614
Total		5,863,020	12,187,131	11,386,904
Cocoa,	pounds	1,084,170	3,232,234	4,478,328
Coffee,	"	23,295,041	34,431,070	31,221,840
Pepper,	"	2,359,573	3,296,079	3,174,425
Tea,	"	36,574,004	50,024,688	51,178,215
Tobacco,	"	21,803,775	27,480,621	27,538,105
Pimento,	"	344,358	2,881,800	2,400,400
Total,	pounds	85,461,026	125,883,492	119,991,313
Total,	cwt.	5,863,020	12,187,131	—
Total food in lbs.		772,275,871	1,490,480,228	1,281,026,700
Flour or grain in qrs.		420,024	11,882,900	9,109,350
Materials.				
Cotton,	pounds	326,407,692	758,841,600	667,664,300
Wool,	"	41,718,514	75,100,883	73,726,778
Silk,	"	5,658,211	7,021,761	7,166.943
Hemp,	"	72,352,200	119,127,300	117,971,500
Flax,	"	81,916,100	203,000,900	204,928,940
Total		528,052,717	1,163,092,444	1,071,458,421

This is a most incredible result. We have given the details of the articles for these three years, in order that the precise nature of the increase may be seen. The following table, composed of the aggregates for each year, shows the progressive nature of the increase:

QUANTITIES OF ANIMALS, GRAIN, FOOD, AND RAW MATERIALS IMPORTED INTO GREAT BRITAIN FOR CONSUMPTION.

Years.	Animals.—No.	Grain—Qrs.	Food—Lbs.	Raw Materials—Lbs.
1836	None.	92,432	772,275,871	528,052,717
1842	5,340	2,486,351	778,971,593	732,507,490
1843	2,100	1,355,382	799,362,260	884,287,381
1844	8,000	2,763,164	843,214,168	922,924,124
1845	28,675	1,267,152	948,615,050	1,038,859,643
1846	122,458	4,767,591	961,234,984	741,607,365
1847	219,679	12,303,751	1,576,810,655	764,849,425
1848	203,440	6,237,244	1,423,305,932	1,053,221,501
1849	185,235	11,882,900	1,490,480,228	1,183,092,444
1850	217,247	9,109,350	1,281,026,700	1,071,458,421

The importation, both of food and raw materials, has increased in an equal ratio. The year 1847 was one of famine in Ireland, and was followed by revulsions in the corn trade, and in rail-road speculations. The last two years have been those of good harvests and fair business; nevertheless, the quantity of food imported in 1849 was very nearly double what it was in 1842; and of grain, sevenfold as much in 1850 as in 1843. How great, then, must have been the deprivation among the poorer classes in those years of monopoly, as manifested in their purchases, increased so much when opportunity offered! The raw materials of manufacture, in the last year, show a decline from the previous year, partly by reason of the very high price of cotton, which limited its use, notwithstanding that food was unusually cheap; but 1849 was the year of great manufacturing activity, resulting from the depression of the year of revolutions, 1848.

The throwing open of the English ports to foreign food, was simultaneously accompanied by an extraordinary famine, which had a twofold effect in causing cheap food in the subsequent years. Western Europe, equally with England and Ireland, experienced short harvests, and the common level of prices rose to a height, which had not been experienced since the war. From the most distant regions grain required to be transported to England and Western Europe, in quantities which far exceeded the means of conveyance, and, high as were the prices of food, those of freight were relatively higher—stimulating the construction of shipping, as well as the cultivation of grain. While the leading nations removed their corn duties and suspended their navigation laws, in order to facilitate, in every way, the procurement of sufficient food, farmers and shipbuilders were everywhere preparing to enhance the supply, and two years of good harvests have caused freights and prices to sink to a very low level. The agricultural interest of England is, and has been, very clamorous against the repeal of the corn laws, to which they ascribe the low level of prices, that are the inevitable result of re-action from famine rates. The unreasonableness of this clamor appears the more extraordinary, when it is remembered that the largest portion of the foreign supplies of food in England are derived from France, where the protective system remains undisturbed, and where the range of prices is much lower than in England.

In 1847, the average price of wheat in England was $2 20 cents the bushel, notwithstanding a foreign supply of 36,812,111 bushels. But during a great part of that year the price of wheat was higher in France, Belgium, and the Provinces of the Rhine, than even there. A large quantity of foreign wheat was re-shipped from England to the continent, and considerable quantities of English grown wheat were shipped to France, at $2 25 a $2 55 the bushel. Some English wheat was shipped even to the Rhine. In some of the English markets wheat sold at one time for 105s. a quarter, or $3 15 the bushel. In many parts of the continent it was equally dear. With the exception of the southern part of Russia, every country in Europe imported grain for its own consumption. At the moment we write, it is four years since England, France, Belgium, and Holland especially, were fiercely competing for the surplus grain which the United States and Russia had to spare. Corn laws and navigation laws were everywhere suspended to facilitate its introduction.

In little more than two years the dread of scarcity was succeeded by complaints of over-abundance. Famine prices have everywhere been succeeded by prices much below the average of ordinary years. And the most

essential point to which we would direct the attention of the candid inquirer on this subject is, that this change has been as marked in continental countries as it has been in England. There is much that is important in this fact, in enabling us to determine the cause of the great decline of price in 1849–'50, and the probable permanent price at which wheat may settle down. In England, where there happens to have been an important change in the corn laws, the reduction of price is, by a large party, attributed to that change. But if there were no other cause in operation, then the large importations into England during the present year ought, at least, to have prevented a fall of price in those countries from which they have drawn off such large quantities.

But what is the fact? In 1846-47 France was bordering on famine. The Government entered into every foreign market in the world to procure supplies. Every restriction upon the trade in grain was suspended. The price of wheat for a considerable time was as high as 40f. the *hectolitre*, or $2 70 the bushel; and the average price, from the harvest of 1846 to that of 1847, was at least 30f. per *hectolitre*, or $2 00 the bushel. Well, there has been no change in the corn laws of France—no step towards free trade. But so far as the price of grain can have been affected at all in France by legislation, or by any other cause than the natural consequences of the events connected with its production, the price ought to have been sustained at about its usual rate. The change in the English corn law has opened a facility for the introduction of wheat and flour which ought so far to have prevented an unusual decline of price. It is true, that for some time in 1848, the revolution and the subsequent events had the effect of paralyzing the corn market in common with all others. But any effect from that cause has long ago ceased, not only with regard to wheat, but even with regard to wines and other productions much more of the character of luxuries. In Bordeaux, wines of every class, a great majority of which are consumed in France, have risen from *twenty-five to thirty per cent.*, calculated on the prices charged in the previous year, by the best houses of largest capital. So far, then, as price is concerned, the effects of the revolution on agricultural produce may be considered as at an end. But with respect to the price of wheat, it has, in spite of the improvement in Paris—in spite of the activity in Lyons, Rouen, and Lille,—and in spite of the new opening in the English market, of which they have availed themselves to a great extent, steadily declined. What are the facts? We have said that the average price of 1846-47 was not less than 30f. the *hectolitre*, or $2 00 the bushel. The average price for the last five years, leaving out 1846-47, and 1848-49, has been from 20f. to 22f. 50c. per hectolitre ($1 26 a $1 52 the bushel,); 18 f. per hectolitre ($1 21 the bushel) having been considered always very low, under the average, and a mark of cheap districts in cheap years. But what is the price at this time? According to the official accounts published in the *Moniteur* of the 1st Jan., the average price of wheat in France, in the month of November, was 14f. 50c. per hectolitre, or 95 cents the bushel,—or rather less than half the price of 1846-47, and fully 25 per cent. below the average price of ordinary years. The consequence is, a great cry of agricultural distress in France as in England.

The following statistical table shows the average price of wheat in France per hectolitre, for each year of the first half of the 19th century, just concluded:

Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.	Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.	Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.	Year.	Ave. price per hec. Fr. C.
1800	21.50	1813	22.58	1826	14.81	1839	22.49
1801	24.39	1814	17.50	1827	18.31	1840	21.98
1802	24.16	1815	19.53	1828	22.03	1841	18.34
1803	18.81	1816	28.31	1829	22.59	1842	19.65
1804	20.18	1817	36.16	1830	21.17	1843	20.17
1805	20.19	1818	24.65	1831	22.09	1844	19.04
1806	20.18	1819	18.42	1832	22.33	1845	18.93
1807	18.60	1820	19.13	1833	16.34	1846	23.86
1808	16.67	1821	17.80	1834	14.72	1847	29.38
1809	15.18	1822	15.89	1835	14.80	1848	16.36
1810	19.61	1823	17.52	1836	16.37	1849	15.25
1811	26.13	1824	16.52	1837	17.47	1850	14.26
1812	34.34	1825	15.74	1838	19.31	1851..Jan.	13.78

The average for 1850 (14f. 26c. the hectolitre) is equal in our measure to 94 cents per bushel,—the hectolitre being equivalent to 2.838 bushels. This is the lowest price since the opening of the present century. The highest yearly average was in 1817, being 36f. 16c. per hectolitre, ($2 38⅛ per bushel.) The general average for the fifty years ending with December last, is 20f. 20c. per hectolitre, ($1 33⅛ per bushel.)

We have before us at this moment, an official paper in the *Moniteur*, in the form of a report, dated the 8th of February, 1851, from General Randon, the French Minister of War, to the President of the Republic, relative to the re-establishment of a system discontinued some years ago, for the purchase, by the State, of all the corn consumed by the army. The object of the report is to point out, that in consequence of the present most unusual cheapness of corn in France, a large supply can be bought on decidedly advantageous terms; and that, to some extent, at least, the absorption of so considerable a quantity of corn, from an overstocked market, will be a measure of relief to the agricultural interests of France, who complain loudly of the depreciation of their produce. The President of the Republic confirmed the recommendations of the report, and ordered that they should take effect from the 1st of April, 1851. The report says:—"According to the regulating table, recently published by the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, the general average price of the hectolitre of wheat, for the whole territory of France, which exceeded 14f. on 31st of December, 1850, had fallen to 13.78f. on the 31st January, 1851. Compared with the general averages of all the years which have elapsed since the price of corn has been officially ascertained, in pursuance of the law of 1797, the present price of 13.78 is the lowest of all, not even excepting the average of 1809, (14f. 86c.,) which was the lowest price of the last 53 years."

What has taken place in France has, to a greater or less degree, happened in every country in Europe. The harvests of 1847, 1848, and 1849, have generally been abundant, and the extreme prices of 1846 and 1847, have everywhere led to extraordinary efforts and extended cultivation. The government of the Netherlands has under discussion a project for modifying the corn laws. And although nowhere is there a pretext for saying that prices have been interfered with by acts of legislation, (unless it be in Belgium,) yet everywhere they are now much below the general average of ordinary years. And the consequence is, a general disposition to ship towards England, where the market appears to be the most available. The French corn laws divide the country into four classes. The 1st class, is the middle of France; the 2d class, is the south and south-east; the 3d class, the east, the north, and part of the west; and the 4th, the north, east, and part of the west. The protection which each

class enjoys, is in the order in which they are enumerated; and, according to the usual absurdity of the protective principle, viz., where the soil is of a nature to make wheat cost the most to raise it, the laws make it cost the most to buy it, and the sections where there is a natural abundance are surrounded by laws to deprive them of markets. The result is, unnatural depression in one locality, and unnatural dearness in others. There was a law enacted in 1820, but repeatedly modified since, which permits the import into France of foreign wheat, free of duty, on the execution of a bond to re-export, in a given period, an equivalent quantity of flour. This applies, however, to each district only; foreign wheat cannot be imported into one class or district, on condition of the export of an equivalent of flour from another district. Nevertheless, the French millers are in skill superior to the English, and, perhaps, to the American. That is to say, from the same quality of wheat the French miller will get a superior quality of flour, and that superiority of quality causes it to take the place of American flour in the English markets, although the American flour is superior to the English. The English millers are, in fact, the largest purchasers of both French and American flour, for the purpose of mixing it with their own, to give it a better appearance. They are now about forming a "Corn-Millers' League," the object of which is to protect themselves in the manufacture of bad flour, against the competition of the better qualities from France and the United States. Instead of seeking to improve their own production, they wish to compel the British people to forego the better qualities that they import at a low rate. It is stated that one cause of the better quality of the French wheat is the use of *silk sieves*, by which they produce a small quantity of very fine flour, but which, it is alleged, is not of sufficient strength to make bread of itself. Another cause is, that they substitute cylinders for stones, and thereby more completely crush the grain. It is a known fact, that red wheat, of a quality which the English millers will not buy, will, in the hands of a French miller, become flour which the English miller will buy to improve his own, made from the best wheat. Much as the English have been in the habit of boasting of their mechanical skill, they are behind the people of the continent, and very far, indeed, behind those of the United States. The English raw materials are, on the other hand, better than those of the continent, and some curious facts present themselves in respect of this matter. Up to the year 1828, the export of the long English combing wools, and also machinery, was prohibited. In that year the disabilities were removed, and as soon as the French got free possession of the English wool, they made better cloths; and the English manufacturers have now imported Belgian machines in order to equal French cloths. English millers are now importing French mills, that they may, with better means, approach the qualities of French flour. The United States can, however, in a series of years, supply a larger amount of flour on better terms, than can France, influenced, as she is, by the continually increased demand for better food in proportion to its supply. While, in the United States, the production of food increases in a greater ratio by reason of the continued increase of the breadth of land under cultivation, the numbers of the cultivators, by immigration and otherwise, and through the multiplication of means of internal communication,—in England, the production of food reached, probably, some years since, its maximum. That is to say, scientific knowledge may indefinitely extend the capacity of the earth to produce, as it already has raised in England the acreable

product of wheat from 24 to 32 bushels, during the present century; but the cost of that high culture exceeds the cost of the natural production in other countries, together with the transportation to England. Under the operation of free trade in corn, although the people of England have consumed a much larger quantity of imported grain, the English production has not been diminished; because, with good farming, the present yield per acre can be maintained in England, at a cost equal to the cost of imported grain in ordinary years. The following table will show the weekly importation into the leading ports of England and Scotland, together with the weekly sales of British wheat at the 250 market towns which govern the official averages, and the level of those averages, from Jan. 1, 1850, to the latest dates:

1850.	Wheat imported.	Wheat sold.	Average Price Per quarter 1849.	1850.
Jan. 4	31,709	97,913	47.09	39.05
" 11	47,518	100,864	47.00	39.06
" 18	31,973	112,603	46.05	39.10
" 25	35,261	102,951	46.05	40.00
Feb. 1	38,515	99,759	45.07	40.02
" 8	29,961	93,976	45.05	40.00
" 15	16,783	91,307	45.08	39.08
" 22	13,280	97,390	45.10	39.01
M'h 1	21,320	94,120	45.10	38.08
" 8	46,697	93,949	45.10	38.05
" 15	33,742	77,113	45.10	38.03
" 22	31,460	71,658	45.08	38.01
" 29	40,540	82,342	45.08	45.02
Ap'l 5	53,333	80,311	44.10	38.01
" 12	63,334	84,772	44.08	45.02
" 19	81,851	78,260	44.06	38.00
" 26	49,840	74,152	44.08	37.10
May 3	53,989	83,532	45.00	37.08
" 10	58,986	89,229	45.02	37.09
" 17	40,937	89,999	45.03	38.00
" 24	64,558	92,210	45.03	38.04
" 31	67,863	83,027	45.04	38 09
June 7	65,784	85,767	45.01	39.02
" 14	82,287	92,370	44.08	39.08
" 21	52,042	103,815	44.06	40.00
" 28	58,698	94,993	44.08	40.03

1850.	Wheat imported.	Wheat sold.	Average Price Per quarter. 1849.	1850.
July 5	88,463	83,100	45.01	40.04
" 12	73,817	80,613	45.08	40.06
" 19	64,789	81,900	46.04	40.11
" 26	134,850	67,827	47.02	41.06
Aug. 2	84.733	79,821	47.09	42.01
" 9	83,217	91,400	48.01	42.07
" 16	60,982	97,969	47.11	43.01
" 23	78,231	81,760	47.04	43.05
" 30	79,636	56,658	46.08	43.07
Sept. 6	59,335	68,943	45.11	43.07
" 13	56,298	85,704	45.11	43.05
" 20	90,962	103,849	44.02	43.02
" 27	87,230	112,124	43.10	42.11
Oct. 4	81,448	117,025	43.01	42.10
" 11	71,460	105,224	42.07	42.05
" 18	69.211	87,478	42.00	41.10
" 25	99,863	89,714	41.09	41.04
Nov. 1	121,369	96,153	41.08	40.11
" 8	107,194	90,128	41.05	40.07
" 15	55,677	82,560	41.01	40.02
" 22	52,809	95,088	40.11	40.00
" 29	83,145	102,974	40.09	40.01
Dec. 6	91,620	95,612	40.03	40.01
" 13	94,700	95,612	39.11	40.01
" 20	101,175	98,905	38.07	39.11
" 26	45,217	86.114	39.05	39.09

1851.	Imported.	Sold.	Price.
Jan. 4	99,306	76,039	39.05
" 11	75,967	73,472	39.01
" 18	60,732	79,383	38.09
" 25	60,800	90,912	38.05
Feb. 1	82,873	91,103	38.02
" 8	61,738	92,885	38.00
" 15	54,635	87,051	37.11
" 22	68,521	78,215	37.09

1851.	Imported.	Sold.	Price.
M'h 1	53,042	76,543	37.07
" 8	51,058	71,316	37.05
" 15	106,558	72,622	37.03
" 22	111,240	79,370	37.02
" 29	71,105	84,728	37.03
Ap'l 5	78,105	80,784	37.05
" 12	51,730	73,975	37.09
" 19	67,346	85,653	38.03
" 23	68,825	72,393	38.07

From this return, it appears that the sales for the year reached 4,727,942 qrs. of wheat, and the importation 3,381,092 qrs. The official import accounts for the whole kingdom give 3,754,593 qrs. for the year. The wheat sold, of course, by no means represents all the British wheat sold Throughout the year 1850, the averages ruled lower than for the corresponding weeks of the previous year. Since the commencement of the present year to April 12, the averages have been still less than last year, and the importation and sales have been as follows:

	1850.	1851.	Increase.	Decrease.
Importations	472,092	1,035,680	563,588	—
Sales	1,296,226	1,134,427	—	161,799
Total	1,768,318	2,170,107		

Although the price has been less than last year, under the large supplies of foreign grain, the sales of British wheat have not materially decreased. The averages, in the United States, in Great Britain and France, have been, for a series of years, as follows, for wheat, per bushel, in United States currency:

PRICE OF WHEAT PER BUSHEL.

	France.	Great Britain.	United States.
1841	$1 20	$2 03	$1 02
1842	1 29	1 80	1 15
1843	1 32	1 57	90
1844	1 25	1 60	1 05
1845	1 24	1 58	96
1846	1 56	1 91	1 0
1847	1 96	2 20	1 17
1848	1 08	1 57	1 26
1849	1 01	1 53	1 08
1850	94	1 30	1 00

The price of wheat fluctuates less in the United States than elsewhere, and this may be ascribed to the fact, that the price indicated is that at which ample supplies could reach tide-water, and leave a remuneration to forwarders and farmers. Any advance beyond those rates, by reason of a foreign demand, would draw forth quantities that would not fail to restore the average price. In the last four years the means of internal communication have so multiplied as much to diminish the cost of transportation to market, and, as a consequence, to sink the average ruling price on the Atlantic border. That is to say, a price of $5 00 for flour in New-York, will now leave a larger profit to the western farmer, than $5 50 would have done a few years since. A foreign demand, which would suffice to sustain flour at $5 in New-York, would require to be equal to a very large, and constantly-increasing quantity, because the quantity which $5 would bring forward can scarcely be limited in the present state of internal transportation. In illustration of this fact, we have compiled from official documents the movement of flour and wheat, expressed in bushels of wheat, throughout the United States for ten years. 1st. The flour and wheat delivered at tide-water on the New-York canals, with the annual average price at Albany. 2d. The flour and wheat delivered at New-Orleans, with the average price in that city. 3d. The deliveries on the Pennsylvania canals. 4th. The deliveries from the Ohio canals, at Cleveland, Portsmouth, and Cincinnati. 5th. From the Wabash canal, at Toledo. 6th. The export from the United States to foreign countries, and the average export price.

UNITED STATES WHEAT MOVEMENT.

	Deliveries of Flour and Wheat in bushels at tide-water.	Price at Albany, per Barrels.	Deliveries of Flour at N. Orleans, in bushels.	On Pennsylvania Canals.	Ohio Wheat from Cleveland, Portsmouth, Cincinnati.	Toledo.	Total of the deliveries.	Exports from U. States.	Price.
1841	9,018,515	$5 62	2,480,970	549,380	4,805,327	——	16,854,192	8,447,670	$5 12
1842	8,806,122	$5 25	2,198,440	570,515	4,244,663	——	15,819,740	7,235,938	$5 75
1843	11,195,886	$4 56	2,605,875	562,120	4,486.114	——	18,849,995	4,518,918	$4 50
1844	12,373,069	$4 50	2,512,535	538,240	4,305,215	——	19,729,059	7,741,717	$5 25
1845	13,206,282	$5 57	2,666,560	500,270	2,484,249	987,621	20,344,982	6,365,866	$4 80
1846	18,267,641	$5 05	4,189,925	410,460	4,113,342	1,297,889	28,279,457	13,061,175	$5 16
1847	23,903,690	$6 75	8,088,355	782,072	8,045,128	1,545,820	42,365,065	26,312,431	$5 85
1848	18,772,609	$5 75	3,534.790	1,489,700	4,232,124	1,995,761	30,024,984	13,631,669	$6 30
1849	19,049,824	$5 00	5,065,885	563,635	3,435,212	1,426,963	29,541,519	12,631,599	$5 40
1850	19,950,789	$5 00	2,959,930	676,015	3,845,027	1,470,951	28,902,712	7,535,901	$5 00

There are many other important movements of wheat flour, such as from the slave states to Boston, inspections at Philadelphia, and the increasing distribution of wheat by the Erie Rail-Road from the West, in the district through which it runs, &c.; but the figures here given indicate the annual fluctuations, in quantity and price, and their causes. It is observable that the exports from the United States, following the rising demand abroad, rose to a quantity equal to 26,312,471 bush. of wheat in 1847; and that was the maximum, in addition to other articles of food, that the United States could supply. Not that there was no more wheat to spare, but that it was all that could be transported. To supply that quantity, every means of transportation, in every part of the country, was put in activity; and when the grain reached the seaports, the most inordinate rates of freight were charged across the Atlantic. The supply of shipping was not equal to a larger quantity; but those high rates of freight stimulated construction, and the rates of freight and tonnage, built in the United States, are as follows:

RATES OF FREIGHT TO LIVERPOOL, AND TONNAGE BUILT IN THE UNITED STATES.

	Cotton, per lb. d.	Flour, per bbl. s. d.	Quarter bush. s. d.	Tons built in U. S.
1845	4-16	1 6	0 4	146,018
1846	7-16	3 0	0 8	188,203
1847	14.16	9 0	2 6	243,732
1848	3-16	3 0	0 9	318,055
1849	5-32	1 6	0 5	256,577
1850	5-32	1 6	0 4½	272,218

In 1847, the freight on grain to Liverpool was 50 cents per bushel, and $2 25 per bbl. of flour. The consequehce was, that double the tonnage was built in 1848 that had been constructed in 1845. Throughout the interior, canal-boats and rail-roads have multiplied in an equal ratio; and the means of delivering produce have thus multiplied, in a manner which suffices for any expansion of the export trade of the country.

A marked and gratifying effect of the operation of the foreign trade, in carrying out of the country the surplus production, is the greater industrial prosperity which results, stimulating the internal consumption of food. It is observable in the above table that the deliveries of Ohio wheat in 1847, the year of high prices, were double what they were in 1841; and they have since fallen back to about the former level, notwithstanding that the production in Ohio has vastly increased. The following table shows the production of wheat in six counties on the line of the Ohio canal in 1850, compared with 1840, per United States census:

	1840.	1850.	Increase.
Wayne County	753,262	1,494,000	740,738
Stark County	753,027	1,500,000	746,973
Richland County	506,685	1,000,000	493,315
Harrison County	364,069	1,000,000	635,931
Carroll County	253,428	500,000	246,572
Coshocton County	319,755	650,000	330,245
Total	2,950,226	6,144,000	3,193,774

This presents a great increase of production; but the surplus, as represented by the canal movement, has not been greater than in 1841, as may be seen by the following table of the deliveries of flour upon the Ohio

canal, at different points, for several seasons, and the corresponding receipts at the two outlets, Cleveland and Portsmouth:

DELIVERIES OF FLOUR ON THE OHIO CANAL.

	1841.	1842.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
Akron	142,802	142,848	149,821	144,962	231,221	115,894	149,507	123,497
Massillon	29,757	41,783	25,086	28,381	58,669	37,540	42,758	43,393
Dover	25,309	39,352	40,078	57,848	72,448	40,198	35,616	38,724
Roscoe	144,582	147,927	29,692	29,552	68,607	61,652	66,808	70,729
Dresden	—	—	59,751	67,356	132,978	93,967	61,914	61,923
Newark	47,687	38,766	18,701	8,378	32,157	5,412	5,781	10,025
Carroll	—	—	14,642	9,763	34,483	23,289	21,110	18,864
Columbus	4,143	11,741	7,232	942	2,809	636	336	405
Circleville	26,762	28,257	15,056	17,467	27,708	17,176	7,488	13,685
Chilicothe	55,663	41,811	35,988	25,680	49,871	26,042	22,579	21,238
Total cleared	476,705	492,485	396,047	390,329	710,966	432,106	413,897	412,483
Rec'd at Cleveland	441,425	492,711	378,182	342,210	656,999	413,437	375,680	367,737
Rec'd at Portsmouth	62,441	18,688	29,716	38,742	71,047	21,481	29,688	32,613
Total	503,866	511,399	407,898	380,952	728,046	434,918	404,768	400.350

In and up to the year 1840, about one-half of the whole wheat crop was produced in the southern portion of the state. In the last three years, however, scarcely one-third the crop has been raised in that section. The produce of the Ohio crops affects but in a small degree the value of her surplus produce. She is a competitor in the Atlantic markets with several other states, whose surplus is so large, that were one of the number entirely withheld from market, the money value of the remainder would scarcely be enhanced. The value of the Ohio crops is regulated by their money value in the markets of consumption, and governed, to a very considerable extent, by the foreign demand.

The high prices of 1847, it will be observed, double the deliveries on the canal, the greater proportion seeking the lake route to market. T prices of that year have brought out such quantities from other states as caused a subsidence of prices. The deliveries at Toledo consist, to a considerable extent, of Indiana and Michigan Wheat, as well as of Ohio, and the productions of the two states had been as follows:

WHEAT PRODUCTION PER UNITED STATES CENSUS.

	1840.	1850.	Increase.
Indiana	4,049,375	6,457,965	2,408,590
Michigan	2,157,108	8,803,361	6,646,253
Total, two states	6,206,483	15,261,326	9,054,843

Thus, with the six Ohio counties there is an increase of 12,000,000 bushels wheat, in those regions, over 1840, while the national export is not greater. The deliveries at tide-water in 1850, over 1840, were nearly twelve million bushels, which represents a part of the increased consumption of western wheat in the Atlantic states.

The leading free-trade principle is, that in an agricultural country like ours, the more extended the markets and the greater the facilities for reaching them, the more prosperous will be the producers, and, as a necessary consequence, the greater will be the extent of their purchases of manufactured articles. The more active the market for goods becomes by this means, the more will manufactures flourish. In that case, the more rapidly

will the material for prosperous manufacture be discovered and applied, and the scene of manufacture will approach the market for the wares. This is the operation which has been going on during the last four years. The large majority of people who settle our western states have but little capital or manufacturing skill. They have industry and land, and the material modifications which took place between England and the United States in the restrictions upon international intercourse, permitted the produce of that joint effort of industry and land to find a more profitable market: as a necessary consequence, the coal and iron in Ohio found a more rapid sale. The four outlets from the interior of Ohio are, Portsmouth on the Ohio River, and Cleveland on the lake, the termini of the Ohio canal and Cincinnati on the river, and Toledo on the lake, the termini of the Miami canal. The quantity of iron *cleared* for the interior, on the canals at all these points for a series of years, with the tons of coal arrived at Cleveland, via the Ohio canal, for the corresponding years, were as follows :—

POUNDS OF IRON ON THE OHIO CANALS, AND TONS OF COAL ON THE OHIO CANALS.

	Pounds Iron cleared on Ohio Canals.	Tons of Coal.		Pounds Iron cleared on Ohio Canals.	Tons of Coal.
1842	10,153,652	37,826	1847	15,674,326	101,423
1843	10,363,223	33,685	1848	22,424,277	165,962
1844	9,597,340	46,771	1849	28,449,934	162,417
1845	11,049,652	64,326	1850	44,328,431	188,856
1846	14,569,755	62,799			

The consumption of iron in Ohio has quadrupled since 1845—that is to say, from 1842 to 1847. Under the operation of the tariff of 1842, which was to promote the iron interest, the increased receipts of iron were only 3,400,000 lbs.; for 1846, under the "destructive tariff," the increase has been 30,000,000 lbs., or ten times as much as in the previous four years. The clearances of coal on the Ohio canals, for several years, have been as follows:—

BUSHELS OF COAL CLEARED ON THE OHIO CANALS.

	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
Akron	873,212	854,824	1,207,710	1,837,377	1,739,819	2,298,822
Massillon	13,812	5,596	1,300	117,667	175,055	148,990
Dover	49,632	38,195	45,080	185,020	114,032	107,498
Roscoe	27,070	66,175	86,874	162,327	175,994	163,914
Newark	54,845	41,191	64,870	117,133	177,605	205,072
Carroll	210,842	203,279	395,690	570,062	541,470	496,370
Portsm'th	21,174	22,296	28,902	30,156	30,191	37,649
Total	1,050,987	1,032,056	1,829,830	3,019,632	2,954,156	3,450,165
Arrived at Clevel'd.	878,785	850,931	1,212,887	1,959,210	1,827,040	2,347,481

To talk of a coal duty is simply ridiculous, as is apparent in the following figures :—

	1846.	1850.	Increase.	Decrease.
Mined in Pennsylvania, tons	2,185,785	3,280,000	1,094,215	—
Mined in Ohio, tons	62,799	188,856	126,057	—
Total tons	2,248,584	3,468,856	1,220,272	—
United States net import, tons	145,128	135,219		9,909

The deliveries in Ohio exceed by 50,000 tons the whole import into the United States, and this is doubtless the case in Virginia also. But Ohio coal is bituminous, and is more directly in competition with the foreign than the Pennsylvania anthracite. In order to show the progress of iron

manufactures in the interior of Ohio, we may take the weight of pig and scrap alone, cleared at the four points;—

PIG AND SCRAP IRON CLEARED ON THE OHIO CANALS.

	Cleveland.	Portsmouth.	Cincinnati.	Toledo.	Total lbs.
1841	9,000	4,348,834	400,201	Not opened.	4,758,035
1842	27,200	3,499,781	386,568	do.	3,913,549
1843	13,517	5,169,056	419,427	44,000	5,646,000
1844	36,085	3,849,022	817,643	57,948	4,760,698
1845	124,879	4,642,308	864,260	24,000	5,675,447
1846	419,436	6,155,719	1,373,524	79,000	8,027,679
1847	244,460	5,745,249	1,880,443	39,000	7,909,152
1848	411,555	9,209,562	1,659,134	172,057	11,452,308
1849	1,065,206	10,056,383	2,677,980	22,026	13,821,595
1850	1,314,984	11,262,740	3,500,303	101,200	16,179,227

The deliveries at Toledo are, to some extent, for Indiana; and as that is, comparatively, a new route, the deliveries of raw iron do not increase so fast as the delivery of castings. At each and all the points, the increased demand for iron of all kinds is immense, following the principle which we have stated, viz: that the demand for all wrought articles follows in the wake of agricultural prosperity. If there are iron-masters in Pennsylvania who have not made so much money as they hoped to do, it is not because the market is overstocked with foreign iron by reason of a low duty, but because the multiplication of furnaces over-supplies even the rapid growth of consumption manifest in the above table.

The demand for iron and coal in Ohio is common to the other western states; and the causes of that demand, being deep-seated and general, affect almost all other necessary articles, and give evidence of a degree of prosperity far superior to that which characterized any former period. The quantities of produce which will leave the western states, descending towards New-Orleans, and coming east over the Pennsylvania and New-York canals and the Erie rail-road—all of which are now in operation to the lakes—will be very large, and will suffice to make good the payments for eastern and imported goods consumed, large as have been the amounts.

The amount of merchandise sent into the interior, via the canals at these five points, with the average bank-loans in each year, has been as follows:—

POUNDS OF MERCHANDISE SHIPPED ON THE OHIO CANALS, WITH THE AGGREGATE LOANS OF THE OHIO BANKS.

	Cleveland.	Portsmouth.	Cincinnati.	Toledo.	Harmer.	Total.	Bank Loans.
1833	9,896,440	—	—	—	—	—	—
1834	10,127,613	—	—	—	—	—	—
1835	14,839,950	5,868,605	—	—	—	—	10,071,250
1836	13,384,959	7,220,003	—	—	—	—	17,079,714
1837	10,757,386	3,487,271	—	—	—	—	18,175,699
1838	18,875,286	3,763,393	—	—	—	—	19,505,662
1839	19,125,282	7,085,735	8,664,640	—	—	34,876,657	16,520,360
1840	10,783,514	6,747,565	5,566,282	—	—	23,097,361	13,414,087
1841	15,164,747	5,773,929	4,359,433	—	117,148	25,415,257	9,818,128
1842	10,091,803	5,111,112	2,842,861	81,033	629,773	18,756,582	6,937,980
1843	13,250,758	5,886,587	3,651,293	3,916,899	2,274,873	28,980,410	4,019,163
1844	11,552,460	5,176,823	4,112,291	4,599,801	3,415,647	28,857,222	2,845,345
1845	10,801,868	5,897,918	4,388,873	9,818,737	3,190,767	34,098,163	4,230,186
1846	8,243,412	2,795,682	9,438,548	8,947,092	1,746,391	31,171,125	7,791,789
1847	10,771,407	2,754,243	4,738,691	11,670,754	2,110,563	32,045,658	10,936,661
1848	10,728,742	3,247,849	1,164,096	10,890,414	2,507,047	28,538,152	12,452,665
1849	10,395,235	3,023,522	4,001,447	10,843,045	3,580,611	31,743,860	14,912,665
1850	9,711,472	2,847,526	5,458,627	12,882,736	3,665,795	34,563,156	18,046,755

The shipments at Toledo are, of course, to a considerable extent, destined for Indiana; but it is also the case that merchandise reaches the interior of Ohio by that route, rather than through Cincinnati, as formerly. It seems that both Cleveland and Portsmouth have declined in respect of transport of merchandise, while Cincinnati and Toledo, as well as Harmer, have increased. This is probably owing to the greater influence of railroads upon the region of the Ohio canal, and also to the increase of manufactures, consequent upon the more extended sale of its produce in 1847. It is, however, the case, that the spirit of speculation which has begun to develop itself throughout the country, is, at this moment, under the spur of the banking mania, more marked at Cincinnati than elsewhere.

It will be observed, that the table of bank loans in Ohio shows a very marked progress from the lowest point which they reached in 1842, and the merchandise sent into the interior follows the influence of the institutions. The imports into the United States have also been very large in the last few years, more particularly in the first quarter of the present; and this last period may very properly be regarded as not only the turning point for agricultural prices in the west of Europe, but also of manufactured goods, resulting from the influence of the revolutions of 1848. In that year there was a universal disposition to get rid of goods and to stop production; that was the first impulse of the pendulum, and in the following year great activity manifested the opposite oscillation. Continental goods had been pushed into every region of navigable seas at low rates, and the stocks thus put off in a year of inactivity left a scanty supply when political quiet allowed of a renewal of trade; and in 1849–'50 the production has been so great as to glut the markets of the world with both British and French goods, and none in a greater degree than in those of the U. States. The losses sustained have been very great, and once more, diminished production marks the opposite oscillation. The surplus goods of Europe have been poured upon us under a so-called low tariff in unprecedented abundance, and the reaction has taken place without having in any degree produced financial distress. The steady currency of the country under the admirable independent treasury system, has carried it safely through the dangerous crisis consequent upon the over-production of goods attending the reaction of the European revolutions, and our market for the export of breadstuffs has been maintained in the face of the low prices consequent upon the reaction of the famine prices. The exports of breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain have been, from September 1 to May 1, in four years, as follows:

	Corn, bushels.	Meal, barrels.	Wheat, bushel,	Flour, bbls.
1848	2,056,053	83,471	215,139	155,224
1849	6,751,514	61,034	956,419	726,979
1850	3,711,007	5,702	430,329	288,867
1851	1,071,736	4,277	882,176	957,672

It will be observed, that although the prices in England this year have been lower, yet the quantities sent thither have very much increased. That is to say, the English average price of wheat has been since January this year, 37s. 10d., last year it was 39s., or 1s. 10d. higher, yet the United States sent thither 5,500,000 bushels wheat, against only 1,800,000 last year at the higher prices. If, now, with ample means of transportation, the prices in Western Europe had been at their *minimum*, the future promises very large markets for the produce of our farmers.

SIDNEY.*

It must strike the mind of every intelligent man who has occasion, not so much to study history, as to seek for particular facts among the time-honored materials out of which history is constructed, that the narratives, which usually pass for "full and authentic histories," are really very incomplete and very unreliable. The historian comes to his task with a mind prepared for it, according to the circumstances in which it has received its culture. The natural soundness of its judgment, the clearness of its perceptions, the degree of its political sagacity, the extent to which principles have been developed at the period at which he writes, together with numerous other contingencies, conspire to give, in his eyes, to facts and events, a degree of value far above or far below their historical importance. From the conquest to the present moment, the science of government, among the Anglo-Saxon race, has been one of progress. There has been, in the lapse of a thousand years, no time in which the movement was not onward. It was doubtless, very slow up to the period of the revolution; but the deep-seated and indomitable republicanism which then manifested itself among a people of feudal descent, was not the growth of a moment. It was not called into being by the ship-tax any more than it was extinguished by the stamp-act. The Parliamentary records for hundreds of preceding years, afford glimpses of the working of the popular mind and the germination of democratic sentiments, the existence and tendency of which are unnoticed, even in the most liberal of historians. These writers, clinging to the divine right and the royal prerogative, could recognize in a democratic sentiment, wherever manifested, not the unmistakable evidence of the onward march of the popular mind, which was ultimately to acknowledge universal equality in the race, but only the transient discontent at a monarchical system, the permanence of which they did not doubt.

It is for these reasons mainly that the popular so-called historians afford such meagre information in relation to the progress of those sentiments, which were finally manifested and fully matured in the minds of the great Republicans of the Long Parliament. The circumstances of that eventful period threw upon our shores that race of men, whose stout principles and indomitable tempers fitted them to lay the foundation of this vast empire. Those free principles, which had become so wide-spread and deep-seated in the public mind, were by those sturdy men made to triumph. A monarchy which had stood for eight centuries was overthrown, to give place to a temporary republic—a king once absolute was brought to the block by solemn judgment of the people; and yet the great and remarkable men who wrought out these stupendous deeds were regarded by historians, not as the efficient instruments of the great national mind in its onward progress, but as fanatics, imbeciles and rebels, who succeeded in disturbing for a moment the natural state of things, but who had passed away for ever. They were, therefore, misrepresented, abused and denounced, as a

* Life of Algernon Sidney; with Sketches of some of his Contemporaries, and Extracts from his Correspondence and Political Writings. By G. Van Santvoord. Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau-street, New York.

warning to all future traitors. Our glorious institutions, of which they were the founders, are, however, the enduring monuments of their merits, and the era of their triumph is at hand. It is only within the last fifty years that events have in Europe taken a course so decidedly in favor of free principles, carrying conviction to reluctant bosoms abroad that our republican experiment is successful, as to compel a right understanding of the men and events of 1640. The time has come, therefore, to do justice to those eminent men who were the exponents of English republicanism in the seventeenth century, the point of departure for our own nationality. Individual biography is the true mode by which to elucidate the principles which actuated not only the man, but the party with which he acted. It is in this view that we have read with great pleasure the work of which the title is affixed at the head of this article. As far as we recollect, it is the first attempt by an American pen to draw out from the obscurity of aristocratic prejudices the true merits of the great popular leaders among our ancestors. Mr. Van Santvoord is eminently fitted for the task, being a gentleman of extensive attainments, a lawyer of profound proficient abilities, an American with his whole heart enthusiastically devoted to the true principles of self-government, an assiduous student of the nature, origin and history of its principles, and a zealous promoter of their practical application in the most diversified workings of our state and federal governments. Profoundly imbued with these sentiments, he seems to have detected their existence in the most remote records of our ancestral government, and to have pursued them through all the manifestations of individual action, perfectly regardless of persons or parties who harbored them. As the gold-seeker of the Sierra Nevada occasionally finds a rich deposit of the true metal in places more or less conspicuous, so in the prominent men of the Long Parliament Mr. Van Santvoord finds a greater or less degree of unwavering faith in the popular cause; and in none of them did the fire of patriotism glow with a brighter or purer flame than in Algernon Sidney, whose career he has sketched with great clearness, vigor and truth.

That great man, like Penn, and many other republicans of irreproachable character, has labored under aspersions cast upon him by ignorance or malice, and reiterated and prolonged by the sinister misrepresentations of partisan historians. Mr. Macaulay thought proper, in his so-called History of England, to copy from the Mackintosh papers certain slanders upon the character of Penn, of a nature so gross, so improbable in themselves, and so fully capable of refutation, as has been done incontrovertibly in a very short space in the able Life of Penn, by W. H. Dixon,* as to leave room for suspicion of design. The charge that William Penn was the agent for the "Maids of Honor," in extorting money from the girls of Taunton for the demonstration in favor of the Duke of Monmouth, rests solely on a letter brought to light by Sir James Mackintosh addressed to a Mr. Penne, as the *intended* broker in the matter. This letter Mackintosh assumed, and Macaulay followed the assumption, to be addressed to William Penn, the then governor of Pennsylvania, and personal friend of the king. Mr. Dixon shows conclusively that it was addressed to George Penne, a known "pardon-broker," and the applicant for a gambling license in the colonies. But even that Penne did not accept the Taunton business, which fell into the hands of another pardon-broker. On this slender foundation Mr. Macaulay

* William Penn: An historical biography, from new sources, with a chapter on the Macaulay charges. By William Hepworth Dixon. Blanchard & Lea.

thought proper to risk his reputation as a historian, to traduce a great man, to scandalize a religious sect, and to cast a stigma upon humanity in general. Of the calumnies against Sidney, stated by Hume and reiterated by Macaulay, the chief is the charge of taking money from the Court of France to betray his country, and of having, when in exile, solicited the pardon of the king, and then of abusing it by engaging in treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Monmouth; and with these Mr. Van Santvoord deals as successfully as does Mr. Dixon, with the aspersions upon the character of Penn. In relation to the charge of abusing a pardon, Mr. Van Santvoord shows, we think, very conclusively, that no pardon ever existed at all; that Sidney, after seventeen years of exile, in all of which, according to concurrent authorities, he maintained the most inflexible adherence to the principles of the revolution; he returned to England with the king's passport, solely to visit his dying parent, who survived his arrival but a few weeks, and relying solely on the king's word that he should not be molested. Many precedents show that the king's word, under similar circumstances, was utterly valueless. Reliance on it had cost Vane his head, and on the first pretext the same confidence was fatal to Sidney. He had lived abroad in great poverty, and his avowed intention was, as soon as he received the legacy of his father, to return to the continent and spend the remainder of his days. His brother, Lord Lisle, however, attempted to defraud him of his portion, and the result was a chancery suit, which, although finally decided in favor of Sidney, detained him in England some years; in the course of which the enterprise of the Duke of Monmouth afforded the pretext for taking the life of Sidney. In all this time Charles II. and his leading men were the direct pensioners of the King of France, Louis XIV., whose agent for paying his English pensioners, was Barillon, a person who went to England very poor, but returned very rich. The special business of this individual was to bribe influential persons, including the king, members of Parliament and others, to favor the French policy, with sums of money, which he paid them. At this moment Sidney, who, during his exile, had become personally known to the French King as a most incorruptible man and unwavering patriot, was in London the object of suspicion and persecution to the government, with scarcely sufficient influence to keep his own person in safety, and without any ability to favor any cause, even had he chosen to do so. Yet, subsequently, in the work of Sir John Dalrymple, a paper is appended, which purports to be a copy of Barillon's despatch to his own government with the names of those to whom he paid money, and the several amounts. Among these figure Sidney's, for two sums of 500 guineas each. We quote Mr. Van Santvoord's view of this matter:

"The malice of his enemies has left upon Sidney's memory but this one dishonorable charge—the charge of being a pensioner of France—which, dying with Shaftesbury in 1682, was nearly a century afterwards revived. Sir John Dalrymple, in his 'Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland,' which appeared in 1773, has published certain papers, obtained from the public archives in France, tending to show that Sidney actually received the money from Louis XIV. for the purpose of furthering the designs of that monarch in England, and of preventing the war against France. It will be proper here briefly to examine the origin and ground of this serious accusation.

"The papers published by Dalrymple, purport to be extracts from the despatches of Barillon, the ambassador of Louis in England, from which it appears that Barillon had carried on his intrigues with Lords Russell and Hollis,

the Duke of Buckingham, Hampden, Sidney, and others of the opposition, all of whom, except Russell and Hollis, had received *presents*, either from Barillon himself, or his agents. It appears from the papers, that Sidney, on two occasions, had taken sums of five hundred guineas each. Thus authenticated, the charge has been credited by other and subsequent writers, among whom we regret to find Mr. Macauley, who, while he recognizes the claim of Sidney 'to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot,' sees no reason to discredit the evidence on which he stands accused. Mr. Macauley, in speaking of these *pensioners*, says—'It would be unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes to injure their country. On the contrary, they meant to serve her; but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and indelicate enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her;' and, on the authority of Sir John Dalrymple's disclosures alone, he thinks that even the virtue and pride of Algernon Sidney were not proof against the temptation.

"It is impossible to dissent from an authority so eminent and so liberal as this accomplished author, without distrusting the correctness of our own conclusions. But in this case, the charge is one so repugnant to every idea we have been able to form of the character of Sidney, so utterly at variance with the whole tenor of his life, so inconsistent with every sentiment to be found in his written discourses, or his private correspondence, that it seems, notwithstanding Mr. Macauley's indorsement, to bear its own refutation on its face. The source of his authority—the one isolated, naked relation contained in the despatch of Barillon, as published by Dalrymple—is as open to our own investigation as to his, and, upon an examination of it, the inference seems irresistible that the evidence is entirely insufficient to fasten such an unworthy suspicion upon such a man as Sidney. It may be mentioned that, besides other writers of less note, one of the most eminent of living British statesmen, Lord John Russell, on a full examination of the charge, pronounces it a calumny. In the life of his noble ancestor, Lord William Russell, the co-patriot and fellow martyr with Sidney, he carefully investigates, and conclusively refutes, the dishonorable accusation. His opinion on this subject is briefly summed up in the following passage: 'No one of common sense, I imagine, can believe that he took the money for himself. His character is one of heroic pride and generosity. His declining to sit in judgment on the king; his extolling the sentence when Charles II. was restored; his shooting a horse, for which Louis XIV. offered him a large sum, that he might not submit to the will of a despot, are all traits of a spirit as noble as it is uncommon. With a soul above meanness, a station above poverty, and a temper of philosophy above covetousness, what man will be envious enough to think that he was a pensioner of France?'

"The accuracy of the copies of these despatches, published by Dalrymple, has been doubted.* Admitting, however, for the sake of the argument, their genuineness, they seem to bear upon their face, in connection with the known circumstances under which they were written, evidence of their falsehood. Barillon was undoubtedly deceived himself, or he wilfully deceived his sovereign; the latter supposition being the most probable. No doubt there were some members of Parliament, as well as Charles himself, who received French

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* Of Sir John Dalrymple's book, Lord Russell says: "At first one is inclined to believe that his taste for bombast led to numerous errors; but when it appears, as I think it does, in the following pages, that there is not a single member of the whig party, of any note, whom he has not traduced by false allegations, it is difficult to acquit him of intentional misrepresentation."

It should be mentioned that the accuracy of Dalrymple's copies, which he took in France, rests solely upon his own evidence. Lord Russell, while engaged in collecting the materials for his work, was very naturally desirous of inspecting personally these records, and for that purpose made an application to the French government, through its minister in London, the Count de Caraman. The request was, however, refused, the ambassador assuring him that it was entirely contrary to the regulations of the office, and citing him a precedent to that effect.

gold,—and Barillon was Louis's disbursing agent. He came over to England in not very affluent circumstances, and returned, after the Revolution, loaded with riches. The diplomatic agents of the French king were permitted, if not authorized, to pay themselves out of the money entrusted to their care. That all the money, of which Barillon pretended to give an account to his master, actually passed out of his hands, is not at all probable, judging from his sudden acquisition of wealth, as well as from his known character for intrigue and double-dealing. He doubtless deceived Louis, and put the money into his own pocket;* and the question is, therefore, which supposition is the most rational, the venality of Barillon or the corruption of Sidney? Certainly the ambassador has nothing the advantage on the score of character.

"It is to be observed, too, that at the period of the alleged receipt of these presents from Barillon, Sidney had been but a short time in England, was under the ban of the government, entirely devoid of political influence of any kind, and was really not worth the purchasing, particularly by so shrewd a bargainer as Barillon; yet his was exactly the name for that wily ambassador to use in his dispatches to Louis to cover up his peculations. The French king had known Sidney, and was well acquainted with his determination and energy of character, during his long residence in France; and Barillon could well conceive that his master would sanction this part of his accounts, for money expended in gaining over such a man, especially when accompanied with the falsehood that Sidney was really a man of political influence, and that he had been of 'great service to him on many occasions.' The ambassador seems very willing indeed to disburse a larger amount of money on that account; and he intimates to Louis, that by '*a little more being given*,' he believed that Sidney might be easily gained over to his majesty's service. We think these dispatches carry their own refutation with them, and that the mean imputation they cast upon the character of Sidney, sustained, as it is, only on Barillon's *secret* communication to the French court, is undeserving a notice in history. It should be added, too, that the whole amount of this secret service money, claimed to have been disbursed by Barillon, was only sixteen thousand pounds in three years, and that the recipients were twenty or more, among whom were the Duke of Buckingham, and other members of Parliament of the greatest influence, who certainly, one would think, were not to be purchased for a song.† It does not seem very probable that the shrewd Frenchman would actually have wasted a thousand guineas on the proscribed Sidney, when members of Parliament and votes were to be had, as he pretends, at a less price.

"That Sidney entertained a contempt for the character and pretensions of Barillon, and that any intercourse he may have had with him, so far from being of a confidential nature, was merely tolerated, and not courted, is evident from Sidney's correspondence of that period with Saville, the English Ambas-

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* Lord Russell inclines to the other opinion. Although he more than doubts the integrity of Barillon, yet from the fact that the money was not personally disbursed by him, but was made to pass through the hands of a few corrupt tools of the minister, he arrives at the conclusion that Barillon was imposed upon. "It seems most probable, upon the whole," he says, "that Barillon was persuaded he was buying the first speakers in Parliament, and ruling the decisions of the House of Commons, whilst, in fact, he was only paying a few skillful intriguers."

† Lord John Russell on this point very justly observes: "It is remarkable that, of the twenty persons mentioned in Barillon's last and longest list, not above half were in Parliament, and almost all of these were leaders. Now, if any one or two obtained money from Barillon for persons to whom they did not distribute it, or if Barillon himself embezzled the money, the names which would naturally appear in his list would be those of the speakers of the greatest reputation. But if the transactions were real, it is much more probable that he should have been able to buy the lower and more obscure members of Parliament, than those whose fame stood highest for ability and integrity.—*Life of Lord William Russell*, vol. i., p. 199.

sador in Paris. In a letter, under date of July 10th, 1679,* he contemptuously mentions the French minister:

"'You know Monsieur de Barillon governs us, if he be not mistaken; but he seems to be not so much pleased with that, as to find his *embonpoint* increased by the moistness of our air, by frequently clapping his hands upon his thighs, showing the delight he hath in the sharpness of the sound that testifies the plumpness and hardness of his flesh; and certainly, if this climate did not nourish him better than any other, the hairs of his nose and nails of his fingers could not grow so fast as to furnish enough of the one to pull out, and of the other to cut off, in all companies; which being done, he pricks his ears with as good a grace as my Lord La!'"

There needs to be added nothing to these remarks to render the vindication of Sidney's character more complete, or more fully to convict historians of at least a willingness to have the aspersions to which they gave currency, believed. Although the murder of Sidney in 1683 was in 1698 declared by Parliament an unjust conviction and wrongful execution, and the political principles to which he adhered through life, and which he gave to the world in his "Discourses Concerning Government," were embodied in their declaration against James, the character of that eminent statesman has for more than a century and a half suffered under the aspersion of being the paid tool of a French despot. The work of Mr. Van Santvoord closes with an able review—with copious extracts from the "Discourses Concerning Government," which contain very many of the ideas, that, coming to be recognized as fundamental political truths, were a century afterwards embodied in the "Declaration of Independence." It is remarkable, that the two most important declaratory documents adopted in England and America, may be said almost to be based upon two principles enunciated by Sidney. Thus when, in opposition to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, the necessity of non-resistance, and the crime of rebellion under any circumstances, which had been preached by the Anglican Church until it was matter of universal belief, the Parliament embodied in their solemn act deposing James, the allegation that he had endeavored "to subvert the constitution of the kingdom by breaking the *original contract* between king and people," and declared the throne vacant, they but adopted a conclusion of Sidney. When, nearly a century later, the outraged colonies would no longer submit to the encroachments of the home government, and declared that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," the argument of Sidney was again illustrated; and both documents, the one repudiating the tyrannical government of England altogether, and the other repudiating the tyrannical government of the Stuarts on behalf of the English people, were the legitimate consequences of the teachings of the immortal statesman, who laid his head upon the scaffold rather than lay his republican principles at the feet of a tyrant.

* One of Barillon's charges of money against Sidney, is of the date of December 14th, 1679; the other of December 5th, 1680.

THE PARRICIDES OF THE REPUBLIC.

There has been, the twelve-month past, a very great and general feeling of gratulation at the action of Congress with regard to a certain provision of the original compact of confederation. We will not say that such feeling of joy is without reasonable foundation, but nevertheless we think, nay, we know, that the danger is only averted for a time. If any one think differently, he has a perfect right to enjoy his opinion: but the day is not far distant, when he will perceive good reason to modify and reverse it. Legislative action may frame laws to guard against disunion, and a prompt execution fulfil them to the letter, and yet the root of the evil be untouched. It is the spirit of the popular mind which is to be looked to; and if no means can be devised to make *that* healthy and sound, the wisest laws cannot avail. It is like applying outward remedies for an impurity of the blood, or damming up a rushing torrent whose source is sufficient to swell its volume against every obstruction, and produce a general inundation. If you cannot curb in the fountain-head, it were better to let the rising stream alone, and fly to some place of safety.

The passage of the "Compromise" evinced very clearly that patriotism is yet a congressional virtue, and history will mark down the names of its framers and defenders with the enduring and golden characters of Fame—Cass, Webster, Foote, Dickinson, and last not least, the ladies' favorite, the aged patriot of Ashland. But that act merely *stays* a pressing danger. It does not, and cannot of itself, prevent its recurrence. It is wise and timely, but all that it can do, is to give the efficient friends of the republic some space and opportunity to work in the right quarter. If they rest now, and do no more, the act is nugatory. The lawless spirit which rendered its passage necessary, is still as malignant as ever; indeed, it has acquired new malignity. Nor is this strange. A villain foiled, is twice a villain. We do not speak unadvisedly when we say, that the Slave-Question, so far from being put at rest, is daily becoming more and more the topic of discussion at the North, and in exactly those quarters whence the greatest mischief will arise. Those who tell us that the "Abolitionists" are but a feeble and insignificant body of fanatics, whose numbers are stationary, if not decreasing, premeditate deception. They know the contrary, and are, in truth, the very ones who intend to profit by their growth of numbers. We may be accused of wishing to re-open the dispute which it is imagined Congress has allayed. Would that it rested with us. It does not; nor with any one man, nor ten thousand. The South should know just how the matter stands. It is treachery to our southern friends, and a crime against truth and the republic, to conceal what can be guarded against only by being known. A false sense of security is national suicide. Indeed, the patriotic instrument signed lately at the Capitol by a portion of the upper and lower house, shows that our knowledge of lurking danger is shared by others. That paper speaks well for the hearts of its signers; but, for the life of us, we cannot see how it redounds to their sagacity. The game of politics is a mixed one. Patriotism and personal ambition are so blended, that to show one's hand

before success is absolutely certain, is but giving odds to our antagonists. If a member's district is of his own opinion by a large majority, there is no detriment in signing such an obligation; but if nearly equally divided between patriotism and treason, and his election was the result of personal popularity, such a public "confession of faith," however well his views may be understood, smacks somewhat of defiance, and none but a very god of eloquence can practise defiance long. It were politic to "let well enough alone."

Much has been said, the last few years, of "secession from the Union," and the establishment of a "southern confederacy." Within a few months it has been intimated that foreign aid is relied on in such a contingency. That this treason may have been harbored at the South, is possible; but that the abettors of so infamous a project exist in formidable numbers, none so well know the contrary as those shameless prints and would-be politicians who are constantly feeding the northern mind with fear and suspicion, and who seek to justify the actual presence of a member of the British Parliament aiding northern treason. Were the suffrages of the whole South polled to-day, it would be found that not one in a hundred entertains the remotest wish for such a thing. That a time may arrive when "secession" will be imperative, southern statesmen are not backward in averring; but they also aver, with an earnestness that compels our confidence, that they have too much reliance on northern integrity to deem for a moment the time to be anywhere near or probable. That they are right, we do not doubt in the slightest. But would it not surprise them to know that the project of disunion is of northern growth as well, and that all this agitation with regard to slavery is but the means to drive them to the initiatory steps, and thus the whole crime be laid at southern doors? Would it not startle them to know that a *northern* confederacy is talked of in secret, and that its constitution, offices, and foreign allies, are mapped out in advance, and the men who are first to fill its posts of honor already named?—That these masked traitors find a pretended home in the whig and democratic parties, and that it is their intention to remain there until accident shall tear off their disguise, or ripeness of time render it unnecessary?—That this is known to others beside the conspirators themselves, and aroused a hatred of intense and deadly significance, which will not be appeased until a just and terrible retribution shall have overtaken them?—That in point of numbers these concealed malignants are few, but in respect to thorough drill, fixedness of purpose, and untiring and unscrupulous effort, more than a match for legions of drowsy patriots who dream no evil until some miscreant has his hand and knife at their very throats? And to repeat, that these civilized savages, wholly corrupted by a selfish, narrow, and reckless ambition, are determined to exasperate the South to the point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and all the horrors of a civil war inevitable? But our southern friends need not give way to anxiety. Whatever may be their alarm, or ours, this conspiracy cannot ripen in the present generation. There will arise storm after storm, such as has just overpast, and yet the republic remain firm. Of its future destiny, where, by constant struggle and slow accretion, these traitorous few have become a formidable host, we may not prophesy except with tears and gloom. If the friends of the republic sleep on, they and their descendants can but look for overwhelming ruin. If they are aroused betimes,

to efficient and tireless energy, anticipation will be gilded with sunshine, and its blue heavens be cloudless and serene.

Not sharers of this wider plot, yet turbulent to the last degree, are those who make up the rank and file of the abolition army. Like vicious donkeys ridden through a crowd, it needs but their masters' signal to set them kicking alike both friend and foe. When thorough drill has extended also to these, you have a corps of as bloodthirsty and merciless janissaries as ever disgraced and terrified the dominions of Mahmoud. Not that blood is upon their hands as yet; but when we see them distributing guns and side-arms among the negro population of the free states, and urging to extremest resistance of our country's laws, we can but see that if the times were ripe, they themselves, if herded together in sufficient numbers, would become as ferociously cruel as the murderous "*sans-culottes*" of Paris!

But we do them wrong, these mulatto saints of Oberlin and Peterborough! You could never drill them so that they would congregate in any numbers in the path of blood. They are far too peaceful for the work of slaughter. Even the execution of a midnight murderer chills the pulsation of their hearts. His fate moves their tenderest pity. Heaven is so aroused, as to prompt indignant imprecations upon those who execute the law. O no! these are not the stuff of which janissaries and "*sans-culottes*" are made. They are much too refined and sensitive for that! Never could you make them anything but what they are!—the fiendish instigators of crime in others, which they dare not themselves commit!—the loud-mouthed revilers of all that is pure and honest and of good report among those who see through the thin veil of their smooth hypocrisy, and expose them! And should civil war arise, you would find them,—not in the field, where the wounded and the dying are shrieking for their aid,—not in the streets, behind the barricades, risking their lives against the troops of the republic,—but from attic windows and house-top coverts firing their stealthy shots that cannot be returned!—prowling among deserted and rich dwellings for easy plunder!—or, perchance, if the contest were prolonged, stealing at nightfall here and there to ply the assassin's steel, or in friendly guise, sharing hospitality to mix swift poison with the feast, and then retire to some new but less dreadful deed of rapine or of murder!

If some one of these persons whose virtue and whose boast is being thus inhumanly humane, should indignantly exclaim, like Hazael to the Prophet,—But what! Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?—we could only point him to the subsequent career of the angry questioner, and say that no man can take one step in premeditated iniquity with any certainty of return. The downward road of guilt is smooth and easy, and when *one* crime has been committed, "of malice prepense, and aforethought," the after gradations no longer strike the mind repulsively, but assume an indifferent or alluring character. Does a man become criminal by sudden temptation and the shock awake him to his guiltiness, he may, with tears, regain his innocence. But he that weighs the chances before his crime, has thereafter no startled sense of horror to fill him with affright. It is now only the consequences, when close upon him, that appal. He is a hopeless felon before he is aware! and, all too late, he thinks with the Mantuan Bard, that "*Hell's descent is facile; but to revoke the step and escape to the upper air, is a work of untold labor!*

A portion of the northern press, while it cheers on these moral gladiators, also attempts to shield them from attack; feigning indignant astonishment that any one should have the hardihood to denounce such single-hearted and benevolent men, although, mayhap, they forget themselves a little in the warm sympathy they yield to others' wrongs. It says, that even in this they do not and have never done, anything to merit just rebuke, but are quiet, peace-loving citizens, who are desirous only to be unmolested in their work of lofty and pure philanthropy. That they are not plotters nor disturbers of the public weal; but on the contrary, are the sincerest friends of law and order and the good of the whole republic! Let us see if this be not one of the most atrocious and brazen falsehoods ever uttered in any country, to shield any set of scoundrels whatsoever! These "friends of the slave," as they are termed, have organized themselves into a band of negro-thieves! and all the North well knows this, and other facts of which we speak. They have established "vigilance-committees" in every large town and city, whose duty it is instantly to notify each other of the arrival of a Southerner with his servants across the imaginary line of freedom! They have also imposed upon these committees the cheerful duty of dogging the footsteps of both master and servant while they remain, in order to seize the most favorable opportunity to hurry the slave by fraud or force, with his free will or without it, from his owner's hands! They have raised a permanent fund to support lecturers and other agents at the North and West, and these are constantly employed, by stipulation and of ready will, in vilifying the South and its public men! and still farther, in slandering every lover of truth and justice who has the courage to expose their falsehoods! They have sent emissaries, white and black, into the border states, secretly to entice slaves to escape, and to aid them with advice and weapons of defence! They have published masses of incendiary lithographs, wood-cuts, and illustrated pamphlets, and distributed them by stealth to slaves along the whole course of the Ohio and Mississippi, and in all the Atlantic ports, and inland wherever the opportunity of travel has occurred! They have put themselves into close communication with the black servants of northern hotels in the cities and watering places, so that their surveillance over the movements of southerners is complete! They have, by these and numberless other methods, in the last twenty years, lost many thousand slaves to the southern planters, and by thus exasperating them, arrayed one portion of the republic against another! They have striven to carry this ill-blood into politics, and, in part, succeeded! They raised a storm which was like to have overwhelmed the country with desolation! And now, when a wise law is instituted to wall up one source of danger, they have armed the more ignorant and brutish portion of the native and run-away negroes, and encouraged and impelled them to resist the execution of that law even to blood! And within a few weeks, in a large and opulent and enlightened city, have raised a mob of these human brutes, and violated the sanctity of a court of justice! not municipal or provincial, but a court called and held under the supreme authority of the republic! These are the meek and benevolent wretches this shameless lie is framed to cover! If we may *not* term it atrocious and brazen, then TRUTH is in her grave!

It is full time for us to speak out strongly and plainly of these philanthropic slough-hounds that are tracking patriotism to its death. Their

angry bay deepens as they near their quarry; and if we are not up and doing, soon their brutal work will be accomplished. We have borne too long the epithet of "Northern dough-faces." The name has adhered to us because it has been given justly. There is no doubt that we deserve it. *Not as applied;*—not because there is any truth in the charge that we have cringed to slaveholders; not because we have gloried in "human bondage;"—but because we have not faced down these slanderers, and forced them, and all the world, to know how much we abhor their character and efforts! We have been bullied and spat upon at our own firesides by a ruffianly benevolence, till not only do these black-tongued parricides feel and treat us with contempt, and name us with jeering *soubriquets*, but we also begin to despise ourselves, and stand before them meek as sheep-thieves in the pillory! The South, not suspecting our degradation, have come to doubt our word of honor; for though we protest very earnestly, and *imploringly* withal, that we are lovers of the Constitution, yet when the bold and ardent Southron sees that we do not lash these hounds back to their kennels, he imagines that we are all bitten with the same negotic *rabies!*

There is something for us to do, and that right speedily. As it is, we are exposed to a double fire. We have an enemy both in front and rear, and we stand trembling in our cowardly shoes, not daring to advance or to retreat. Did we speak and act as becomes *men*, the republic would now be as safe as ever; and had we thus borne ourselves ten years ago, or five, the storm that of late assailed, would not have marshalled its dark cohorts of threatening cloud and overspread the political heavens. But perhaps we are too far gone in our moral paralysis ever to be restored. At any rate, now we are like the fabled ass between the two bundles of hay—which to choose we are unable to decide! Whether to suffer our country to fall into remediless ruin, while, spaniel-like, we fawn and whimper, or whether to arouse ourselves in our ancient manhood, and turn with a strong cart-whip on these fireside villains! While we delay, they increase both in numbers and audacity, and by permitting their augmentation and insolence, we are bringing on disasters for which the next generation will hold us up to universal contempt and execration. These brazen marauders are as yet scarce two individuals in ten thousand, and may be easily crushed, if we have the will; but if left by our own imbecile pusillanimity to unmolested growth, twenty years longer will more than suffice for their work of desolation.

This ignoble cowardice of ours is one grand cause of southern irritation. We show that we have lost the old enthusiastic love of country and of justice, when we are cowed and throttled by so small a gang of miscreants. Indeed, our position would be merely laughable, were the impending consequences less dangerous. We present a picture which is only not utterly contemptible, because it is so supremely ludicrous. Like poor disheartened Sinbad, our necks are straddled by this old man of the sea, and we go about under our vile burden without daring to complain; ever and anon furtively squinting a beseeching glance at our southern friends that they may do nothing to excite the old fellow's vindictive intemperance! In truth we are but sorry representatives of revolutionary heroes, and they would, if here, disown us. We have, in more senses than one, descended from a lofty stock, and it is a shame that the proud ancestral blood is so soon and sadly disennobled. If this is to continue, it would be as well for

us to do the little good yet remaining in our power, and immediately arrange with our executors, commit suicide, and have our remains used, as they use dead fish on the sandy corn-fields of Cape Cod! We really cannot see any more worthy service we can render our country if our souls are so entirely dwindled away! But enough of badinage. If nothing loftier will rouse our pride, it is not worth arousing. What is wanted of us, is to shake off this black incubus; and while we *say* that we love the UNION, *do* something to show our words true. Or, if we are too emasculate for *deeds*, then, in Heaven's name! let us make a clean breast of it, and confess how miserably craven we have become; and leave the South free to get away from us the speediest way it can. This pestilential uncertainty is itself the mother of danger. What keeps us silent? Do we dread the renewal of discussion? Discussion has never ceased. Do we quake with fear lest these disorganizers shall be enraged? Our very fright is the occasion of all their insolence. If we give vent to our indignation, they will sneak back to their native obscurity, like curs at the crack of a coach-whip! Villany is easily alarmed. Timid at heart, it blusters, and is arrogant when it finds no repulsion; but if promptly met, cowers and steals away. The armed burglar, if you lie still, will sack your house. If you but clap your hands, he will leap from the open window, and make off through the midnight, as if a troop of light-horse were on his trail.

For nearly twenty years we have been criminally passive, or acting, if at all, only on the defensive. This has been the result of fear and mistaken policy. We have had a dim sense of danger, all along, but thought to conciliate these hearth-stone enemies by frightened magnanimity and wishy-washy intrigue. We have known how fixed they were, and unconciliating by any kindly means, and yet have not dared to move an angry muscle lest they should fall off from our particular party and injure its chance of success. This time-serving has now begun to work its own retribution, and we perceive already "the beginning of the end." Like the simple hare, we have gallanted the hedge-hog into our snug winter quarters, and now feel very sensibly his uneasy quills. Fair words will not get him out, and the only way is to be after him with a "sharp stick." This will finish his visit; and if we hesitate to use it, he will finish *us*. It may be objected that this will dismember the two great parties and hasten ruin. No such result need be feared. There were "two great parties" in the Roman commonwealth when Hannibal had come down like an avalanche from the Alps and was marching on the capital. They laid by their differences and united, to carry the war into Africa, with triumphant and swift success. Let us lay aside our differences awhile, and with true patriotic energy, also "*carry the war into* AFRICA!" and a twelvemonth will not pass before these mischievous makebates are as quiet as any other routed porcupines. We can then, after the truce, make harmless war upon each other, and with buttoned rapiers, each strive in generous and patriotic rivalry for the uncertain laurel. We are not counselling "coalition," but concerted, simultaneous and efficient effort in branding treason as it deserves. The love of country should be higher than that of party, and displace it when danger presses sore! Freedom needs many compromises, but those that she requires are all on the side of justice, wisdom, and chivalric magnanimity. There is no meanness which she will ask or countenance; but all with her is generous and noble. Patriotism is her handmaid and her messenger, and when she comes to us for aid, we need not fear

that our glad alacrity will soil our honor! A well-directed and incessant fire will soon drive these insurgents from the field, with crippling and decisive loss. But if party-spirit run so disastrously high that we *coalesce* with traitors to gain each our cherished aim, we shall receive as the price of *such* coalition, much more than is "nominated in the bond." There is a fatality more inexorable than death, which dogs the steps, to cling like a dead body around the neck of the participator of treason! haunting him till he dies. No man or party can escape it. Once branded, no after deed can erase the stigma. If both the great parties of the nation become worthy of this immortal shame, then we are all felons together! and the boast of patriotism from our lips, is like the pale mockery of flame which is lambent over a sepulchre!

Our first duty in this matter is with ourselves. We must strive to get a little honest pride and force of character. The reason of our imbecility is, that the insolence of these men in charging us openly and incessantly with political vileness, has led us to more than half believe it ourselves. It is not true that the two national parties are more corrupt than any other large bodies of men struggling for the attainment of power. If there is corruption, it is the corruption of the age, and not peculiarly our own. The moral sense of the world is by no means what it should be. Politics are no more stained with unscrupled frauds than any other calling. Aspiring baseness in party-strife descends no oftener to acts of meanness, than aspiring baseness in religion. The only difference is, that while the one makes a virtue of necessity and brazens it out, the other, less rigorously watched, deals its stabs in the dark. But not always:—for who does not know that sectarian strife, under the cloak of zeal, is the most dastardly and malignant of all unscrupulous warfares?—and where you find the most uprightness boasted, *there*, generally, you find the greatest infamy! It is so with these men who flout us. For the most part, they claim to be the only true exponents of religious life. The cry is, *practical Christianity!* If this be, in deed and truth, practical Christianity, then, for one, we freely say, the less Christianity is put in practice the better! We have always supposed that the theory and practice of the Christian religion were coincident! We may be wrong; but as we have the words and life of its founder, who generally is held to have known as much about it as anybody else, we shall choose to *err* with him, rather than be *right* with a pack of criminal and pharisaic charlatans. We confess to a weak fondness for respectable companionship; and *with* it, we would rather gain credit for irreligion, than be thought never so pious in company with such as, through lack of any other divinity, have set up philanthropism as their supreme deity, and fall down before their rotten god, and worship! We must shake off the notion that any boaster *can* be superior to ourselves in moral worth, and feel and cherish a contemptuous abhorrence for these philanthropic bags of pestiferous wind.

Our next duty is with *them*. We must "pink" them daintily through the doublet and let the air out a little, burning aromatics the while. We must teach them to contract their swelling arrogance, and bear their rancid honors more meekly. In public and in private they must be made to feel a weight of indignant contempt pressing on them continually. They must be given to understand, that to consort with negro-pirates and bailed criminals, utterly shuts the door of decent society and political preferment against them. Their foul clamor must be stopped; but not by anything

which offends against the majesty of the law. Mobs and riots are not the methods by which mobs and riots are surceased. It is moral power which is to do it, if it be done at all. In a free state the law is shorn of its grandeur, when to uphold the law we resort to illegal violence. It is the riots of Utica and Boston, sixteen years ago, that have made New-York and Massachusetts now the hot-beds of abolition treason. We would rather see the republic sundered at once, than those scenes should be re-enacted. In truth, there is no speedier way to overthrow it. If its friends are disturbers of the public peace, what may we not expect of its enemies? Nor must we seek by legislation to abridge the liberty of speech and of the press. No republic can stand which hampers these. They are the electric currents which vitalize the atmosphere that freedom breathes, and if they are clogged, she dies. Instead of denying them to any one, we must use these potent forces ourselves, and turn their resistless battery on these enemies of law and the republic. They are undermining the Constitution, and they must be counter-mined. The train they have laid to shatter the walls of the republic must be reversed. The engineer must be "hoisted by his own petard." They call themselves reformers; but they are not reformers. Reform is wise and gradual change. They would have it sudden, ill-advised, and violent. They call themselves philanthropists. Philanthropy is wide as the Universe, unselfish as woman, sacred as the throne of Heaven. It enclasps the world in its love, but it begins first at home. Wherever it walks, flowers spring, and an atmosphere, calm and holy as a Sabbath dawn, is breathed around it. But where its spurious semblance holds deceitful sway, the green earth is blackened, and the love in human hearts is turned to gall. These men are not philanthropists. They have "stolen the livery of Heaven to serve their master in." Selfish, corrupt, pharisaic, and fomentors of private and national discord,—they are a living slander on the name they wear. For twenty years they have been upbraiding the clergy for lack of boldness. A few, one after another, who have openly embraced their miserable tenets, and show that they are *self*-elected and not "called of GOD" to the holy office of the ministry, sow fire-brands broadcast from the pulpit among the people, and these men applaud them to the skies. They call them noble, high-minded and fearless; and say these are your true preachers, they speak out boldly what is in them! But now, when here and there a clergyman gives his manly voice to sustain and magnify the sacredness and supremacy of law, and obedience to one of the plainest and most imperative precepts of their great teacher and head, these men can find no terms of reproach and obloquy sufficient. They blow hot and cold in one breath, too easily for *honest* men. If they were honest, they would refresh one's memory of that precise and exemplary lady who had an infallible test of good ginger. It was,—her husband said,—to fill a pan with clear, cold water, and sprinkle a handful on the surface. If the ginger was good, it would sink,—or swim, she didn't know *which!* The question for clergymen and all of us, is, not whether black-slavery is right or wrong, but whether the supreme law of the land shall be obeyed? The Constitution is a compact of union between sovereign and independent states, and is like a private compact of business partnership. Such private partnership gives no right to one or the other of intermeddling in family concerns or family government: and if one of the parties should interfere and entice away those "held to service or labor,"—indented apprentices, or children

in minority,—the party aggrieved would immediately resort to instant and efficient remedies in nowise depending on the compact of association. But if the instrument provided for the prompt return of fugitives, and that provision was resisted and could not be enforced, then the compact would be null and void, according to every principle of equity and law. If clergymen are prepared to countenance and abet the violation of common faith and common honesty, we can only say that they are utterly unfit for their office, both as regards morality and religion. Where you see scurvy *shepherds*, you find but scurvy *sheep*.

But clergymen are not the only teachers to be seen to. From the district school, the great nursery of the youth of the republic, up to the more limited, but grander culture of the university, the teachers we employ should be such as will train growing minds to habits of correct and patriotic thought. If our schools and colleges go wrong, nothing can prevent the youth, whose cast of mind is moulded there, from becoming indifferent or dangerous citizens. Too little has been thought of this; and while we have slept, the enemy has been sowing tares. These men have been up and doing while we have dreamed. They see that no real strength is gained unless they gain the young men of the republic. We do not say that one in a thousand are yet enlisted on their side; but the time may come, if we are not on our guard, when the fact will be otherwise. These men understand how a nation is to be moved. They know that a lodgment of wrong thought and disorganizing principles in minds not yet mature, will, when maturity arrives, just as inevitably make men of their own stamp, as its own proper seed, germinating, will produce the deadly nightshade. We have said that these men, under whatever name they pass, are all affiliated, and have mutual and inherent sympathy. It is so; and everywhere they are laboring for the same end, and in our colleges, by the self-same means. Witness the late injustice done to the learned and brilliant editor of the "North American," by the Board of Overseers of the University at Cambridge. He is one of the most honorable sons of that ancient seat of learning, and every way qualified for the post his friends would have him fill. But he is sacrificed to the intolerant spirit of these men, whose clamor is for tolerance. It is not his "Hungarian article," although that afforded a plausible pretext, which has caused his rejection. If he imagine so, he is egregiously in error. Does he not reflect that, from the beginning, he has been an able defender of Locke against the brood of New-England transcendentalists, whose doctrine of the "inner light," or "intuition," transplanted from the German schools, is here also beginning to supplant the worship of the one only and *living* God, with a dead and putrescent Pantheism? If he do not, others know that his steady and uninterrupted warfare against this heresy, and against "non-resistance," "Abolition," and "sans-culotteism," has made him feared and hated by the whole godless crew. Not a few of them he has, with an indiscreet generosity, fostered and pruned into literary celebrity, and by his kindly praise, given them a rapid place and name in the realm of letters. Now, when they have no further need of his good offices, they herd with his enemies to strike him down. The asp he warmed has turned and stung him.

Such a man, in the chair of History at Harvard, would have a powerful hold on New-England youth, and, despite all counter influences, would stamp his impress deeply; and it is for this that he is rudely shoved

aside. Nor is his case an isolated one. We could point to others, in which, more secretly, the same policy is pursued, attracting less of general attention, because the men proscribed are less widely known. If this were suffered to go on, but a few years would elapse before the more important posts of academic honor would be closed to men of integrity and force of character, and be filled by time-servers or thorough-paced malcontents. But it must not be so. The lovers of true philosophy and religion, sound thought and *genuine* philanthropy, must bestir themselves. The individual states of the republic should also take the matter in hand, and make the study of the Constitution imperative in their district schools; and if a teacher fail, in a close and thorough examination of its principles and history, then let him be summarily rejected. If we begin at the well-spring of popular thought, and make that patriotic and pure, we have cut off all aid and comfort from the enemy. Having but few, if any, new recruits, they will dwindle, and, in the course of another generation, have become so feeble in point of numbers, that they will be powerless for any national harm. This done, they will sink back into the insignificance they sprang from, and be content with private slander, and the breeding of social and family disquiet. Destroy its roots, and even the Upas-tree will wither and decay.

Whatever is done on an extended scale, can only be accomplished by the united efforts of the two parties of the nation. It is not alone the Whigs and Democrats of the North and West who are to be on the alert, but those of the southern states also. The South has treason in her own bounds, and it must be crushed by her alone, if crushed at all. She must act a little, as well as talk. She has talked already full enough. Let her fix a mill-stone of public indignation on disorganizers at home, and we will take care of ours. While we are working, she must work. Let her border-states make slave-stealing as nearly a capital offence as the Constitution will allow, and then execute their laws to the letter. Let us have no more such ill-timed mercy as Maryland has lately shown. When a negro pirate is once apprehended, let him remain confined until his trial, and then, if convicted, let the heaviest penalty of the law descend. We of the North and West do not want southern criminals turned loose upon us, to stir up a morbid personal sympathy, by appearing at Abolition festivals and conventions among us. If we suffered our felons to parade themselves before the popular eye, and plead their own cause wherever they could gain an audience, it would not be long before our courts would become mere comedies, and our judicature but a painted harlequin, grinning at a show.

We may be thought too sweeping in our denunciation of the persons we are considering. All general rules have their exceptions. There are two or three whom we know, and *but* two or three, who, in spite of their destructive principles, are close to our hearts. We love them, simply because we cannot help it. Pure, benevolent and noble, they perform their unobtrusive good, happy to have done it when no eye but that of God can see. But they are in bad company, and although we are pained to ban them with their associates, yet there is no help for it. We must do our duty, though our hearts bleed the while. "Not that I love Cæsar *less*, but Rome *more*." For the rest we have no respect, no tender feeling, no wish that justice should delay the vivid stroke of her double sword. They are unworthy a moment's mercy, for they show no mercy.

They would tear down the roof that shelters the domestic hearth, the wall that guards the nation. Their aim is to split up the two great parties at the North, and, if possible, by slander, ridicule and menace, and the boast of superior party-attachment, drive out or silence, all who oppose them. Many of these men are not obscure and powerless, but enjoying the society of southern statesmen, even as senators and representatives in Congress. Others of these men are known as "able editors," political and religious, elegant essayists, brilliant lyceum lecturers, and wealthy, alms-giving Pharisees, whose praise is trumpeted on sounding and melodious brass, by brainless dupes and knavish parasites. They all practise lying, as if it were one of the "Ten Commandments," and are combined to leave no stone unturned that may gain "one proselyte," or build up the public fame of their confederates. Many of them act as spies in the two great parties, and whenever occasion offers, play into each other's hands across the political card-table. Some, as we have said, are clergymen, who lower the pulpit into a rostrum, from which they deal winged slanders themselves, and into which, if they dared, would invite every polished, eloquent and honorable English blackguard, whom the far-rolling Atlantic spues upon our shores. And all this under the oily mask of philanthropy! "By their fruits ye shall know them." Whenever *a true* philanthropist essays to calm the tempest they have roused, they open in "full cry" upon him, with the lowest vulgarity and the most unrelenting fierceness. Well does the old Roman pasquinade apply to them:—"*Sicut canes ignotos semper allatrant,*"—Like *dogs*, that always bark—*at strangers.*

If we have failed to draw the portraiture of these self-styled "philanthropists" in sufficiently decided colors, we can only excuse ourselves as did the painter FRANCESCO MOLA to POPE INNOCENT X., at once the saintliest and most vindictively cruel man of all ITALY. His portrait was finished, and the most Holy Father, after regarding it awhile in silence, said—"My son, the likeness is nearly perfect, but I think you have hardly given it *expression* enough." "That," replied the trenchant Swiss,—"is just what the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS told me, when I painted the DEVIL for his cathedral. The truth is, your Holiness, *I am not accustomed to painting that style of heads.*"

One thought more, and we are done.

The grand reason that general history is so dull to the vast majority of readers, and biography and the secret history of courts and cabinets on the contrary so fascinating, is, that historians too often neglect to dwell on the minute and early causes of great events, and only portray them in maturity. And this historical habit, which results from fear to offend the dominant party or some patronly friend, or from the desire to ingratiate one's self with the wealthy and powerful, to whom the truth might give uneasiness, has vitiated the whole popular mind to such an extent, that not only is the historian cramped in his version of facts, but TRUTH is made a Gorgon of which the world is afraid! This is the curse of no particular age, no particular country, but through it, in all ages, facts and causes absolutely indispensable to the full understanding of the rise and decay of great nations, have been irrecoverably lost. Were our habits of thought and speech more free, both history and morals would take a different mould. It is *little* causes which are first at work to move empires from their foundations. Losing sight of this primal truth, or only dimly per-

ceiving it, many historians have made their works next to worthless, by dwelling too much on foreign and striking causes while painting the downfall of kingdoms and republics. Indeed, they are in a measure forced to this, aside from personal fear or favor, in order that they may reap present gold and fame. Battles and sieges, and the vast and glittering array of conflicting armies, are genial to the human mind, and gain a ready harvest of applause. And beside, it is far easier to describe the sensible form of things, than to dissect the less obvious and internal causes of the outward and apparent.

Not so the man of native strength, and wide intuitive grasp of intellect; who, sobered by large draughts of deep philosophy, writes for all after time. *He* hastens not to meet the popular gaze, but quietly, and perchance unnoticed in the bustle of his age, sifts the conflicting facts of rival annalists, and in his secret room, builds his enduring work, "which the world will not willingly let die." Present and immediate fame he looks upon as the summer wind, which dies almost ere it has arisen. Wealth, power, and the keen relish for display of meaner minds, are to him pleasurable indeed, but still as nothing in comparison with that future greatness which awaits his name in the long perpetual flight of ages.

If we, in a more active and not less honorable sphere, as lovers of our country's good, imitate his nobleness and persevering care in searching after truth, "all may yet be well." Indeed, we have unwavering faith that the torpid apathy of the better portion of the people will be aroused, before it is too late, and crush this viperous *philanthropism*, which would urge the state to suicide. What now seems so insignificant, if suffered to gather volume, will at last destroy our boasted institutions, so that "not one stone shall be left upon another," and "a gray and melancholy waste" alone remain of all that at the present towers in strength and pride beneath the blue and bending heavens. Unless the noisy brooklet, which now to trace and name upon the map of national politics, appears mayhap so trivial, shall be dried up by the hot blaze of an honest and general indignation, it will enlarge as it flows on, and at last, having by numberless feeding tributaries become a mighty river, this great republic will float down its sullen tide, and finally plunge forever into the dead sea of nations.

HONOR TO THE TOILING HAND.

All honor to the toiling hand,
  Or in the field or mine;
Or by the harnessed fire or steam,
  Or on the heaving brine:
Whatever loom, or bark, or plow,
  Hath wrought to bless our land;
Or given around—above—below,
  We owe the toiling hand.
  Then honor—honor to the toiling hand!

It battles with the elements,
  It breaks the stubborn sward;
It rings the forge—the shuttle throws—
  And shapes the social board:
It conquers clime—it stems the wave—
  And bears from every strand
The sweetest, best of all we have,
  Gifts of the toiling hand.
  Then honor—honor to the toiling hand!

AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY.*

The present age of science is emphatically that of collecting and arranging facts. With the exception of the elder branches, wherein the experience of ages has enabled us to form a permanent mould, in which each newly discovered fact finds its appropriate niche, while it gives support to the whole, none can be said to have yet attained a certain theory or a permanent base. The primary elements of twenty years ago, are now found to be but compounds of elements which may in their turn be resolved into others. New combinations of matter seem to point to affinities and identities of which, but a short time since, we suspected not even the existence. More deep and accurate examinations of the surface of our globe leave us yet in doubt whether Heat or Cold, or Vapor or Ice, or what combination of these brought the crust we live on to its actual state. Investigations into the phenomena arising from large masses of men herding together, into the causes of crime and the origin of social evil, have led this generation to doubt and hesitate as to their true solution; and when our forefathers would have applied the caustic or the balm, we do—nothing. And, to use another illustration, while Galileo was threatened with death for disbelieving the astronomy of the Hebrew writings, we may now safely doubt the accuracy of the ancient Jewish notions of geography, deny their chronology with Bursen or Lepsius, and with Arnold dispute their authenticity, without being put into any modern inquisition of public infamy. Thus the formation of theories, and the enticing pleasure of seeking wherewithal to prop them up, has, in a great measure, in the present day, given way to a diligent searching for facts alone, and their faithful and secure record. Too long have we sought to understand nature and art by chance and guess. We must pick out our alphabet before we can learn to read.

In the science of archæology, above all others, is the cautious method of inductive philosophy most needed; and certainly we have never seen it carried out with greater pertinacity and with happier results, than in the work now before us. Considering the nature of the subject, the vastness of its range, the magnitude and interest of the results to which each step of the process of investigation leads us nearer, and the contagion of the theory-building spirit of those who had gone before, we hold it to be no small praise in Mr. Squier, that, turning aside from the seductive yet delusive by-paths of speculation, he has trodden firmly and without faltering, the road which, if less pleasant, was yet more sure. The problem to be solved was this: the learned researches of Humboldt, Prichard, Morton, Gallatin, Duponceau, and Pickering, in the departments of physiology, psychology and philology, having all tended to demonstrate the

"*Unity* of the American race, and its radical difference in respect to all the other great families of the globe,"—"it yet remains to be seen how far an investigation of the religious conceptions and notions of the American race shall seem to confirm the results of physiological and philological researches. But

* American Archæological Researches. No. I: The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America. By G. G. Squier, A. M.

this will prove an inquiry of great difficulty; for if we assume that the religious sentiment is inherent, and its expression in accordance with natural suggestions, then the nearer we approach the first stages of human development, the more numerous and more striking will be the coincidences and resemblances in the religious systems of the globe, however widely they may appear to differ at the present time. If, however, we shall find a general concurrence in what may be ascertained to be conventional or arbitrary in the various religions, then we may reasonably infer a community of origins, or a connection more or less remote."—Page 17.

The assumption, however, in the preceding extract, is one not to be passed over without remark in a general review of the subject, because it is on this very point that is founded the repugnance of a very large body of learned men, especially among divines in this country and England, towards ethnological subjects in general. Cradled and bred up in an implicit belief of the divine inspiration of the Mosaic writings, they regard with pity, if not sometimes with horror, any course of investigation that appears to lead away, even for a moment, from a firm belief in that in which they see the sole foundation of the Christian religion, a direct revelation of the Deity himself to Adam, and his successors, the patriarchs. Parallelisms of religious beliefs in all nations they scorn, or refer them all to corruptions of the primeval revelations to Adam in Paradise. The all-pervading Sun Worship, traced in all forms, simple and complex, throughout the whole region of Asia, on the banks of the Nile, amid the wilds of Scandinavia, and from the squalid Esquimaux to the polished Peruvians, is to them only a proof of the universal depravity of mankind derived from the fall of Adam. Should we speak of Serpent Worship, and show, as Mr. Squier has so ably and succinctly done, (Ch. X. and XI.,) how in all regions of the ancient world, stones and temples were erected in celebration of it; and in more immediate connection with his subject, how from the mound monuments of the Mississippi valley he has traced it (Ch. VIII. and IX.) through the ruins of Yucatan and the temples of Mexico, we are told triumphantly that these monuments are only corroborations of the Scripture account of the serpent tempting Adam, or of the truth of the Scripture history of the Devil. Tell of the ancient Trinities, or of the Divine Mediator, the Son of the Supreme God, whether under the name of Buddha, Fohi, Zoroaster, Osiris, Hermes, or Odin, in the old world, or Quetzalcoatl, Manco Capac or Manabozho (Ch. VII.) in the new, equally everywhere the instructor, lawgiver, and benefactor of man, and science is forthwith thanked with emotions almost of gratitude, for having discovered these barbarous and heathenish imitations of the more glorious original, whose excellence only borrows fresh lustre from their attempted usurpation. The striking resemblances between the primitive forms, symbols, and essences of all ancient religions and those of our present religious institutions, do not however appear to us capable of such a very easy, yet most orthodox solution as we allude to, and as many learned and pious men of our day are contented with: for in such solution of these analogies is involved the belief of a common centre of religious faith, and this necessarily includes that of the "unity of the human race," a doctrine not taught in the Bible any more than geography is, and against which a strong tide of scientific evidence now sets. You cannot argue that the symbolism of all nations has a common identity, because they all had a common origin and drank at the

same stream of revelation, while that common origin is every day growing more and more doubtful. Such an argument was that of Abbas Pacha, the present enlightened Viceroy of Egypt, who one day informed his French physician that he had discovered a certain proof of Mohammed's being a prophet inspired by God, because the four letters (in Arabic) of his name M, H, M, D, were written over the gates of Paradise. But if scientific evidence be accumulated so as to render the demonstration as perfect as that of any negative proposition can be, that mankind had not their origin from a single pair, and such point is not far off, how then will you explain such identities save by the fact which all history even now proves, that under similar conditions the mind, as well as the body of man, will develop itself in a similar manner; and the universal reverence of man for the powers that are above him would be emblematized by the same objects, wherever the glorious sun poured his rich and life-giving influence, the earth gave forth her yearly increase, or the moon trod nightly on her golden path.

The most direct argument on this subject is one drawn from chronology, a science now moving *pari passu* with that of ethnology itself, each reflecting a brilliant light on the progress of the other. So far as we yet see, the Jewish religious records must yield in antiquity to others which disclose to us the same Deity under similar manifestations as the Jews assert to have been revealed to them alone, and worshiped under symbols which enclosed the mysterious name of Jehovah himself.* But this is a branch of the subject which, however tempting, neither time nor space will allow us to enter, however briefly—the less so, as it leads us away from the scenes of Mr. Squier's able researches, wherein, as yet, no clue has been found to give a chronological value to the sculptured records. The "Rosetta Stone" of Central America has yet to be discovered. The Mexican Monuments, therefore, can only have a synchronous value with those of the old world by means of the similarities of their symbolical representations, and through some of these we now propose to follow Mr. Squier.

It is doubtless well known to most of our readers, that Mr. Squier has achieved for himself a high reputation in two distinct departments of intellectual labor. By his researches into the "Ancient Remains in the Mississippi Valley," published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, he has been among the first to point out and describe the traces of a highly refined religious worship on this continent, while by his earnest advocacy of American interests in Central America, he has vindicated and upheld the character of our diplomacy. This mission indeed favored the scientific views of our author, and we have now before us the results of his researches into Mexican monumental remains, forming, as it were, the complement, or more full development of the Mound worship of our northern regions. And without insisting upon it as of any scientific value, but noticing it merely as a curious coincidence, we may remark, that as in our modern, but not "degenerate" times, the highest form of religion, or civilization, which *is* religion, has proceeded, and is still proceeding from the north towards the south, so anciently, there is reason to believe, from the gradually increasing complexity and number of the religious types, as we now trace them from the head waters of the Mississippi to the volcanic

* Lanci, Lettre à Monsieur Prisse, page 33.

regions of the Isthmus, that the stream of religious culture and belief flowed from Northern towards Central America.

As indicated by the title, the work now before us embraces two branches of archæological research, the one, "the worship of the Reciprocal principles," and the other, the "Serpent Symbol in America." The distinctive characters or relations, however. of these symbols, and the powers of the Supreme Being indicated by each, are not very clearly distinguished, and perhaps some degree of confusion is natural to the subject itself. For the analogy of our religion will show us how difficult it is to define the limits of each power of the Supreme Being. Thus the Power of God is one idea; the Eternity of God is another idea, quite distinct from the former; as also the Providence or constant care of God is an idea quite distinct from the other two. We write in our common Roman characters the words—*Creator*,—*Eternal*,—*Providence*,—because by an advance in civilization we have an alphabet, or conventional expression of the articulations of the human voice, conveying, however, no idea except to those taught the meaning of certain sequences of "up and down" strokes. To us these words do not convey the ideas of three Gods, but of whom these are various powers or manifestations, yet the most accurate thinker can scarcely state in words the limits or prerogative of each power, so that no confusion should arise in the minds of those who had never before heard of these powers. Much less should we demand from the investigators of ancient symbolism an accurate specification of the extent or significance of each symbol. Phallic Worship was the adoration of the creative power of the Deity, thus symbolized, because the idea of the *continuance of creation* could only be expressed by the symbol of generation. The ancient egg was another form of the same idea. Sun Worship appears to have been that of the pure notion of existence itself, of which the others were but emanations; while under the worship of the Serpent there appear to have been adored at once the active and primary powers of nature, and the evil principle, the antagonist of the good, a plurality of attributes of most contradictory nature, and, as we shall see hereafter, not easy of explanation.

The simplest idea that primary man could form of creation, would be that of generation, for without it, under one aspect or another, he saw no type of life begun or renewed. Hence came the "recognition of two independent principles, of the nature of male and female," and these in mystic union, as the soul and body, constitute the "Great Hermaphrodite Deity—the One." (P. 36.) These reciprocal principles, by a natural transition of thought, appeared to ancient man to pervade all nature. Hence sprang the alternations of day and night, the grateful vicissitudes of seasons, the harmonies and the antagonisms of the creation he saw around him. When he came to record his ideas, what were the symbols he used? They are thus clearly and naturally stated. (P. 38.)

"The idea of a creation, suggested by the existence of things, was, no doubt, the first result of human reasoning. The mode of the event, the manner in which it was brought about, was, it is equally unquestionable, the inquiry which next occupied the mind; and man deduced from the operations of nature around him his first theory of creation. From the egg, after incubation, he saw emerging the living bird,—a phenomenon which, to his simple apprehension, was nothing less than an actual creation. How naturally then, how almost of necessity, did that phenomenon, one of the most obvious in nature, associate itself with his ideas of creation,—a creation which he could not help recognizing, but which he could not explain.

"By a similar process did the creative power come to be symbolized under the form of the Phallus; in it was recognized the *cause* of reproduction, or, as t appeared to the primitive man, of creation.

In this chapter (II.) Mr. Squier shows most conclusively how the same ideas that led mankind in India, Egypt and China, to symbolize "Creation" or "Production" by the figures we have spoken of, pervaded ancient America likewise, and were in similar manner incorporated in the ancient religious doctrines. It is impossible to give even a condensed view of the facts by which this position is sustained, and we most willingly refer the reader to the book itself. It would not, however, have been misplaced, we think, if in his enumeration of the various forms of Phallic worship in ancient times, Mr. Squier had referred to the traces of it in Jewish history, not only because these traces are among the most clearly identified of any, but because also outlines of them have descended to our day. Thus the two pillars erected by Solomon (I. Kings, vii., 23) are most clearly proved (V. Lanci's Lettre a Mon'r Prisse) to be symbols of this worship. Thus again, (Idem, p. 17,) the "Kioum" of Amos (c. 5, v. 26) is expressive alone of the "reciprocal principle," while the sacred and unpronounceable name of Jehovah itself is (Idem, p. 33) orthographically the simple expression of pure existence, written in Hebrew in Phallic emblems. To the same series of illustrations would have belonged the sacred Tetragrammeton; and in the traces existing in our day, would have been numbered among many others, the double triangle, the mysterious decoration of the painted chancel windows of our Christian church.*

We close our review of this part of the subject, by quoting our author's own words:

"Did the scope of this memoir permit, the coincidences of this kind, extending to the ornaments of the Indian and Central American temples, monstrous heads and symbolical figures, might be greatly multiplied. But probably, after all, the unequivocal common evidence of the existence of Phallic worship, or the worship of the reciprocal principles, is the most interesting fact which a comparison of the monuments of the two countries has yet disclosed.

"Abstractly, as we have already seen, this worship in America can hardly be regarded as derivative; it certainly is not necessarily so; for how naturally, in the mind of the primitive man, must the apparent cause of reproduction associate itself with his ideas of creation; and with the sun, as the obvious vivifier of the physical world, become the common symbol of the supreme creative power, whose existence is everywhere manifested! Still, it cannot be denied that, in conjunction with other coincidences in religion, institutions, and art, the prevalence of this worship tends to support the hypothesis of a connection between the old and new worlds, which it has long been the aim of speculative minds to establish. But if we accept this hypothesis, how are we to determine whether the impression has been from Asia on America—or, as certain facts would imply, from America on Asia? So far as natural science reflects any light on the question, it seems to favor the latter alternative."

Passing over the chapters on "High Places," and on "Fire Worship,' in which the correspondence between the traces of both, in the ancient Eastern and ancient Western worlds, is most clearly laid before the

* It is a curious speculation whether archæologists, some two thousand years hence, may not adduce a certain monument at Washington as evidence of the existence of Phallic worship among their idolatrous progenitors in 1851; and tracing the progress of religious belief, our philosophical descendants may show how our more perfect anatomical knowledge elaborated the simple monolith of the first ages.

reader, we come to the chapters on "Serpent Worship," which occupy the remainder of this interesting volume. We should, however, do great injustice to Mr. Squier, if, in the limits of a cursory review like the present, we should attempt a consideration of the facts he has grouped together, or of the masterly argument which runs through this part of his subject. And, apart from the difficulty of giving, within our limits, even an outline of the ancient doctrines of "Serpent Worship," our readers would not thank us for substituting any analysis of our own, for that which is itself worthy of their diligent and careful perusal, in its whole length and breadth. From note K, to chapter v., containing a letter from Mr. G. R. Gliddon, in answer to some questions proposed by Mr. Squier, modern inquirers may be led to doubt whether, in the earliest times and first infancy of symbolism, creation in connection with Phallic worship was indicated, as unquestionably it was in later ages, by the emblem of the Mundane Egg and Serpent. If more rigorous investigation should, indeed, prove the truth of Mr. Gliddon's doctrine, that "no serpents found in the hieroglyphic, bear, as far as I can perceive, a direct relation to the ovine myth; nor have Egyptian eggs any direct connection with the Cosmogonical Serpent," we might thus, (if we take the Egyptian Mythology as the most ancient,) obtain one clue to the *progressive* history of symbolism; and, just as the cross is in our day the type of the brazen serpent of our religious ancestors the Hebrews, and by the investigators of 2,000 years hence, will be placed in chronological succession; so it is possible that some of the significations attached to the Mundane Egg, in connection with the Serpent, are only the later parts of a series of ancient symbols, of which the antitypes are lost. That some such idea is also entertained by Mr. Squier, may be gathered from a remark (p. 248) in connection with the "Egyptian Hierogram of Serpent, Globe and wings." "It has also been suggested that the serpents are emblems of eternity; the wings, of the power which 'brooded over the vast expanse of chaos;' and that the whole signifies simply the 'Eternal Creator.' But while conceding that the hierogram is allusive to the Supreme Deity of the Egyptians, I am convinced that there is a deeper significance concealed beneath it than has yet been explained; and that a further study of the primitive religions of the East will yet throw much new light upon its meaning. The fact that the *crux ansata*, the Taautic sign of life, is sometimes dependent from the necks of the serpents, should not be overlooked in attempting its solution."

To such "further study," we fear, must be referred the question, of how varied and opposite qualities and attributes of the Divinity came to be represented by the same Serpent Symbol. Why, typifying wisdom, power, and duration, should it also be emblematical of an evil principle, strug glin against the good—a problem the more important, because, as such signifi cations prevailed wherever Serpent Worship is found, both in India and Central America, and such significations seem to be conventional and derived, and not such as would naturally suggest themselves to man, a point of evidence is deduced in favor of the common origin of the religious systems of the two continents. Bearing in mind, however, the fact that some of these multifarious attributes appear, as above remarked, to have been added in progress of time to some original type, the reader will be prepared for the lucid and eloquent summing up of the testimony by our

author himself, whom we hope soon to meet, according to promise, in the same field of research, to be again gratified and instructed, as we are now.

"It has already been remarked, that the symbols which we find most common to widely separated nations are usually those of an obvious character, and the concurrence is therefore no matter of surprise. Many, which at first glance appear to be most complicated and arbitrary, when we come to analyze them, are discovered to be exceedingly simple. The occurrence of the Serpent Symbol, however, hardly admits of the ordinary solution. We can easily understand how it might symbolize reproduction and time, and perhaps how it might emblematize evil force; but most of its applications, it must be confessed, if not arbitrary, are not easily accounted for. It may indeed be, as intimated by Sanchoniathon, that, being the most mysterious creature in nature, it was therefore chosen to symbolize things least understood. It is the fact that most of its applications seem essentially arbitrary, which gives peculiar interest to the circumstance of its great predominance on this continent, particularly in Mexico and Central America, where it had a symbolical significance, closely corresponding, if not identical, with that which it possessed in the early mythologies of the East. This fact also tends to establish a community of origin, or a connection or intercourse of some kind, between the primitive nations of the two continents; for it can hardly be supposed that a strictly arbitrary symbol should accidentally be chosen to express the same ideas and combination of ideas, by nations of diverse origins and totally disconnected. Hence it is, that the Serpent claims so large a portion of our attention; for the more numerous and decided the coincidences between its various symbolical applications, the more plausible the hypothesis of a dependence, at some period or other, between the people of the old and new worlds."

Since the above brief notice was prepared, and while it is passing through the press, we have received from the city of Mexico a very interesting work, cognate to that under notice, and containing many facts of importance bearing upon the question started by Mr. Squier.* The traditionary teacher of men who, under the name of Quetzalcoatl, in Mexico, and Bochica in Colombia, occupies so conspicuous a place in the mythological systems of those countries, has been recognized both amongst the Mayas in Yucatan, and the Quiches, Zutugils, Lancandones, Tzendáls, and other affiliated nations which occupied the States of Oaxaca, Chiapas and Tabasco, in Southern Mexico, and Quesaltenango and Guatemala in Central America. Here he was known among the Mayas under the name of Cuculcan, and among the Tzendáls, &c., as Votan. These facts Mr. Squier was the first to point out, identifying Cuculcan with Quetzalcoatl, etymologically, and by a consideration of his character and attributes, and the monuments dedicated to him. Of Votan, our author says:—

"We have traces of a similar personage in the traditionary Votan of Guatemala, but our accounts concerning him are much more vague than in the cases above mentioned. * * He seems, also, to have been a serpent or of serpent origin."—P. 189.

The lack of information concerning this character has been, in a great measure, supplied by the Abbe de Bourbourg, who has lately obtained possession

* Cartas para servir de introduccion a la Historia Primitiva de las Naciones Civilizadas de la America Setentrional, par el Abate Don e Carlos Brasseur de Bourbourg, Miembro de la Sociedad Mexicana de Geografia y Estadistica, &c. &c.

of some rare MSS. relating to the nations of Indians above named, and especially to their traditionary founder and great teacher—Votan. From these it appears that not only was this demigod, like Quetzalcoatl, symbolized by a serpent, but that the city sacred to him, now in ruins and called Palenque, was anciently called *Na Chan*, or *City of the Serpent.* It is, of course, impossible to give here even a synopsis of what the Mexican *savan* has presented upon this subject. The following passages, however, will form a very appropriate addendum to Mr. Squier's chapter on the Allegorical "Great Teacher, the Incarnation of God," in the mythological systems of ancient America:—

"Votan, during a long series of cycles, was venerated by all the civilized nations of North America, who, alike in the names and titles they conferred upon him, conveyed all that was most grand and august in the Western World. The worship of the serpent, so universally to be met with in the places where the civilization of the followers of Votan was able to penetrate, and the existence of which has attracted the attention of travelers and antiquarians, refers to this illustrious character, or some of his family. His name expresses the idea of the serpent, or rather of the snake, *Chan;* and, consequently, we are not surprised at finding it reproduced in a multitude of names, places and people, from the Rio Grande to the Lake of Nicaragua. From the winged serpent, or serpents crowned with feathers, which the conquerors of Mexico found sculptured in high relief in the wall which encircles the great pyramid or teocalli of Tenochtitlan, to the gigantic serpents of the Palace of the Vestals at Uxmal, in all the multitudes of serpents which are found in all forms and dimensions throughout Mexico—all seem combined to perpetuate the name of this illustrious family of the *Chans*, Cocomes, or Culhuaques, who carried civilization into so many parts of this hemisphere. In the image of the serpent was symbolized that family whose numerous off-shoots mingled with all the dynasties who reigned in these remote countries; but in the feathered serpent was recognized, in a peculiar manner, the head of this august lineage, or at least the one who had given to it its celebrity. This symbol designated Votan in the exercise of his sacred functions, or raised to the rank of a deity, and was expressed by the word 'Quetzalcoatl,' which has attracted so especially the attention of writers."

It should be observed that Mr. Squier regards Quetzalcoatl as a mythic character, to be distinguished from the historical personage of the same name. Thus we have a historic and a divine Odin, a historic and a divine Osiris; for in America as in the Old World, the priests and devotees of certain deities often assume their names. (See p. 179.)

"Quetzalcoatl," says Mr. Squier, "is the Mexican name for that intermediate great Teacher and Demi-God, which may be traced in every primitive mythology, as I think I have fully shown in chapter vii. of my work on Serpent Worship. He is an incarnation of the principal God of the Mexican Pantheon, Son of the Sun, by a virgin mother, and in his origin, character, and attributes, coincides with Buddha, Codom, Fohi, Schaka, Zoroaster, Osiris, Taut, Hermes and Odin, in the old world; and with Bochica, Votan, Cuculcan, Manco Capac, Payzume, Wasi, Manabozho, etc., etc, in the new. I conceive him to be a strictly mythological character: a being half human, half divine, such as primitive nations in their religious speculations and refinements have thought necessary to place intermediately between man and the divinity—as their intercessors near the latter, the medium of the transmission of his will, and the representative of his goodness, wisdom and power. Knowledge in religion, government, agriculture and the arts, in the primitive systems, was supposed to proceed from above, through this chosen channel. Thus, Quetzalcoatl, like Bochica, established religion and laws, and taught ignorant and helpless men agriculture

and the useful arts. His mission fulfilled, he disappeared mysteriously, with a promise that he would one day return with new gifts, to introduce a new era, when 'peace and good will' should prevail, and the world enter upon a new and millennial age. Quetzalcoatl belongs to the mythic realm; he is an impersonation of an idea, not a historical character, and cannot be admitted as such in these investigations, under that or any other of his numerous names."

In respect to Cuculcan, Mr. Squier (p. 204) advances the opinion that, etymologically, the name is synonymous with Quetzalcoatl; an opinion founded upon a knowledge of the Maya language, a cognate dialect with the Tzendàl, with which the author of the MSS. above referred to was familiar. Says our author,

"*Cu* or *Ku* in the Maya language, means God—and *Can*, serpent. We have therefore, *Cu*, *Kul*, *Can*, Serpent God. What 'Kul' signifies it is not undertaken to say; but we may reasonably conjecture that it is a qualifying syllable to *Can*, Serpent." (P. 204.)

Upon this point the Abbe Bourbourg makes the subjoined corroborative observation:

"The name *Cuculcan*, or more correctly *Cuchulchan*, coincides with Quetzalcoatl, and in the country of the Mayas, or Maayhas, was applied to Votan. In the Tzendàl and Txotxil languages it signifies literally *Serpent clothed with precious or divine plumes* or *feathers*. The 'Quetzal' being a magnificent bird, whose plumage was always considered among the North American nations as an emblem of supreme authority, and of divinity."

The same writer says further:

"Dressed in robes large and rich, an oriental mode, his head crowned ordinarily with a tiara or mitre; holding in his hand a rod adorned with mysterious emblems, in the form of an episcopal crosier or royal sceptre; distinguished by some as God of rain, and consequently of fecundity of the earth; instructor of astronomical science among the people preceding the Aztecs; king and high priest of Tulha, where he enjoyed immense riches in sumptuous palaces, fabricated of precious stones; mocking the magicians, being himself a magician; leaving his city and passing to Yucatan, where he left various magnificent monuments in memory of his passage; embarking at Pontonchan to land at Panuco; establishing, with the help of his disciples, the priesthood and cloisters of Cholollan, sending these same disciples to found the palaces and temples of Mictlan; persecuted by the King, Huernac, and embarking anew in the Gulf of Mexico, to go to Coatzacoalco, when he finally disappeared never to return—such is Cuculcan or Quetzalcoatl as he is represented by the greatest part of the historians, of whom to this day none has been able to give an exact account of this personage who was adored as a God, from one end to the other of the civilized provinces of America, from Mexico to the Lake of Nicaragua, under the different names of Quetzalcoatl, Cuculcan, of Heart of the Mountain, Heart of the People, Heart of the Kingdom, almost always with the same attributes; represented as a mythic allegory by some modern antiquaries, and by others as a Christian Apostle, St. Thomas himself, who came borne over the waves, to announce to the Americans the blessings of the gospel.

ENGLISH SLAVERY.*

The condition of England and its people presents a paradox which ought to be a warning and an example to the rising states of this Western World. She has grown vigorously during a thousand years with all outward signs of increasing prosperity, like the giant oak with its spreading arms and luxuriant foliage, the monarch of the forest and the admiration of the beholder. Unmistakable signs of decay, however, begin to thrust themselves upon the attention even of the indifferent observer, and a little scrutiny shows the trunk to be rotten at heart, and the corruption spreading with fearful rapidity. It is a strange fact, that a Christian state advancing in civilization and in the accumulation of wealth during ages, should gradually develop in its own bosom more abject poverty and paganism, more crime and misery, than almost any barbarous state on the face of the earth. Investigations that have recently taken place, show that London contains within its bosom more pagan paupers and criminals, who never heard of the Christian religion, than there are inhabitants in the city of Boston. Vast multitudes of human beings there exist in a worse than savage state, their livelihood is derived from the crimes of civilization, and their amusements are its lowest vices. The existence of such a state of things is by far less alarming than the fact, that despite every effort to the contrary, it is increasing. That is to say, the proportion of *pagan* paupers to the whole mass of inhabitants is constantly progressing, and threatens ultimately to absorb the whole, or at least so much of the trunk will decay, that no more strength to bear aloft the spreading limbs will exist, and the whole empire will go down before the next political blast.

It cannot be concealed, that the natural tendency of capital to accumulate at the expense of labor, was for more than 150 years directly fostered and encouraged by the policy of the British government. Her so called protective policy, which, taking date from the middle of the 17th century, remained in full force and vigor until nearly the middle of the 19th century. The accumulative force which capital had then acquired, aided by the vast loans made to defray war expenses, caused it to progress with unprecedented rapidity, and the government found its wheels revolving more slowly and with increasing difficulty. There was no resource but to relieve labor from its serfdom to capital by a free trade policy, and the adoption of that policy has checked the increase of misery. But the results of nearly two hundred years of bad government are everywhere apparent. Ignorance and heathenism have become so universal amid the dense masses of the English population, that the work of enlightenment is far more difficult there than amid the more accessible people of distant countries. The city of London is thus described by an English author:

"The city of London, within the walls, occupies a space of only 370 acres, and is but the hundred and fortieth part of the extent covered by the whole metropolis. Nevertheless, it is the parent of a mass of united and far-spreading tenements, stretching from Hammersmith to Blackwall, from Holloway to Camber-

* London Labor and London Poor.

well. A century ago, according to Maitland, the metropolis had drawn into its vortex one city, and borough, and forty-three villages. Despite its vast extent, still its increase continues to be so rapid, that every year further house-room has to be provided for 20,000 persons; so that London increases annually by the addition of a town of considerable size. At all times there are 4,000 extra houses in the course of erection. By the last return, the metropolis covered an extent of nearly 45,000 acres, and contained upward of 260,000 houses, occupied by 1,820-000 souls, constituting not only the densest, but the busiest hive, the most wondrous workshop, and the richest bank in the world."

The criminal statistics for this vast Babel furnish results as follows:—

"The amount of crime in London is almost as amazing as its wealth. About 36,000 criminals pass through the metropolitan jails, bridewells, and penitentiaries every year. In one year the number of persons taken into custody by the metropolitan police for various infractions of the law, amounted to 65,000 and odd —equal to the whole population of some of our largest towns. The criminal districts of the metropolis are peculiar. Larcenies in a dwelling-house were most numerous in Whitechapel in one year, and in St. George's-in-the-Borough in another. Larcenies on the person, on the other hand, were most common in Covent-Garden at one time, and at another in Shadwell. Highway robberies, burglaries, and shop-breaking, occur most frequently in the eastern and southern districts, as Whitechapel, Southwark, Lambeth, Mile-end, and Poplar. The parish of St. James usually furnishes the largest proportionate number of cases under the head of drunkenness, disorderly prostitutes, and vagrancy. Clerkenwell is distinguished for the greatest number of cases of horse-stealing, of assaults with attempt to rescue, and wilful damage. Common assaults are said to be most frequent in Covent-Garden and in St. George's-in-the-East; coining and uttering counterfeit coin in Clerkenwell and Covent-Garden; embezzlement in Whitechapel and Clerkenwell; and pawning illegally in Mile-end and Lambeth. Murder has been found to be most prevalent in Clerkenwell and Whitechapel, manslaughter in Islington and Clerkenwell, and arson in Marylebone and Westminster. One thing is at least clear, that, judging from the limited number of facts supplied to us, Clerkenwell would seem to hold a bad pre-eminence for the number and nature of the offences committed within its limits. The Constabulary Commissioners, who had access to the best sources of information, made a return of the number of thieves and suspicious characters within the boundaries of the metropolitan police, and the following is the result of their investigation:—They divided the whole number into three classes, and they found, 1st, that there were 10,444 persons who had no visible means of subsistence, and who are believed to live by the violation of the law, as by habitual depredations by fraud, by prostitution, &c.; 2dly—of persons following some ostensible and legal occupation, but who are known to have committed some offence, and are believed to augment their gains by habitual or occasional violations of the law, there were 4,353; and, 3rdly—there were 2,104 persons not recognized to have committed any offences, but known as associates of the above classes, and otherwise deemed to be suspicious characters. Besides this return, the Constabulary Commissioners also obtained another, giving the number of houses open for the accommodation of delinquency and vice in the metropolitan district, namely, houses for the reception of stolen goods, 227; houses for the resort of thieves, 276; number of brothels where prostitutes are kept, 933; number of houses of ill-fame where prostitutes resort, 848; number of houses where prostitutes lodge, 1,554; number of gambling-houses, 32; and number of mendicants' lodging-houses, 221."

It is, however, only when the habits and manners of large classes of those who constitute the *honest* portion of the inhabitants are examined, that a true estimate of the degraded state of English metropolitan society

can be formed. For this purpose we shall extract from the work quoted at the head of these remarks, some statements relative to the habits and religion of the *costermongers* of London. These are said to number 30,000, and are therefore sufficiently important to form one phase of English life.

"In many of the thoroughfares of London there are shops which have been turned into a kind of temporary theatre (admission one penny), where dancing and singing take place every night. Rude pictures of the performers are arranged outside, to give the front a gaudy and attractive look, and at night-time colored lamps and transparencies are displayed to draw an audience. These places are called by the costers "Penny Gaffs;" and on Monday night as many as six performances will take place, each one having its two hundred visitors.

"It is impossible to contemplate the ignorance and immorality of so numerous a class as that of the costermongers, without wishing to discover the cause of their degradation. Let any one curious on these points visit one of these penny shows, and he will wonder that *any* trace of virtue and honesty should remain among the people. Here, the stage, instead of being the means for illustrating a moral precept, is turned into a platform to teach the cruelest debauchery. The audience is usually composed of children so young, that these dens become the school-rooms where the guiding morals of a life are picked up; and so precocious are the little things, that the girl of nine will, from constant attendance at such places, have learned to understand the filthiest sayings, and laugh at them as loudly as the grown-up lads around her. What notions can the young female form of marriage and chastity, when the penny theatre rings with applause at the performance of a scene whose sole point turns upon the pantomimic imitation of the unrestrained indulgence of the most corrupt appetites of our nature? How can the lad learn to check his hot passions and think honesty and virtue admirable, when the shouts around him impart a glory to a descriptive song so painfully corrupt, that it can only have been made tolerable by the most habitual excess? The men who preside over these infamous places know too well the failings of their audiences. They know that these poor children require no nicely-turned joke to make the evening pass merrily, and that the filth they utter needs no double meaning to veil its obscenity. The show that will provide the most unrestrained debauchery will have the most crowded benches; and to gain this point, things are acted and spoken that it is criminal even to allude to.

"Not wishing to believe in the description which some of the more intelligent of the costermongers had given of these places, it was thought better to visit one of them, so that all exaggeration might be avoided. One of the least offensive of the exhibitions was fixed upon. The "penny-gaff" chosen was situated in a broad street, near Smithfield; and for a great distance off, the jingling sound of music was heard, and the gas-light streamed out into the thick night air as from a dark lantern, glittering on the windows of the houses opposite, and lighting up the faces of the mob in the road, as on an illumination night. The front of a large shop had been entirely removed, and the entrance was decorated with paintings of the "comic singers," in their most "humorous" attitudes. On a table against the wall was perched the band, playing what the costers call "dancing tunes" with great effect, for the hole at the money-taker's box was blocked up with hands tendering the penny. The crowd without was so numerous, that a policeman was in attendance to preserve order, and push the boys off the pavement—the music having the effect of drawing them insensibly toward the festooned green-baize curtain.

"The shop itself had been turned into a waiting-room, and was crowded even to the top of the stairs leading to the gallery on the first floor. The ceiling of this 'lobby' was painted blue and spotted with whitewash clouds, to represent the heavens; the boards of the trap-door, and the laths that showed through the holes in the plaster, being all of the same color. A notice was here posted over the canvass door leading into the theatre, to the effect that 'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO THE FRONT PLACES MUST PAY TWOPENCE.'

The visitors, with a few exceptions, were all boys and girls, whose ages seemed to vary from eight to twenty years. Some of the girls—though their figures showed them to be mere children—were dressed in showy cotton-velvet polkas, and wore dowdy feathers in their crushed bonnets. They stood laughing and joking with the lads, in an unconcerned, impudent manner, that was almost appalling. Some of them, when tired of waiting, chose their partners, and commenced dancing grotesquely, to the admiration of the lookers-on, who expressed their approbation in obscene terms, that, so far from disgusting the poor little women, was received as compliments, and acknowledged with smiles and coarse repartees. The boys clustered together, smoking their pipes, and laughing at each other's anecdotes, or jingling half-pence in time with the tune. Presently one of the performers, with a gilt crown on his well-greased locks, descended from the staircase, his fleshings covered by a dingy dressing-gown, and mixed with the mob, shaking hands with old acquaintances. The 'comic singer,' too, made his appearance among the throng,—the huge bow to his cravat, which nearly covered his waistcoat, and the red end to his nose, exciting neither merriment nor surprise.

"To discover the kind of entertainment, a lad near me and my companion was asked 'if there was any flash dancing.' With a knowing wink, the boy answered, 'Lots! show their legs and all, prime!' and immediately the boy followed up his information by a request for a 'yennep' to git a 'tib of occabot.' After waiting in the lobby some considerable time, the performance inside was concluded, and the audience came pouring out of the canvas door. As they had to pass singly, I noticed them particularly. Above three-fourths of them were women and girls, the rest consisting chiefly of boys—for out of about two hundred persons, I counted only eighteen men. Forward they came, bringing an overpowering stench with them, laughing and yelling as they pushed their way through the waiting-room. One woman, carrying a sickly child with a bulging forehead, was reeling drunk, the saliva running down her mouth as she stared about her with a heavy, fixed eye. Two boys were pushing her from side to side, while the poor infant slept, breathing heavily, as if stupified, through the din. Lads jumping on girls' shoulders, and girls laughing hysterically from being tickled by the youths behind them, everyone shouting and jumping, presented a mad scene of frightful enjoyment.

"There was one scene yet to come, that was perfect in its wickedness. A ballet began between a man dressed up as a woman, and a country clown. The most disgusting attitudes were struck, the most immoral acts represented, without one dissenting voice. If there had been any feat of agility, any grimacing, or, in fact, any thing with which the laughter of the uneducated classes is usually associated, the applause might have been accounted for; but here were two ruffians degrading themselves each time they stirred a limb, and forcing into the brains of the childish audience before them thoughts that must imbitter a lifetime, and descend from father to child like some bodily infirmity."

This is certainly a melancholy picture of the training of "free and enlightened" Englishmen, who fill the earth with the noise of their philanthropy. It is to be expected that such places form the constant amusement of "young England"—that in maturer ages neither sex will evince more morality. Accordingly, the "social state" is as free from the restraints of matrimony as the most zealous socialist could desire.

"Only one-tenth—at the outside one-tenth—of the couples living together and carrying on the costermonger trade, are married. In Clerkenwell parish, however, where the married couples are about a fifth of the whole, this difference is easily accounted for, as in Advent and Easter the incumbent of that parish marries poor people without a fee. Of the rights of 'legitimate' or 'illegitimate' children, the costermongers understand nothing, and account it a mere waste of money and time to go through the ceremony of wedlock, when a

a pair can live together and be quite as well regarded by their fellows, without it. The married women associate with the unmarried mothers of families, without the slightest scruple. There is no honor attached to the married state, and no shame to concubinage. Neither are the unmarried women less faithful to their 'partners' than the married; but I understand that, of the two classes, the unmarried betray the most jealousy.

"The dancing-rooms are the places where matches are made up. There the boys go to look out for 'mates,' and sometimes a match is made up the first night of meeting, and the couple live together forthwith. The girls at these dances are all the daughters of costermongers, or of persons pursuing some other course of street life. Unions take place when the lad is but fourteen. Two or three out of 100 have their female helpmates at that early age; but the female is generally a couple of years older than her partner. Nearly all the costermongers form such alliances as I have described, when both parties are under twenty. One reason why these alliances are contracted at early ages is, that when a boy has assisted his father, or any one engaging him, in the business of a costermonger, he knows that he can borrow money, and hire a shallow or barrow—or he may have saved five shillings—'and then, if the father vexes him or snubs him,' said one of my informants, 'he'll tell his father to go to h—l, and he and his gal will start on their own account.'

"Most of the costermongers have numerous families, but not those who contract alliances very young. The women continue working down to the day of their confinement."

It may readily be supposed, that where the only means of education is the "penny gaff," and where the "social state" is entirely reformed from the tyranny of the marriage ceremony, that the same species of reformation extends itself to the religious sentiments of those free Britons. And we are informed,

"An intelligent and trustworthy man, until very recently engaged in costermonging, computed that not three in a hundred costermongers had been in the interior of a church, or any place of worship, or knew what was meant by Christianity. The same person gave me the following account, which was confirmed by others:—

"'The costers have no religion at all, and very little notion, or none at all, of what religion or a future state is. Religion is a regular puzzle to the costers. They see people come out of church and chapel, and as they're mostly well dressed, and there's very few of their own sort among the church-goers, the costers somehow mix up being religious with being respectable, and so they have a queer sort of feeling about it. It's a mystery to them. It's shocking when you come to think of it. They'll listen to any preacher that goes among them; and then a few will say—I've heard it often—A b—y fool, why don't he let people go to h—l their own way?'"

It is to be observed that this ignorance, immorality and paganism, is by no means confined to the costermonger class, who are, in fact, as may be gathered from their conduct, as industrious, pains-taking and hard-working a class as any of the citizens of London, or any other large towns of England; and in point of morality, they have been shown, by parliamentary evidence, to be superior to that of the poorer classes of the agricultural districts, where female modesty is scarcely known at all, although misery may preserve chastity by extinguishing passion. The hardships of these poor venders of edibles are very great, and they suffer these mostly from

that brutality of the English character which induces them always to oppress the weak—that character, the constant manifestation of which, long since, made it proverbial that England is the "hell of dumb animals," and which runs through the race, from the individual who oppresses his dog to the overbearing insolence of the foreign office. The evidence taken in this respect is universal. The experience of a seller of fried fish was as follows:—

"Another time I went into a bar, and there was a ball in the house, and one of the ball gents came down and gave my basket a kick without ever a word, and started the fish; and in a scuffle—he was a little fellow, but my master—I had this finger put out of joint—you can see that, sir, still—and was in the hospital a week from an injury to my leg; the tiblin bone was hurt, the doctor said [the tibia]. 'I've had my tray kicked over for a lark in a public-house, and a scramble for my fish, and all gone, and no help and no money for me. The landlords always prevent such things, when they can, and interfere for a poor man; but then it's done sudden, and over in an instant. That sort of thing was'nt the worst. I once had some powdery stuff flung sudden over me at a parlor door. My fish fell off, for I jumped, because I felt blinded, and what became of them I don't know; but I aimed at once for home—it was very late—and had to feel my way almost like a blind man. I can't tell what I suffered. I found it was something black, for I kept rubbing my face with my apron, and could just tell it came away black. I let myself in with my latch, and my wife was in bed, and I told her to get up and look at my face and get some water, and she thought I was joking, as she was half asleep; but when she got up and got a light, and a glass, she screamed, and said I looked such a shiny image; and so I did, as well as I could see, for it was black lead—such as they use for grates—that was flung on me. I washed it off, but it wasn't easy, and my face was sore days after. I had a respectable coat on then, too, which was greatly spoiled, and no remedy at all. I don't know who did it to me. I heard some one say: 'You're served out beautiful.' It's men that calls themselves gentlemen that does such things. I know the style of them then—it was eight or ten years ago; they'd heard of Lord ——, and his goings on."

A seller of sheep's trotters tells her simple story as follows:—

"Another old woman, very poorly, but rather tidily dressed, gave me the following account, which shows a little of public-house custom:—

"I've seen better days, sir, I have indeed; I don't like to talk about that, but now I'm only a poor sheep's trotter seller, and I've been one a good many years. I don't know how long, and I don't like to think about it. It's a shocking bad trade, and such insults as we have to put up with. I serve some public-houses, and I stand sometimes at a play-house door. I make 3*s*. or 3*s* 6*d*. a week, and in a very good week 4*s*., but, then, I sometimes make only 2*s*. I'm infirm now, God help me! and I can do nothing else. Another old woman and me has a room between us, at 1*s*. 4*d*. a week. Mother's the best name I'm called in a public-house, and it aint a respectable name. 'Here, mother, give us one of your b— trotters,' is often said to me. One customer sometimes says: 'The stuff 'll choke me, but that's as good as the Union.' *He* aint a bad man, though. He sometimes treats me. He'll bait my trotters, but that's his larking way, and then he'll say:

'A penn'orth o' gin
'll make your old body spin.'

It's his own poetry, he says. I don't know what he is, but he's often drunk, poor fellow. Women's far worse to please than men. I've known a woman buy a trotter, put her teeth into it, and then say it wasn't good, and return it. It wasn't paid for when she did so, and because I grumbled, I was abused by

her, as if I'd been a Turk. The landlord interfered, and he said, said he, 'I'll not have this poor woman insulted; she's here for the convenience of them as requires trotters, and she's a well-conducted woman, and I'll not have her insulted,' he says, says he, lofty and like a gentleman, sir. 'Why, who's insulting the old ——?' says the woman, says she. 'Why, you are,' says the landlord, says he, 'and you ought to pay her for her trotter, or how is she to live?' 'What the b— —— do I care how she lives,' says the woman, 'it's nothing to me, and I won't pay her.' 'Then I will,' says the landlord, says he, 'here's 6*d*.,' and he wouldn't take the change. After that I soon sold all my trotters, and some gave me double price, when the landlord showed himself such a gentleman, and I went out and bought nine trotters more, another woman's stock, that she was dreading she couldn't sell, and I got through them in no time. It was the best trotter night I ever had. She wasn't a woman of the town as used me so. *I have had worse sauce from modest women, as they call themselves, than from the women of the town, for plenty of them knows what poverty is, and is civiler, poor things—yes, I'm sure of that, though it's a shocking life*—O, shocking! I never go to the play-house-door but on a fine night. Young men treats their sweethearts to a trotter, for a relish, with a drop of beer between the acts. Wet nights is the best for public-houses. 'They're not salt enough,' has been said to me, oft enough, 'they don't make a man thirsty.' It'll come to the workhouse with me before long, and perhaps, all the be r. It's warm in the public-house, and that draws me to sell my trotters there ometimes. I live on fish and bread a good deal."

But it would be useless to quote all the instances of misery, immorality and crime that are so familiar to the English populace. That degraded condition is confined to no locality or numbers, but is the lot of by much the largest portion of those who make up the 30,000,000 inhabitants of the British islands. It pertains to the municipal, the mining, the manufacturing, the agricultural and the commercial districts; in fact, it is the lot of all those who produce wealth under a government which, for so long a period, strove by its partial laws to concentrate the wealth of the country in its executive head and the aristocracy, which are "the Corinthian columns" that support the throne. As the numbers of the people and the resources of the country became greater, the aristocracy became more rich and more gorgeous in its display—the government more powerful and more arrogant in its external relations. But that wonderful accumulative power which is inherent in capital, outran production, and is depriving the workers not only of all just reward for labor, but of the means of living at all. While capital—"the servant that never rests"—is for its owner, day and night, ceaselessly drawing from labor a revenue, the difficulty of procuring subsistence is hourly increasing for the worker. The step towards freedom which has so far released the latter from bondage as to permit him to sell his labor to better advantage, has, in some degree, ameliorated his condition; but the increasing misery of the British people, under the fatal momentum given to their downward progress by a long course of bad government, under the name of protection, is the great problem for her statesmen to encounter.

TOURISTS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

We never could account for the taste or desire of the American people that leads them into other countries before they have become even superficially acquainted with their own. We hear every day of men of intelligence—authors, artists, professional men—leaving for Europe: some with the intention of book-making; some, who dare not brave the public in this manner, with the avowed object of seeking health. When the object is the one first named—book-making—an excuse may be found in the fact that such books, if well written, command a large sale; moreover, they may be easily written. Distance lends a charm to natural scenery, as well as to the most ordinary events which befall travelers—such as an attack by robbers, or the meagre accommodations of a wayside inn, a noble ruin, or a rapid river; and the most common-place bungler finds no difficulty in writing on such topics. Readers have great ideas of the beauties of the Rhine, while, if the truth be told, there is as much, if not more, true grandeur in the Hudson. The "castled crag of Drachenfels," it is true, presents such a scene as has no parallel upon our rivers, and so, indeed, may

> "Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall,
> Black with the miner's blast."

But though these frail fabrics recall some era of man's history, they cannot lend to soul and mind that great nobility which Nature's works inspire. Thus could we go through entire Europe, searching out its beauties, and demonstrate to the satisfaction of the most skeptical that our own country affords scenery as majestic and elegant. When health is the avowed object of the tourist, the excuse becomes contemptible, for it betrays ignorance, if not deception. Health, indeed! We will venture to say that a tour to the Rocky Mountains would send more invigoration through the physical system than may be found in the fogs of London, *salons* of Paris, or the ruins of Rome. The nearest reason which I can give for the frequency of these tours is *vanity*—the vanity of *having seen*—the vanity that may be gratified by fashionable attentions upon returning home—the vanity of being lionized—the vanity of authorship. The fact is, in fashion we are essentially an imitative people; we take our *modes* of dress from the Parisians, and in our fashionable assemblies the point aimed at is merely an imitation of an assembly at Windsor Castle or in Grosvenor Square. Green grocers become wealthy, and sink their gains in a fashionable house, a carriage with a "coat of arms" borrowed without credit from the Book of Heraldry, and give weekly assemblies during the *season*, all because such is the fashion abroad. We carry it still farther, and to a most ridiculous excess, as we will proceed to demonstrate. The whole of the British islands is equal to something less than two of the largest and one of the smallest States of our Union—say to New York, Virginia and Rhode Island. It would not occupy any great length of time to visit every nook and corner in these islands; and the English nobility and gentry, after becoming familiar with all worthy of note, are in the habit of crossing the channel and making a continental tour. In this, too, we follow them, as a

lackey follows his master. Because my Lord What's-his-name has visited Italy, so must John Brown, retired pork and cabbage seller; and inasmuch as Lady Thingumway has spent a winter in France, Mrs. Snooks, one of our "old standards"—whose mother was a Division street milliner, and whose father a retired gambler and blackleg—must likewise charm all Paris with her delicious society. We do not use this language indiscriminately to all "fashionable society;" there may be some properly exempted, and I wish the assertion to be taken with all due exceptions.

With regard to authors visiting Europe, if they make the tour for the purpose of studying in any of the famous Universities, the Polytechnique of France, or Heidelberg, or Gottingen—or to seek in some public library works which could not be found at home, the object might be praiseworthy. Or if they went to study men and manners, or even political systems, it were well enough; but mere vanity must disgust every reasonable person. What particular benefit does it confer upon American readers to have a thousand descriptions in every year of the architecture, &c. of the Louvre, the dimensions of the Coliseum, the height of the tower of the Cathedral at Antwerp, and all the stereotyped descriptions of continental scenery. These are the subjects written upon by persons who cannot tell the latitude and longitude of their native city, and only know that there were battles fought during the Revolutionary war, in which one George Washington won distinguished honors, and for which he was made President of the United States. They give us profound meditations written upon the battle fields of Waterloo, of Austerlitz, of Talavera, and, perhaps, of Pharsalia or Marathon. But when at home, they would not get out of a railway carriage to moralize upon the battle fields of Trenton or Princeton; they would not ride an hour to stand upon Harlem Heights, or spend ten dollars to visit Bunker Hill. "Whip us such knaves," say we, with our whole heart. Of all *fashionable people*, we would soonest avoid a fashionable author, and they are by far too large a class. Nine out of ten of the books written by travelers of this description are sheer nonsense; shallow in their reasonings, meagre in their information, flashy in their style. We take them up, and, after wading through a preface of apologies for "boldness," which state that they are "*mere notes by the wayside*," or "pencilings," or some such trash, "only published at the solicitation of valued friends," we come to the part that should be substantial—the part from which we hope to glean information concerning places it may never be our good fortune to visit, and events bearing upon the interests of the world. Instead of this, we have a trellis-work, as it were, of literary gossip, that hides from view the real column—a mere film through which we can distinguish nothing clearly; and after reading on, without deriving knowledge, or experiencing pleasure, we at last drop the book in disgust. True, we have the author's account of the society in which he mingled; of the *good puns* he made; of the manner in which certain of the *noblesse* sought his society, and what they said of him; of the witty speech of Lady Faux-pas at the *fete* in Faux-pas Castle, and such trifles. Secrets acquired by intimacy, and which every honorable man would keep to himself, are told with all the airs of a detractor, the author never reflecting that "he who sells his neighbor's credit at a low rate, makes the market for others to buy his own at the same price." Thus these fashionable books of travel, instead of conveying valuable information, are the merest

personal matters in the world, published only for the sake of notoriety, and made up, in nine cases out of ten, of impudence and falsehood.

This is the general rule; there are, of course, exceptions; some learned and dry, some light and agreeable; but I will pass them over, and return to the more direct object of this paper.

Most of the books on America have been written by foreigners—men who care more for our political system, than the general resources of the country. The greater portion of them have been written by hasty tourists, who have traveled by rapid stages, from one place to another, without pausing on the road to observe, or wandering out of their way to discover beauties: like Basil Hall, they have gone through the country *and seen but one snake.* They have paused at New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New-Orleans, and a few other large cities in various sections of the Union; they have crossed the lakes, visited Niagara, mingled with the fashionables at the "Springs," sailed down the Mississippi, and after six months hasty traveling through a country of far greater extent than Europe, they hold themselves capable of writing books for the instruction of natives as well as foreigners. Ask them questions touching the mineral resources of the country, the coal of Pennsylvania, the gold of South Carolina, the copper of Lake Superior, the lead of Indiana, or the iron of Missouri, and their ignorance is unmasked; ask them concerning the cotton, sugar and rice of the southern states, the method of cultivation, the yield of the crops, and they can only tell that there are large plantations, cultivated by slave labor, and immediately they lift up their hands in pious horror, and deprecate the institutions in which slavery is tolerated. Ask them the characteristics of the people inhabiting the Eastern states, and the answer will be, that they are a shrewd, guessing, prying set, to whom no man's business can remain secret, and fitted only to peddle wooden nutmegs and pasteboard clocks. But the mechanical ingenuity of these people is overlooked; they do not reflect that these states furnish many of the best mechanics, the best agriculturists, the best manufacturers, the best seamen in the world, and that, in point of intellect, they furnish men no whit inferior to the best. From the manner and language of a negro stage coachman, the characteristics of the people of an entire state receive judgment; and a pig being seen in Broadway at a late hour of the night, suggests the remarkable fact that the people of New-York keep late hours. So we might go on enumerating, but it is useless—the void must soon be supplied.

It is evident that foreigners, used to the manners and customs of their own country, look with a feeling of dislike upon anything contrary to what has been familiar to them from childhood; a different political organization, which must naturally alter the manners and customs of a people, creates astonishment—a physical difference in the face of the country, upon which they look with especial wonder, yet for which they do not strive to account—or a custom, ancient as the hills, an heir-loom from remote ancestry, all make their surprise and provide material for their books: yet they are content to decry those customs as follies, and to condemn the scenes as insipid, because they present no ruined castles—no monuments of man's frail genius. But do they not present beauties more glorious? Do they not point out the wisdom, power and greatness of Almighty God? Is there not a solemn grandeur in the pine-clad steep, un-

scathed by the frosts of centuries, and bidding fair to live on through remotest years?

As we have before said, the greater part of these tourists are foreigners, more attracted by our political system than by the resources of the country. They come among us with the fresh recollection of familiar laws, which they have been taught to consider as the only just laws, and they are incapable of properly appreciating our institutions. This may be said of them, without the least imputation of ignorance or vanity. It would be folly for an Asiatic to judge of European politics, until by years of study and observation he had become familiar with the subject; and, is it not equally difficult for an European to judge of the politics of America after a week spent at the Capitol, and a few months passed principally in rail-road cars and upon steamboats? How can a man, with a very limited knowledge of the nature of a country, comprehend its wants? How can one who has only seen the North, tell the requirements of the South? It is not possible to attain accuracy without time and application. We care not however bright the intellectual spark—however quick the faculties—it takes much time for a citizen, as well as for a foreigner, to study the politics of America; in the one subject must be included the natures of her various people, the varied qualities of her soil, the variety of her resources, and the sectional, as well as the general necessities.

We are aware of its having been urged that a man is not a proper judge of his own country; yet can it be likewise urged, that a superficial view by a foreigner is better than a closely considered, carefully written book, by an unprejudiced citizen? We think not. But, apart from our political institutions, there are things eminently deserving of attention: the mineral and agricultural resources of the country; the sublime and picturesque scenery; the various indications and remains of its early inhabitants; the spot, hallowed by recollections of "the times that tried men's souls," and the holy traditions haunting many of its nooks and corners. These require notice, and would amply repay all the labor and expense incurred in properly ascertaining and classifying them. Though we have perused Buckingham's "Travels in America," Sir Charles Lyell's "Two Visits," Tyrone Power's "Impressions," Charles Dickens' "Notes," Von Raumer's "America and The American People," and other books of greater or less importance, we must say, that none approach our ideas of what a book of America should be: there are, among those we have mentioned, fascinating works, replete with the graces of language, and, as far as they go, models for historical and statistical accuracy; but they fail in that they want completeness. What we want is not a mere sectional thing—but an entire work, comprising, from Maine to California, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, mountain and plain, river and lake.

REEDYRILL.

PART I.—RED CAP.

May I attempt to describe a scene to you?

It is a broad valley, with a winding river running through it, some hundred yards, perhaps, across, with a sandy beach on either side, from which arises here and there an enormous half-decayed sycamore.

In one place the pebbly beach is broken by a cluster of pawpaws, in another by a grassy slope, o'erspread with wide-branching beeches, and the drooping boughs of the water larch.

Towards the lower end of the valley, where by a short turn the river winds out of sight, is a small island, overgrown with rank weeds and bulrushes. On the thither side of the stream stretches away southward a broad, level prairie. To the north are a group of round, low hills. On this side of the river rises up from the beach a long grassy ridge, thinly covered with trees, and near the centre of this ridge is a slight ravine, down which rushes, with many a tiny cascade, a little noisy brook.

Near to where this stream debouches into the river, at the foot of the ravine, is a hut or wigwam, rudely constructed of upright poles, driven in the ground, and roofed with a large buffalo skin, a picket of similar rough poles enclosing the hut in a narrow yard.

Just outside this palisade stands a broad old oak, from a horizontal limb of which is suspended the carcass of a deer; and near by is an iron camp-kettle, hanging from a cross-piece, on two forks. A couple of leaky, half-rotten canoes are moored at the river bank, and a third drawn up on the pebbly strand.

This is the landscape.

The only living beings to be seen are a decrepit old squaw, in a tattered blue cotton frock, kneeling down in the endeavor to kindle a fire, with a few dry sticks, under the camp-kettle—and a group of a dozen red-skin children, of various ages, scattered over the beach; some of them dabbling in the river, among a cluster of water-lilies, some rolling about in the sand, one making a mud dam across the brook, and two scratching each other's faces, whilst a third is pelting both the belligerents with mud and pebbles. All of them *in puris naturalibus*, except one little fellow, who had on a dirty red velvet skull-cap, and a string of blue beads around his neck. He is perched on a log, with his chin on his knees, and his arms locked around his muddy shanks, intently engaged in watching the manœuvres of the tadpoles and periwinkles in the puddle at his feet.

Take a second look at this philosophical little fellow, with his red cap and blue beads, making such profound investigations into the habits and private life of the family of *batrachiæ*, so numerously represented in the pool, and you will discern that he is no ordinary urchin.

In the first place you will discover that he is not a full-blooded Indian, like the rest; though his skin is dyed a tawny red, his eyes are a rich hazel, and his hair fine and wavy, almost curling. His features, you will observe, are genuine Circassian—oval face, broad, intelligent forehead, and distinctive Grecian nose. In the second place—and what is more important—he is the subject of these sketches. Hero I shall not call him,

since hero he is none; and you would scarce look for one in the wilds of the West, whose only worldly possessions consist of a tattered cap and a string of beads, and whose source of amusement and instruction is limited to studying the natural history of tadpoles and wiggletails.

But I humbly trust that the little wild brat of the wilderness, who is about to take the liberty to give you some unpretending sketches of the phase in which life has been presented to him, will be found more worthy of your acquaintance hereafter.

II.—RECOLLECTIONS.

How strange are one's earliest recollections—dim, indefinable as to time, place, commencement, and sequel. Of some particular facts, and certain chains of eventition, you have the clearest, most vivid remembrance—as far as it goes, it has been traced in ineffaceable letters on your memory, while all that goes before, and all that comes after, is faded out, not a vestige left—all a blank, or else only glimmers indistinctly through the mists of time.

I have many such disconnected snatches of remembrance of things in the early dawn of my creation, before my mind had sufficiently developed to associate ideas, and reason with the strange and unfamiliar images which the grand world of my new existence presented to my budding intellect.

At the period of my earliest reminiscence I could not have been more than four years old. The first recollection I have is of the scene I have described; of what went before, I remember nothing whatever—only a face; no scene, no event,—only one of those unlinked glimpses—only a mild, angelic woman's face, looking down on me with soft blue eyes, full of tenderness and love. Nowhere, nowhere—no attendant circumstances—only a face. But whether a lingering fragment of a dream, or the print of a past impression, I know not.

I remember, however, quite distinctly, that old, elfish Indian hag, with her long, straight black hair, her bare, skinny feet, and fingers, and bony features. I can see her now hobbling about on her stick, and searching around with her keen, quick black eyes, to which a blacker, crescent-shaped paint-mark under each of them, like an inverted caricature of an eyelash, gave a demoniacal expression.

I remember the little Indian urchins with whom I used to play. The largest one, who was called Cahcoo, I recollect especially, was very fierce and cruel, and tyrannized despotically over the rest of us, none of the others being within three years of the superior strength and manliness afforded by the, to us, imperial age of twelve years, which he had attained. This Cahcoo was prodigiously strong and active of his age, and had the temper of a tiger, and the remorseless meanness of a wolf. We hated and feared him. The little wolf-whelp had not long since actually killed a lad of about my own age, in a fit of passion—a poor little blink-eyed limping Lipan, an orphan, who, captive in battle, was used as a slave-drudge in our camp, killed him and then scalped him, the fiendling, and then hung the scalp to his belt in boasting bravado of the deed. And sometimes when a clump of us little rascals would get together and talk about how he brained the little Lipan with his tomahawk, my flesh would crawl with mingled fear and terror. Whenever we would find berries or nuts, or partridge eggs, or any such children's

treasure-trove, assiduously were they hidden from the hawk-eyed Cahcoo, for fear he would beat us and take them away. Against myself and a boy called Ophie, of my age, and much my habits and character, he entertained a particular spite, and would drub us famously on all occasions. He seemed to hate me, because the hag, Agee, had forbidden his molesting me, and had chastised him once or twice for doing so. But he did not regard her interdict—thrashed me the worse for it, when she was not present—and told me that if I informed Agee of him, he would scalp me as he did the Lipan; and I, of course, in terror bound, obeyed. Ophie he hated, because I was friendly towards him.

I can even now call to mind one little scheme, by which Ophie and I revenged ourselves on this *maudit* Cahcoo. The old squaw Agee had a pipe with a long, slender reed-stem, very curiously painted and adorned, which she prized very highly, both for its own prettiness, and because it was "medicine," as she said, i. e., a whiff through it was a sovereign remedy against "bone-aches."

We took the bowl off, broke it, and threw it away, then fixed a barb on the end of the reed, which thereby made a beautiful arrow; we put this amongst a bundle of arrows belonging to our enemy, and contrived so to dispose them that Agee should find them. Now, say what you will, this childish exploit was a well-conceived and a bold one, and spoke well for the courage of my friend and myself, as well as a good degree of that cunning of tactics which is so highly prized by the Red Man, as well as the Spartan of old. If Agee had discovered the veritable malefactors, we should have suffered in the flesh for it—had Cahcoo made a discovery, we calculated on no less penalty than the diminution of our cubital stature by the thickness of our foretop. But fortune favored; we were never suspected, not even by Cahcoo, (who said it was an evil spirit)—he got a capital beating, which Ophie and I enjoyed famously.

III.—A PAGAN.

I remember how we used to play together, Ophie and myself, on the side of the grass-covered ridge, under the shady trees which were festooned with long hanging vines, and in whose branches I could see the little squirrel leaping from bough to bough, or perched on some horizontal limb, with his bushy tail curled over his back, to nibble a nut, pausing anon to peer at us with his round bright eyes, and then scamper away, half gleeful, half frightened.

I had a keen eye and a steady hand, even in those pristine days, and I handled my small hickory bow so well, that I ranked next to Cahcoo among the boys as a marksman, and I verily believe I could have excelled him had I not been afraid to make the attempt.

How proud was I the first time I brought down one of those same brown-eyed little "bunnies" that I saw scrambling about the branches of the trees, with one of my barbed reed arrows! I had no maudlin sympathy for them. I had a little pet black one, which, one joyous summer morning, I found in a nest in an old hollow tree, and I prized it dearer than any earthly thing;—in fact, Nable, as I called him, and Ophie, were the only two beings who had ever excited the sentiment of love in my little savage breast. I loved to watch their merry gambols, and felt more friendship for them than e'er a delicate, affected boarding-school miss, whose tender sympathies would not suffer her to crush a fly; and yet, I shot them with

as much zest as my companions; ay, and loved to see them fall lifeless from the high limbs, whence my slender arrows would pick them off;—it was the pride of power and skill thereby manifested, that gave me pleasure of murdering the innocents.

I remember watching the wiggletails,—I thought them the most comical creatures conceivable.

I remember the dreams of those times—the dreams I used to have after listening to the nocturnal stories of the hag Agee—a great story-teller she was,—about Indian wars and ghouls, the heroes of the land of shadows—none of which had any definite *locale* to me, or rather all were associated together in a dim, dreamy, dark forest—a vague spirit world—the real and the fictional all came truthful alike to my little wondering, excited imagination, and all were blended together; the dreams of those days—nights, I mean—partaking of the character of my vivid, untaught prurient imagination—sometimes pleasant, but more generally terrible, and haunting me for days—ay, some of them for years.

Whether an idiosyncracy, or whether the result of a specific instinctive law of our own nature, I know not, but I was an idolater—the most veritable pagan, and bowed the knee not only to the Manitou, the great and true God, whom Agee taught me of, but to other gods. I worshiped that divine, blue-eyed, fair-haired woman's face, that in my happy hours smiled on my slumbers. I was a Polytheist: Hindoo-like, I made a Ganges of the rolling river, with its broad, glistening bosom, and mysterious pellucid depths. Its noiseless, gliding current, seemed to me to be instinct with life, and I bowed before its superior majesty, and grandeur, and strength as a god, and I propitiated it with offerings of water-lilies, which I cast upon its waters.

The river is a god. The trees bend their boughs o'er its margin in submissive worship. The arrowy swallow folds its wings, and dips low in passing over it. The fierce sun overspreads it with his rays of gold at morn and evening. The little rills pour their votive waters into its bosom. Nature adores the mighty and beautiful river-god—so will I. Thus I reasoned. I adored the clouds. The cloud-spirit was the one I loved, and feared the most. They dwelt in heaven—their white wings spread upon the winds of the morning, and slept at noon-tide in the supernal bluey depths. Ah! spirits of power and grace were they. When they were glad, they swept the shadows of their white fairy forms across the narrow valley which was my little world—or assembled in chameleon-tinted council in the evening west. When mournful, the echo of their sighs wailed through the wind-bent boughs of the forest; when, pleased with us, their creatures, they shed kind showers upon the grateful verdure of the earth, for which they were repaid by the after-smiling sun and earth, and the pæaned hymns of thankful music-voiced birds. When angry—ah! dread the fury of the storm-cloud; his silvery brow blackens with rage—he rushes through the hollow sky like a war-horse to battle; the sun conceals himself in dismay; the swaying trees bow before his terrible ire; the affrighted birds and beasts conceal themselves; his awful voice rolls in reverberated thunder through the air; his flame-sword flashes through the darkened sky, and anon he sheaths it in vengeance in the body of some proud and stubborn old monarch oak, who disdains in his pride and infidelity to bow with his compeers to the storm-god; and rives his century-hardened frame to the very earth. I worshiped the clouds, and gathered the

long moss-like lichens from the trees, and sent up a cloud of incense as a burnt-offering, and whispered my prayers into it, that they might be borne aloft to the ears of my deity. Was there no religion in my idolatry?

What happiness was there for the savage-child of the wilderness? Cast helpless upon earth, unprotected by the ægis of civilization, what a hopeless, dreary sensation of loneliness, unhappiness and constant fear, must have been his!

Not entirely so, let me say. Cradled in the lap of nature, finding infinite joy and pleasure in her bountiful bosom, my infantine gambols in that lone but sunny vale, were disturbed by but few hours of unhappiness or dullness. Protected by a kind, but an unknown God, I dreamed not, and misfortune never told me, that life was a struggle, a heaven-cursed, brow-sweating toil, full of labor and wretchedness; I lived as though the sunny dream of childhood was to continue forever, for it was all that I knew of life.

Agee had told me that death was a transition from this to another forest-world precisely similar to this, only more perfect and beautiful, and with it terminated the physical pains which we endured here; so death had no terrors for me; there was no nursery-hell, with lakes of brimstone, and molten lead, and horrid cloven-hoofed devils, to harrow the soul of my young innocence.

The forest was bounded in every direction by woods, interminable woods—even the prairie, to the south-west, was skirted far away by a blue line of trees. I never dreamed of the world as being round or limited, but stretching away endlessly in all directions, with scenes of wood and hill, and plain and river, such as I every day witnessed, to all eternity; or at least, far away in some infinite part was that spirit-land old Agee told of. Small idea had I that there was in the wide domain of existence anything but forests and rivers, prairies and Indians, and wild beasts and birds; never dreamed I of aught beyond the horizon which bounded my daily ken, dissimilar to what was in it.

There were—out there beyond my horizon—all the throes and throbbings of the mighty "world" of civilization—its loves, its bickerings, its joys and sorrows; wars of mob-tide surging against power and beauty, as the wild and wasteful ocean lashes a romantic tower on some beetling shore; battling of innovation against prejudice and prescription; the stealthy mining and sapping of the old era of beauty by the wood-worms of infidelism, socialism, radicalism, sensualism; the struggling of energy against adversity; the antagonism of vice and virtue in its endless multiplicity; in short, there was the whole chaotic panorama of the great world, rolling along from eternity to eternity beyond my horizon, but I knew nothing of it.

IV.—KAHTOLI.

At this period of my life, gentle reader, I was as ignorant of who, or what, or where I was, as you are this moment. I knew that old Agee called me Ernie, but that was the amount of my knowledge of my personal identity.

Though in such profound ignorance, it would not do for the reader of this little history to remain so, and I will therefore be kind enough to give him some of the information which I derived from various sources at a later period.

The scene described in the opening of this book was sometime in the

month of September. About a month afterwards we were joined, at our camp, by a couple of Indians and a man, whom I may as well say at once was a white man, though I did not know then, and I remember that he nearly scared me to death the first time I saw him—his bristly beard, sharp nose, and curious pale complexion, led me to imagine a ghoul at best. He was, however, only a little withered-up French fur-trader, named Papin.

The two Indians left again in about a week, but the trader took up his abode permanently with us, and built a wigwam hard by our own. Papin wrought a great change in my affairs. He took me under his especial protection, clothed me warmly and comfortably when the cold weather came on, and took me into his wigwam to stay with him—and best of all, he kept my enemy, Cahcoo, in perfect subjection, so that I had no longer any fear of him.

Papin learned me a great many things. He told me nothing about the great world—nothing about God, but he taught me the French language. He merely told me of the whites as a wicked and ferocious race of men—the Indian's bitterest enemy, and that it was my first duty to hate them with a bitter hatred. He told me that my father was afar up north hunting, and would return in the spring. By speaking the French language the whole winter through, and scarcely anything else, for he restricted my intercourse with my playmates, I learned to smatter it with considerable facility—child that I was, I had hardly acquired my own dialect to any great degree.

One morning towards the time of the budding out of the trees and flowers, Ophie and myself were on the banks of the river a little above the wigwams hunting for oak-balls, when we espied a canoe coming down full of Indians; we had not time to recover from our surprise at this unusual appearance, before another hove in sight, and then another, and another, until we counted five, all full of men; and as they came down nearly opposite to where we were, instead of passing on down the river as we expected they would, they put the heads of their canoes about, and rowed right towards us; seeing which, Ophie and I scampered away in all affright to tell Papin and Agee—the latter laid down the old moccasin she was mending, and came out quite unconcerned at what we had thought such a terrible phenomenon.

"It is the chief," said she, with more animation than I ever saw her exhibit before, turning to Papin, who was looking at them through a long tube. "Yes," he replied, following the old squaw, who hobbled down to the water's edge, "it's Kahtoli, come back from his hunting." I followed them down to the shore, where they were all now landing, to the amount of about fifty warriors.

One, whose mien and dress marked him leader of the band, advanced to meet us; he was received with marked respect by the trader, to whom he addressed some words in a strange harsh language, and to the old squaw he extended a kind greeting.

His appearance, so distinct from the rest of his tribe—so different from anything that I had ever seen, struck me with such force that I have never forgotten it. His color was much lighter than the others—lighter than even that of Papin—in fact, as I afterwards found out, he was a half-blood; and there was none of that red and black paint on his face which disfigured the warriors under his command. He was tall, exquisitely

formed, graceful and nervous in his motions as a mountain deer; he had a noble and commanding air, and his aquiline nose, prominent and lofty forehead, and quick, restless black eye, gave an aristocratic and handsome cast to his clear *brunne* complexion. He was dressed in a style which, to my young, unsophisticated eyes, seemed magnificent in the extreme. I had never seen anything half so grand; and I began to think that he was a god that I must worship. His black thick hair, unshaven and unadorned, hung away down his back; on his head he wore a red velvet scull-cap, similar to my own, except that it was finer, cleaner, trimmed with a fillet of beautiful bead-work, and ornamented with a long white feather. His deer-skin hunting shirt, and moccasins which came up to his knees, were trimmed with soft white fur. Around his small and elastic waist was a richly-worked wampum belt, in which were stuck a pair of slender silver-mounted pistols, and a sparkling *couteau de chasse*; a powder-horn and shot pouch hung at his side, and in his hand he carried a small rifle, which shone with silver and varnish.

As I gazed at him with a mingled air of fear and curiosity, he called me to him, patted me on the head, and called me his son; and having conciliated me with a few kind words, he turned to the trader, and asked—"Has the chief's friend attended properly to the education of his boy as I directed?"

"The young chief is advanced in knowledge beyond his years, and his instruction has been in strict accordance with the commands of our noble chieftain," replied Papin, with a low bow.

"It is well"—and he then turned to me and addressed some commonplace questions in French, which I answered as best I could. He appeared satisfied, and repeating "it is well," we moved forward to the encampment.

And now, for the first time, I learned that I was a young savage nobleman—a chieftain's son—and that my dirty red head-piece was a coronet in token thereof.

Kahtoli signified the white warrior, so named from his light color, his white plume, and ermine trimmings. My own name (Ernie) signified red cap.

We remained but a few weeks longer at this encampment after the return of my father and his hunters, during which time we were engaged in salting and packing the buffalos, bears and deer, which they had brought with them in great abundance; and when we had completed our preparations, we embarked everything on board the canoes, and went away many miles down the river to a larger encampment, where there were many women and children, and which was the regular settlement of Kahtoli's forces; for I may as well observe, that he was not the chief of the Pawnee nation, but only of a small independent detachment, which consisted chiefly of that tribe, but also of Delawares, Creeks, Aricarees, and other Indians.

V.

I shall not attempt a description of the manners, customs and incidents of Indian life. It has often been done, and by abler pens than mine, and doubtless the reader is sufficiently acquainted with them already; and I was at that period too young and ignorant to observe much that would be new or interesting in that field.

Nearly four years passed away in this sort of life, during which time I learned nothing but the savage education of the wild man of the forest, except the French language, which was taught me by Papin and Kahtoli.

During all this period of savage existence I was not unhappy. Indeed, I look back upon it with pleasure rather than otherwise. Knowing of nothing better, I had nought to pine for. Healthy, active, and of a disposition fond of the beauties of nature, and possessed of one of those fertile imaginations which affords infinite sources of enjoyment within itself, I had a happy time of it in the wild western wilderness. I had no hardships to endure, at least nothing that I considered as hardship. Being of a quiet, contemplative and thoughtful turn of mind—at times wild and gay, however, and always enthusiastic—I did not become as savage and untameable as others would have done. 'Tis true much precious time was run to waste, and my "education" was sadly neglected; but I do not now, at this day, regret the sort of savage training I did receive—even preferred it, and intend to base the youthful discipline of my progeny, when I have any, on the same plan. My physical frame was developed to a degree amounting to perfection, and it has laid the foundation of a constitution which, I trust, will carry me down to the gray twilight of life full of years and strength.

I was happy and free. The prairie, the river and the forest afforded inexhaustible sources of enjoyment for me. The birds and flowers were my poetical playmates. My only bugbear had been Cahcoo, and now I no longer feared him. Kahtoli was the kindest of fathers to me. I loved him and Ophie, and in that love was much happiness and joy.

Our hamlet was built in a small "opening," a hundred acres, perhaps, in a large oak forest. At one side of this opening, which was carpeted with flowers and prairie grass, and a few clumps of hazels, here and there was a little clear pool-like lake, clear as crystal, with silvery-finned fish swimming about in it—and wiggletails in abundance, for the gratification of my naturalist propensities. On its borders drooped the swamp willows, and waved the slender rushes—the wide-spreading nelumbian and the pale water-lily. Here I would wander and dream. What were my dreams? The day-dreams of the little wild urchin, on the lake-side, in the wilderness!

I used to lie on the mossy bank, and peer down into the pellucid water at the mirrored forest and sky, and imagine that it was the entrance into the "spirit-land" which old Agee talked about. I used to scan the blue sky, and watch the eagle and goshawk soaring away up through its airy infinitude, and wonder to what brilliant world it led. How I longed to cleave the buoyant element—to fly to its uttermost limits, and explore the fairy wonders I fancied to be found there; to commune with the cloud-spirits, to deck my hair with the gemmed stars, and clothe myself with the hues of the rainbow!

I dreamed of meeting in those grand old woods with gossamer-haired elfs, and grottoes sparkling with earth's glorious gems—of purling fountains, and beautiful white birds, and green mossy banks, and curious flowers, such as I had never seen. Such were my dreams.

VI.—THE HERON.

One morning, on returning from one of my rambles through my favorite haunts in the woods, I found the whole village in an uproar. Men were jabbering, women screaming—all running hither and thither, in utter confusion and excitement. I could not imagine what was the matter. The centre of attraction seemed principally to be about a young woman, who was wailing and tearing her hair in a most distracted and distressing manner. "What is the matter, Arho?" I asked of an Indian, who was mounting a horse in hot haste; but Arho, instead of answering my query, kicked his horse into a gallop, and flying across the "opening," disappeared in a twinkling in the bushes of the forest. I saw several others jump upon their horses, and gallop off in different directions, each, apparently, taking his own route; and footmen running off also in the same way, as if every man was trying to get away from the others.

It could not be the proximity of a hostile tribe—they did not use to send out scouts in this helter-skelter style. I saw my father giving directions to some men who were assembled around him, and I drew near to find out what the rumpus could be about. As soon as he dismissed them, I approached, and inquired what it all meant.

"Tahee has lost her child."

It appeared that the girl, a child of about my age, had gone out to gather strawberries early that morning, with the instruction to be back in an hour—five had already elapsed without her returning, and the uneasy mother, on instituting a search, found that she must certainly have lost herself in the woods. The conch had been sounded—which had, indeed, brought me back—due search had been made, but no sign could be found of her. This was the matter. Tahee was the young woman lamenting the loss of her child, and would not be comforted, because it was not. I gazed at her agonized countenance—how she must love her little girl, thought I; and there rushed into my mind a thought, which, strange to say, had never entered it before—filling it with a gush of tenderness—of sadness.

"Chieftain," said I, to Kahtoli, "where is my mother?"

Kahtoli gazed at me sternly with his keen, black eyes.

"Boy," said he, "you have no mother!"

"No mother!" Involuntarily I burst into tears, and uprose before my mind's eye those heavenly blue eyes, which haunted me in my earliest dreams.

"Your mother, my little Red-Cap, is long ago dead," continued Kahtoli, with more kindness, as he drew me between his knees, while he seated himself upon a log; "she was a pale——" and he stopped as if he had been guilty of an inadvertency.

"A pale face!" I exclaimed aloud. "The blue eyes! It is the blue eyes;" and I clasped my hands with a sort of sad joy.

"Ernie!" cried my father, in a startled voice, "what know you about blue eyes?—what are you talking about?"

"The blue eyes that I see in my sleep, in my dreams. In the twilight time, when I sit alone on the old mossy rock by the lake, and gaze at the stars peeping out—then, father, I often see a pale-face woman's features, beautiful and gentle, with blue sad eyes, looking down tenderly upon me."

"It is all a dream, Ernie," said he, with a disturbed brow; "your mother died long ago, when you were born; you never saw her. I will

tell you more about her when you grow older. Come, we must find Tahee's child. Go to the cabin, and stay till I return, and I will talk more to you;" and putting his rifle on his shoulder, he rose, and strode away into the woods.

The incident created an interest in me. I felt a secret sympathy for the bereaved mother, and instead of going to the cabin as I had been told, I took my bow and arrows, and determined to go out also in quest of the lost child. Mechanically I wended my way towards the lake. On turning a cluster of bulrushes higher than my head, as I drew nigh to the edge of the water, I espied a tall heron standing on an old log that jutted out of the water; he was so absorbed in eating a small minnow that he did not observe my approach, and quick as thought I drew my bow and discharged an arrow which stuck in his wing. The heron, uttering a cry of distress, flew up and fluttered away some distance into the woods. I saw him alight in the bed of a little rocky brook which was now dry, and rushed after him to secure my prey; just as I got to him and was fixing another arrow, he flew up again—my arrow still sticking in his wing—and lit about twenty yards off on a dead stump of a tree. I discharged my second arrow at him, but missed my aim, and again he flew; again I followed him, and so we went on this way, it must have been a mile at least: every few minutes he would alight, and just near enough to tempt me to follow him on, in hopes of his giving up at last when his wound weakened him more. At length as we both issued out into an open savanna, the arrow fell from his wing, and, relieved of his encumbrance, the heron mounted higher into the air and soared away out of sight.

Hot, tired, and out of breath, I sat down on a bank of moss at the foot of a solitary old post-oak, to rest myself. Confound that heron, what a chase he has given me! Alas! how many men chase herons all their lives, who elude their grasp at last when they have run themselves down in the contest.

Having rested myself, I got up and commenced a search for the arrow the bird had let fall. In hunting about amongst the grass for it, I found a beautiful bunch of large ripe strawberries, and childlike, in a few minutes I forgot everything else in picking strawberries, which grew in great abundance over the savanna. I went on picking till I got my cap full, when I thought again of my arrow, and renewed my search; but after a few minutes spent in vain, I gave it up, and turned to wend my way homeward; and I hardly knew whether to laugh at the absurdity of the thing, or to cry with vexation, when I found that I was utterly at a loss, and did not know which way to go. I had got nearly into the middle of the plain around which were woods in every direction, and so uniform in their appearance, that they afforded no landmark for me to go by; and I could'nt tell for the life of me which way I came into the prairie. There was the old post-oak—I had entered the opening near to that; but unfortunately just on the opposite side, and about the same distance from me, stood another post-oak, and they seemed to be twin-brothers, precisely like it for all the world; they both stood out in the plain at about the same distance from the wood, both had a mossy bank at their root, both had broken scraggy tops, —in fact, the woodsman knows that these are characteristics of all post-oaks in openings. They are all exactly alike. This was exceedingly perplexing, but there was no help for it. I must choose between them; so I set off for one at a hazard, and from thence re-entered the woods. I had not gone a hundred yards before I thought I must, as is always the case, have

taken the wrong oak, but on looking about I fancied I saw the same old burnt stump on which the heron had once perched in my pursuit of him. But how many burnt stumps are there in the woods! In fact, I had been so intent upon watching the heron, that I took no particular notice which way I was going, nor of any landmarks to guide myself by, never dreaming of getting lost for a moment.

Here is a pretty piece of work, thought I, for me to come out here, and against my father's orders too, searching for a lost child, and to turn in and get lost myself.

Soon after, scratching about in the bushes a bit, I came to a little "dry branch," and now I thought I was certainly right. I examined carefully the bed of the stream to see which way the water had run, which I could easily tell by the "wash" and the disposition of the pebbles, and knowing that it emptied into the little lake, I reflected that all I had to do was to follow it down. With a mind much at rest from this clue I fancied I had obtained, I followed on and on, thinking at length that the lake was a very long way off, but never despairing; until, after following its meanderings for about three or four miles, I found that it terminated not in the lake as I had hoped and anticipated, but in a small running brook, and then my heart sunk within me, and I sat down and had a cry over it. But I soon saw that crying would never mend the matter, and began to find a little more hope—this unwearying hope, what would a man do if it were to forsake him? I reflected that the brook must empty into a large river—there was in my ideas but one river, at least I knew of no other—and that was the one which ran near our encampment. If I could reach that river, and find the place where we landed when we moved down from our former huts to the new settlement, I would recognize it at once, and have no difficulty in finding my way from thence to the settlement.

Refreshing my parched hot lips with a draught of its cool water, and resting a few moments on its banks, I continued my way, through much beautiful scenery, but not much regarded by me in my present anxious state of mind; and wandering on along its circuitous and tangled course through the woods—night found me still on my weary way.

As the haze of twilight began to enshadow the silent boundless forest around me, I sat down on a log which had fallen across the stream, and gave myself up for lost.

While my mind was buoyed up with hope and uncertainty, I had travelled on, anxiously, it is true, but never giving up in despair, nor suffering the depression of spirit which would sometimes come over me to take thorough hold of my mind. But now ten minutes of the agony of despair, utter hopeless despair, sunk like a leaden weight into my heart. I thought of the distress of my father. I had witnessed that morning the effect produced on Tahee by the loss of her child, and she had several others to soothe her sorrow. Kahtoli, he had but me—and I must die in these gloomy woods. How drear and desolate everything now looked! With the effulgent impulse of a child, I commenced calling to my father, and "Kahtoli! Kahtoli!" rang through the dark around; but the only answer was, the wild mocking echo of my own words. By the grim dusky shades of the forest it sounded to me as the voice of some child-hating woodsprite I had awaked, and I could almost imagine his glimmering horribleness of features grinning out from the dark recesses in sheer malicious delight at my terror and misfortune. It seemed like the weird howling of some evil

demon as it rang and rolled with a hollow concussion down the shadowy vista of trees. I stopped calling—those hollow echoes affrighted me.

The airy hooting of the gray owl, the childlike cry of the fox, the chirping of insects, and the croaking of swamp-frogs, these were sounds familiar to me, and at times were not without a certain pleasure to my ear. But now, in the solemn stillness of the forest, away from all that resembled humanity, in the dusk of evening, alone, lost—they had a mysterious sounding that thrilled a secret terror through my bosom.

But as it grew darker, the stern necessities of my situation caused me to awaken from the sort of bodily insensibility and mental delirium of despair into which I had fallen. I must prepare to spend the night in the woods, in the safest and most comfortable manner that I could under the circumstances.

And now once relinquishing that delusive and tenacious hope of finding my way back, strange to say, I felt in some measure relieved, and began to speculate on plans for the future. I felt in the buckskin pouch by my side, and found a clasp-knife, given by my father, and which, as a rare luxury among savages, I prized highly; there was also a few arrow-heads, a ball of cord for bowstrings, a lariat which Papin had just been learning me to throw. I had also a small tomahawk in the belt which fastened my buckskin hunting-shirt; a few fish-hooks completed my equipment:—small store to commence life with! However, I did not repine; I grew more cheerful on discovering what implements I had to fight against the attacks of fiend hunger.

I began to speculate on the idea of living hermit-wise in the woods by myself. I will build me a little wigwam by the side of this pretty stream. It was now summer-time, I remember. I will try and find in some dark grotto, or by the side of some tiny, shining fountain, a little silky-haired fairy-girl, to live with me and be my wife.

Again I fancied—what silly dreams I always had!—that the medicine man of our tribe would find out by his conjurations where I was; and when I awoke in the morning I would find myself lying snug in my little pallet at home, with Ophie by my side.

But meantime I must kindle fire to serve for warmth—for the nights even at this season of the year were damp and chill from the heavy dews; and I fondly hoped that its light might be seen at the camp, and answer as a beacon to guide them to the little lost wanderer. And besides, I wanted it *to keep me company*. A fire, whether of faggot or candle, is so cheery and lifelike, that it seems quite like a companion to a solitary man.

So I searched for, and succeeded in finding the dry excrescence or fungus, which grows on some trees, called, by backwoodsmen, "spunk," and which makes capital tinder. After many futile efforts I succeeded in kindling it with my knife and broken flint, and then I soon had a big roaring fire by an old log. After sitting up awhile, watching the wild hue which it shed on the foliage of the trees above and around me, and the flickering phantasies of the long shadows it cast around, looming till lost in the utter darkness—for there was no moon, and the gray twilight grew into a dense blackness the instant my fire shot up its flame—lost in the utter darkness which bounded with its eternal infinitude of blackness the little scope of my vision.

I made of the strawberries in my cap, which I had carried rather

mechanically than from design, in my hand all day, a scanty supper; and nestling myself in some dry leaves, my little wearied limbs soon found their much needed repose in a deep dreamless slumber.

VII.—FOREST LIFE.

The sun was high in the east, and shining with a cloudless beam upon the gladsome earth when I awoke. I had been too much accustomed to sleeping on the ground in the open air to experience any ill effects from it, so I arose, rested and refreshed, and throwing aside my moccasins and hunting-shirt, I made my matutinal ablutions in a deep place I found in the brook, and then dug some grubs, cut me a rod, and fixing thereto my fishing-line, after a few minutes angling I caught half a dozen little perch out of the brook, roasted them on the embers of my fire, which had not all gone out, and breakfasted thereon with much relish. This done, I wandered on down the course of the stream until I came to a place where I resolved to pitch my tent, and carry out my plan for a hermit's life. The place that I selected was no other than a gigantic old sycamore, which was hollow within, and formed a cell nearly ten feet in diameter. This had two entrances, which might be termed a door and window, consisting of two apertures, one large one at the base, and a smaller, eight or nine feet above, which would just admit my body.

Knowing that there were bears and panthers in the country, though I had seen none, I determined to stop up the lower one, and make my way of egress by the upper hole.

I labored for three or four days, until I filled up the lower part of the tree with stones from the brook, up above the orifice at the base, and then I had a safe and comfortable dwelling-place, rather inconvenient of access, however, for I had to climb to it. The orifice was so small that no wild animal of a size that I would fear, could enter it, and I felt comparatively safe in my den. I filled the bottom with long, dry tree-moss, which made a very pleasant couch. I subsisted on roots, fish, and such small game as I could shoot with my bow, or catch in traps, in the making of which I was quite an adept.

Of course I grew heartily tired of my hermitage ere long; and as no bright-eyed fairies came to cheer my loneliness, I had many a heart-sinking yearning for home and the society of my father and friends; but I at length grew accustomed to it, and would no doubt have finally degenerated into something between a Nebuchadnezzar and a Chimpanzee, had fortune not brought about my deliverance from the captivity in which Nature was holding me.

I occasionally saw a bear, or a cougar; but as I made a point to keep out of such bad company as much as possible, and was also very nimble in running up small saplings which those burly creatures could not scale, I contrived to evade them, and the advances which they sometimes seemed inclined to make towards a more intimate acquaintance.

I dwelt in the old sycamore for I suppose about a month—though it seemed an age to me—without seeing sign or trace of anything human but myself. I did catch a young squirrel, which I tamed, and I think I should have died with loneliness but for its companionship; it proved a great solace and pleasure to me, and I even began to grow somewhat contented with my lot, when one morning, before I had issued out of my tree, I was startled by a

wild warwhoop suddenly bursting upon my terror-stricken ear, and the instant after, the report of a volley of rifles rang through the woods.

On peeping cautiously out of my hole, I saw on the brow of a hill, some five or six hundred yards off, a party of Indians on horseback, drawn up in battle array, some twenty or thirty in number, and some distance to the right a larger party, galloping around them, as if making demonstrations towards a charge, and yet unwilling to attempt it; the other band, though less in number, having the advantage of superior position. Though somewhat alarmed at their hostile attitude, I still could not but feel a joy to behold human beings once more, and to find some chance offered for a release from my forced exile in the solitary woods. But my rejoicing diminished, when I saw at length that one party were Sioux and the other Aricarees—both sworn enemies of my father and his tribe; and I knew that if either of them should discover me and find out who I was, that I would never see my kindred again, and be in great danger of my life; so I deemed it best not to reveal myself, and resolved to lie as closely ensconced in my den as possible, hoping that I would stand a good chance not to be discovered.

I continued to watch their manœuvres, and at length saw the Aricarees, who were the larger force, divide into two parties, to drive their adversaries from their position, which they soon did, by sending one party around the hill to mount it on the other side, while the other kept them engaged in front. Very soon the engagement became general, and after a bloody fight the Aricarees vanquished the others, drove them from the field, and took several prisoners, whom they scalped and slaughtered upon the field.

About the time that the affray drew to a close, a Sioux warrior, who had fought with great desperation, had his horse shot from under him, and he instantly disengaged himself and took to his heels, and, as fate would ordain it, he took right towards my hiding place. Several Aricarees set out in pursuit, and just as he came to the very base of my sycamore,—I had withdrawn my head, but I could hear him running; he was shot—and the report had hardly ceased, before I heard him fall heavily at my very feet.

The Aricarees came up to take his scalp, and in doing so, they doubtless observed the stones which filled the lower hole in the tree, and perhaps, also, where my footsteps had worn smooth the grass around its base, for I heard one of them make an exclamation of surprise, and make some remark to his companion, about "curitree,"—for I could understand something of their language, there being several renegadoes in our tribe. The next thing one of them came scrambling up the tree, and poked his ugly painted face into my door. "Wah!" he exclaimed, "papoose! wild papoose in the hollow!" and, seizing me by the nape of the neck, he dragged me out as he would a raccoon, nearly breaking my back in doing so.

The Indians were infinitely surprised, and did not know what in the world to make of it, as the one who had climbed after me dropped me in their midst.

They seemed even somewhat inclined to be afraid of me at first, supposing that I was some wood-sprite. But this was only for an instant, for one of them suddenly caught hold of my velvet coronet, and holding it aloft, exclaimed:

"Wu-ulla! Pawnee—Pawnee!"

At this they all set up a shout, and one of them thrust the butt of his lance under my short ribs, saying, in my own language, "Speak, Pawnee, speak."

Which I immediately did at the top of my lungs. Finding, however, that no present hurt was intended me, I spoke to the man who had addressed me in Pawnee, and told him my situation, and gave a brief account of my adventures.

He then asked my name, and if I was not Kahtoli's child.

I had artifice enough to deny the latter, and gave a fictitious name.

After much questioning, which I answered as artfully as I could, I was at length mounted behind a warrior, who gave me to understand, that if I made any attempt to escape, a rifle ball would stop me at once; so I deemed it best to remain quiet where I was.

This parley did not last long, however, for they almost immediately set out at a full gallop, in pursuit of the fugitive Sioux.

We continued the chase nearly all day, but overtook only a few stragglers, who were immediately scalped. Towards evening we changed our course, and struck out towards the east, and, after a few hours trot, came to a place where we made a halt for the night.

The brave behind whom I was placed, was the same who had pulled me out of my hole. He informed me when we halted,—for he had scarcely spoken a word to me during the day, though he had ascertained that I spoke his language well enough to comprehend him,—that I belonged to him, by the right of discovery, I suppose, and that, as he had no son, he would adopt me, if I was willing to live with him; if not, he would swap me to a friend for a rifle that he coveted, who would make a slave of me. To this friendly proposition, which was as welcome as it was unexpected, I, of course, readily acceded. He then informed me that his name was Jahenee, and also gave me a new name, which I have now forgotten, having borne it for so short a time.

Jahenee was a grum old Indian, and a great glutton, but he treated me with tolerable kindness. At night he tied my hands behind me, and made me sleep by his side.

The next day we journeyed still to the eastward all day, and so continued for two or three days.

It was evident that the band was on a journey of some importance, from the seriousness of their demeanor, the bee-line which they pursued, and the circumspectness with which they rode during the day, and set their watch at night. What they were after, I could not divine; and knowing that it was utterly useless, I never thought for a moment of asking them.

I grew mighty tired of them, however, and a circumstance occurred which led me to resolve on taking leg-bail the first opportunity. It was the fourth day of our march, that one morning my master's brother, just as we were about starting, gave his horse, a very fiery animal, into my charge, to hold while he discharged a rusty load out of his rifle, for the purpose of wiping it out and re-loading it. The report of the piece frightened the horse in some way: he reared and plunged, and getting the bridle out of my hands, set off at a gallop. Jahenee's brother was greatly enraged, and running up to me, struck me a blow with his fist that prostrated me to the earth; and I verily believe would have killed me, but for the interference of my adopted father. He seemed resolved, however,

to have a further revenge on me for this unintentional offence, for he came to Jahenee that night, and accused me of stealing his knife; whereupon, without any other evidence, I received a severe drubbing, and a lecture on the baseness of thieving, to which, as I was innocent, I paid no heed.

After I had been tied as usual, and lain down to sleep, I overheard my new-made enemy persuading his brother, that as I was a dishonest, trifling little whelp, he had better sell me, and offered to take me off of his hands, and made a large offer for me. Jahenee seemed not so unwilling, and I became convinced that I was about to pass into the hands of my enemy. I felt a secret presentiment, that the whole thing was a preconcerted scheme in him, even to the firing his rifle to alarm the horse, and that he had some sinister scheme in view, but what, I could not discover. My opinion afterwards was, that he wanted to ransom me to obtain money to gratify his dram-drinking propensities. Had I thought so at the time, however, I would not have opposed the arrangement; but as it was, I determined to make my escape as soon as I possibly could. As I lay under a huge old tree, through whose tremulous leaves the cold stars were twinkling brightly down, I saw a grape-vine swaying to and fro from a horizontal limb right over my nose; and the idea suddenly occurred to me, that if I could but get my arms untied, I could climb that vine into the thick foliage of the tree and hide myself there. It seemed to me that they would never think of looking for me in such a place, right over their very heads; and besides, it appeared my only chance, for I was right by the side of Jahenee, from whom I could not move a peg without his knowing it, and the sentinels were all around me, and the vine hung so temptingly in my reach, and almost touched me. But how to get my hands loose. There seemed no way for that, and I lay beating about in my brain for an expedient, and finally almost gave up in despair, when, feeling something uncomfortable beneath me, I rolled slightly over, so that I could feel it with my hands, and with joy discovered that it was a sharp angular rock jutting up out of the ground. I lay motionless until every one was fast asleep, and the hard breathing of old Jahenee heard at my elbow—and the sentinel unable to observe me for the interdrooping boughs of the old beech, when I commenced to saw my hands back and forth over the sharp stone, that the continued attrition might wear the cord asunder. It was wrapped threefold, and a long, weary time did it seem to me that I was scraping, scraping across it. Some hours at least must have elapsed ere I felt the fibres untwist, yield, and come asunder.

Just at the very instant, Jahenee turned over, and laid his brawny arm over my body. I trembled lest I had been discovered; but after a few moments of breathless suspense, I became convinced that it was a movement in his sleep. In turning over with his face towards me, I saw a small shining object slide from his breast and fall to the ground; it was a small keen *couteau de chasse*, which, when he turned over, fitting loosely in its case, fell out. I made a movement to extricate my body from his embrace; slight as it was, it seemed to cause him to hug me closer. I looked at the polished blade lying in my grasp. I saw his neck exposed so as to reveal the jugular vein. I knew that to sever it was instant death. It is a part of the education of a savage, anatomy—such as teaches how to murder most effectually. I paused an instant, half afraid—not of committing murder—I had never been taught that killing an

enemy, under any circumstance, was aught but a praiseworthy deed; but for fear that I might not do it as effectually as I wished.

I took the knife in my hand, felt its edge—no razor keener—the exposed surface of his neck lay up temptingly in view. I raised up as much as the superposition of his arm would permit, and passed the blade rapidly across his neck. I attempted to clap my hand over his mouth in the instant that the black jet of blood spurted out, but he sprang to his feet with the bound of a tiger, uttered a wild yell, and fell heavily to the ground. In an instant the whole troop were on their feet; but fortunately it was as dark as pitch, and I caught hold of the vine and commenced climbing up as rapidly as I could; but to my infinite horror and dismay, I had not ascended three feet before it twisted around with a crackling noise, and broke, the whole coming crashing with me to the ground. In utter loss what to do, I rolled over and over down the little slope, when suddenly I was precipitated into a hole full of leaves some five or six feet deep. Thought I, here's the place for me to hide; and I grovelled in the damp leaves and sticks to throw them above me. My hand stuck down at one time farther than it did before, and seemed to pass entirely through the leaves and trash that clogged up the hole into an empty space beyond; on attempting to widen this passage, by pulling up some sticks, immediately the whole concern gave way, and I went thundering down—the Lord knows where—until I lit in a bank of mud and rocks that nearly broke my neck. My fall must have been at least ten or twelve feet. I lay for a while half stunned, and when I collected myself sufficiently to get up, I found myself in supreme darkness. I knew that I had tumbled into a cavern, but what to do, or how to dispose of myself, I could not imagine. I heard the enraged shouts of the Indians above ground, and I feared above all things a discovery, so I resolved to grope my way farther into the cave, to get as far out of their reach as possible, and, moreover, to find a drier standing ground than the wet bank of mud into which I had fallen.

I got down and crawled along on my hands and knees for some distance, without encountering any obstruction.

The place was consumedly wet and chilly, and being every instant in mortal dread of tumbling into some hole or pool, and breaking my head, you may imagine I had not a very comfortable time of it. I was rejoiced to find, however, that I was getting farther and farther from my noisy friends above, and, at length, the sound of their voices ceased entirely. I traveled onward, sometimes downward, sometimes with an upward tendency, but generally on a level with the horizon. I was frequently nonplused with opposing walls, wet and clammy; sometimes I broke my nose against a stalactite; sometimes, from the echos of the fragments of rocks I disengaged, I fancied I was in a large chamber, and again I could feel the walls above and around me in some narrow passage, and, occasionally, I got into a *cul-de-sac*, and had to retrace my steps. Finally, I came into a room which seemed very much warmer and drier than the rest, and I found a dry bed of sand, which felt absolutely comfortable. For the first time, as I seated myself upon it, the possibility of my getting lost in the intricacies of the cavern occurred to my mind—and here I would have to starve to death in this clammy prison.

How cruel is nature, thought I; at one time she holds me captive in the wilderness; then man relieves me of that bondage, and dooms me to a worse; then the bowels of the earth inhume me in their humid dungeon.

I gave up all hope, and lay myself down to die, for I knew that it would be utterly impossible for me to retrace my steps, a thing which had never struck me; while fear of discovery by the incensed Aricarees, whom I knew would flay me alive, urged me onward into the entangled bowels of the cave. Weariness finally overcame my fears, and I sank into a disturbed sleep.

VIII.—A MONSTER.

Imagine my astonishment on awaking to find the warm sunbeams on my slumberous eyelids, and my ears regaled with the melody of choral birds! I looked around me, and fancied that I must have died during the night, and that I had awakened in the Elysian fields of the Land of Shadows. The most beautiful landscape I ever beheld lay before me; a grassy savannah, enamelled with superb flowers, and bordered on either side by a wall of graceful forest, skirted to the ground with a canopy of verdant foliage. At the bottom of the savanna stretched out a broad, magnificent river, whose green, mirrory surface, was silvered over with the morning rays of the sun, which hung like a gemmed badge of honor on the breast of morning, above the line of blue dreamy hills that loomed up across the river. What a change from the rocky recesses of the earth I had laid me down in! For some minutes I was so entranced with the glorious prospect around, that I could hardly realize, on looking behind me, to find the dark entrance of a cavern in a hill-side, and to discover myself sitting in its mouth on the very bed of sand I had laid down upon.

I had come out of the cavern in the night without knowing it, and slept in the open air of heaven!

I discovered that I had a famous appetite for breakfast, now that I was no longer in the land of shades; and I further discovered that I had not the means of making one. I was somewhat at a loss to know into what country I had arrived, for it was very evident that I had not come out of the cave by the same hole I had entered, so I concluded that I would clamber the hill, and reconnoitre.

On reaching the brow of the hill, and taking a peep at the other side, I was by no means pleased on discovering the camp, where I had left my friends the night before, and still less to observe some of them still lingering about it; and my displeasure grew to the highest pitch when I saw three or four Aricarees on the hill, not three hundred yards off, and I determined to beat a precipitate retreat; but alas! too late—for just as I moved off, one of them uttered a loud exclamation, and a rifle-ball went ringing by my ear, as I disappeared over the top of the hill. I had the hill between us; but I saw it would be utterly impossible for me to reach my cave before they could get over the brow of the hill, though I went bounding down its side like a young deer.

In this dilemma I saw before me an old pine, which some hurricane had blown up by the roots, laying its huge form in my path; the mass of roots at its base raised its trunk some foot or so from the ground, and the bark had peeled off, and flapped over the sides so as to make an enclosed hole beneath. I crawled in under this flap, and found myself snugly concealed in it. There was not more than space for me to lie in; and as

the least movement, almost, would have caused the bark to tumble off, it may readily be imagined that I did not lie very comfortably. In a minute I heard the Indians hallooing on this side the hill, and approaching nearer and nearer to my hiding-place, and the most of them passed by. But, as fate would have it, two misbegotten knaves came to the very tree, and one of them even got on top of it. I trembled with alarm; when, at that very moment, I felt something crawling on my body—a cold, smooth surface glided over my hand, up on my breast—on my neck—God of heaven! on my cheek—the shining, scaly head of a huge rattlesnake on my very cheek! and his glistening, cunning, fascinating eyes within two inches of mine—his breath on my very lips. I moved not—not a muscle or a nerve, for I knew it was death—death from within and without; but the cold sweat stood like beads upon my forehead—it passed along over my eyes, over my forehead, and went on, unharming. Reader, in that fearful moment I suffered the pangs of death itself.

"Wah-hoi!" exclaimed the Aricaree, jumping off of the log in affright, "snake! snake with the whistling tail, under the log. He's not here—let us go." And they both set off at full speed to rejoin their companions.

I do think that moment—that moment of infinite relief, was one of the happiest of my life. I lay under that log the livelong day without budging a peg, and as the shades of evening drew on, I crawled out, half-starved. In going down to the river to assuage my thirst, for I saw no possibility of getting anything to eat, what should I stumble over, of all things in the world, but a big "cooter," or land terrapin, who apparently was making for the water with the same intention as myself. I immediately seized upon this god-send, and having drunk, I repaired to the cave to make a meal of him. I had my knife and flint still in my possession, and I lost no time in kindling a fire in the cave, so that its light might not be seen, and despatched my "cooter," cooked him, and repasted thereon with great satisfaction to myself.

This done, I issued out, and not entering the neighborhood I was in, determined to start on a journey. I took the river for my clue, knowing no other, and having, for my only object, to get out of the neighborhood of the Aricarees.

I traveled all night, scarcely stopping a moment, and towards day-break, being afraid to travel in daylight, I ensconced myself in the thick foliage of a tree, near the river-bank, and finding a place where I could repose safely in the branches, I was soon snoozing away snugly. It was not until towards evening, that I was awakened by a strange noise, like the echoing of a wood-chopper's axe, with a dull distant sound, away up the river. It sounded more like that to me than anything else, and yet it was too loud, too continued, and reverberated with a hoarser sound, and seemed to be coming nearer and nearer to where I was. As it grew nearer, the sound seemed utterly novel to me, and I listened to its monotonous *paugh! paugh!* with an excited interest, as it re-echoed from one side of the river to the other. For a long time my eager gaze caught nothing to associate with this strange sound; but presently I saw a curl of white smoke rising from the trees around a bend in the river, which seemed like a fire kindled on the bank; then a round ring shot up; and now it, like the noise, seemed to be approaching, and it came up in successions of puffs; and at every *paugh!* a wreath of white smoke would mount into the air.

I was riveted with wonder as I saw it. A huge, incomprehensible object heaved in sight, and came rushing down the river. I never had seen the like before,—never had dreamed of it in my wildest reveries. I knew of nothing analogous. At first it seemed to me some terrific water-devil, with fiery eyes, two tall *horns*, and enormous wings, folded up on each side. As it drew nearer, and I could distinguish better, I saw people walking about on it, and I fancied the whole thing a wild and unaccountable chimera of some mighty magician; though I could not even then persuade myself that the hoarse, panting, swift rushing monster, was not instinct with life. When I saw it turn its head towards me and come nearer and nearer, and its flaming eyes grow brighter and brighter, and when I saw that the people who crowded it were not Indians, but strange looking creatures,—some right white, others perfectly black—I became convinced that it was a devil, and those were his imps; and as it came rushing right towards me, I was so overwhelmed with terror and amazement, that I stood transfixed and motionless. At length it touched the shore, and, as it did so, it gave such a hideous, ear-rending yell, that I tumbled down on the ground in a paroxysm of fear. After laying thus on my face until it ceased its unearthly scream, I summoned courage enough to look up, and at length crawl on my hands and knees behind a pile of wood, which lay cut up in a huge heap near by. Peeping through the cracks of this, I saw four or five of the imps come on shore—the most of them black, and frightfully ugly, and direct their steps right towards the log pile behind which I was ensconsced; near me was a thick branched tree, and picking up a handful of stones, to defend myself with in case of necessity, I nimbly mounted into it. Here I sat securely, and watched the movements of the imps on shore, quailing in every nerve as the monster occasionally vented one of its awful screeches, and belched forth clouds of smoke. Those on shore came to the very woodpile and carried away to the monster every stick of it, piece by piece; and when they had taken it all away, they returned, each with an axe, and began felling the trees down and splitting them into slips, which they carried off in the same way. Thinks I to myself, this water-devil eats wood, for I saw some of them thrust it into openings in front. Just then, one of the ugliest of the black imps came to the tree I was in, and stuck his axe with a ringing sound into its trunk. On the impulse of the moment I chucked a pebble at his head, which bounced off again as if it had struck a rock, at the same time calling to him, in good Pawnee, that he must not cut it down.

The imp dropped his axe and ran off to a white devil, who seemed a chief among them, and made some exclamation in a strange, harsh language, which seemed to me to be the same in which I had once heard my father address Papin the trader. I did not know then its meaning, but I afterwards found out, and it might have been translated thus:—

"Gorramighty, massa Captain, heah debble, or Injun, on in de tree, for sartain; he mos' break my head wid sometin'."

Soon there was a crowd around the tree, calling to me, and making signs to me to come down.

I told them in Pawnee, that I would not do so, unless I was assured that they would not harm me. I saw that I was not understood; and good sense or good luck, I don't know which, suggested to me to speak to them in French, which I immediately did, and was answered by the white chief, who then invited me to come down; and I did so without farther hesita-

tion, now being convinced that these must be the whites I had been taught to hate so, since they spoke their language,—what the black devils could be, I could not, however, make out.

The chief's stock of French, I soon found, however, to be even more limited than my own, and we had to supply the deficiency by signs.

"Whence came you?" asked the white chief, eyeing me curiously. I may remark that he was a stout-built, thick-set man, with rosy, round face, and curly, sandy hair and whiskers. He wore a gold ornament on each shoulder, which I afterwards was told was a badge of his rank as a warrior. He had a good humored blue eye, and a pleasant and even handsome appearance, and I suppose was about thirty years of age. I was pleased with him on the whole, but I thought that he laughed too much, and was too undignified in his behavior for a chieftain. When he asked me whence I was from, I laid my hand on my breast, and replied:—

"De l'ouest, Monsieur?"

"Of what tribe is Monsieur?"

"Les Pawnees, Monsieur. Je suis fils de Kahtoli, chef des Pawnees."

"Oh! oui, I have then the honor to speak to Monsieur Kah—what is it—le cadet, I suppose?" asked he, raising his cap very politely, but still laughing, in a manner that seemed as inexplicable as it was unbecoming.

"I am called Ernie, that is to say, *Bonnet Rouge.*"

"Monsieur Bonnet Rouge de Kahtoli, I am very happy of your acquaintance. How did you leave your father?" And without waiting for an answer, he turned and spoke in the harsh language to those around, and they all looked at me and raised their hats, but at the same time laughing, in a manner which taught me that they and the white chief were ridiculing me. The blood mounted into my face, and taking out my knife, I made a blow at the chief which nearly cut off one of his fingers, and sobered his face into respect at once.

"*Mon cher maitre Ernie*, I beg ten thousand pardons—you misunderstand, I was only introducing you to my friends. I meant no disrespect in the world."

I burst into tears. Immediately the chief's demeanor changed to one of kindness and sympathy, and he begged me to come with him to the "bateau," and tell him what circumstances caused me to be found alone thus in the wild woods.

I told him that I had been lost in the woods for two moons, and did not know how to get back to my father.

He spoke very kindly to me, and repeated his invitation to go with him, pointing to the boat. I told him that I was afraid of the water-smoke demon; at which he only laughed, and told me that it was only a *bateau*, and would do me no harm; that *les Francais* used it to travel on. His explanations, kindness and entreaties, finally prevailed on me to go with him, especially as he would do all that he could to assist me to find my parents and friends.

I went on board with him, the planks and ropes were drawn in, the curious bateau was shoved off by the sooty imps whom the chief told me were slaves, and soon the *waugh! waughing* recommenced, and we were now skimming over the waters of the great Mississippi.

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

WILLIAM DARRAH KELLEY.

The subject of our biographical notice for this month, is widely known as an active, energetic and radical member of the great Democratic Party; while in his own immediate sphere of action, he is also universally recognized as an ardent friend of humanity, a zealous collaborator in every effort for the elevation of the laboring community, and a helper in every good work. We commend his history to the younger portion of our readers as an example of the manner in which, under the operation of our free institutions, talent, honor and industry, will secure for their possessor his appropriate position, by their own force, against all disadvantages, and without a resort either to the patronage of the influential, or the arts of the demagogue. Let the young man of intellect and industry learn from its recital that there is a path open for him also to reputation and fortune, in which he may walk freely, and still keep his fair fame unspotted to the end.

William Darrah Kelley was born in the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia in the spring of 1814. His paternal family was from Salem county, New-Jersey; his grandfather, Major John Kelley, having served throughout the revolutionary war, and at its close retired to his farm in that county. His son, David Kelley, the father of the subject of this memoir, inherited from him a small estate, but early removed to Philadelphia, where he followed the business of a watchmaker and jeweller, and where he married Miss Hannah Darrah, a lady of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, who is still living at an advanced age under the hospitable roof of her now prosperous son. Mr. Kelley fell into pecuniary difficulties during the financial troubles that accompanied the close of the war of 1812–15, principally in consequence of the too common folly of endorsing the paper of others. His business was broken up, and he was stripped of his worldly possessions. He soon afterwards died, leaving his family in very straitened circumstances, when William, who was the youngest of the children, was but two years old.

His mother, thus left with a dependent family of three daughters and a son, succeeded in maintaining herself reputably, and bringing up her children creditably. Her son was sent to a neighboring school until eleven years of age, when he left it finally, with only the rudiments of an ordinary English education—the rest being left to his own exertions. He served for some time as errand boy in a bookstore, and afterwards entered the office of Jasper Harding, of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, as copy-reader, where he remained until his fourteenth year. He then apprenticed himself to the firm of Rickards & Dubosq, manufacturing jewellers, until twenty years of age, leaving the shelter of his mother's roof, and taking up his residence in the family of Mr. Dubosq, where he continued until the expiration of his term of apprenticeship. During this period he felt keenly the deficiencies of his early education, and sought to remedy it by reading. Books being difficult of access, he united with a number of his companions

to found the Youth's Library, afterwards called the Pennsylvania Literary Institute, which accumulated a library of about two thousand volumes, and sustained for several years an annual course of lectures, a number of them towards the last by its own members. The original members and officers of this association were nearly all apprentice boys. It exerted a most happy influence, and was not dissolved until its early members were scattered abroad, or had become too deeply involved in active business to attend to it as formerly.

His indenture expired in the spring of 1834, the period of pecuniary embarrassment which followed the struggle of the United States Bank against the government of the country. In Philadelphia, the seat of operations of the Bank, the consequent excitement and "panic" were intense. The friends of the Bank, exasperated to madness by the firm stand of the administration, and the waning fortunes of "the monster," used every effort to inflame the public mind against General Jackson and his measures. It is difficult to conceive, at this day, the feeling that prevailed. In a struggle of the money power to maintain its authority, and even the existence of its most efficient instrument, it was but natural that the most desperate measures should be resorted to. The honest convictions of a majority of the people were on one side—the interests, real or fancied, of the mercantile class, on the other. There was, therefore, developed a new phase—new in our country, at least—of the old warfare between capital and labor. In the hard hand of every unit in the masses of labor was a vote, and it was determined that capital should control those votes and use them for its own purposes. Workmen, notoriously democratic, were turned out of shops and manufactories incontinently. The most valuable workmen were at once discharged for the crime of participating in a "Jackson" meeting. The writer knew of an instance in Philadelphia at this period, in which a tailoress was refused work, because her brother had spoken at a democratic gathering. On the removal of the deposites from the United States Bank, this system of coercion was pushed to its farthest limits. Petitions for the restoration of the deposites were circulated in the factories and workshops, and those who refused to sign were marked for speedy discharge. Depression of business was the ordinary plea for such discharge; the depression being of course ascribed to the government; and the workmen were insolently told that "manufacturers could not support those that supported their enemies."

With such scenes as these, young Kelley became painfully familiar during the latter portion of his apprenticeship. Nurtured from childhood in the good old democratic faith, and loving its cause with all the intensity of an ardent and impulsive nature, he could not but be excited to vehement protest and resistance. He labored earnestly to strengthen the spirits of his democratic fellow workmen against this tyranny. Many of them, dependent entirely upon their labor, and having a helpless family, were disposed to succumb. It is probable that much of his subsequent intense energy of purpose and power of vehement declamation was developed by these exciting times. In his last year of service, a town meeting was called, into which the friends of the Bank determined to introduce the popular element, by calling upon the manufacturers and master mechanics to march their men in procession to the place of assemblage. A refusal to enter the line, was of course to be the signal for discharge. Though still a minor, and an apprentice, Mr. Kelley took an active part in

resisting this attempt at petty oppression. He adroitly made his appeal to the manly sympathies of the Federalist workmen of his own branch. He implored them not to aid in this proscription of their fellows, and the appeal was successful. They resolved to abstain from the meeting, or to go to it individually, thereby vindicating their own independence in securing that of their democratic brethren.

He attained his freedom, therefore, during a season of extreme depression, which all the forms of fancy business were the first to feel, and the last to recover from. Neither had his course been such as to conciliate the favor of employers of opposite political tendencies. Failing, therefore, to obtain employment in Philadelphia, he was obliged to seek it elsewhere; and in February, 1835, obtained a situation with Messrs. Clark & Curry, of Boston, where he remained about four years, pursuing his business with unremitting industry. His peculiar branch of the trade was enamelling, in which he is said to have excelled. It was a branch of the art at that time but little understood in this country, and it consequently yielded him a much greater income than other branches of the business. He appears to have pursued it with the enthusiasm of an artist, as well as the skill of a cunning workman. The writer has heard him allude to the pleasure he experienced at the satisfactory completion of a costly and highly embellished set of gold cups which were ordered from the firm for the Imaum of Muscat. In this instance, the skill of the workman obtained from the Massachusetts Mechanics' Association the award of a gold medal *to the firm that employed him.* We may be pardoned a word of digression upon the injustice of this system, for the fact in question is not without its daily parallel. In all similar associations the same mistake is made at each distribution of rewards. If they are intended to foster skill and talent, the praise should be given to the brain that plans and the hand that forms the work, and not to the capital that merely furnishes the material and pockets the profits. It is hard enough to have the capitalist forever standing as middle-man between the worker and the purchaser of the work to take his lion's share of the proceeds. When, in addition to this, all the credit and encomium go to him also—the workman, unknown and unrecognised in the obscurity of his shop, has little inducement to strive for greater perfection in his art. Let us hope that a better day is at hand, when the claims of the operative shall be duly regarded in this respect, as well as in others.

During his residence in Boston, Mr. Kelley was not careless of mental improvement, although he pursued his business with steady industry. He read perseveringly, and gathered around him such a choice collection of standard literature as is seldom seen in the humble apartment of a mechanic. His reading was well-selected, and an unusually retentive memory enabled him to profit by it to a greater extent than most others. Neither did his political fervor abate. His enthusiastic attachment to the great distinctive principles of American Democracy never grew cool for a moment. Much of his leisure time was devoted to political and historical reading, and to the details of party organization. It was now that his peculiar talent as a public speaker was first recognized. His style may have been crude and juvenile, but it was fresh, vigorous and impetuous; and he soon became a favorite with the masses of the party. In the democratic papers of that day, his name occurs frequently, in association with those of Bancroft, Brownson, and A. H. Everett. He also commenced

the cultivation of a written style with enviable success; and, even while still in the work-shop, his name appears in more than one programme of lectures, with those of Channing and Emerson.

In reference to his history while at Boston, we extract the following from an article in Elihu Burritt's Christian Citizen. It is from the pen of T. Drew, Esq., the junior editor of the Citizen, by whom it is conducted during the absence of Mr. Burritt in Europe.

"It was our good fortune, when an apprentice-boy in Boston, to enjoy the intimate companionship of this now eminent jurist and philanthropist, who was then a journeyman mechanic, devoting his days to hard manual toil, and his nights to the acquisition of knowledge. We were made a wiser and a better boy through the influence of his instruction and example; and scores of young men, who were then our companions, but who are now scattered all over the country, from Maine to Oregon, can say the same. And we rejoice, as no doubt they do, that our early friend now occupies a position, which enables him to impress the influence of his noble nature upon a whole community, and carry forward his plans for the benefit of his fellow-men, with the co-operation of the wise and good, in the commonwealth which shows its appreciation of his worth, by elevating him to one of its most important and responsible trusts."

Being persuaded by his numerous friends, as well as by his own inclinations, Mr. Kelley finally resolved to abandon his calling for the study of the law, and, with that view, returned to Philadelphia. He here was entered as a student at law in the office of Col. James Page, the then postmaster, in March, 1839. He pursued his studies industriously and perseveringly, and with a success that was proved by his admission to practice as an attorney, of the several courts of the county of Philadelphia, April 17th, 1841. He entered upon the practice of his profession, and at once acquired a business that yielded him a comfortable support. His political labors, and his connection with numerous literary and philanthropic associations, gave him a very large acquaintance. Very few men, certainly, were acquainted with so many of his fellow-citizens, and all knew him in some connection creditable to himself, and calculated to inspire confidence in his manliness, integrity, and intelligence.

Even before his admission to the bar, Mr. Kelley took a warm and active part in the politics of his native state. Popular as a speaker, his influence grew stronger every day. He possesses unusual gifts as a popular orator, and his friends have sometimes regretted that the quiet duties of the bench have taken him out of the arena in which he shone so conspicuously. To a tall and vigorous frame, he unites an expressive and mobile play of features, and a voice of unusual depth and power. The writer remembers standing at the north-east gate of Washington Square, and distinctly hearing him address a day-meeting at the other end of the State-House yard, notwithstanding the noises of the street. The warmth and energy of his speeches roused and attracted his auditors, so that his appearance on the stand was always loudly called for, and enthusiastically cheered. He enjoyed at this period a popularity and influence seldom attained by one of his age. When one of the newspapers of the day, in referring to his efforts to allay the public excitement, consequent on the suspension of specie payments, in 1842, spoke of him as the "tribune of the people," there may have been some extravagance in the expression, but certainly no other man in Philadelphia deserved the compliment as well.

In the canvass of 1844, which resulted in the election of Mr. Polk to

the Presidency, his aid was particularly efficient. The national election was preceded by a gubernatorial contest, upon which, in the then balanced state of parties in Pennsylvania, the result of the presidential contest was felt, on all sides, greatly to depend. It therefore became an object of primary importance to secure the election of Francis R. Shunk, then nominated for the first time. The energies of the Democratic Party were strained to the utmost, and it was only by a small majority that it was successful, after a struggle of unusual excitement and duration. During the campaign Mr. Kelley traversed the state, a great part of the time in company with Mr. Shunk, addressing meetings in many of the eastern counties. Wherever he was heard, his practical good sense, his genuine republicanism, and his enthusiasm in the great cause for which he was battling, left a mark which assuredly remained until the ballot-boxes were counted in October. Mr. Shunk was elected, and the triumphant election of Mr. Polk soon followed, completing the great democratic victory. To the latter Mr. Kelley contributed, not only in his own state, but by his stirring appeals to the people, during a canvassing tour through a great portion of the states of New-Jersey and Delaware.

On the inauguration of Mr. Shunk, in January, 1845, he appointed the Hon. John K. Kane, Attorney-General, by whom Mr. Kelley was deputed, in conjunction with Francis Wharton, Esq., to conduct the prosecutions in the courts of the City and County of Philadelphia. To a young lawyer, hardly initiated into practice, this was a post at once of honor and responsibility; nor was the latter diminished by the important state trials arising from the riots of 1845. On the part of Mr. Kelley, as well as his colleague, these prosecutions were conducted with skill, fearlessness and energy. It is not too much to say, that the firm and capable administration of justice to which Mr. Kelley's exertions so much contributed, averted a threatened civil war. In a few weeks their exertions restored Philadelphia from the aspect of a garrisoned city to its usual peaceful appearance, and the principal offenders were within the walls of the penitentiary. In a few months more, the county of Philadelphia, out of her own treasury, and by the assessment of her own judicial tribunals, had restored the edifices:—churches not a few, and dwellings, which we trust the future historian will not too accurately count,—which had been destroyed by the frantic zeal of an armed mob.

One of the last, and, as the writer conceives, one of the most fortunate acts of Governor Shunk's administration, was the appointment of Mr. Kelley to a seat on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia. In this court are vested, not only the usual powers of a county court, but equity powers of the highest character, and an exclusive criminal jurisdiction. In the discharge of the important trust thus imposed upon him, Judge Kelley has united to the industry and capacity that have always characterized him, a sound appreciation of the moral wants of the community, and an untiring energy and boldness in the exercise of his judicial functions. His decisions have been stamped not only by clearness of perception and vigor of reasoning, but by a general and profound acquaintance with the literature of his profession, for which even his friends had scarcely given him credit. Since his elevation to the bench, his connection with party organization has of course ceased; and his course on various occasions, shows that he is too pure and honest to allow the zeal of the partisan to sully the judicial ermine. Still, his devotion to the car-

dinal doctrines of a radical and progressive democracy remains unimpaired.

His judicial position, however, has not taken from Judge Kelley his interest in public movements of a general character. In all that concerns the elevation of the laboring community, and the development of the rich resources of his native state, his interest is deep and abiding. To his eloquent appeals, in conjunction with those of the eminent men by whom the Central Pennsylvania Rail-road was projected, is, in a great measure, due the completion of that gigantic enterprise. To his exertions, in connection with those of Bishop Potter, and a few friends of education, is to be ascribed the establishment of public night-schools in Philadelphia, for those whose daily employment would otherwise cut them off from all means of instruction. This project was an onward step in the diffusion of the blessings of education of a most important character. By it, the means of instruction are brought within the reach of the youth whose days are spent in the workshop or the brick-yard, and whose evenings heretofore had been too generally passed at the street corners. Prior to his elevation to the bench, he distinguished himself by the ability with which he advocated the abolition of capital punishment; and, while he has never hesitated in the performance of his duty to the state, both as prosecuting officer and criminal judge, he still expresses his conviction, that the interests of society demand the absolute repeal of all laws inflicting the punishment of death.

Although his reputation has been mainly that of a politician and orator, he is far from deficient in ability as a writer. His style is clear, terse and compressed, and his thoughts eminently rational and practical. An address before the democrats on the 4th of July, 1841, a lecture on the philosophy of history, and one on education, are among his printed productions. The address delivered at the opening of the House of Refuge for colored juvenile delinquents at Philadelphia, published by the managers of the institution, is a fair specimen of his style, both of thinking and writing. In it, his perspicuous reasoning, concise style and warm philanthropy, alike appear. Take, for example, the following extracts. He had been speaking of the amelioration in criminal jurisprudence, and the importance of education, and of the cultivation of refined tastes, as preventives of crimes:

"In this field, Pennsylvania was emphatically the pioneer. Her statesmen were the first to recognise in the convict a brother and co-heir of heaven, and to embody in the penal system of a great commonwealth the sublime morality of the Gospel. While they protected society by the safe seclusion of the offender, they endeavored to make his seclusion compatible with self-respect and hope for the future. Separating the convict from his companions in crime, they provided him with instruction in some available trade or calling, that, when he again entered the busy world, he should possess, indefeasibly, the means of gaining an honest livelihood. Beholding in him a man, they desired to make him a law unto himself, to quicken and develop his intellect, arouse his moral sentiments, and impress and ennoble him by the power and beauty of holiness. Supplanting the whipping-post by the moral instructor, they made room for an extensive library by removing the rows of muskets, which, holding the felon in check, had silently taught him that force was society's only law; and, having restrained him from association with the vicious and degraded, they invited the wise and good to visit his lonely cell, and strengthen him in the maintenance of good resolves by their counsel and encouragement. Knowing the value of habits of industry, and the coldness and suspicion the discharged convict must

encounter, they gave him an interest in the results of his labor as a substantial and appreciable evidence of their desire to restore him to the unrestrained enjoyment of the legitimate pleasures of life. Henceforth, leaving vengeance to Him to whom it belongs, society was to protect itself, not by punishing, but by reforming, the criminal. Bars and bolts were still to restrain him; but, meanwhile, loving sympathy was to strive to soften his indurated heart, wisdom to enlighten his darkened mind, and religion to awaken his dormant soul."

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"Many of these apprentices are worthy farmers' sons. The father's well-tilled farm will support the family; but is too small to be again divided. The son must, therefore, carve out his own fortune. He is now a well-grown boy, and, having enjoyed the example of his father's temperance and industry, the care and counsel of his fond mother, and such slender means of education as the wayside school affords, he turns his steps towards the city, as the field of widest and most varied enterprise. His object is the acquisition of a trade, by which he may gain an honest and independent livelihood. When his heart swells with recollections of home, he turns to the future, and thinks of the happy time to come, when, as a successful master-workman, his roof shall shelter, and his means maintain his aged parents. Finding employment, he enters on his apprenticeship. In his master he also finds a friend. Their contract, however, is a mere bargain, from which both parties expect advantage. The boy binds himself to give years of willing and obedient labor as the consideration for food, clothing, and instruction in the art and mystery of the calling of his choice. The master—a kind-hearted man and good mechanic—is cheered in his toil by the hope of making something more than a bare living for the little family with which God has blessed him. His home is in a respectable neighborhood. Embellished by few luxuries, it is well supplied with the means of substantial comfort. The snug parlor, darkened at other times, is open to the family on Sunday, or when a few friends visit the master's thrifty helpmate. In the rear of the parlor is the little dining-room, warmed by the kitchen stove, around which the family gathers in the evening for the gossip of the day and neighborhood. In the attic is the boy's clean and well-made bed. The little room, though well finished, is without grate or fireplace. To warm it through the long evenings of the winter, when books or intercourse with young companions might engage him, would involve the master in the purchase of a stove, fuel, and lights; a serious item of expenditure, which the custom of the trade would not sanction, and the exigencies of the case do not require; indeed, the boy does not expect it. He knows that he enjoys more comforts than most of his class, and is grateful for them. He cannot, however, let his love of quiet and study, be keen as it may, confine himself in his cold chamber through the long winter evenings. True, he is not denied—nay, he is sometimes welcomed—to a place in the 'sitting-room.' He need not, however, attempt to read there; nor can he join as equal participant in the conversation. Feeling restraint from the presence of the heads of the family, he soon discovers that he, too, is a restraint on them. His acquaintances in the city are few, and remembering the oft-repeated admonitions of his mother against evil company, he is indisposed to increase their number; but he goes forth to escape the irksomeness of home. And where does he go? To visit friends in the bosom of a virtuous and intelligent family? Alas, he is a stranger! He goes, however, where society in its wisdom and goodness invites him—to the street corner, the hose or engine house, the beer shop, or the bar-room—and if he go not speedily thence to worse places. But I need not follow him. Were he a son of yours, your fears would indicate the thousand dangers that surround him."

His address on the "Characteristics of the Age," before the Linnæan Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, breathes the same noble spirit. We will detain the reader with but brief extracts:

"I would not disparage the value of the 'little learning' which enables a man to read and write his mother tongue with facility. When 'commerce is

king,' the ability to do this is little less than essential to the physical well-being of the citizen. Under such government the receipt-book peaceably enough performs a large share of the functions of the embattled walls and armed retainers of the days when force was law. But to rise above the commercial value of these slender attainments, he who can read the language of Shakspeare and Milton, Johnson and Addison, Shelley and Wordsworth, has the key to the collected wisdom of his race. The farms around his workshop, the property of others, present to his view a landscape which is his, and to him belongs every airy nothing to which poet ever gave habitation or name. The sages of the most remote past obey his call as counsellors and friends. And in the company of prophet and apostle he may approach the presence of the Most High. The value of such a gift is inestimable. Wisdom and justice would make it the certain heritage of every child born into the commonwealth.

* * * *

"The spirit of commerce is essentially selfish. Voyages are projected for profit. The merchant, whose liberal gifts surprise the world, chaffers in his bargains. Not for a man as a family of brethren, therefore, are the blessings of this age. They are the gifts of a common father, but they come not, like light and dew, insensibly to all. They mark the achievements of our race, and manifest the master-spirit of the age, but hitherto they have been felt but slightly by the masses of mankind. Wealth increases; but its aggregation into few hands takes place with ever-growing rapidity. The comforts of life abound; but when the markets of the world are glutted, hunger is in the home of the artisan. Over-production causes the legitimate effects of famine. The ingenuity of political economists is vainly taxed for the means of preventing the accumulation of surplus material and fabrics. And while warehouse and granary groan with repletion, heartless theory points to the laboring population reduced to want and pauperism, and with dogmatic emphasis, inquires if the increase of population cannot be legally restrained? The state of the market shows that there are more men than commerce requires, and a just system of economy would adapt the supply to the demand!

* * * *

"Ancient philosophy did not recognize utility as an aim. It contemned, as mechanical and degrading, the discovery or invention that improved man's physical condition. Socrates invented no steam-engine or spinning-jenny. The soul was his constant study. Regardless of his own estate, he cared not for the material comfort of others. Indifferent to the world himself, he sought to raise his disciples above it. A disputatious idler and a scoffer at utility, he fashioned Plato and swayed the world for centuries. Our philosophy comes from Bacon. It only deals with the wants of man and uses of nature. The body is the object of its solicitude. Earth is the field of its hopes. Time bounds its horizon. Fruit, material fruit—the multiplication of the means of temporal enjoyment—was the end Lord Bacon had in view, when, denouncing the schools, he gave his theories to the world. Time and experience have vindicated his methods. But have they not also shown, that a system which offers no sanctions to virtue and no restraints to vice, whose only instruments are the senses, and whose only subject is material law, may impart to a world the vices which made the wisest also the meanest of mankind."

These details sufficiently indicate that the elevation of Judge Kelley to his present position is not due to fortuitous circumstances, but that he has worked it out for himself, by his own inherent capacity and indomitable energy. Still young, and in the flush of bodily and mental vigor, he has before him, in all human probability, a long career of honor and usefulness. May he for many years continue to enjoy the sunshine of prosperity that has always heretofore so deservedly beamed upon his path; and may many a meritorious youth, under the clouds of poverty and adversity, look upon his example, and draw strength and comfort from its view!

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The great prosperity, which everywhere pervades the country, and every department of business, has pretty effectually closed the mouths of clamorous protectionists, who see in the general weifare, resulting from extended intercourse, no pretext for going back to a system, which left, in its operation, no very grateful remembrance upon the public mind. That the external trade of the country has been very large during the first four months of the current year, is apparent; but, measured by the course of internal trade, it has not exceeded its due proportion to the general progress. In order to estimate, in some degree, what the internal trade is, as compared with last year, we have compiled a table of the revenues of public works in all sections of the country, and the result is as follows:

REVENUES OF PUBLIC WORKS.

	1850.	1851.	Increase.
Wabash and Erie Canal, April	20,434	26,881	6,446
Erie Rail-road, 4 months to May	487,730	622,563	134,833
Pennsylvania Works, 4 months to May	495,655	559,212	63,557
New-York Canals, to May 14th	363,261	522,459	159,198
Mohawk Rail-road, 4 months to May	47,680	60,329	12,649
Michigan Southern, 4 months to May	16,403	66,180	49,477
Michigan Central, 2 months to May	82,564	130,374	47,810
Long Island Rail-road, 4 months to May	45,706	53,384	7,678
Harlem Rail-road, 4 months to May	132,968	170,827	37,859
Montgomery and West Point, Ala., year to April	128,938	148,213	19,275
Sandusky and Mansfield, 3 months	9,592	36,738	27,146
Macon and Western, April	12,586	14,266	1,680
Vermont and Massachusetts, 3 months	33,715	41,617	7,902
Madison and Indianapolis, 4 months	69,833	110,050	40,217
Albany and Schenectaday, April	20,075	25,750	5,675
Rutland and Burlington, April	12,551	22,300	9,749
New-Haven Rail-road, April	33,010	51,245	18,235
Galena and Chicago, March	4,994	11,524	6,530
	2,017,515	2,674,112	656,596

The payments from the country, consequent upon the enhanced receipts of produce, are satisfactory, and increase the abundance of money in the city, notwithstanding the large importations. Large as have been the importations of goods, the demand has been proportionate; and sales, except for ill-assorted styles, have been satisfactory. The following is the value of dry goods imported, as compared with last year:

IMPORT OF DRY GOODS INTO NEW-YORK FOR FOUR MONTHS, ENDING APRIL.

	1849.	1850.	1851.
Wool	$2,543,507	$5,241,296	$5,207,331
Cotton,	4,323,724	5,440,824	5,748,099
Silk	5,616,627	6,329,426	8,749,584
Flax	1,752,788	3,974,065	3,194,973
Miscellaneous	1,471,659	935,678	1,760,688
Total four months	$15,708,305	$21,920,289	$25,660,675

The increase this year has not been, over last year, so great as it then was over the previous year; and in some descriptions there has been a decline, as woollens and flaxen goods. The exports of United States produce have also increased considerably. They have been from New-York as follows:

EXPORTS OF UNITED STATES PRODUCE FROM NEW-YORK.

	1846.	1849.	1850.	1851.
January	$1,939,412	$2,109,903	$2,715,320	$3,152,744
February	1,673,243	2,190,649	2,607,584	2,157,323
March	1,463,529	2,687,805	2,685,634	3,976,198
April	1,998,736	2,655,819	3,146,151	4,561,570
Total 4 months	$7,074,920	$9,844,176	$11,334,689	$13,847,825

For 1846, the last year of the old tariff, the exports of domestic produce were thought to be large; but since then, corresponding with the increased imports, they have gone on to increase, until in the present year the sales of the proceeds of United States industry are very nearly double what they were in that year. The effect of these large sales is not merely to sell so much to foreign nations, but it enhances, by taking off the surplus, the value of all that is sold at home; consequently, labor gets more from capital for what is sold at home, than it would if the markets were depressed by the presence of a surplus. As a necessary consequence, the revenues of the federal government increase in proportion to their imports, in the same ratio that those of public works increase, by the swelling volume of produce, which is the means of paying for the imports. The following is a table of the revenues of the federal government for the first three quarters of the fiscal year:

UNITED STATES FEDERAL REVENUE, THREE-QUARTERS, ENDING MARCH 31.

	Miscellaneous.	Lands.	Customs.	Total.
Quarter ending September 30	$425,264	$317,083	$14,764,043	$15,506.390
" December 31	59,400	533,583	8,910,240	9,503,123
" March 31	319,281	827,077	14,448,379	15,644,737
Total three-quarters 1851	803,845	1,677,743	38,122,662	40,654.250
" 1850	297,999	1,383,263	24,645,315	26,326,584
Increase	$505,846	$294,480	$13,477,347	$16,327,666

Thus the customs' revenue for three quarters of the fiscal year, are over *thirty-eight millions* of dollars. For the quarter ending with June last year—which completes the year—the customs were $9,342,172. If they are the same this year—and they cannot be less—the customs for the year will be nearly forty-eight millions. When Mr. Meredith, in the fall of 1849, made his estimates for the year 1851, and endeavored, on the Galphin system, to persuade Congress that the revenues, under the present tariff, would be deficient, and that a loan of $16,000,000 would be necessary, he estimated the customs at 32,000,000 for the whole year 1851, or six millions less than the actual figures, for three quarters. We, at that time, showed wherein his error lay, and a very few months confirmed our figures. Last fall Mr. Corwin, having the benefit of a year's experience, and being already in the actual receipt of $14,764,043 from the customs of the first quarter of the year, was constrained to raise the figure to 45,000,000 for the year; but this sum, he said, was inadequate to the wants of the government, and he proposed to increase the duties, as he said, to make the customs more productive. We, at that time, endeavored to show that the partisan nature of the treasury reports, twisting the truth into a specious plea for party purposes, was not the sole cause of the manifest misstatements; but that they arose, in some degree, from the inability of the Secretary to understand the principles of commerce, which in their operation affect his department, but the proper understanding of which was necessary to honest estimates of his revenue. He was perpetually in a fever about an "alarming balance," which somebody was to owe to somebody and which he wanted to prevent, by making consumers pay more to corporate producers—that is to say, to make capital oppress industry, for fear industry should ruin itself by extravagance. However, his surmises, like those of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, are of value only as a landmark by which to test the errors of the protectionists, by the events as they occur. While Mr. Walker's reports remain a monument of financial skill, the writings of Lawrence, Meredith, and Corwin, are but evidences of attempted deception, credulity and ignorance. The federal revenues are larger than ever before; they are equal to the expenditure; they are based on a low average of customs; and the exports of national products, including gold, are equal to the increased importations necessary to yield a larger revenue; yet money is abundant, all the avenues of trade active, the banks in good credit, and no sign of that general insolvency—individual, state, and government—which, according to the letters

of Mr. Lawrence. was to have swept over the Union, commencing July, 1848, as an inevitable consequence of a reduced tariff.

These ample revenues of the federal government cause a large and active demand for specie, and it is to this cause that may mainly be ascribed the steadiness of the currency, and the absence of undue credits.

The magnitude of the specie movement in New-York is scarcely realized by the public, but some estimate of it may be formed from the following figures. They represent the imports at New-York from abroad, exclusive of California, the California deposits at the mint, the monthly exports of coin, the payments into Custom House, and the quantity remaining in the New-York Banks and Sub-Treasury at the close of each month.

	Imports from Europe.	Deposits at mint.	Exports.	Paid into Treas.	Total movement.
January	237,120	5,000,000	1,266,281	3,669,401	10,172,802
February	164,031	3,000,000	1,007,689	2,709,702	6,881,422
March	270,505	2,671,000	2,368,861	3,213,380	8,523,746
April	521,605	2,860,000	3,482,182	2,669,081	9,532,868
Total	1,193,261	13,531.000	8,125,013	12,261,564	——
May to 13th	50,000	3,500,000	2,200,000	1,340,000	7,090,000

The aggregate of this monthly movement, receipts and payments, with the balance in banks and Treasury, compare as follows:

SPECIE ON HAND IN NEW-YORK.

	In Bank.	In Treasury.	Total.	Aggregate receipts and payments.
January	$11,011,104	$1,512,655	$12,523,759	$10,172,802
February	9,170,000	3,410,131	12,580,131	6,881,422
March 3	8,053,000	3,803,000	11,856,000	8,523,746
April 1	7,970,259	3,076,957	11,047,216	9,532,868
May 13	7,967,000	4,400,000	12,367,000	7,090,000

Thus there is a movement of specie coming and going equal to $300,000 per day, or eight millions per month; and in five months and a half ten millions have been exported, and thirteen millions paid into Custom House, making twenty-three millions, and the amount on hand is over one million more than it was six weeks since. The enormous amount of forty-two millions of dollars in specie has changed hands in this city in five months without attracting much attention, and without at all influencing the discount of notes.

What a change is here from the circumstances that attended the market a few years since! We remember then, on going down into the street, to have remarked a mysterious anxiety upon the faces of all—groups whispering at corners—money lords shaking their sagacious heads, and casting furtive glances at the United States Branch Bank building—Cashiers moving to and fro—runners with notifications calling in loans—BEARS happy in the chances which produced a fall in their favor—merchants issuing from banks, ruefully regarding their rejected paper, while note brokers were on the look out for victims, and the discount on "uncurrent" hourly rising amid the fierce contentions of bank directors, to avoid a debtor balance at the close of the day. On investigating the cause of these evident signs of panic, we were informed in a half smothered and startled tone, by an old broker, that there was *a specie draft* in the street. The exact amount had not transpired, but must be nearly $200,000, and this panic-spreading draft turned out to be $150,000 from the Philadelphia United States Bank on its branch in New-York.

Such was THEN the effect of the unusual circumstance of a demand for a little coin. At the present time, two millions of dollars comes and goes weekly, and is not noticed. The banks push out their paper without fear, and discount without hesitation.

The revenues of the Government, dependent as they are upon the import of foreign goods, are and must continue to be favorably affected by the production of gold in California. The same cause which induces large exports of the precious metals, operates to swell the amount of dutiable goods received in ex-

change. Gold is not an article of consumption, although one of extensive production and of universal demand as a medium of exchange. Its utility in this latter respect soon reaches a maximum in any country, more particularly in one like the United States, where the community are familiar with a mixed currency of gold and convertible bank paper. It is a well known phenomenon of banking, that the amount of money which can be put into circulation cannot be forced to exceed a given amount. The moment that it does so, the surplus flows off in the inverse double ratio by which it was issued. Thus gold flows freely into the country by the operations of trade, and as it does so, the banking institutions become more confident and lend more freely their promises.

The coinage of money in the United States for 1850, was, at New-Orleans, $5,075,500; at Philadelphia, $18,156,471, together $33,231,971.

The imports of coin in the hands of immigrants and per Custom House reports, somewhat exceeded the exports; so that the sum of coinage represents the increase of metallic money in the country for the year. By the operation of the banks of the Union, the circulation was influenced as follows:

BANKS OF THE U. S.

	Specie in bank vaults.	Notes of banks on hand.	Gross circulation.	Net circulation.
1850	45,379,345	16,303,289	131,366,526	115,063,237
1851	48,671,133	17,187,826	155,058,581	137,870,755
Increase	$8,291,788	—	$23,692,055	$22,807,522

Now the Mint emitted $33,231,971 of coin, of which $3,291,783 went into bank vaults, and $29,990,183 into general circulation. This sum added to the increase of bank notes, gives $52,797,705 as the increased currency for the single year 1850. That is to say, since January, 1850, the currency of the whole Union has increased in excess of exports of coin not less than seventy millions of dollars! It follows inevitably that as currency is not consumed, and the excess after the wants of trade are supplied becomes useless, that the channels of circulation must now be very nearly full, and that a quantity equal at least to the California supplies must be exported from the country. It is true, that judicious coinage and restraints upon the issues of banks would cause a far greater amount of coined money to be held in the channels of circulation, but neither of these circumstances is likely to take place. The Mint at Philadelphia continues only to coin $20 pieces for exportation; and although the Director, Dr. Patterson, whose conduct in relation to the Mint was open to so much remark, has resigned, his successor will not have it in his power materially to change the course of affairs, through the inherent defects of the institution itself.

During the first four months of the present year the actual supply of coin from the Philadelphia Mint alone has been $17,165,756 against an export in the same period of $8,125,013, and more than three times the amount coined in the same period of last year. The monthly coinage in pieces has been as follows:

COINAGE U. S. MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.

Pieces.	January.	February.	March.	April.	Total.
$20	105,801	228,049	234,197	117,744	$685,791
$10	—	—	—	21,179	21,179
$5	—	—	48,663	—	48,663
$2½	101,560	132,226	38,104	88,908	360,798
$1	251,406	188,702	263,220	387,118	1,090,446
Total	458,767	558,977	554,184	614,949	2,206,777
Value	2,620,966	5,082,997	6,285,735	3,176,058	17,165,756
1850	—	—	—	—	5,684,865

More than three-fourths of the whole continue to be issued in the useless $20 pieces, but the increased supply of smaller coins, inadequate as it is, has had an influence upon the price of silver coins, which has declined, as compared with last January. The supply of coin is, however, greater by $11,480,891 for

the first four months of the year, but the export has been greater. The monthly deposites of gold at Philadelphia, and the exports from New-York, compare as follows:

EXPORTS OF COIN FROM NEW-YORK, AND DEPOSITES OF GOLD AT PHILADELPHIA.

	Gold deposited at Philadelphia.		Exported from New-York.	
	1850.	1851.	1850.	1851.
January	974,384	5,000,000	90,161	1,266,281
February	2,000,000	3,000,000	278,786	1,007,689
March	1,296,321	2,671,000	172,087	2,368,861
April	1,603,679	2,860,000	290,407	3,482,182
Total	$5,874,384	$13,531,000	$831,441	$8,125,013
Increase	—	7,656,616	—	7,293,572

In the month of May the exports for the first three weeks were about $3,500-000, and the arrivals about $1,000,000 more. The following table shows the kinds and destinations of coins that had been exported from this port from April 5 to May 17:

EXPORTS OF COIN FROM THE PORT OF NEW-YORK, APRIL 5TH TO MAY 24TH.

	Europe.	England.	West Indies.	Total.
United States gold coin	968,578	2,857,059	536,423	4,362,060
" gold dust	1,986	7,000	—	8,986
" silver coin	1,033,700	349,380	33,000	1,416,080
Mexican coin	95,000	250,000	28,000	373,000
Foreign silver	167,098	29,094	10,150	206,342
" gold	144,681	14,780	30,608	190,069
Doubloons	—	—	393,377	393,377
	$2,511,143	$3,507,313	$1,031,558	$7,050,015

The exports have been about one half silver and foreign coins, while the total amount has been less than the coinage of California gold at Philadelphia alone. In the month of March, $2,000,000 were coined at New-Orleans. The imports of foreign coin at New-York in the four months have been reported at $1,017,390, and fully $5,000,000 have arrived in the hands of immigrants, of whom 35,000 arrived at this port in April alone. It is from this latter source that the supply of foreign coins for export is derived. The coinage of the Philadelphia Mint has exceeded the deposites—amounting to $17,165,756 for the four months. Of this, however, only $1,090,446 were in gold dollars.

From all these data it follows that the supply of specie here has been as follows in four months:

Imported at New-York, per returns	$1,017,390
Imported at New York by immigrants, estimated	5,000,000
Coined at Philadelphia, per returns	17,165,756
Supply of coins, January 1 to May 1	23,183,146
Export coins and dust	8,125,013
Excess of supply	$15,058,133

The larger proportion of the coinage was in double eagles, which go to England for recoinage. The process of coining them here is, in fact, only to assay the gold at the United States government expense for the benefit of English holders, who have it coined in London. The French houses say the twenty dollar pieces are now the best remittances. They are new, and just assayed, and require but little expense to turn them into money there.

The sound financial principle on which the present charter of the Bank of England was based in 1844—viz: that there should be no restraint upon the movement of the precious metals, but that they should come and go precisely as the operations of commerce impel them—has been admirably illustrated in the working of our independent treasury system. According to the English Bank charter, the institution must give gold for notes, or notes for gold, according to the demands of the public. Thus standard gold bullion is by law taken by the Bank of England in exchange for its notes at 77s. 9d. per ounce. The

English coin is, however, worth 77s. 10½d. per ounce. The difference (1½d.) is the cost of delay, which averages one month at the English Mint. Forty pounds troy of standard gold is at the mint coined into 1,869 sovereigns. One ounce of *coin* is therefore worth 77s. 10½d., and the lower price for bullion is allowed the bank to compensate for delay. Whatever quantity of gold is imported into England, the bank, on demand of its owners, must issue notes at the above rate. But all gold imported is not standard, and to become so it must be assayed at private assay houses at the expense of the owner. The expense of assaying varies very much with different descriptions of gold.

In the United States the national mint contains an assay office, by which the metals are assayed for coinage at the cost of the government. In England the assay is done by private houses, and the metal, reduced to its legal standard, must be carried to the mint for coinage.

California bullion is very expensive, and therefore is not sent to London; but the bank of England has passed resolutions to receive the new eagles and double eagles freshly issued from the United States assay office at 76s. 3d. per ounce, or 1s. 6d. less than standard bullion per ounce, or a difference of 2 per cent. against the American coin, which is rather more than the difference between the two standards. That is to say, 10,000 eagles will average weight as follows:

	oz. dwt.	s. d.	£.	s. d.
10,000 Eagles weight	5,371 16	at 76 3	20,479	19 7
10,000 Eagles reduced to stand. weight	5,272 12	at 77 9	20,500	3 4
Difference			20	3 7
Cost of melting and assay			19	14 6

The average United States' coin is 1⅝ grains *worse* than the British, and the reception of the American coin by the bank at a rate equal to the cost of assay, facilitates the migration of the bullion thither. This results from the fact that the Philadelphia Mint turns out only the large pieces, for which there is no circulating demand here, and which are a favorable remittance. This matter ought to be remedied, so that all the coin emitted by the mint should be that which is demanded by the wants of circulation. The ingress and egress of the metals might then be left, with entire safety, to the operations of commerce, where there are no government restrictions. There can result no evil from the movements of any trade. It is but a few years ago that, under the operation of the corn laws of England, the prospect of the necessity of an import of corn convulsed the whole financial fabric of the British Empire. An importation of 2,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1836, precipitated the most severe revulsion of the present century. The importation of 40,866,368 bushels in 1850 was entirely unnoticed, and had no influence whatever upon financial movements. The trade in corn had become regulated, and, as such, had produced its own channels, and accommodated itself to all others. It is the same with the specie movement here. The activity bestowed upon the precious metals by the independent treasury plan of the government, has compelled the banks to confine their operations upon the basis of actual business; and as long as the debts due them are secured upon the products of industry, and are promptly paid, it follows, unerringly, that they can always command as much money as can be demanded of them.

SENATOR DOUGLAS.

The prominent position of Senator Douglas in relation to the union not only of the States, but of the Democracy, makes it advisable to place upon record the following correspondence:—

To the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas.

Sir,—The undersigned Democratic Republican electors of the City and County of New York, have watched with deep interest your distinguished career in the Congress of the United States, from the time when you first took part in its councils. Your fidelity to the great party with which you are identified, and the eloquence and ability

with which you have maintained its high principles, and supported its beneficent measures, have awakened alike their regard and their admiration. They long ago learned to rely with confidence upon the purity of your motives, the soundness of your judgment, and your ability to discharge all the high duties of a statesman; and their confidence has been amply justified by your great services to your party and to your country, during the past two years.

Through that trying time, you have stood side by side with those venerable patriots whom Heaven, in its providence, had preserved, to impart to the new generation that devotion to the Union which they learned from its founders. You have shared in their arduous, and, we trust, successful labors. History will record your name with theirs in the list of those who have deserved well of the Republic; and we rejoice to believe, that when they shall be called hence, you will remain and be among the foremost to defend our beloved country from every danger which may threaten her, and to lead her forward in her great mission of liberty and equality.

We have long desired, dear sir, an opportunity of conferring with you more intimately, and of expressing to you in person, the high esteem in which we hold your character and your public services. The close of the Twenty-first Congress seems a fitting occasion; and we respectfully invite you, on some day which you will be pleased to name, to partake, with the Democratic Republican electors of the city and county of New York, of a public dinner.

Your fellow-citizens,

Francis B. Cutting,
Peter Cooper,
Charles R. Connolly,
Mortimer Livingston,
Horace F. Clark,
J. J. Coddington,
Isaac V. Fowler,
John Ewen,
Abraham Denike,
Wright Hawks,
Ulysses D. French,
Isaac Townsend,
Edward Sandford,
George B. Butler,
Rufus Prime.
Julius Wadsworth,
Wm. McMurray,
Thomas Gilmartin,
Edmund J. Porter,
Charles Francis,
John E. Develin,
Edw. C. West,
Augustus Schell,
Philo T. Ruggles,
Robt. T. Woodward,
Wm. C. Wetmore,
John Anderson, Jr.,
Benjamin S. Hart,
Allan Melville,
Thomas C. Fields,
Chas. F. Wetmore,
Henry Hilton,
J. Addison Thomas,
Thomas Woodward,
Richard B. Connolly,
Benjamin Brady,
Wm. C. Freeman,
Thomas N. Carr,
F. Morris,
Cyrus Lawton,
Gideon J. Tucker, Jr.,
W. J. Haskett,
D. Shepherd,
James Smith,
August Belmont,
John J. Cisco,
O. D. F. Cross,
Henry Nicoll,
George Law,
John Anderson,
William Kain,
Abraham T. Hillyer,
Andrew Warner,
George W. Varian,
Florence McCarthy,
Schuyler Livingston,
Emanuel B. Hart,
Henry Arcularius, Jr.,
Andrew H. Mickle,
William Miles,
Joseph A. Voison,
Ralph Clark,
Milton G. Smith,
John E. Ross,
Thos. S. Henry,
James Murphy,
John A. Stemmler,
Henry W. Dolson,
A. L. Robertson,
Alex. F. Vache,
M. C. Story,
Lorenzo B. Shephard,
Sam L. M. Barlow,
Daniel B. Taylor,
Jared W. Bell,
Wm. J. Reid,
Walter L. Cutting,
Richard Schell,
James S. Sandford,
Charles D. Mead,
Wm. A Douglass,
Daniel B. Taylor,
Wm. Denman,
Henry H. Morange,
Wm. D. Craft,
G. W. Griffith,
James M. Glover,
Peter Parks,
Cyrus Lawton,
E. K. Collins,
Moses Taylor,
John D. Van Buren,
F. W. Edmonds,
Benj. Poultney,
Francis R. Tillou,
G. Albinold,
Edward Strahn,
Charles A. Secor,
Abram Hewitt,
Joseph M. Marsh,
Francis Griffiin,
M. B. Field,
John Watson,
James F. Secor,
Nicholas Dimond,
Edward Cooper,
Robt. L. Cutting,
Charles Sanders,
Patrick Henry,
John Y. Savage, Jr.,
Cornel. S. Bogardus,
Joseph Cornell,
Arthur Gillender,
John A. Kennedy,
Cornelius J. Bergen,
D. R. Floyd Jones,
Wm. B. Aitkin,
W. D. Wallack,
A. J. Bergen,
Geo. W. Pomeroy,
George J. Johnson,
James Hurry,
John Doherty,
G. R. Carpenter,
James English,
James McKibbin,
Henry L. Mabbitt,
John H. McCoun,
G. H. Striker, Jr.,
John R. Brady,
R. T. Mulligan,
John Roach,
C. P. Johnson,
and others.

New York, May 3d, 1851.

Gentlemen,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation, in the name, and on behalf, of the Democratic Republican electors of the city of New York, to partake of a public dinner at such time as may suit my convenience.

I need not assure you that this testimonial of your respect and confidence is exceed-

ingly grateful to my feelings, and derives increased value and importance from the consideration that it is intended as a manifestation of your approbation of my course as a member of the democratic party and a senator in the Congress of the United States.

You do me no more than justice, gentlemen, when you say that my public career has been marked by fidelity and devotion to the principles and measures of that great party whose triumphs are indentified with the most glorious achievements in our national history, and whose ascendency we believe to be essential to the purity and perpetuity of our republican institutions. Fidelity to the cause is the paramount duty of every democrat who believes that our principles are identified with the peace, glory and prosperity of the whole country.

In view of the long list of older and abler members of our party, whose patriotic services have entitled them to the gratitude of their country, to be selected as worthy of this distinguished compliment by my political friends in this city, has excited in my bosom those grateful emotions which I can find no language adequate to express. The only mode in which I can hope to repay your kindness will be found in my constant and persevering endeavors to merit your confidence, and realize in the future that which your partiality has so generously awarded me in advance.

At no period in the history of the country has the Democratic Party had brighter prospects, and higher and nobler objects to stimulate our patriotism and call forth all our energies, than is now presented to our view. The necessity of confining the federal government clearly within the limits of its legitimate functions—for preserving the rights of the states in their original purity and vigor—for maintaining the supremacy of the laws—and for a strict observance of every provision of our constitution, state and national—has never been rendered more manifest than by our recent experience. We have, gentlemen, important duties and high responsibilities devolving upon us, which demand the immediate organization, union, and the consequent success, of the Democratic Party.

It would afford me sincere pleasure to meet the democratic republican electors of New-York around the festive board, and there cultivate those kind, social relations which ought to exist between brethren of the same faith. But, having remained in your city much longer than I anticipated, and partaken freely of your generous hospitality bountifully extended, I do not feel at liberty to protract my visit longer, my public duties having already kept me from my home nearly all the time for the last two years. I leave the city, for the West, this afternoon, and therefore will not be able to accept your kind invitation.

I have the honor to be, very truly, your friend and obedient servant,

S. A. DOUGLAS.

Messrs. B. F. Cutting, Isaac Townsend, S. Livingston, E. B. Hart, Charles A. Secor, Edward C. West, Henry Nicoll, and others.

DEMOCRATIC STATE SENATORS.

In our last number, on the occasion of publishing the Address of the resigned Senators to the People of the State, we remarked despondingly:

"The whole patronage and moneyed power of the state will be combined with free soil treachery, to defeat the re-election of two or three of these Senators, enough to ensure the passage of the bill."

The words used by the organ of the disunion party to announce the result, are almost identical.

"Our returns are not so full as we hoped to receive, but they are enough to show that we have carried at least three out of the twelve Senators, and probably there are some more of the same sort left. This is enough to prevent any further conspiracy in the Senate, and insure the passage of the Canal Bill."

In the districts where the corruption of the free soil party was most available, the bill to give $9,000,000 to consolidate Sewardism in New-York was successful, and the probability is, that the Van Burenites, who have betrayed the democracy, will now, having effected their purpose, openly join the abolitionists, and the democratic party will become purified by adversity. The rallying cry of "repeal" and "repudiation" not only of this infamous bill, but of the more infamous abolitionism, of which it is the support, must lead the people once more to victory.

JENNY LIND.

The great and continued success which has attended the career of this brilliant artist, is among the marvels of the age. Great as have been the triumphs of eminent singers heretofore, we believe there has never been an instance where crowds have been so continuously drawn to the concert-room through the attractions of a single artist. To those who were disposed to sneer at and undervalue the great artistic merit of Miss Lind, and to ascribe the apparent success of her first concerts in New-York to management, it is a sufficient answer, that her second appearance in the empire city has been no less brilliantly successful than the first. The indescribable charm which her performances throw around the audience, seems rather to heighten with the lapse of time and more familiar acquaintance. It is to be remarked, moreover, that her singing appeals, not only to the taste of the cultivated amateur in scientific music, but also more truly and effectively to the popular heart, through the medium of old and popular ballads of a national cast, which she has latterly introduced. These seem more in consonance with her own chaste and pure simplicity of character, than those more skillful but less touching passages of the highest art, in which she is so pre-eminently successful. The public will be under a heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. Barnum, whose persevering enterprise and bold energy procured so great a musical treat for their enjoyment. It is the first time that an American manager has competed in Europe for the highest talent in the zenith of its brilliancy: and the great success which has attended it, is a guarantee that henceforth America takes her place in the world of art, as she has long since done in that of commerce and industry.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of J. Fennimore Cooper. The Water-Witch: or, the Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale, by the author of "The Last of the Mohicans," &c. Complete in one volume. Revised and corrected, with new introductory notes by the author. Geo. P. Putnam.

The "Water-Witch" completes the standard edition of the choice works of Mr. Cooper in twelve volumes, uniform with the standard edition of Mr. Irving's works, in fifteen volumes. These two works of America's most popular writers, constitute so integral a portion of our national literature, that no library can be complete without them; and no edition other than the revised and authorized standard, got up in the cheap, yet elegant and substantial style in which Mr. Putnam, with his well-known taste, has produced them, is desirable. In a country like this, where the number of readers increases as per census at the rate of 200,000 per annum, the demand for national literature of this sort must increase in arithmetical progression.

A Treatise on Political Economy. By George Opdyke. G. P. Putnam, Broadway.

This is an able work, and takes a correct view of the malign influence of government interference in private concerns, and of the nature of taxation generally. It dignifies, however, with the name of a science, the absurd protective notions and delusions by which governments and their partisans had oppressed the industry of all nations for several ages under pretence of protecting it. Free-trade is not a science or a system. It is simply non-interference with individual liberty. Protective notions are but a series of delusions intended to justify taxation and arbitrary interference with individual pursuits. Mr. Opdyke states his views, however, very clearly and justly.

A Grandmother's Recollections. By Ella Rodman. Charles Scribner.

This is a very instructive and interesting little work, and is got up in very neat and elegant style by Mr. Scribner, illustrated by appropriate cuts.

BULWER AND FORBES, ON WATER TREATMENT. A compilation of papers on the subject of Hygiene and Rational Hydropathy. Edited, with additional matter, by Roland S. Houghton, A.M., M.D. Fowler & Wells, 131 Nassau-street.

The Water Cure has obtained a very firm and growing position in the public estimation, and the works upon the subject put out by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, treat ably of the matter.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, for the use of Schools and Academies. By J. Olney, A.M. Dewine & Peck, New-Haven. Van Nostrand & Territt, 123 Fulton-street.

This little pictorial history of the United States, brought down to the close of 1850, is admirably calculated for the use of schools, and the instruction of young students of history. It is accurate in its statements, clear and explicit in its language, and every way calculated to impress without fatiguing the young mind.

TRAVELS IN AMERICA: The Poetry of Pope. Two Lectures delivered to the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society, December, 1850. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, (Lord Morpeth.) G. P. Putnam.

THIS is a very agreeable little volume, containing the impressions of an English gentleman of an enlarged and liberal mind—one of those in whose opinions about us a deserved interest exists.

BOOK OF THE TELEGRAPH. Daniel Davis, Boston.

This little book, of about 50 pages, contains, with its cuts, a complete account of that wonder of the age; the electric telegraph, and is of exceeding interest.

THE GLENS: A FAMILY HISTORY. By J. L. M'Connell, author of "Grahame," &c. Charles Scribner, New-York.

This is a very interesting tale of western life, got up in a very neat and attractive style by Mr. Scribner. The story is one of circumstantial evidence, amid the wild scenes of frontier life, and is very happily treated.

THE SOLITARY OF JUAN FERNANDEZ: or, The Real Robinson Crusoe. By the author of "Piccioli." Translated from the French, by Anne S. Wilbur. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Boston.

The former work of Saintine having been crowned by the academie, and also by the public in the shape of numberless editions, may almost be considered a classic; and the present work does not appear to be of inferior interest, gracefully and accurately rendered as it is by Miss Wilbur.

POEMS: Dramatic and Miscellaneous. By Charles J. Cannon, author of "Poet's Guest," &c. Edward Dunigan & Brother.

At this particular period of the present century, a "volume of poems" has anything but an attractive aspect, and almost uninterrupted disappointment goes far to discourage the reader. This little volume, beautifully printed by Dunigan, goes far to relieve that waste of words, and to afford more satisfaction to the public. It has much merit, and will be well received.

ROMANCE DUST FROM THE HISTORIC PLACER. By Wm. Starbuck Mayo, M.D., author of "Kaloolah," "The Berber," "Illustrations of Natural Philosophy." G. P. Putnam.

The great and growing reputation of Dr. Mayo, as a writer, cannot fail to make a new work in his name a welcome announcement to the reading public. The author in his preface apologizes, or rather says, he won't apologize, for the oddity of the title. There is, however, no occasion, since, however forbidding the title to an unknown author's book may be, it will not debar the reader from the attraction of the Doctor's name. The work itself contains nine tales, with one of which the readers of this Review are familiar, it having appeared some years since, viz., "The Captain's Story," a tale of circumstantial evidence. The book will, we hope and think, be as successful as its predecessors.

THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF THE OJIBWAY NATION. By G. Copway, or Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, Chief of the Ojibway Nation. Illustrated by Darley.

Within the past few years an Indian Chief of the Ojibway Nation, a race of Indians residing chiefly in Western Canada, himself an early convert to the Christian faith, and for several years engaged as a missionary in connection with the Methodists among his own people, in the countries bordering on Lake Superior, has been laboring to bring about the regeneration of his people, so necessary to prevent their final extinction. He has now, in the present volume, given to the public a rich contribution to our literature, connected with the red races. It is elegantly printed, and illustrated by Darley.

THE FRUIT GARDEN: A Treatise, intended to explain and illustrate the physiology of Fruit Trees, the Theory and Practice of all Operations connected with the Propagation, Transplanting, Pruning and Training of Orchard and Garden Trees, &c.; the laying out and arranging of different kinds of orchards and gardens, the selection of different varieties for different purposes and localities, gathering and preserving fruits, &c. Illustrated with upwards of 100 plates. By P. Barry, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, New-York. Charles Scribner, New-York.

This is a most important subject, and of great practical interest to all classes of the community, and we are pleased to see the subject so well handled as in this able work by Mr. Barry. The explanations are clear and lucid, and well adapted to impart correct knowledge, in respect to the whole culture of trees in all their varieties.

THE WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. THE ALHAMBRA: By Washington Irving. Author's Revised Edition. George P. Putnam.

This work is the result of a tour in the year 1829, from Seville to Grenada, in company with the Prince Dolgorouki, at present Russian Minister to the Court of Prussia, and is replete with the author's observations on, and with descriptions of, the many scenes in that romantic country, which a visit to the throne of Boabdil by such a man, with such a companion, would not fail to present. Mr. Irving's renown stands far too high to make any remarks in this place upon it other than superfluous. It may but be stated that this being the fifteenth, completes the standard edition of his works, which has been some two years in course of publication by Mr. Putnam, and we are pleased to hear, with a success commensurate with their high rank in American literature.

THE WIDOW BUGBY'S HUSBAND, AND OTHER TALES OF ALABAMA. By J. J. Hooper, author of "Adventures of Simon Suggs." With original designs. A. Hart, (late Carey & Hart) Philadelphia.

This little work contains twenty-four sketches in that vein of humor which has obtained a high degree of popularity, and they are illustrated by six designs by Darley.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S., in four volumes. Authorized edition. Vols. 2d and 3d, "An Author's Mind," "Essays," "Probabilities," &c. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

This edition of Mr. Tupper's works will be highly acceptable to his admirers. They contain, each volume, a new preface, by the author, bearing date Philadelphia, May 1851. He is no doubt ambitious of standing well with the American public, through whom he has sagacity enough to see the works of an English author can alone be transmitted to posterity, and he takes pains to secure success.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S., in four volumes. Authorized edition. The Crock of Gold, and other tales. E H. Butler & Co. Philadelphia.

The occasion of Mr. Tupper's visit to America has been seized upon to produce a new edition of his works, which have in this country enjoyed a high degree of popularity. The first volume of a very beautiful edition has made its appearance, and it contains the The "Crock of Gold," "The Twins," and "Heart," and some account is given in the publisher's preface of the whimsical origin of those and some other of the author's productions. The edition should be in every library.

HACKLEY'S ALGEBRA. SCHOOL AND COLLEGE EDITION. The best mathematicians in the country speak in terms of great admiration of Professor Hackley's larger treatise on Algebra, as being the most complete, and as containing almost every requisite for a work of the kind in any language. The present edition would seem to have been prepared from the other, with a view of rendering it more generally useful, containing all that is ordinarily required in a college course. A small school edition was published some time since, extending, however, only as far as Quadratic Equations, and omitting the excellent articles on Interest and Annuities and Logarithms. These articles appear to have been restored in the present edition, and the General Theory of Equations to have been added, terminating with the celebrated theorem of Sturm, for determining the number of real and imaginary roots of an equation of any degree whatever, and Horner's method of approximating to the real roots, by decimals. A short appendix contains some admirable exercises in transformations of Algebraic expressions, in which students are apt to be inexpert.

THE WORKS OF J. FENNIMORE COOPER. THE TWO ADMIRALS. A tale. By the author of "The Pilot," "The Red Rover," &c. Complete in one volume. Revised and corrected, with a new introduction, notes, &c., by the author. George P. Putnam.

Mr. Cooper's masterly power on the sea is displayed in this work to great advantage. Its battle scenes are unrivalled, even by his own great pen, and the events are of an importance to give dignity to the story. The *facts* which attended the "Battle of the Nile," we are informed in the preface, are interwoven in the story. The ridiculous fiction and bombastic follies published as the "Life of Nelson," by Southey, have long since been exploded, and the real nature of the tactics of the fight known. The blundering courage of the English answered in a case of surprise against French seamen, but when they attempted the same thing on Lake Champlain, they were destroyed before they completed their manœuvre. This standard edition of Cooper is indispensable to every American library. American patriotism, as well as national literary pride, make them necessary.

THE SEA KING. A nautical romance. By the author of the "Scourge of the Ocean." A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

An attractive story, mostly by an author who, like Capt. Marryatt, died before the completion of his task, and it has been like that unfinished work completed by the same hand. The scene opens on the banks of the Schuylkill, but follows the fortunes of its hero.

THOUGHTS ON SELF-CULTURE. Addressed to Woman. By Maria S. Grey, and her sister, Emily Shirreff. W. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, Boston.

This work is admirably calculated to raise the standard of mental excellence in women, and by so doing, to strengthen that source of human improvement which undoubtedly exists in the minds of mothers. The rank of women in the social scale, and their mental powers have far greater influence in the progress of a race, than has hitherto been conceded. Ethnological students ascribe to the peculiar deference paid to females among the Caucasian race, the true secret of its superiority over the dark races, in which women are held in bondage. Whatever then tends farther to improve the female character, tends to strengthen the progress of the race, and such works as the one before us have that tendency. It is not wearing breeches or howling at negro meetings, that improves the female mind, but the calm culture of her faculties.

THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Tale VI. Isabella. George P. Putnam.

This little tale very successfully sustains the individual characters of the several subjects as they were portrayed by Shakspeare, furnishing the antecedents in the life of each, which produced the results he brought to light. Each tale has a fine steel engraving.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Hugh Miller, author of the "Foot-Prints of the Creator," &c. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This is a most amusing and instructive book, by a master-hand, so well known and appreciated by the public in the "Old Red Sand-stone." Travels in England would seem at first glance to be at this day but a most unpromising subject for either the entertainment or the instruction of the reader, but from the geological view taken by Mr. Miller, a new and pleasing interest attaches itself to the subject matter, and will bespeak for it increasing favor with the public.

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XXIX. JULY, 1851. NO. CLVII.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM.

During the last ten years the attention of the people of the United States has been powerfully drawn to the subject of their constitutions, and within the last five years eleven State Conventions have been held, for the formation of eleven constitutions, for eleven of the old independent states, while many other states are still agitating the question; and seven conventions in new states have provided as many new constitutions for an equal number of new independent sovereignties. In all these constitutions many improvements, suggested by the working of the old ones, have been made upon the instruments; and the constitutions of the new states, having the advantage of the experience of the old ones, contain all the "latest improvements" adapted to the new state of things. The old constitutions which have been revised are as follows:

	Date of old Constitution.	Date of new one.		Date of old.	Date of new.
New-Hampshire	1792	1850	Ohio	1802	1851
New-Jersey	1776	1844	Indiana	1816	1851
New-York	1821	1846	Illinois	1818	1847
Maryland	1776	1851	Michigan	1835	1850
Louisiana	1812	1846	Kentucky	1799	1850
Missouri	1820	1847			

Some of these instruments were of venerable dates, and had not been influenced by the political experience accumulated in half a century of self-government. In all that time the fierce strife of parties in town, county, state, and federal elections, have conspired to interest the great body of the people in questions of government, and to impress upon them in a greater or less degree the theory of government, continually illustrated in its practical administration. The power has thus settled, as it were, more firmly into the hands of the people, who are more fully recognized as the depository of the great residuum of power. The circumstances under which this country was settled by colonists, who were so widely separated by time and distance from the mother country, compelled them to depend upon themselves for local government. The habit being thus forced upon them, the principles of government were evolved from the daily experience of

those who were at the same time the governors and the governed. By the time that the increase of population compelled the meetings of delegates to supersede the town meetings of all the people, the electors of delegates were as well versed in the duties of legislatures as those whom they elected. But it became obvious, that as the people, in whom the whole power rested, and who exercised it in town meetings, now met only by delegations, that a written organic law should exist for the guidance of those delegates, and Virginia has the honor of being the first nation of the earth which assembled a convention of its most sagacious citizens, to draw up an instrument which was to form a fundamental law for the guidance of legislation, and which should be deposited among the archives of the state, where every one should be free to appeal to its text. This example was followed by all the other states, and by them collectively certain powers were granted to form a central government; as far as those powers go, the great residue of the power remaining with the states. All these state constitutions, not having had the benefit of much experience, were necessarily imperfect. That of the federal government has proved the best of all the constitutions, and its excellence will be found, probably, upon strict analysis, to rest upon the limited number of powers granted in it, and the precision with which the remainder are reserved to the several states, each of which has a political interest in jealously guarding the line of its own rights. This interest was actively present at the formation of the instrument, and was the conservative principle which, by compelling precision in the specification of powers granted directly to the federal government, and those prohibited to the states by the federal Constitution, has been the main cause of its durability. The powers granted in it are important and well-defined. They are kept actively in operation, and are of a nature to undergo very little change in the lapse of time, either in themselves or in their relation to the circumstances in which they operate.

The state constitutions, on the other hand, had no such opposing outside interests, which sought actively to restrict the powers which the legislatures were to derive from them. On the other hand, the politicians who formed the conventions sought rather to aggregate to the legislature, of which they might be called upon to form a part, or from which, by peculiar combinations, they might desire honor or profit, or both, at the expense of the people, more power than was either safe or proper. In professing to divide the governments into the three leading branches of executive, legislative, and judiciary, they aggregated to the executive the appointing power, in such a degree as to destroy the fancied security which was to be derived from the supposed separation. When the constitutions of the states were formed, at the close of the revolutionary war, or what might, with greater propriety, be called the "war of resistance," English ideas of government beset our statesmen, and the importance of separating the three powers of government was every where admitted. When, however, a constitution, which is an act of the people in their original character of sovereignty, was to be formed, the executive, or law-executing power was made a part of the legislative or law-making power, by making his assent necessary for a bill to become a law; and to him, also, was given the appointment of the judges who were to expound and execute the law, under his superintendence. Having thus not only the appointment of all the executive officers of the state, the number of which was increased at the expense of the reserved rights of the people, and also of the judiciary, who were to administer the laws, to the making

of which his own voice was necessary, he held a patronage, which violated the principles of self-government, and which tended directly to the consolidation of all the powers of government in the hands of one of its branches. Gradually the evils flowing from this mingling of powers, which never would have taken place even in an inexperienced age, had the people, to whom all the powers belonged, been actively protected when conventions met to confer powers upon their delegates, have become manifest, and nearly all the new constitutions have placed the judiciary upon its true ground of direct responsibility to the people by election; and has also, in most cases, made all the executive officers, both local and general, elective. The executive head is thus severed from the judiciary, and his powers circumscribed to their more just proportions, as superintendent of the administration of the laws. In the following states, where the appointment of judge was, under the old constitution, in the hands of the governor, the elective principle has succeeded, viz., in New-York, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, New-Hampshire, Michigan. In the following the elections were by joint ballot of the two houses of law makers, and now by the people—New Jersey, Ohio and Illinois. In the new states the elective principle prevails, and, in nearly all the states where the judges are elective, the period of holding office is limited. To the same extent as the election of judges has been restored to the people, has the patronage of the executive been shorn of the appointment of local officers, which has been restored to the people, among whom and for whom their duties are exercised. By these means the three powers of government have become more effectually separated, and the political influence of the executive chief much diminished.

Reform has also extended to the law-making branch, and the powers and influence of those bodies restrained. For a long time the doctrine was sought to be inculcated, that as the immediate representatives of the people, the Legislature possessed the whole power of the state, including the granting of special privileges—the loaning of credits, and the unlimited power of borrowing money. Experience has brought with it the necessity of very clearly and pointedly forbidding the Legislature to exercise such powers—of circumscribing the power to grant charters, and depriving them altogether of the right of borrowing money on their own responsibility. The power of granting special privileges to corporate bodies—endowing them with larger credit and less liability for their engagements than is permitted to individual citizens, thereby building up a powerful influence adverse to impartial legislation, and also of becoming not only a monopoly builder of public works upon a grand scale, but the source of credit for corporate companies engaged in hazardous speculations, have been not only the means of serious pecuniary loss to the public at large, but the groundwork of political influence, on which has been reared the fortunes of parties and cliques, aided by a scaffolding of corruption.

To be convinced of this, one need but review the history of banking in this state for the last half century. The first applications for bank charters were made under the Constitution of 1777. Through the imperfections of that instrument—imperfections which sprang entirely from the inexperience of those who drew it, and of those by whom it was adopted—opportunities for such gross and flagrant corruption were afforded, that on three different occasions a majority in the Legislature was controlled by direct and unequivocal bribery. To propitiate the outraged feelings of the public, as well as to prevent the recurrence of such scandals in our legislation, the

Convention who revised the Constitution in 1821, gave the subject a careful examination. The result was, the introduction of a clause requiring the assent of two-thirds of both Houses to create a moneyed corporation. Though this provision may have prevented much impure legislation, yet the remedial principle had only been approached, not reached. The delegates to that Convention had not then the experience in the operation of special legislation which the last twenty years have furnished. They little dreamed that in less than three years from the time their deliberations terminated, fifty thousand dollars would be disbursed among the members of the New-York Legislature in purchasing a single banking privilege—that of the Commercial Bank of New-York city—which since failed, involving the public in great loss; and that it would become a notorious fact, that in nearly every banking institution to be established by that body for the next twenty years, a large number of its members would have a deep pecuniary interest—that they would be the first, in one way or another, to participate in the profits of those very institutions which they, by their own votes, were to aid in creating.

The granting of these charters, which were to exert direct influence in their several localities, was an effectual means of organizing political support to the granting power, coming in aid of the appointment of local officers and the vast army of contractors, brokers, jobbers, and dependants, which resulted from the power to borrow money and construct public works, formed altogether a means of controlling and consolidating power at the expense of towns and counties, which was accumulating strength daily, until it even set at defiance the provisions of the Constitution. Thus the Constitution of 1821 provided that the assent of two thirds of the members elected to each branch of the Legislature should be requisite to every bill granting public money to private purposes. Notwithstanding which, over $3,000,000 of state bonds were granted to the Erie Railroad by a simple majority, and those illegal bonds are now a part of the state debt. In order to legalize them, the opinion of William H. Seward was purchased by the company to the effect that the Erie Rail-Road Company is not a private company, because the road is a "long one." The learned gentleman, with that flimsy sophistry for which he is remarkable, did not, however, define the length required to confer publicity upon a private road. The system of log-rolling for charters and loans necessarily reached a culminating point, and the revulsion of 1836-7 broke down, at a ruinous loss to the people of the state, many of the banks which had originated ten years previously in political corruption. Amid the universal panic and loss which these disasters occasioned, the general banking law was passed April, 1838. This provided that any number of persons might prosecute the banking business at any time, by complying with certain formalities, and depositing with the Comptroller of the state securities, which were gradually, under the spur of experience, restricted to bonds and mortgages, and New-York or United States 6 per ct. stocks, as a guarantee for the redemption of the circulating notes issued by them. The state debt had already reached a very high figure, $28,000,000, and works had been projected by speculators which, under the log-rolling system, were entitled to 75 millions of state credits to aid them. The means of paying the interest of the existing debt without borrowing, were already exhausted, and direct taxes, with a suspension of all state works, and loans of credits, had become inevitable. All these abuses made so vivid an impression upon the public mind, that they became a leading motive for

summoning the Convention which formed the Constitution of 1846—which instrument restrains the Legislature from contracting debts or granting special charters to corporations, allowing it to enact only general laws for that object. In relation to debts, the provisions are as follows:—

Section 9. The credit of the state shall not, in any manner, be given or loaned to, or in aid of any individual association or corporation.

Section 10. The state may, to meet casual deficits or failures in revenues, or for expenses not provided for, contract debts, but such debts, direct and contingent, singly or in the aggregate, shall not at any time exceed one million of dollars; and the moneys arising from the loans creating such debts, shall be applied to the purpose for which they were obtained, or to repay the debt so contracted, and to no other purpose whatever.

Section 11. In addition to the above limited power to contract debts, the state may contract debts to repel invasion, suppress insurrection, or defend the state in war; but the money arising from the contracting of such debts shall be applied to the purpose for which it was raised, or to repay such debts, and to no other purpose whatever.

Section 12. Except the debts specified in the tenth and eleventh sections of this article, no debt shall be hereafter contracted by or on behalf of this state, unless such debt shall be authorized by a law, for some single work or object, to be distinctly specified therein; and such law shall impose and provide for the collection of a direct annual tax to pay, and sufficient to pay the interest on such debt as it falls due, and also to pay and discharge the principal of such debt within eighteen years from the time of the contracting thereof.

In relation to corporations, the powers are thus defined:

Section 1. Corporations may be formed under general laws; but shall not be created by special act, except for municipal purposes, and in cases where, in the judgment of the legislature, the objects of the corporation cannot be attained under general laws. All general laws and special acts passed pursuant to this section, may be altered from time to time, or repealed.

Section 2. Dues from corporations shall be secured by such individual liability of the corporators and other means as may be prescribed by law.

Section 3. The term corporations, as used in this article, shall be construed to include all associations and joint-stock companies, having any of the powers or privileges of corporations not possessed by individuals or partnerships. And all corporations shall have the right to sue, and shall be subject to be sued, in all courts in like cases as natural persons.

Section 4. The legislature shall have no power to pass any act granting any special charter for banking purposes; but corporations or associations may be formed for such purposes under general laws.

Section 5. The legislature shall have no power to pass any law sanctioning in any manner, directly or indirectly, the suspension of specie payments, by any person, association, or corporation, issuing bank-notes of any description.

Section 6. The legislature shall provide by law for the registry of all bills or notes, issued or put in circulation as money, and shall require ample security for the redemption of the same in specie.

Section 7. The stock-holders, in every corporation and joint-stock association for banking purposes, issuing bank-notes or any kind of paper credits to circulate as money, after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty, shall be individually responsible, to the amount of their respective share or shares of stock in any such corporation or association, for all its debts and liabilities of every kind, contracted after the said first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

The "ample security" here required, is defined to be the bonds and

mortgages on productive property, worth double the amount in New-York and United States stocks. The progress of banking, under the present law, has been such as to absorb nearly all these securities, and to raise the price of the lowest available descriptions to 8 per cent. premium. But the banking interest is an immense one, and the demand it creates for stocks for securities was a powerful lever in enabling the party in power to evade the above apparently sufficiently stringent provisions in relation to debt. Thus, inasmuch as that the canals yield nearly $800,000 per annum, in excess of the state expenses, interest on debt and sinking fund, and the constitution permits that surplus to be annually appropriated to the enlargement of the canals, the present legislature, which, in truth and justice, has command only of the surplus of the present year for which it is elected, undertakes to borrow nine millions of dollars, on pledge of the future revenues, which may not exist, and which, if they do, are under the control only of the future legislatures, during the existence of which they accrue. So palpable a violation of the constitution, on such terms, would be frustrated by the refusal of capitalists to take the scrip so issued; but the bank interest, which is compelled to find security for notes that it is anxious to issue, is allowed to deposit these scrips, which prudent capitalists will not buy, as security for notes issued to the public. Thus the contracts on the works are given to partizans of the so-called "woolly-head" party or Seward-men, who receive in payment these scrips, and sell them to the banks, who receive for them, from the comptroller, an equal amount of notes to circulate as money. This latter is circulated among the people, who will ultimately lose it. It is obvious that the existence of the surplus, on which the issues of these scrips are based, depends upon the rates of tolls and the amount of business done; consequently it is in the power of the next legislature to put the tolls at a rate which shall yield no more than the amount of money appropriated by the constitution—thus cutting off the supposititious surplus, on which this fraudulent loan is based. By attempting, through this violation of the constitution, to realize the surplus of ten future years in the present one, an immense political patronage is derived to the Seward party, who alone enjoy the expenditure; and these persons, including the Speaker of the House, openly jeer the "silver-grays," or old whigs, for their blind folly in aiding them to procure the means of consolidating their power, the accomplishment of which will be the signal for ostracising their good-natured friends. That Seward party has its origin in disregard for the federal Constitution, and finds its support in violating that of the state.

The abuse of this debt-creating power, has been the fruitful source of evil in many of the other states of the Union, particularly in Mississippi, where the term "repudiation," as applied to state debts, has its origin, in relation to the bonds of that state, issued in violation of the express provisions of the state constitution; and, although it is a disgrace to that state to have had a Legislature which would wilfully violate the terms of the instrument whence they derived their powers, it is no disgrace to the people that they would not suffer their organic laws to be violated with impunity. If New-York is now disgraced by a legislature which seeks to obtain money for party purposes, by committing a fraud upon the organic law, the people will know how to punish disobedient servants and their accomplices.

However much the course of Mississippi has been clamored against,

by those who oppose legislative accountability, those events have had a powerful impression upon the public mind; and all the constitutions, new and revised, contain more stringent restraints upon the debt-contracting power. As an instance of the wide-spread and universal jealousy of the legislative action in this matter, we append the debt clauses from all the new constitutions:

CONSTITUTIONAL RESTRAINTS UPON PUBLIC DEBTS.

MICHIGAN.—The Legislature shall provide for an annual tax, sufficient, with other resources, to pay the estimated expenses of the State Government, the interest of the state debt, and such deficiency as may occur in the resources.

The state may contract debts to meet deficits in revenue. Such debts shall not in the aggregate at any one time exceed fifty thousand dollars.

The credit of the state shall not be granted to or in aid of any person, association or corporation.

No scrip, certificate, or other evidence of state indebtedness shall be issued, except for the redemption of stock previously issued, or for such debts as are expressly authorized in this Constitution.

The state shall not subscribe to or be interested in the stock of any company, association or corporation.

The state shall not be a party to, or interested in, any work of internal improvement, nor engaged in carrying on any such work, except in the expenditure of grants to the state, of land or other property.

CALIFORNIA; STATE DEBTS.—The Legislature shall not in any manner create any debt or debts, liability or liabilities, which shall, singly or in the aggregate, with any previous debts or liabilities, exceed the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, except in case of war, to repel invasion, or suppress insurrection, unless the same shall be authorized by some law for some single object, or work to be distinctly specified therein, which law shall provide ways and means, exclusive of loans, for the payment of the interest of such debt or liability as it falls due, and also to pay and discharge the principal of such debt or liability within twenty years from the time of the contracting therof, and shall be irrepealable until the principal and interest thereon shall be paid and discharged; but no such law shall take effect until at a general election it shall have been submitted to the people, and have received a majority of all the votes cast for and against it at such election, and all money raised by authority of such law, shall be applied only to the specific object therein stated, or to the payment of the debt thereby created, and such law shall be published in at least one newspaper in each judicial district, if one is published therein, throughout the state, for three months next preceding the election at which it is submitted to the people.

ILLINOIS.—*Section* 37. Each general assembly shall provide for all the appropriations necessary for the ordinary and contingent expenses of the government until the adjournment of the next regular session, the aggregate amount of which shall not be increased without a vote of two-thirds of each house, nor exceed the amount of revenue authorized by law to be raised in such time; *Provided*, the State may, to meet casual deficits or failures in revenues, contract debts never to exceed in the aggregate fifty thousand dollars; and the moneys thus borrowed shall be applied to the purpose for which they were obtained, or to repay the debt thus made, and for no other purpose; and no other debt, except for the purpose of repelling invasion, suppressing insurrection, or defending the state in war, (for payment of which the faith of the state shall be pledged,) shall be contracted, unless the law authorizing the same shall, at a general election, have been submitted to the people, and have received a majority of all the votes cast for members of the general assembly at such election. The general assembly shall provide for the publication of said law for three months at least before the

vote of the people shall be taken upon the same; and provision shall be made, at the time, for the payment of the interest annually, as it shall accrue, by a tax levied for the purpose, or from other sources of revenue; which law, providing for the payment of such interest by such tax, shall be irrepealable until such debt be paid; *And provided further*, that the law levying the tax shall be submitted to the people with the law authorizing the debt to be contracted.

Section 38. The credit of the state shall not, in any manner, be given to, or in aid of, any individual, association or corporation.

OHIO.—*Section* 1. The State may contract debts to supply casual deficits or failures in revenues, or to meet expenses not otherwise provided for, but the aggregate amount of such debts, direct and contingent, whether contracted by virtue of one or more acts of the General Assembly, or at different periods of time, shall never exceed seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the money arising from the creation of such debts shall be applied to the purpose for which it was obtained, or to re-pay the debts so contracted, and for no other purpose whatever.

Section 4. The credit of the state shall not in any manner be given, or loaned to, or in aid of, any individual, association or corporation whatever, nor shall the state ever hereafter become a joint owner or stockholder in any company or association, in this State or elsewhere, formed for any purpose whatever.

NEW-JERSEY.—"The Legislature shall not, in any manner, create any debt or debts, liability or liabilities of the state, which shall singly, or in the aggregate, with any previous debt or liabilities, exceed $100,000, except for purposes of war, or to repel invasion, or to suppress insurrection, unless the same shall be authorized by law, for some single object or work to be distinctly specified therein: which law shall provide the ways and means, exclusive of loans, to pay the interest of such debt or liability as it falls due; and also to pay and discharge the principal of such debt or liability within thirty-five years from the time of contracting thereof, and shall be irrepealable until such debt or liability, and the interest thereon, are fully paid and discharged: and no such law shall take effect until it shall, at a general election, have been submitted to the people, and have received the sanction of a majority of all the votes cast for and against it at such election; and all money to be raised, by the authority of such law, shall be applied only to the specific object stated therein, and to the payment of the debt thereby created. This section shall not be construed to refer to any money that has been or may be deposited with this state by the government of the United States."

"*The credit of the state cannot be loaned, directly or indirectly, in any case.*"

LOUISIANA.—"The Legislature shall not pledge the faith of the state for the payment of any bonds, bills, or other contracts or obligations, for the benefit or use of any person or persons, corporation or body politic whatever. But the state shall have the right to issue new bonds in payment of its outstanding obligations or liabilities, whether due or not; the said new bonds, however, are not to be issued for a larger amount, or at a higher rate of interest than the original obligations they are intended to replace.

"The aggregate amount of debts hereafter contracted by the Legislature, shall never exceed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, except in case of war, to repel invasions, or suppress insurrections, unless the same be authorized by some law, for some single object or work, to be distinctly specified therein; which law shall provide ways and means by taxation, for the payment of running interest during the whole time for which said debt shall be contracted, and for the full and punctual discharge, at maturity, of the capital borrowed: and said law shall be irrepealable until principal and interest are fully paid and discharged, and shall not be put into execution until after its enactments by the first Legislature, returned by a general election, after its passage."

"*The state shall not become a subscriber to the stock of any corporation or joint stock company.*"

TEXAS.—The aggregate amount of debts hereafter contracted by the Legislature, shall never exceed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, except in case of war, to repel invasions, or suppress insurrections. And in no case shall any amount be borrowed except by a vote of two-thirds of both houses of the Legislature."

MISSOURI.—"*The General Assembly shall have no power to pass any law whereby any debt shall be created, that shall cause the entire indebtedness of the state, contracted under this Constitution, to exceed at any one time, twenty-five thousand dollars*, except in case of war, insurrection or invasion."

MARYLAND.—"*Section* 22. No debt shall hereafter be contracted by the Legislature, unless such debt shall be authorized by a law providing for the collection of an annual tax or taxes sufficient to pay the interest on such debt as it falls due, and to discharge the principal thereof within fifteen years from the time of contracting the same, and the taxes laid for this purpose shall not be repealed or applied to any other object until the said debt and the interest thereon shall be fully discharged, and the amount of debts so contracted and remaining unpaid shall never exceed one hundred thousand dollars. The credit of the state shall not, in any manner, be given or loaned to or in aid of any individual, association or corporation, nor shall the General Assembly have the power, in any mode, to involve the state in the construction of works of internal improvement, or in any enterprise which shall involve the faith or credit of the state, or make any appropriations therefor. And they shall not use or appropriate the proceeds of the internal improvement companies, or of the state tax now levied, or which may hereafter be levied, to pay off the public debt, to any other purpose, until the interest and debt are fully paid, or the sinking fund shall be equal to the amount of the outstanding debt; but the Legislature may, without laying a tax, borrow an amount never to exceed fifty thousand dollars, to meet temporary deficiencies in the treasury, and may contract debts to any amount that may be necessary for the defence of the state."

INDIANA.—"*Section* 1. No act of the General Assembly shall authorize any debt to be contracted on behalf of the state, except to meet casual deficits in the revenue for the purpose of paying the interest on the state debt, to repel invasion, suppress insurrection, or, if hostilities are threatened, provide for the public defence."

IOWA.—"The General Assembly shall not, in any manner, create debts, liability or liabilities, which shall, singly or in the aggregate, with any previous debts or liabilities, exceed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars." The clause concluding in the same words as those of California.

WISCONSIN.—Same provisions as Iowa.

No matter what may have been the views of the people in relation to other constitutional provisions, there was no disagreement in relation to this matter of debt. All the legislations have been deprived absolutely of all discretionary power in the matter; and yet the Governor of New-York, in his last message, when advising an evasion of the constitution of this state, announced that the debt-restraining clause was passed by the people because the other provisions of the constitution were too desirable to be delayed on account of that clause. It is to be feared that the poli-

tical jobbers and their speculative backers may succeed in other states, as in New-York, in evading or disregarding the provisions of their respective constitutions; but it is to be hoped that, at the first opportunity, an unmistakable expression of public opinion will promptly warn the jobbers that the behests of the people, as laid now down in the organic law, may not be disregarded with impunity.

The patronage which flows from the power to contract debts, and embark in the construction of public works, has thus, by the universal voice of the freemen of all the states, expressed in large majorities, been cut off. Not less has been the decisive mandate in relation to the granting of charters, and the restricting of the liability of corporate capital. The general principle of permitting capital to associate for the prosecution of any undertaking, without the trouble and expense of a special charter, by simply complying with certain forms laid down in general laws, is everywhere acknowledged; but, in nearly all the states, the justice of the individual liability of the stock-holders is admitted. We append here the constitutional provisions in relation to corporations, and it will be observed that they are particularly pointed at banking institutions:

CONSTITUTIONAL RESTRAINTS UPON CORPORATIONS.

NEW JERSEY.—The assent of three-fifths of *the members elected* to each house, is required, for granting, altering, continuing and renewing any bank charter or money corporation, and all such charters are limited to a term not exceeding twenty-one years.

LOUISIANA.—*No corporate body shall be hereafter created, renewed, or extended, with banking or discounting privileges.*

TEXAS.—No corporate body shall hereafter be created, renewed, or extended, *with banking or discounting privileges.*

No private corporation shall be created, unless the bill creating it shall be passed by two-thirds of both houses of the legislature; and two-thirds of the legislature shall have power to revoke and repeal all private corporations, by making compensation for the franchise. *And the state shall not be part owner of the stock or property belonging to any corporation.*

MISSOURI.—No corporation, except for political or municipal purposes, or for the purposes of education or charity, shall be created, unless the bill creating the same shall contain a provision that the charter of such corporation may be repealed and annulled by a majority of both Houses of the General Assembly. And the stock-holders in all private corporations, except corporations for the purposes of education and of charity, shall be responsible, in their individual and private capacity, for all debts and liabilities of every kind incurred by such incorporation. Nor shall any corporation be created for a longer period than twenty years; and no corporation shall exercise any privileges prohibited in the preceding section. And the state shall not be part owner of the stock or property belonging to any corporation. Nor shall the common school or seminary funds, nor any other funds or moneys which the state may, at any time, hold in trust for the citizens of this state, be placed in, or loaned to any bank, or other incorporated institution.

The legislature shall prohibit, by law, individuals and corporations, except the Bank of the State of Missouri, and its branches, from issuing bills, checks, tickets, promissory notes, or other paper, to circulate as money.

MICHIGAN.—*Corporations.*—Corporations may be formed under general

laws, but shall not be created by special act, except for municipal purposes.

No banking law, or law for banking purposes, or amendments thereof, shall have effect until the same shall, after its passage, be submitted to a vote of the electors of the state, at a general election, and be approved by a majority of the votes cast thereon at such election.

The officers and stockholders of banks issuing notes shall be individually liable, and all banks shall deposit State or U. S. stocks as security for the redemption of their notes.

In case of the insolvency of any bank or banking association, the bill-holders thereof shall be entitled to preference in payment, over all other creditors of such bank or association.

The legislature shall pass no law authorizing or sanctioning the suspension of specie payments by any person, association or corporation.

Stock-holders of all corporations and joint-stock associations shall be individually liable for all labor performed for such corporation or association.

No corporation, except for municipal purposes, or for the construction of railroads, plank-roads, or canals, shall be created for a longer time than thirty years.

Ohio.—*Sec.* 1. The General Assembly shall pass no special act conferring corporate powers.

Sec. 2. Corporations may be formed under general laws, but all such laws may, from time to time, be altered or repealed.

Sec. 3. Dues from corporations shall be secured by such individual liability of the stock-holders, and other means, as may be prescribed by law, but, in all cases, each stock-holder shall be liable, over and above the stock by him or her owned, and any amount unpaid thereon, to a further sum, at least equal in amount to such stock.

Sec. 4. The property of corporations now existing, or hereafter created, shall for ever be subject to taxation, the same as the property of individuals.

Sec. 7. No act of the General Assembly, authorizing associations with banking powers, shall take effect, until it shall be submitted to the people, at the general election next succeeding the passage thereof, and be approved by a majority of all the electors voting at such election.

Indiana.—*Corporations.*—*Sec.* 1. The General Assembly shall not have power to establish or incorporate, in this state, any bank or banking company or moneyed institution, for the purpose of issuing bills of credit, or bills payable to order or bearer, except under the conditions prescribed in this constitution.

Sec. 2. No banks shall be established otherwise than under a general banking law, except as provided in the fourth section of this article.

Sec. 3. If the General Assembly shall enact a general banking law, such law shall provide for the registry and countersigning by an officer of state of all paper credit designed to be circulated as money, on ample collateral security, readily convertible into specie, for the redemption of the same in gold and silver, shall be required, which collateral security shall be under the control of the proper officer or officers of state.

Sec. 4. The General Assembly may also charter a bank with branches, without collateral security, as required in the preceding section.

Sec. 5. If the General Assembly shall establish a bank with branches, the branches shall be mutually responsible for each other's liabilities upon all paper credit issued as money.

Sec. 8. The stock-holders in every bank or banking company shall be individually responsible to an amount, over and above their stock, equal to their respective shares of stock, for all debts or liabilities of the said bank or banking company.

Sec. 11. Every bank or banking company shall be required to cease all bank-

ing operations within twenty years from the date of its organization, and promptly thereafter to close its business.

Sec. 12. The state shall not be a stock-holder in any bank after the expiration of the present bank charter, nor shall the credit of this state ever be given or loaned in aid of any person, association, or corporation; nor shall the state hereafter become a stock-holder in any corporation or association.

Sec. 13. Corporations other than banking shall not be created by special act, but may be formed under general laws.

CALIFORNIA.—*Section* 31. "Corporations may be formed under general laws, but shall not be created by special act, except for municipal purposes. All general laws and special acts passed pursuant to this section may be altered from time to time, or repealed.

Section 32. "Dues from corporations shall be secured by such individual liability of the corporators, and other means, as may be prescribed by law.

Section 33. "The term corporations, as used in this article, shall be construed to include all associations and joint stock companies having any of the powers or privileges of corporations, not possessed by individuals or partnerships. And all corporations shall have the right to sue, and shall be subject to be sued, in all courts, in like cases as natural persons.

Section 34. "The Legislature shall have no power to pass any act granting any charter for banking purposes; but associations may be formed under general laws for the deposit of gold and silver. But no such association shall make, issue, or put in circulation any bill, check, ticket, certificate, promissory note, or other paper, or the paper of any bank, to circulate as money.

Section 35. "The Legislature of this state shall prohibit by law, any person or persons, association, company or corporation, from exercising the privileges of banking or creating paper to circulate as money.

Section 36. "Each stockholder of a corporation or joint stock association shall be individually and personally liable for his proportion of all its debts and liabilities."

MARYLAND.—*Section* 45. "The Legislature hereafter shall grant no charter for banking purposes, or renew any banking corporation now in existence, except upon the condition that the stockholders and directors shall be liable to the amount of their respective share or shares of stock in such banking institution for all its debts and liabilities upon note, bill or otherwise; and upon the further condition that no director or other officer of said corporation shall borrow any money from said corporation; and if any director or other officer shall be convicted upon indictment of directly or indirectly violating this article, he shall be punished by fine or imprisonment at the discretion of the court. All banks shall be open to inspection of their books, papers and accounts, under such regulations as may be prescribed by law.

Section 47. "Corporations may be formed under general laws, but shall not be created by special act, except for municipal purposes, and in cases where, in the judgment of the Legislature, the object of the corporation cannot be attained under general laws. All laws and special acts pursuant to this section may be altered from time to time, or repealed; *provided* nothing herein contained shall be construed to alter, change or amend in any manner the article in relation to banks."

ILLINOIS.—*Section* 1. "Corporations, not possessing banking powers or privileges, may be formed under general laws, but shall not be created by special acts, except for municipal purposes, and, in cases where, in the judgment of the general assembly, the objects of the corporation cannot be attained under general laws.

Section 2. "Dues from corporations, not possessing banking powers or privi-

leges, shall be secured by such individual liabilities of the corporators, or other means, as may be prescribed by law.

Section 3. "No state bank shall hereafter be created, nor shall the state own or be liable for any stock in any corporation or joint stock association for banking purposes, to be hereafter created.

Section 4. "The stockholders in every corporation, or joint stock association for banking purposes, issuing bank notes, or any kind of paper credits to circulate as money, shall be individually responsible, to the amount of their respective share or shares of stock in any such corporation or association, for all its debts and liabilities of every kind.

Section 5. "No act of the general assembly, authorizing corporations or associations with banking powers, shall go into effect, or in any manner be in force, unless the same shall be submitted to the people at the general election next succeeding the passage of the same, and be approved by a majority of all the votes cast at such election for and against such law."

WISCONSIN.—*Section* 1. "There shall be no Bank of issue within this state."

Section 2. "The Legislature shall not have power to authorize or incorporate, by any general or special law, any bank or other institution having any banking power or privilege, or to confer upon any corporation, institution, person or persons any banking power or privilege.

Section 3. "It shall not be lawful for any corporation, institution, person or persons, within this state, under any pretence or authority, to make or issue any paper money, note, bill, certificate, or other evidence of debt whatever, intended to circulate as money.

Section 4. "It shall not be lawful for any corporation within this state, under any pretence or authority, to exercise the business of receiving deposits of money, making discounts or buying or selling bills of exchange, or to do any other banking business whatever.

Section 5. "No branch or agency of any bank or banking institution of the United States, or of any state or territory within or without the United States, shall be established or maintained within this state.

Section 6. "It shall not be lawful to circulate within this state after the year 1847, any paper money, note, bill, certificate or other evidence of debt whatever, intended to circulate as money, issued without this state, of any denomination less than ten dollars, or after the year 1849, of any denomination less than twenty dollars."

IOWA.—*No corporate body shall hereafter be created, renewed, or extended, with the privilege of making, issuing, or putting in circulation, any bill, check, ticket, certificate, promissory note or other paper, or the paper of any other bank, to circulate as money.*

Corporations shall not be created in this state by special laws, except for political or municipal purposes; but the legislature shall provide, by general laws, for the organization of all other corporations, except corporations with banking or discounting privileges, the creation of which is prohibited.

The evils which the public suffered from the excessive debt and inordinate bank-expansion, were a lesson of experience which has not now been lost. Its effects upon the public mind are recorded in all the constitutions, and at this moment, when the losses have been recovered and general prosperity tempts to a renewal of the paper schemes of former years, those restraints are beneficially felt. The men, "greedy of other men's property and prodigal of their own," the hungry wolves who live on other men's earnings, are indeed combining with renewed hopes and re-

awakened energies to prey upon the proceeds of the popular industry, and boldly attempt to overleap, evade or burst through the constitutional provisions which prevent a corrupt and time-serving legislature from squandering the property of the industrious upon the riots of the unworthy. Yet those very attempts, audacious as they are, will only impress upon the public mind the importance of the restraints, and at the same time indicate, like the attacks of an enemy, the points which most need strengthening.

One of the chief blessings of our glorious Union consists in the fact, that by its provisions the separate state governments are deprived of the power of levying customs duties, by which, under pretext of protection to transfer private earnings into corporate coffers, renders unnecessary all the patronage which would flow from state custom-houses, coast guards, preventive services, and the interests which would live on government bounty, under pretence of being "protected" from the competition of the industry of neighboring states. The exercise of these powers by the state governments, would have promoted, in an eminent degree, the natural tendency of capital to accumulate in the hands of the few. They would have aided the capitalists in preying upon the laboring man, whose property is his hands, whose reliance, whose food, whose productive freehold, whose all, is his labor, whose living is earned by industry alone, and that living is always made less comfortable by laws which tend to augment the luxury of the few.

Among other improvements which the new constitutions exhibit, is the limitation of the time spent in legislation, and the pay of the legistatures—when by general laws the whole business of granting charters is abolished, when loans of credit and government speculations in banks and public works are put an end to, a very considerable portion of the business which formerly occupied those law-makers is spared them, and their duties become circumscribed into a very small compass. Accordingly, most of the states find that 40 or 50 days, every two years, is quite often enough for the assembling of the legislatures. In some of the constitutions the number of days which each session shall occupy is directly stated, in others the number of days for which pay shall be drawn is stated. The provisions may be summed up thus:

SESSIONS AND PAY OF THE LEGISLATURE.

	Sessions.	Pay per day.	No. of days.	
ILLINOIS	*Biennial*	$2	40	....$1 per day thereafter.
MICHIGAN	*Biennial*	3	40	....No pay thereafter.
MARYLAND	*Biennial*	4	68	....Limit of sessions.
INDIANA	*Biennial*		60	.... " "
NEW-JERSEY	*Biennial*	3	40	....$1 50 per day thereafter.
IOWA	*Biennial*	2	50	....$1 per day thereafter.
LOUISIANA	*Biennial*	4	60	....No pay thereafter.
TEXAS	*Biennial*	Not specified.		
MISSOURI	*Biennial*	" "		
OHIO	*Biennial*	" "		
NEW-YORK	*Annual*	3	100	....No pay thereafter.
WISCONSIN	*Annual*	2	40	....$1 per day thereafter.
CALIFORNIA	*Annual*	Not specified.		

These provisions are all intended to keep members to work, and promote the dispatch of public business. But it is difficult to frame provisions which may not be evaded. Thus, the Illinois legislature receives $2 per day for 40 days. It has already occurred that adjournment took place

at the end of that time, leaving unfinished business which required an extra session at $2 per day to finish. In Indiana, the regular session cannot last longer than 60 days, nor special sessions more than 40 days. In Maryland the sessions must rise on the 10th March.

In the last ten years some other general issues have been agitated, but the public mind has not been so fully prepared in relation to them as upon those of debt, corporations, elective judiciary, and limited legislation; we allude to women's rights, homestead exemptions, and land reform. The latter, indeed, is at present, and must continue for centuries, a mere nullity in this country, where the finest land, in any quantity, can be had for nothing. Land reform, where land is free, is an absurdity; a high price for land in thoroughly settled districts, is the form in which the occupier pays for many other privileges besides that of merely living upon the land; such as access to market, facility of getting supplies, and the various benefits of society. When these advantages are not to be had, the land is of little value, although superior in productive qualities.

The right of suffrage seems to have undergone no change. In all the states every free white male of the age of 21 is alone entitled to vote. In Michigan and Wisconsin, persons of Indian descent are permitted to vote; but, in all, blacks are excluded, except with property qualifications. The Indiana Constitution expressly states that "no negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage;" and, in those states most exposed to the influx of blacks, stringent laws are required to keep them out. The Constitution of Missouri provides:

"It shall be the duty of the General Assembly, as soon as may be, to pass such laws as may be necessary. *First*, to prevent free negroes and mulattoes from coming to and settling in this state, under any pretext whatever."

That of Indiana is as follows—

Negroes and Mulattoes.—Sec. 1. No negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in this state after the adoption of this Constitution.

Sec. 2. All contracts made with negroes or mulattoes coming into this state contrary to the provisions of the foregoing section, shall be void; and all persons who shall employ, or otherwise encourage such negroes or mulattoes to remain in this state, shall be fined in any sum not less than ten dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars.

Sec. 3. All fines which may be collected for a violation of any of the sections of this article, or of any law hereafter passed by the Legislature, for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this article, shall be appropriated and set apart for the colonization of such negroes and mulattoes and their descendants, as may be in this state at the adoption of this Constitution, and may be willing to emigrate.

The Illinois Constitution has a similar provision, as follows: "The General Assembly shall, at its first session under the amended Constitution, pass such laws as will effectually prohibit free persons of color from immigrating to and settling in this state; and to effectually prevent the owners of slaves from bringing them into this state, for the purpose of setting them free." This clause was submitted separately to the people, and adopted by twenty thousand majority. These provisions have been supposed to conflict with that clause of the Federal Constitution which makes all citizens of the United States entitled to the privileges of all the states. At the time the Constitution was formed, blacks

were not citizens, and cannot so be considered now. The clause does not say any description of persons whom any state may hereafter make citizens. Massachusetts, for the mere indulgence of a turbulent disposition, has repeatedly quarrelled with South Carolina for laws similar in effect to those required by the Constitutions of the Western states, and yet she has never complained of Illinois or Ohio.

Maryland, we believe, was the last state in which imprisonment for debt was retained, and that has now been swept away by the admirable constitution just ratified by its people. Constitutional reform was much needed in Maryland on many accounts, more particularly in relation to the unequal representation which existed there. So great was the injustice felt to be by many, that serious thoughts of physical resistance were entertained by some parties, unless the privileged majority should consent to a convention. Happily, however, agitation produced its legitimate influence, and the now admirable Constitution has been the result of an able convention.

After the lapse of nearly half a century, the necessity of constitutional reform has generally manifested itself, and some few steps in advance have been made. We trust now that the matter will not sleep, but that, at periods within 20 years, some further well-digested reforms will be introduced into the organic laws of all the states.

Notwithstanding the repeated efforts of France, and the example of the states of America, no state constitution has, as yet, taken permanent ground in Europe. The reason seems to be, that the fundamental idea on which a constitution must alone rest, viz., the sovereignty of the people, has in no degree, as yet, been fully appreciated. Thus the fresh Constitution of 1838, defective as it was, solemnly guaranteed the right of universal suffrage; and, although it was the work of a half-dozen corrupt, conceited, and superficial men, was adopted by the country. A President was elected, and a legislative body assembled under it. Those were elected by the universal suffrage of the whole French people; yet so little respect was entertained for the instrument, that this Assembly enacted a law in the first term of its existence, depriving one-third of their constituents of a voice in the government. Such restrictions upon the right of suffrage were imposed by a mere law, that nearly three millions of souls were disfranchised. The minister of justice reported:

Electors inscribed under the Constitution	9,618,057
Electors inscribed under the law of March, 1850	6,809,281
Frenchmen disfranchised by the servants they had elected	2,808,776

It is now probable that the French President will procure a restoration of the right of universal suffrage to serve his personal interest. This disregard of written instruments arises from the fact, that in a monarchical country, where the uneducated people have always looked up for power, the habit is stronger than the right to exercise the power themselves. It is true that in New-York the Seward party have passed a law to borrow money for purposes of party corruption; but they have preserved a show of respect to the Constitution, by attempting, however sophistically, to show that the debt is not forbidden. The success of such a measure, violating the spirit of the Constitution, may soon embolden them to violate its letter, by a simple law passed by participants in the plunder.

THE "HUNDED DAYS OF NAPOLEON."

WHATEVER relates to the career of Napoleon Bonaparte possesses an interest that belongs to no other portion of the world's history. His sudden rise from obscurity, being flung, as it were, from the vortex of the French Revolution upon the stage of action; his brilliant course and his downfall, come to us so full of romance, that we hardly know whether to credit them as realities. With no other friend than his sword, he entered the lists with the titled nobility of Europe, and soon outstripped them all in the race; and without the influence of birth or fortune, he seated himself upon the throne of Saint Louis, and swayed the sceptre of France. For almost a quarter of a century, he was, by turns, the benefactor and the scourge of France and the rest of Europe. He obtained a mastery over the minds of men, which no other one in modern times has ever possessed, and he swayed nations almost with the same ease that the winds control the sea. His downfall and retirement into almost the same obscurity from whence he came, furnishes us with one of the most truthful lessons ever written in history, and wisdom, which speaks alike to the hearts and minds of men, may be gleaned from every page. It teaches us how frail is all human greatness—that the honor and power of kings, as well as the hopes of humble men, can pass away in a single day. It shows us how uncertain is worldly glory, and that we should fix our hopes of happiness upon something more stable than that which ceases to exist with the downfall of dynasties. How sudden and terrible was his reverse of fortune! One day he was the emperor of millions, who feared and obeyed him; the next, he was shorn of his power, and his name the jest of the lowest rabble of the Faubourgs. These changes are the vicissitudes of life, and they never occur, either to men or nations, without leaving to the world a useful lesson for coming generations.

The "Hundred Days of Napoleon" embraces that period extending from his return from Elba, where he was banished, in 1814, to his final abdication in 1815, and is the most interesting portion of the history of Europe, either ancient or modern. The history of this period is so called, because the time between the happening of these two events was just one hundred days. Probably no portion of history for the same length of time presents to the reader a train of events which have caused more wonder and admiration, or had a greater influence upon the European world.

The decline of Napoleon's power may be dated from his unsuccessful campaign in Russia in the year 1812; but it is useless now to stop to detail the causes which led to these reverses; they are known to every reader of history. The advantages which the Russians gained over him in this disastrous expedition gave new energy to the allies, and afterwards new foes presented themselves on every side. Instead of having a single power to combat, he found all Europe arrayed against him. The campaigns of 1813 and 1814 were replete with brilliant events, and they called into ac-

tion all the talents and energy of Napoleon. By his untiring activity, he raised new armies as fast as old ones had disappeared before the murderous fire of the allies, and always presented a formidable front to the enemy. His genius never shone with more brilliancy, and he performed feats of valor, and gained victories, which appear to have been the result of efforts almost superhuman. Always combating with superior numbers, he had to rely solely upon his own skill for success. These two campaigns are marked by some of his finest strokes of generalship, and alone would be sufficient to give him rank among the first commanders of ancient or modern times. But overwhelming numbers finally triumphed, and he was driven back upon the frontiers of France, and at last to Paris.

The allies, flushed with victory, entered the territory of France in the winter of 1814, and marched direct upon the capital, which they entered the last day of March. The battle of Paris, the closing act in the bloody drama, was fought on the 30th day of March, and Napoleon was compelled to surrender his crown and throne to the victorious enemy.

The entry of the allied armies into Paris was a splendid sight to gaze upon, but deeply humiliating to the French soldiers, many of whom were obliged to witness the pageantry. All was activity in the allied camps, after the victory under the walls of the capital, and the whole army was placed in the most perfect order, that the display in marching into the city might be as brilliant as possible. At noon-day, on the last day of March, 1814, a hundred thousand men, the most splendid troops in Europe, defiled through the streets of Paris, and took possession of the city. Napoleon, with the small force under his command, retired to Fontainebleau, from which place he opened negotiations with the allied powers, through the agency of Caulincourt. At first, the allied emperors wished him to abdicate in favor of his son, which he refused to do; but afterwards, consulting with Ney, Berthier, Lefebvre and others, he had drawn up and signed such an abdication, with the empress as regent. These terms he sent to Paris, but were rejected by the allied sovereigns, who obliged him to sign an unconditional surrender of his throne. A scene of baseness now commenced at Fontainebleau, which was disgraceful in the extreme, and everlastingly sullied those who were guilty of it. As soon as Napoleon's abdication was known, and the power which he had so long possessed was about to pass into other hands, almost every person of any note around him, deserted to the allies. What baseness! what perfidy! So great was their anxiety to hear of his abdication, in order that they might hasten to Paris, and make favor with the new dynasty—every time the door of the emperor's room was opened, it was filled with heads to learn if the important event had happened. Maret, Caulincourt, and a few others of the host whom he had raised from obscurity, with a nobleness of soul which rose far above any selfish desires, remained firm to the fortune of their fallen chieftain to the very last.

A formal treaty was concluded, and signed by Napoleon and the allied sovereigns, on the 11th day of April. By this treaty Napoleon renounced, for himself and his descendants, the crowns of France and Italy, but he was allowed to retain the name of Emperor, and his brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, were also allowed to retain their respective titles. The island of Elba was selected as his future residence, which was recognized as an independent principality—a sort of miniature kingdom. They

decreed him, as a yearly revenue, two millions five hundred thousand francs from the treasury of France, and a separate allowance to Josephine of one million francs yearly. He was allowed to take with him all his personal effects, and four hundred of his old guards. He set out for Elba on the 20th of March. His parting from his faithful troops and the few personal friends who yet remained loyal to him, was affecting in the extreme, and drew tears from all who witnessed it. The old guard, who, as it were, had borne his imperial diadem on their bayonet points, and carried his victorious banners into every capital in Europe, were drawn up on the plains of Fontainebleau to receive his farewell. Napoleon, surrounded by a few faithful generals, went among the soldiers, and amid a breathless silence and tearful eyes, addressed them a few parting words. So strong had the attachment become between the great leader and these trusty followers, that his emotions in saying farewell almost overpowered him. With a great effort he tore himself from the embrace of those who surrounded him, sprang into his carriage, and rode off. He was escorted by a large body of troops to the port of Fejus, where he embarked on board an English frigate for his place of destination.

Louis XVIII. was called to the throne, and the order of succession established as it was before the revolution. He entered Paris on the 3d of May, from England, where he had passed an exile of twenty-five years, and immediately ascended the throne of his ancestors. The treaty of Paris was signed on the 30th of May, which provided that France should be reduced to its original limits as they were on the 1st of January, 1792. Holland was to be an independent state, governed by the house of Orange. Germany was to be independent, under the guarantee of a federal union. Switzerland was also to be independent, under a government of her own, and Italy divided into sovereign states. Provision was also made for the free navigation of the Rhine, and the restoration of the West India Islands to the powers from which they were captured. And in addition to these public provisions, there were some secret articles in the treaty, which related chiefly to the disposition of a large district of territory which Napoleon had taken from different states of Europe.

In the latter part of May, the allied sovereigns made a visit to England, and upon their return, withdrew their respective forces from France, and left Louis in quiet possession of his throne.

The events which now follow are considered as the principal causes which led to the return of Napoleon from his exile at Elba, and again involved Europe in a bloody war. Every reader knows the simple fact, that Napoleon returned to France from his place of banishment, and after being in power a short time, was overthrown at the battle of Waterloo; but few, comparatively, are familiar with the train of events which led to his return.

Napoleon being in exile, and the allies having returned to their respective countries, it became the dutty of Louis to reorganize the governmen; and a task more difficult to perform, than that which now devolved upon the French monarch, never fell to the lot of a sovereign. During the dreadful struggle which had preceded the fall of the Empire, the lesser evils were forgotten in the great desire for a change. But now that Napoleon was stricken down, and the cause which firmly bound together all who opposed him had ceased to exist, and they came to remodel the government, difficulties, which were almost irreconcilable, appeared among

them. While they were arrayed against Napoleon, whom they deemed a common enemy, there was a unity of sentiment, and a concert of action; but he had no sooner surrendered his power, than jealousies, as rancorous as those which had severed the Empire, arose. In remodelling the government, so many different and conflicting interests had to be conciliated, and so many desires satisfied, that the king found it utterly impossible to establish it upon a stable foundation. The historian of those times says—"The seeds of the disunion which paralyzed the restoration, were beginning to spring up even before Louis XVIII. had ascended the throne, and his subsequent reign, till the hundred days, was but an amplification of the causes which produced the return of Napoleon."

The veterans of the revolution, and the republicans of the senate, had joined with Talleyrand and the royalists to overthrow Napoleon, with the express understanding that in the formation of the new government they were to be amply provided for.

A great difference of opinion prevailed as to the extent to which the popular power should be revived upon the restoration. This was the source of much angry feeling. Some mentioned openly, that the constitution of '91 was to form the basis of the new government, with strong guarantees against any encroachment by the monarch on the rights of the people. These divisions of opinion soon created parties, who took sides under leaders, and arrayed themselves against each other. Unmindful of advice from any quarter, the French king determined to have his own way, and to form the government upon such a plan as he deemed most conducive to the glory of his kingdom. He had made up his mind to take a middle course, and by conciliating both the royalists and the republicans, obtain their united support, and thus render his seat on the throne firm and easy. Blind and infatuated monarch! he should have already learned from history, that that ruler who endeavors to draw to himself the support of two rival parties by conciliating them, gains the ill will and opposition of both, and thus paves the way to his own overthrow.

In a few days after the king had ascended the throne, he called a convention for the purpose of forming a constitution, or rather a charter of government; and after a session of five days, they promulgated one, by which the French people were to be governed under the new order of things. It made the government a monarchy, and in many instances gave the king almost absolute power. Under the Empire, suffrage was universal—this was now abridged, and a property qualification for electors was introduced, which deprived a majority of the people of the right of voting. It was a serious cause of alarm, and the people showed an unwillingness to be deprived of a single right they had enjoyed under the reign of Napoleon.

Without a doubt, the joy at the restoration was, at first, sincere; but after the excitement was over, and the allies had been withdrawn, the losses and reverses which had overtaken them, together with the sadness of the change, seemed to sink into the very soul of the nation. Whole classes were in a state of uneasiness, caused mainly by the uncertainty of the future. The holders of national domain, which had become private property under the laws of the Empire, considered the guarantee the government gave them, as insufficient to secure their possessions. The regicides, whose hands had been stained in the blood of the revolution, considered the restoration as a judgment upon their former bad conduct, and

trembled lest punishment should yet be meted out to them. The marshals and generals who had received large estates from Napoleon, in the different conquered provinces, now separated from France, as a compensation for their valuable services, felt great disquietude at the thought of being deprived of them, and left in their old age without the means of support. The army, driven back into France in disgrace, was almost in despair, and ready for any change of fortune that might enable them to regain the laurels they had lost. The excitement of the camp and the battle-field, the march and the bivouac, were now at an end, and distributed in the various provincial towns, they were compelled to lead an inactive life. The tens of thousands of workmen who had been employed on the different public works in the various provinces now severed from the Empire, came flocking in crowds to Paris. The palace of the Tuilleries was besieged from morning until night by clamorous crowds—the republicans asking for employment and relief—while the royalists, who had shared a twenty-five year's exile with their monarch, demanded some remuneration for the losses they had sustained. With an empty treasury, and no immediate means of supplying it, it was impossible to answer these pressing demands. The army was several months in arrears in their pay, and both officers and men were loud and angry in their claims. In this state of affairs, the course pursued by the Bourbons in the administration of the government, was weak in the extreme. The king, trying to please everybody, pleased nobody. He worked to retain in office all the imperial functionaries whom he knew were much more competent to manage affairs than his own friends, the royalists. At this the latter were highly displeased, and considered themselves but illy repaid for all the sufferings and privations they had endured for their exiled king.

The army was treated in a manner well calculated to create discontent. The national colors, which had become an object almost of holy reverence to the French soldiers, and which were associated with all their victories and glorious memories, were abolished, and the white flag of the hated Bourbons substituted in their stead. The organization of the army was changed, and in such a manner that the different corps almost entirely lost their old identity under their new names. The numbers of the different regiments of infantry, artillery and cavalry, were altered, thereby, in a great measure, destroying the association of names with their former achievements, and even reducing the imperial veterans to a level with the newly-raised recruits. The eagles were wrested from the standards, but generally concealed by the officers; and the tri-color cockade, which the men were now forbidden to wear, was hidden by them in their knapsacks. The tri-color standards, which had waved in triumph over so many victorious fields, were ordered to be given up, but the soldiers generally burned them, saying they would, at least, preserve their ashes. The grades of all the officers were changed, substituting those of the old monarchy. The old imperial guard, which had always occupied the post of honor at the palace, were removed, and their place supplied by the Swiss guard, and other foreign troops. Neither the officers nor soldiers were allowed to make any allusion to the name of the Emperor. The army was much reduced—first, to one hundred and forty thousand, and then to eighty thousand men. An ordinance was passed which placed every officer not in actual employment, on half pay, and those who were not in active service

were forbidden to reside at Paris, unless already living there. These changes had a powerful effect on the troops, and they brooded over their wrongs in sullen silence. All parties laid aside their previous animosities, and directed their combined efforts to make the new government unpopular, hoping by this means to overthrow it. They found fault with everything that was done, and took care always to throw the blame on Louis. Although the king had selected able men for his cabinet, yet the steady opposition they encountered from all parties, brought his government into difficulty daily. The errors of his civil administration were numerous, and contributed towards his downfall. An ordinance was passed prohibiting the ordinary work on Sunday, which caused a large portion of the lower classes to murmur. During the days of the revolution and the empire, they had been allowed to pursue their labor on all days alike, and now they did not like this restraint. The old noblesse treated the wives of the nobles of the empire with marked disrespect, and none of them were allowed situations in the household. The king abolished the order of the Legion of Honor for that of Saint Louis. This measure was very unpopular with the officers and soldiers, many of whom had been decorated with the former for their bravery on the field of battle. While the king wished to conciliate the imperialists, and have their aid in the administration of affairs, he took no pains to conceal from them his aversion to the principles of the revolution. In fine, Louis possessed neither the courage nor the ability to contend successfully with all these difficulties, and it is not at all surprising that he gave way under them.

While the French King was then endeavoring to heal up the wounds caused by the revolution, and to establish order in his dominions, events of the most vital importance were taking place in another quarter of Europe. We allude to the Congress of Vienna.

The allied sovereigns originally intended that the Congress should meet about the latter end of July, (1814), but by reason of their visit to England, and their return to their own capital, it was not convened until about the first of the following November. Probably no legislative body of men, which have assembled in Europe in modern times, have attracted more attention than this Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna. The eyes of the whole civilized world were upon them, and it was expected that their proceedings would have an important bearing on the general welfare of Europe. But the true cause of their meeting was very different from that alleged, and as much as they endeavored to conceal it, they were unable to hide from the people of Europe the real objects they had in view. For many years previous to the overthrow of Napoleon, liberal principles had been gradually making their way among the people of Europe. Kings were denied the divine right to rule. The people were becoming awakened to a sense of their own legitimate rights, and were determined to loose the shackles which had hung around them, and to stand forth as their own masters. They now began to feel within them, that the same hand which had made them immortal, also made them free. Their hearts beat a hearty response to the sentiments which the western winds wafted from their brethren in the new world, and like them, they desired to say who should be their rulers and make their laws. This freedom of thought—this newborn energy which was quickening in the hearts and in the minds of the people, made the monarchs of Europe tremble. To meet a crisis like

this, and also to arrange matters arising out of the Treaty of Paris, were the immediate causes which induced the assembling of the Congress of Vienna.

They there formed the "balance of power," which, in plain English, is nothing more nor less than a union of the most powerful states of Europe, who pledged themselves to use their combined force to put down any attempt of the people to reform their governments. This combination of kings against the liberties of the people, was remodelled at Paris in 1815, after Napoleon's second abdication, under the name of the "Holy Alliance," at which time their political principles were promulgated to the world. This "Holy Alliance" (unholy it should have been called), since that time has had two important meetings, one at Trappeau in Austrian Silesia, in 1820, after the close of the Neapolitan revolution—and the other Layback, in January, 1821. Among other matters which claimed the attention of the allied sovereigns at Vienna, was the disposition of a territory containing more than thirty millions of people, which was to be divided among them for their services in dethroning Napoleon. They found as much difficulty in agreeing about the disposal of this territory, as the French king had in organizing his government. It was found almost impossible to satisfy the various interests which were claiming indemification, each demanding more than the others were willing to allow. The alliance was completely broken for a time—the breach was widened daily, and nothing but the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba at this juncture of affairs, prevented an open rupture between the allied sovereigns.

The Emperor of Russia claimed the whole of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw as an indemnification for the losses he had sustained, and said it would be worth his crown and throne to return home without an adequate remuneration. In support of this claim, he offered a very potent argument, which was, that he had three hundred thousand troops ready to march, at a moment's warning, to any point in Europe. In this demand Alexander was supported by the King of Prussia, who was wholly in his interest. France, Austria and England opposed these ambitious views. The divisions ran high, and each party prepared for war. The Emperor Alexander halted all his troops who were returning to Russia, in Poland, and the Grand Duke Constantine, who commanded them, issued a flaming proclamation to the Poles, telling them that the Emperor wished to restore to them their old nationality, calling upon them to rally around his standard. In the meantime a secret treaty had been concluded between Austria, England and France, and signed at Vienna the 3d day of February, 1815, by which the contracting parties mutually pledged themselves to support each other, in case of war, and to carry out in full force the treaty of Paris. Affairs were in this situation when the news was brought to Vienna, that Napoleon had secretly left Elba, and had landed on the coast of France. It was like a bomb-shell in the camp of the allies—all was consternation and alarm. Minor difficulties were healed at once, and they thought only of preparing to meet their common enemy. The Congress soon adjourned, and the sovereigns hastened to their respective capitals, to prepare for the conflict. The news of the return of Napoleon astonished all Europe, and so well aware were the allies of the danger that menaced them, that soon they had more than a million of troops in arms, and converging from different points towards France. The saying of Chateaubriand, "that if the cocked-hat and surtout

of Napoleon, were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms, from one end to the other," seemed almost verified in this instance.

Let us now turn from the allied sovereigns and their schemes of European aggrandizement, to the situation of Napoleon on the Island of Elba, and trace his course from his landing upon the shores of France, until he was again reseated upon the imperial throne. Elba is a small island in the Mediterranean Sea, within sight of the coast of Tuscany, and within a few days sail of France. The act of his leaving this island has been much animadverted upon by his enemies, and much pains taken to place him in the wrong. By the terms of the abdication, this island was given to him as a sovereignty, and a certain revenue guaranteed to be paid to him, to maintain his imperial honors in his kingdom. These terms the allies failed to comply with, and the contract having been violated on one side, he was no longer bound to fulfill it, on his part. They failed to pay to him his annual revenue, and instead of recognizing him as a sovereign, they placed spies at his court, and had guard-ships stationed around his island. Sir Neil Campbell was the English spy commissioner, and each of the other allied sovereigns had a similar functionary there, whose duty it was to make reports to their governments of every movement of the Emperor. Thus he was watched like a felon from day to day, and smarting under this ungenerous treatment, he determined to leave his place of confinement, and make a bold stroke to regain his lost throne and empire.

Thus situated, Napoleon kept up a brisk correspondence with his friends in France and Italy, and by them was advised of every movement of the allies at the Congress of Vienna. A vast conspiracy was formed, with its centre in Paris, whose ramifications extended into every province and department in France. The officers and soldiers of the army were, more than any others, the grand movers in it. Although they had taken an oath to support the new government, they had, by no means, renounced their allegiance to Napoleon. They cherished his memory with a holy reverence. All the hardships they had undergone were forgotten, and they thought of him only as their victorious Emperor—the idol of their hearts. He opened a direct correspondence with Murat, who again threw himself into his interest, and promised to furnish him with numerous troops the moment he should put his foot upon the shores of France. Every thing was now prepared for leaving the island. His friends throughout France were warned of his intended movements, and were both ready and willing to aid him. As extensive as these plans of revolution were, they had been thus far matured, without the allies having the least suspicion that such an event was about to take place, and all this in spite of the close *surveillance* over the Emperor and all his movements.

On the 26th of February, 1815, he gave a grand ball at the town of Porto Ferrajo, which was graced with the presence of his mother, and his sister,—the Princess Pauline. While they were doing the honors of the house, he was making private arrangements to leave the island. Upon that occasion, the Emperor appeared in his most fascinating mood, and going around the room, talked with his guests in the most familiar manner. In the meantime, he had despatched orders to his troops, to hold themselves in readiness at the quay. During the afternoon he secretly left the ball-room and went to the quay, where he found his troops drawn up, about eleven hundred strong, under the command of

Bertrand, Drouat and Cambronne. They immediately began embarking, and by seven o'clock all were on board. To the wondering inhabitants who witnessed the embarkation, he said, "that he was going to the coast of Barbary to chastise the pirates, who, from time immemorial, had infested the coasts of Elba." Sealed instructions were given to the captain of L'Inconstant, on board of which was Napoleon, which were not to be opened until they were several leagues at sea. When fairly out at sea, he opened them, and for the first time learned that his destination was the Gulf of Juan, on the coast of Province. The prows of the ships were immediately turned in that direction. When the soldiers knew they were on their way to the coast of France, they burst out into wild shouts of joy, and made the welkin ring again, with cries of "long live the Emperor." After the first manifestation of feeling was over, a sadness seemed to take possession of both officers and men, and a deep silence prevailed throughout the ships. Their minds were filled with sad presentiments of the future, and a recollection of other times came full and fresh to their memory. The vessels pursued their way without interruption, and on the first of March cast anchor in the Gulf of Juan. The troops immediately disembarked, and kindling some watch-fires on the sand, bivouacked near the shore.

A little incident occurred on the passage, which shows what admirable presence of mind Napoleon was possessed of at all times. On the evening of the 27th, when off Leghorn, a French brig came within speaking distance and hailed the vessel the Emperor was on board of. To prevent his soldiers from being discovered, he made them lie flat upon the deck with their caps off. The captain of the French vessel inquired of Napoleon himself, about the Emperor's health, who answered, that he was well. The brig suspecting nothing, passed on.

The officers, as well as the men, were impressed with the importance and magnitude of the expedition they were engaged in. With a force of only twelve hundred men, they had landed upon the coast of France, and arrayed themselves in arms against all Europe. Napoleon infused into this small band of faithful followers his own sanguine hopes, and raised somewhat their drooping spirits. As there was no time to be lost, he immediately commenced his march. He took the road by Gap, to Grenoble, through the mountains, everywhere distributing his proclamations to the inhabitants. On the 7th of March they approached the fortress of Grenoble, where General Marchaud was in command, who hearing of his advance, sent out troops to oppose him. General Cambronne, who commanded the advance-guard, first encountered this force, and seeing no signs of disaffection among the troops, sent word to Napoleon, who was in the rear. The latter remarked to Bertrand, who was at his side, "we are betrayed," and immediately rode forward, dressed in his well-known surtout and cocked-hat. Arriving before the opposing force, he rode in front of them, and said: "Comrades do you know me?" "Yes, sire," they answered. "Do you recognize me, my children? I am your Emperor; fire on me, if you wish." This appeal of their beloved Emperor was overpowering, and they immediately threw down their arms and rushed to embrace him. As soon as their manifestations of joy had subsided, they mounted the tri-colored cockade, and arrayed themselves under his banners. Colonel Labedoyeré, who commanded a regiment in the same garrison, in disobedience to the orders of his superior officer, march-

ed with his men to meet Napoleon. As soon as he was outside of the garrison, he drew an eagle from his pocket, and embraced it before his soldiers. They immediately broke in the head of a drum which was filled with tri-colored cockades, and soon one was mounted on each cap. When Napoleon appeared, they made the air resound with their cry of "Vive L'Emperor," and joined his forces. His column, now near three thousand strong, marched upon Grenoble, and breaking down the gates, entered the town in triumph. He rested there that night. The citizens, in crowds, flocked to see him, and bid him welcome again to the shores of France. He was busily employed during his stay there, making civil appointments, and other arrangements to secure himself in favor. The next morning he continued his march towards Paris, meeting with no opposition. In every part of the country his old soldiers joined his standard, and the middle and lower classes welcomed his return with many demonstrations of joy.

Let us now turn from Napoleon and his triumphant march through France, and direct the attention to Paris and the king. Louis was entirely ignorant of the dangers which had been gathering around him, for a long time; he had not even a suspicion, founded upon anything tangible, that such a vast conspiracy was on foot, to wrest from him his crown and throne. A close watch was kept upon all the movements of the Imperialists, but to no purpose; and neither he, nor his ministers, dreamed of what was about to take place. Meetings were held nightly in different parts of Paris, and even in his very household their plans were being matured. Being in fancied security, the astounding intelligence he received of the movements of Napoleon made a deeper impression. All Paris was in commotion, and the king and his government in the greatest alarm. He endeavored, in vain, to rally the royalists to resistance, but all seemed paralyzed, and incapable of making headway against the tide that was rolling up towards the capital. He convoked the Chamber of Deputies—despatched messengers to different parts of France to arouse the people to oppose the march of Napoleon—sent large bodies of troops against him, who in every instance joined his standard, and recommended other measures which the emergency seemed to require. All these efforts were useless—the finger of destiny had marked the Bourbon throne for overthrow, and no power that Louis could control was able to save it. Marshal Ney, at the head of a large force, was sent by the king, from Paris, to stop the advance of the Emperor, and when he set out promised his royal master to bring him back in an "iron cage." But the iron cage and his promises to the king were all forgotten when he arrived in sight of Napoleon, whom he and his troops immediately joined, without any attempt to resist his march. Napoleon entered Lyons on the 12th, amid the acclamations of the populace, and the keys of the city were surrendered to him with much ceremony by the municipal authorities, who gave in their allegiance. When the news reached the king that Ney and his force had deserted to Napoleon, all hope seemed to have fled—as great confidence had been placed in the fidelity of the old Marshal. But the king, seeing such general disaffection in the army, and failing in support even from his own partisans, and losing all hope of retaining the crown, determined to leave Paris. He and the royal family set out on the evening of the 19th, attended only by a few friends, and a small guard, and went in the direction of Flanders. The same evening Napoleon arrived

at Fontainbleau, and the next afternoon set out for Paris, which he reached in the evening, and took possession of the palace of the Tuilleries. Thousands had assembled there to welcome him, and he was received with the most unbounded demonstrations of delight. The extensive courtyard around the palace was filled with his faithful troops, who bore him aloft in their arms, to the grand saloon, where he was welcomed by the kisses and smiles of the imperial ladies who had assembled to greet his coming. Never before did a monarch receive such a welcome from his subjects.

Thus far his triumph had been bloodless—everywhere opposition had fled from before him, and both soldiers and peasants hailed his advent with joy. History furnishes no parallel to his march through France, and victorious entry into Paris. He had landed upon the coast of a distant province, marched from one end of the kingdom to the other—subdued every thing which had opposed his course, and finally wrested a crown and throne from a powerful monarch, without shedding one drop of blood. The like had never been known before. Although again seated upon the throne of France, he well knew his situation was a precarious one, and that all his energy would be required to prepare for the important crisis that was approaching. His first duty was, to reorganize the government, and in doing so, he had double the difficulties to contend against that beset Louis XVIII. And in addition to these civil duties which pressed upon him, he had also to prepare to meet a million of armed men who were arrayed against him. Nothing that vigor and activity could accomplish was wanting on the part of Napoleon, and the amount of labor which he performed in so short a time seems almost incredible. The arsenals were entirely empty of military stores and arms—among other items, twelve hundred pieces of cannon had been ceded to the allies by the treaty of Paris. The army had been almost entirely disbanded during the reign of Louis, and not more than a hundred thousand men were now under arms, scattered throughout France, in the different garrison towns. The first step Napoleon took towards reorganizing the army, was to return the eagles to the different regiments, which was done with great pomp and ceremony. All the old veterans who had retired from service, were called in by proclamation—additions were made to all the regiments, and thirty new battalions of artillery were organized from the sailors of the fleets. Both the old and young guard were strengthened, by adding a new battalion to each regiment, and filling up the old ones. By these means he calculated to have, at least, four hundred thousand men under arms, by the first of June; and by the first of September, he expected to have six hundred thousand foot, and sixty thousand admirable horse in the field. He found it a herculean task to provide arms and clothing for these troops. Manufactories of arms were established in different parts of the empire—the old arms everywhere called in, and the workmen in all the armories doubled. Horses were purchased at fairs at different parts of the country, and each department was ordered to furnish a certain amount of clothing. He found as much difficulty in reorganizing the civil government as the army, and no other man could have, so soon, brought order out of chaos. Many of the imperialists, who were most anxious for his return, now that he was on the throne, declined taking any responsible trust under him;—with Europe in arms against him, they felt a disquietude and uncertainty as to his success. The public

treasury was empty, and with an impoverished country, it was with great difficulty Napoleon could raise funds for the campaign. In the meantime, he endeavored to open negotiations with the allies, but failed in the attempt; they would not entertain any propositions coming from him. Murat was so much elated at the return of Napoleon, that he immediately raised the standard of revolt, and with an army of fifty thousand men attempted to wrest Naples from the hands of the allies, and secure himself upon the throne. He was defeated in the first engagement with the Austrians, and fled to France. The Royalists attempted to raise a rebellion in La Vendeé, a district in the southern part of France, where the Bourbon feeling ran high, and by this means distract the plans of Napoleon, and draw his attention from the allies. He was aware of their object, and at once sent a strong force into the district, and put down the rebellion.

While Napoleon was making these preparations, the allies were assembling their forces, and advancing towards the frontiers of France. England had now thrown all her influence into the coalition, and had sent a large body of troops to the continent under the command of Wellington. The time was now approaching when the fate of France and Europe was again to be decided by force of arms, and the respective combatants were exerting all their strength. The efforts of Napoleon to meet the crisis which he saw was drawing nigh, were amost superhuman, and his abilities as a great commander were never more clearly exhibited. He had made up his plan of the campaign with the greatest care and attention, and was almost confident of success. He made Paris the base of his operations, which had been strongly fortified by General Haxo and his engineers, and mounted with seven hundred pieces of cannon. Lyons was also strongly fortified. He had assembled armies at different points on the frontiers to watch the movements of the enemy, who had made their arrangements to advance upon Paris from several points.

The chief reliance, however, was placed upon the main army, commanded by Napoleon in person, one hundred and twenty thousand strong, with three hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. With this force he determined immediately to commence offensive operations in Flanders, on the frontiers of which they were already collected. The object of Wellington was, to invade France direct from Flanders, and the better to conceal his intentions, and divert the attention of Napoleon from the real point of attack, he suggested to the Austrian and Russian commanders, to make a demonstration further south. The *ruse* however failed, as Napoleon was not to be diverted from the objects he had in view. The force of Wellington and Blucher, and with which the Emperor was likely first to come in collision, numbered one hundred and ninety thousand men, all veterans, and inured to war. As the British and Prussians had not yet united, Napoleon determined to interpose the whole of his force between them, and by striking first upon the right and then upon the left, beat them in detail. His plans were skilfully laid, and well nigh proved successful.

Napoleon left Paris on the 12th of June to join the army, and arrived at Avernes the next day, where he found it encamped. The whole force by the returns on the morning of the 14th, was one hundred and twenty-two thousand four hundred men under arms. The camps were placed behind some hills, about a league from the frontiers, which hid their position from the enemy. The Emperor addressed the troops, calling to their

minds their former deeds of glory—their enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch.

Wellington and Blucher in the meantime were inactive. Their troops were scattered over several leagues of country, and they were waiting for secret intelligence from Paris, of Napoleon's movements. He had taken every precaution to prevent the allies from knowing his situation. Wellington had, however, learned, by his usual system of bribery and corruption with the worst scoundrels of France, of the collection of large bodies of troops on the frontiers, but waited for confirmation before he should move—his inactivity was almost fatal to him.

On the morning of the 15th, the active operations of the campaign began. At daylight on that morning, the French army crossed the frontiers, and marched direct upon Charleroi. The Prussians, who had been in possession of that place, retired upon the advance of the French, in the direction of Fleurus. It was evident that Napoleon had taken Blucher by surprise, and he had the most sanguine hopes of being able to separate the Prussian and British armies. In order to accomplish this more effectually, he despatched Ney to Quatre Bras with the left wing, forty-six thousand strong—this was an important position, at the intersection of the roads leading towards Brussels. A severe action was fought there the next day. Napoleon, with the main army, seventy-two thousand strong, marched towards Fleurus, from which place the Prussians fell back to Ligny, where he gave them battle the next day, and gained a splendid victory,—the loss of the Prussians was about twenty-five thousand. The victory at Ligny exposed the left flank of the allies, and Wellington seeing that he could not maintain his ground with his left flank uncovered, fell back to Waterloo, and took up a strong position in front of that village. He was closely followed by Napoleon.

The beginning of the end was now near at hand, and the contending armies knew the fate of the campaign was to be decided on the spot where they were then assembling. The field of Waterloo was admirably adapted for a great battle, and had previously been examined by Wellington and the English engineers. It is situated about nine miles from Brussels, and one mile south of the village of the same name. It extends from right to left about two miles. Let the reader imagine two ridges of hills running parallel to each other, and from a half to three-quarters of a mile apart. The descent is gradual into the valley, through which winds a small stream. The position is cut nearly at right angles by a high road running from Brussels to Charleroi; and an unpaved country road runs along the northern crest of hills. Between this field and Brussels, to the north, was an extensive forest, called the "forest of Soignies." The two armies, as they were drawn up in battle array, occupied the opposite ridges of hills, the English the north, and the French the south ridge. On the right of the British lines was a strong built country-house, surrounded by a thick stone-wall, in a grove of trees; the left was protected by an almost inaccessible hedge and deep ditch: these with a strong farm-house in the centre, added much to the strength of the English position. The French right rested in the village of Blanchenois, and in the centre was the village of La Belle Alliance, where Napoleon took up his head-quarters. Both armies took up their position on the evening of the 17th, and during the night rested on their arms.

It had rained incessantly during the 17th, and the great number of horses and carriages passing over the ground reduced it to a state of mud. The

soldiers slept upon the ground in their wet blankets, and passed a cheerless night; but, as uncomfortable as their situation was, there was no despondency in either army. All were awakened to the importance of their position—to the magnitude of the stake that was at issue. A quarrel of nearly twenty-five years standing, was now to be settled by the two greatest commanders of the times. There never were two armies which appeared to greater advantage than those which were drawn up at Waterloo. Napoleon had again collected around his standard his old veterans, which the treaty of Paris had set at liberty. They had been victors with him in an hundred battles, and now their feelings were raised to the highest point of enthusiasm. Wellington had also just cause to be proud of his troops—those which had fought under him in Spain were there, and they never appeared in finer array.

The memorable 18th of June opened with a drizzling rain, but the sun soon cleared the clouds away, and a bright day beamed down on the work of death. The two armies, as they took up their positions in the order of battle, presented a beautiful spectacle, and struck all the beholders with admiration. The rays of the sun were reflected from the burnished armor and bristling bayonets of an hundred and sixty thousand men; and the music of an hundred bands fairly made the earth resound with sweet sounds as the heavy columns wound over the opposite hills. The battle commenced about 11 o'clock, and lasted until dark; both armies fought with bravery bordering on desperation. The world knows the result. Treachery and superior numbers accomplished what English valor and discipline had essayed to do, in vain—the defeat of the French. From a retreat, it soon became a total rout—and so hotly were the French pursued by the victorious Prussians, that they were obliged to throw away their arms to save themselves. Napoleon's loss was from thirty to forty thousand men—that of the allies, including the former actions, was much greater. When all was lost, the Emperor set off for Paris, and was the first who carried the news of the defeat. He immediately appeared before the Chamber of Deputies, when a stormy time took place. After much persuasion, he abdicated, and retired to Malmaison, the scene of his early happiness with Josephine.

Napoleon determined, at first, to come to America, but finding this impossible, concluded to throw himself upon the supposed generosity of the English. For this purpose, he left Malmaison on the morning of the 29th of June, and arrived at Rochefort on the 3d of July.* He addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent of England, and sent it to Captain Maitland, of the Bellerophon, then lying in the harbor:

"Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself by the hearth of the British people. I put myself under the protection of its laws, and claim it from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

On the morning of the 14th he went on board, and was received with the honors due to his high rank; and Captain Maitland immediately set sail for the British isles with his august prisoner. From England he was taken to the island of St. Helena, which had been fixed upon by the allies as his place of exile. He died there, May 5th, 1821.

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* For a full account of allied treachery and English infamy in this transaction, see article, "Doom of Napoleon," in the "Review" for July, 1850.

REEDYRILL.

(Continued.)

IX.—FAIRY LAND.

The steamboat in which I had thus unexpectedly embarked, was the Rob Roy, bound for St. Louis, and my white chief was Colonel Sebastian Overton, U. S. A., who had been on a topographical exploration to the Falls of St. Anthony and thereabouts.

It is needless for me to dwell on the new world of wonders in which I now found myself; how amazed and delighted I was with the infinity of unaccountable and beautiful things I saw around me; how everything seemed the work of enchantment to me, and all that; it can be more readily imagined by the reader than described.

Col. Overton made a pet of me, and so infatuated was I with the new order of existence which had broke upon me, that I even consented to give up my home in the wilderness, and go and live with him in the now no longer hated land of the white man.

I soon became accustomed to *the steamboat*, as I was taught to call it, and delighted to ramble all over it with my friend, the Colonel.

"*Ernie, mon cher enfant*," said he to me one day, as we stood on the forecastle, gazing at the scenery: "I don't believe you are an Indian, anyhow. Your eyes are blue and your skin fair, now that the paint has worn off, and your hair curly and light brown at the roots, where it has not been dyed."

"My father was a half-breed, and my mother a pale face," said I.

"Well, I thought there could be but *diablement* little of the pure Indian in you, for you are no more like them than I am. You say your mother was a white; what was her name, do you know?"

"I know nothing of her," I replied, only what my father told me, and that was only that she was a white, and that she died when I was born. Whether she was Français or Anglais, I do not know."

"English, I'll be bound, there is none of Jean Crapeau about you?"

"I dont know."

"Well, I never was as much astonished in my life as when I saw you perched up on that tree, like a *bizarre de marmose* as you were, and the way you pitched into me with your *couteau* for laughing at your monkey-shines. But your mother—you say your father never told you anything about your mother? That was very strange."

"I never asked him but once, and then he promised to tell me, but it was just before I got lost, and, of course, that put an end to all information on the subject."

"Apropos," said the Colonel, lighting a cigar, "now is a good time—just sit down here by my side, and, as well as you can, give me a narrative of your adventures." I had merely mentioned the fact before; I now gave him, as well as I could, about my chasing the heron, my roosting in the old sycamore, my discovery by the Aricarees and fortunate escape, some general outlines. They amused him exceedingly, and he frequently stopped me to declare that it was the most astonishing thing he ever

heard of in his life, and it kept him in an immoderate fit of laughter all the time. I observed that the Colonel expressed freely his curiosity, and especially his *astonishment*, in a manner that an Indian would have thought disgraceful to his character.

As the boat turned a bend, I was interrupted in my story, which so amused my patron, by beholding in the distance, like the enchantment of a magician, a scene so strange, so splendid, so magnificent and unaccountable, that I stood speechless.

"It is the city of St. Louis," said the Colonel, tossing away his cigar with a nonchalance that came nearer my Indian ideas of stoicism than I could possibly do myself, and I could not but turn and ask:

"Did you ever see anything, Monsieur le Colonel, that astonished you so much as *that?*"

"Many a time," replied he, laughing, "I dont see anything particularly astonishing in that; come, the supper-bell is ringing, let us go down to tea."

When tea was over I found myself amid the din and uproar of a great city. We were at the wharf: I was bewildered by the swarm of hackmen, porters, draymen, whom I fancied, not knowing their real object, had some hostile intent, probably to take the boat by storm; and one, who seized hold of Colonel Overton's trunk, got a rap from me with a footstool that he won't forget.

It is needless to say how bewildered, astonished, and delighted I was with the grand city of enchantment, and everything in it. This can readily be imagined. When we arrived at the hotel, which I conceived to be some magnificent palace, we were shown into a vast gorgeously adorned room —the parlor,—and presently in came a beautiful young woman, and with a cry of delight she rushed forward and threw herself into Colonel Overton's arms, and covered him with kisses and embraces. The Colonel was extremely astonished, even more so than I, for a moment; but in an instant he seemed to recover from the first paroxysm, which nearly threw him into fits; and then he returned her embraces with a right good will. After an eager and somewhat lengthy chattering between them, as they sat on a sofa, my patron turned to me, who was seated on a small velvet-covered stool, and said,

"*Ernie, mon prince*, this is my *squaw*—they call her in French—*Madame.*—Madame Overton, let me acquaint you with Monseigneur Ernie, *Prince des Pawnees.*"

Madame looked at me with a merry, inquisitive smile, and then rising, made a profound courtesy, with,

"*Je donne les baises-mains à Monseigneur.*"

I replied by ducking my little pate to the soft, rich carpet at my feet, in all gravity; when, exclaiming, "*Quel, bijou!*" she caught me up in her arms and smothered me with kisses.

We soon became great friends, Madame Lenora—as I was taught to call her—and I. She spoke French with all fluency, and, moreover, had a knack of talking with her eyes and fingers, and the expressive varyings of her beautiful countenance, which I could have readily understood, had she possessed no other means of communication. I became devotedly attached to her and the good Colonel, both of whom overwhelmed me with kindness, and won my whole heart with bonbons and sugar-plums, which, being entirely novel to me, I must confess I had the weakness to relish

with insatiable gusto. Lenora, who had brown hair and gentle brown eyes, gave me as many bonbons as the Colonel, and more kisses, and her voice was as sweet and soft as the wood dove in spring-time.

We remained in St. Louis about a month from the day on which I was captured from the tree-top, by Colonel Overton's party. In that time I had attained some knowledge of English, for the Colonel and Madame Lenora refused any longer to speak to me in French; and when, especially in childhood, an unknown language becomes the only medium of intercourse, it is acquired with much facility and rapidity.

Strange and unaccustomed as was to me the new mode of existence into which I was thrown, I more readily became familiarized and accustomed to it than might have been supposed: being at that period of life when new facts are constantly offering themselves to the young stranger unacquainted with the routine of ratiocination and the generalization of cause and effect. As soon as the novelty wore off, I insensibly glided into and acknowledged all that I saw around me.

Madame Overton asked me, one day, to go shopping with her. We went down town in Mr. Howard's carriage, and soon were set down, by the footman, at a splendid jeweller's shop. While Madame was in the shop making purchases, I went out on the side-walk to amuse myself, looking at the strange sights around me, which I never grew tired of doing. As I was gazing at the signs over the door, the fine carriages rolling by, the shop windows full of gay prints, jewelry, and rich goods of every possible variety, the rumbling drays, the busy crowds of passers-by—suddenly my ear was arrested by a burst of loud music at a distance, and on looking down the street, I beheld a sight of splendor and gorgeous magnificence, which I could scarcely realize to be anything other than a vision. It was a grand golden chariot drawn by twenty splendid gray horses, two abreast, and each with a waving crest of white and red feathers on his head, filled with richly dressed men blowing each one a differently shaped brass instrument, together with drums, gongs, and other instruments, of none of which did I know the name. As this beautiful line of horses came prancing down the street, I thought that they presented the most glorious and magnificent spectacle the world could afford. Behind the chariot came a lovely little open carriage pulled by four elegant little ponies: in this vehicle was seated a youth of about my own size in a superb dress, and by his side sat a beautiful girl, ten or twelve years old, all covered with silver spangles. I conceived that they must be the son and daughter of the great chief of the white men, making a procession in state. Little imagined I that all this gorgeous pageantry was a circus band.

Crowds of little boys and negro slaves were following, shouting and whooping in the rear, and involuntarily I joined the throng, forgetting Madame Lenora and everything else, in my excitement.

I followed along through several streets, listening to the music and admiring the gayly dressed little boy and girl in the phaeton, until at length, growing tired of the "show," I sat down on the marble steps of an elegant and lofty building to rest myself, and breathe a moment before returning to the jeweller's shop. And then it occurred to me at once that I had already been gone at least half an hour, and that Madame would be waiting for me, perhaps had already returned to the hotel without me. I quickly jumped up and started down the street, walking as fast as I

could, but presently, as I began to look around me for the jeweller's shop, of which it had never occurred to me for a moment that I might lose sight, I found it was no where to be seen. I was lost—for the second time lost. To be lost in the wilderness seemed to me nothing, but in the city—it was terrible. I wandered about, around and around, until my head was perfectly bewildered, and the hopelessness of finding my way in the labyrinthine mazes of the city, came over me with a sense of dreadful helplessness and despair.

I didn't know the name of the hotel—didn't even know that it had a name. I couldn't speak English well enough to make known my wants, and one or two persons whom I contrived to ask how I could find Colonel Overton, only laughed at me, and I grew afraid and unwilling to ask any more. It was a bootless task for the child of the forest to thread the ways of the city. Oh! how my heart sunk within me. When I was lost in the wilderness I had experienced the timidity and fears natural to childhood, but now a sense of drear and utter helplessness came over me, and the tears mounted into my eyes, but I would not let them flow—there was too much savage manliness about me for that. Stoicism and apathy to trouble, grief and danger, had been part of my training; so I walked moodily along, cogitating what to do to relieve myself from the quandary I was in. No idea, however, presented itself to my mind, but that of perambulating the streets until I found the jeweller's shop, or the hotel. I at length found myself on the wharf, with the broad murky river, the crowd of steamboats, and the din and bustle roaring and whizzing in my ears.

As I sauntered along, utterly at random, I imagined that I heard somebody, and the voice seemed familiar to me, calling me by name. I supposed it was only fancy, and walked on; but no—there it is again, close at my ear. I looked quickly around, and—surely it must be a dream—there stood before me—No, 'tis no dream—with a wild cry of delight I sprang into his arms. It was Kahtoli!

Our joy and astonishment at this singular and unexpected encounter, cannot be described.

I narrated, as rapidly as possible, the adventures which had occurred to me. I mentioned Colonel Overton, and how he had found me in the tree-top, and how kind he and madam had been to me.

At the name of Overton, Kahtoli started with a visible agitation.

"Tell me," cried he eagerly, "is it a stout, square-built man, with light blue eyes, and short, curly flaxen hair—a scar on his chin?"

"Ah! you know him, then? Yes, 'tis he."

"Yes, I know him," said he musingly; "come, let's sit on this bale of cotton a few minutes. This Colonel Overton you have so fallen in love with—did he know anything of me?—did he show no surprise at the name of Kahtoli?"

"None."

"Ha!—'Tis well! But true, Kahtoli is not the name the white faces know me by. Had you mentioned another—had you mentioned Leon Paul, he would doubtless have remembered something—ay, something concerning—but, perhaps, after all it may not be the same." And he stopped abruptly.

"Leon Paul?" I asked. "Who is Leon Paul?"

"No matter, no matter. It is best, perhaps, that you should never know him. And now, my little Ernie, you have, doubtless, been living in

the luxury of the white man until you are spoiled for the rough life of the wilderness. Is it not so? Tell me now which you would prefer—to go back with me to the forest, or to return to live with this white chief and the brown-eyed squaw who has been so kind to you?"

"My father! you know that I would love better the wigwam on the prairie with you, than the white man's palace in the grand city without you."

"It is well said," responded my father, with a gleam of satisfaction on his swarthy features. I am rejoiced to find that the serpent-tongued pale face has not beguiled you."

"My father, you have the blood of the pale face in you; my veins are full of it. Why, then, do you hate them so? Was not my mother a white? I can but love them."

"Yes, your veins are *full* of their blood," said he bitterly; "would to heaven it were otherwise. Your mother *was* a pale face—the only one of the accursed race I ever loved. Yes, and I have the blood of a white, but the heart, the sympathies of the red man. Listen: I trusted the white man; he deceived me. I confided in him; he abused my confidence—he thwarted my most cherished hopes—he blasted forever my happiness. Have I not reason to hate the vile deceiver? I lived with the white men then. I was born and raised with that false, treacherous race. I fled from them, and came to dwell among the true-hearted children of the forest. I gave up lands, and slaves, and name, to come and lead the tribe of my Indian ancestry."

"But, father, you have not told me how it is that I find you in the great city, so far away from our home in the woods. By what means did you learn that I was here?"

"I never knew it till this moment. I saw you as I walked along; there was something about you that struck me, though I did not recognize you—never dreamed of finding you here. As I walked along behind you, I got a glimpse of the blue beads on your neck; it flashed upon me at once that it might be you, but your new garb altered your appearance so that I could not tell. I thought I would call your name, and see what effect it would have on you. I saw that you stopped and hesitated; I called again, and found, indeed, that it was you."

He, as well as myself, was dressed in English costume, and it was that which had created my difficulty in recognizing him. He wore a black frock coat, black cloth pantaloons and a hat, which altered his appearance very much.

Kahtoli gave me an account of what had transpired at the camp during my absence. That they had not been successful in their search for Tahee's child, but that they had got on the trail of a party of Aricarees who had, doubtless, carried her off; they pursued the Aricarees for two days, but at last lost their trail, never having come in sight of them, and had to return finally, and give up the chase.

When they returned, Kahtoli was informed that I also was missing, and they set out on another fruitless search. Ophie had seen me go towards the lake, and they set out in that direction. In hunting around it, they found my track, and traced it to the little dry branch; there they lost sight of it, but found several dried spots of blood on the pebbles. Not doubting but that it was mine, they were led to the conclusion that I had been seized by a bear or panther, and gave me up for dead. Not long

afterwards, they had a great battle with the Aricarees, in which my father signally vanquished them, taking, besides a hundred scalps, many valuable furs and skins, and my father was now in St. Louis for the purpose of disposing of his peltry.

"But there is the bell ringing—the boat is about starting. I was just on my way to it when I so fortunately encountered you. Let us go."

I was full of joy at having found my father,—full of joy that I was going back to the forest to live. Not that I had no regrets at leaving Col. Overton and his kind and beautiful squaw, or that I was tired of living among the wonders and luxuries of the white man, but I wanted to revisit my old haunts, and fall into my old habits. I wanted to see Ophie again.

"My father," said I, as we were standing on the deck of the steamboat, as she was panting and screaming with impatience to be off—"father, the white man is so superior to the red. Look at that crowd of wonderful buildings—the terrible steam demons which hie at their bidding over the rushing waters, the multitude of their curious workings and contrivances; when would the Indian learn to make these things?" "Never! The white man certainly knows more than the Indian—he is wiser, but he is not better; he is not so happy nor so true. The white man is deceitful, full of lies, full of corruption. The Indian, when his passionate and impulsive temperament has not been defiled by contact with the vile pale face, is high-souled, warm-hearted and noble—and therefore is the happier. Look at the haughty white man, with his lordly mansion, his slaves, his carriage, his downy bed: he is not so happy as the light-footed Pawnee, sleeping 'neath some wide-spreading tree, with the leaves of the forest for his bed, and no covering but the pure air of heaven—his tomahawk and bow his only possessions. The white man is the ant that builds much curious architecture, and is wiser than all animals, but crawls on the earth and labors like a slave, incessantly heaping together grubs. The white man's grub is gold. The Indian is the fierce, wild goshawk, flying with free wing through the boundless air—his only home. He labors not, but takes his prey from the forest and field as he finds need."

As he was speaking, the boat rounded out into the current, the city and crowded wharf began to recede from our view, when, at the first stroke of the paddle-wheels, I thought I felt the floor of the deck sway and heave under my feet, as though it was going to turn over: at the instant my father clutched my arm, and suddenly there came a deafening report, a hot gush of steam in my face, and I felt myself shot aloft into the air, and dashed against something with such violence, that I was deprived of my senses at once.

X.—THE SUNNY SOUTH.

When I recovered my sensibilities, I was apparently awakened by a noise, which seemed to be the puffing of a steamboat. I hardly knew whether I was dead or dreaming, or what—on opening my eyes I found myself lying in a little narrow white cell, on a little narrow couch, and looking up, I discovered that Lenora was standing by my side, looking tenderly at me with her gentle brown eyes, and bathing my face, which was painful and swollen, with some cooling liquid. As I opened my eyes, a smile of joy and thank-

fulness beamed in her sweet face. "Where am I?" I asked faintly in my own language. Lenora made signs to me that I was sick, and must not talk, but go to sleep.

"Where is Kahtoli—my father?"

Lenora frowned and shook her head. Presently she opened the door of the state-room—I now knew it to be such—and beckoned to some one. A fine-looking intelligent man, with florid complexion, broad, bald forehead, and a mild beneficent countenance, came in, and felt my wrist with his fingers, made me poke out my tongue, smiled, nodded his head approvingly, gave Madame Lenora a phial with some reddish brown liquid in it, at the same time saying something to her in English that I did not understand.

"It is the medicine man," said Madame Overton, in a low voice, as he went out. She then poured out a few drops of the liquid into a spoon, and gave it to me to take. Gradually a recollection of the events narrated in the previous chapter came to my mind—my going on the boat with my father—the explosion—Kahtoli, where could he be—dead, I feared. I racked my brain to find if there was an impression there of any subsequent event—there was none. Soon an irresistible drowsiness came over me, and I fell asleep.

I must have slept for sometime—hours, at least; when I awoke it was noon-day. This time I found the rosy, goodhumored phiz of Colonel Overton leaning over me.

"Colonel, where is my father?"

"Listen to me, my little Indian—you are now sick, the "medicine man" says it will hurt you to talk much; you had better try and go to sleep again, and we will talk about these matters when you get better."

It was two or three days that I lay cooped up in my little narrow berth, with my face swelled, my limbs and body bruised and sore, so that I could hardly turn over. After I began to grow somewhat better, I awoke one morning—a beautiful sunny morning it was—and through my open door I could see the jingling glass pendants from the gilded chandeliers in the richly furnished dining hall of the magnificent steamer we were on, glistening and glancing with beautiful prismatic colors, shed upon them by the sun's rays, reflecting gaudy striped ribbons of light on every object they fell upon. One of them was flickering about Madame Lenora's beautiful hair, as she sat by my cot-side reading.

After my morning salutation, I told her that I felt much better than usual, and obtained her permission to get up.

After dressing and washing, I made an essay to stagger into the dining cabin, and as I passed along my eye by chance rested on a large mirror, and I started back in affright at the image I found reflected there. My face was swollen and covered with scabs, and black patches of court plaster, and my long golden hair had vanished entirely, leaving a bald caput covered with a burnt crispy furze.

I found the Colonel and Madame Lenora seated out on the guards—"Hallo, Ernie, my little hero," said the former, "you look like you had been going through a pretty rough operation."

"I am thankful it is no worse," said Lenora, smiling. "Do you think his beauty is spoiled, Dr. Montmery?"

"Oh, not at all," said the pleasant-faced 'medicine-man,' who was sitting by—the same who had attended on me during my illness. "He will come out of it unscathed—as good as new."

"Come here, Ernie, and take a seat, and spin us a yarn—give us an account of your new adventures—darn it, man, you have more 'hair-breadth 'scapes' than any person of your age and opportunities in America."

I told them how I had got lost from Mrs. Overton, and how I had found my father, and that we had gone on board a steamboat to go back to the wilderness, but that I had been suddenly whirled into the air, and out of my senses, by some mysterious enchantment that I could not comprehend at all.

"And served you right for taking French leave of us that way, you young savage," said the Colonel.

"And so you were going away to leave us without letting us know what had become of you, or a single regret at parting from us?" asked Mrs. Overton, reproachfully.

"I *had* much sorrow to leave you, beautiful Madame," said I, "but what could I do otherwise—it was my father's commands. But tell me—explain to me the strange enchantment by which I was deprived of my father and almost of my life? My father, where is he? does he yet live?"

"The long and the short of the whole matter is, that you were blown up in the explosion of the Phœnix steamboat—you were thrown into a ferry-boat, and taken up for dead. By rare luck, a porter on the wharf who belongs to the Planter's Hotel, where we were staying, saw you and recognized you, and had you brought up to the hotel to us. You may imagine our joy at finding you, even half dead, after having given you up for lost."

"But, my father! Tell me if anything was heard of him?"

"Alas! I fear the worst, my poor boy. I learned that there were but two persons saved besides yourself—one of these was the pilot, the other a negro cook."

"He is dead, then," said I, turning away with a stoical attempt to conceal my emotion.

It was sometime before Colonel Overton and Doctor Montmery could make me understand what they meant by a steamboat blowing up. I at length, however, gained some little insight into it, when Dr. Montmery fastened the top of a teakettle down with a piece of wire, and showed me how the steam would shoot out a cork, which he stuck in the spout.

The air was so mild and genial, that it seemed more like spring than late in October, as it actually was. Everything looked fresh and green on the low luxuriant shores of the broad muddy river down which we were going. The air was warm and balmy, and I almost imagined that the winter had passed away during the time I was stunned and senseless from my "blow-up" catastrophe.

"Madame Lenora," said I, the next evening as we stood on the guards, looking at a boat which was passing us, "Where go we?"

"To the South," said she, pointing down the river with her finger.

"To Kentuckee?"

"Not Kentucky now: we are going to Louisiana—away south; to the land of cypress, and magnolias, and sugar-cane. When spring comes, and warm weather, we will go back to Kentucky."

"It seems to me it is almost spring now."

"No, it is always spring weather in Louisiana, except in summer, when it gets so hot that we can't stay, and then we will go to Kentucky, where the weather is milder."

"*You* live in Kentuckee?"

"Yes, the Colonel and I, and Dr. Montmery also, all live there; but we go south sometimes to spend the winter."

And then she told me about a beautiful home she had in Kentucky, and a pretty little girl who was a relation of hers, who lived with her brother and sister, who also had a beautiful home.

A few days after, we landed at a large plantation, the principal features of which were the vast sugar houses, the white cottages of the slaves, which formed a little village, and the swarms of negroes themselves. I spent a delightful winter here in the mild oriental winter of the south, and found so much enjoyment in various ways on the plantation, that although Mrs. Overton had been constantly telling me about Kentucky, and the agreeable friends she had there; and though the Colonel swore that leaving out the spring races on the Metairie course, which he designed visiting, he would'nt wait a moment longer before returning to that land which seemed to be an El Dorado to them both—Col. Overton declaring that but for the deer and bear hunts, and the aforesaid races, he would spend his winters in Kentucky. Yet notwithstanding all this, when spring put forth, and preparations were making for our journey up the river, I felt very loth to bid adieu to the land of magnolias, as Mrs. O. had taught me to call it. We had now been about six months in Louisiana, and the spring was far advanced ere Col. O. returned from the Metairie races, when one sunny morning we boarded a big steamer that came along, and set out for the Dark and Bloody Ground.

END OF PART FIRST.

PART II.—BESSIE RAYMOND.

Hold it a fashion. and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more. HAMLET.

I.

THE gray moonlight was casting grim, wavy shadows across the road; the hoary leafless old tree stood out in bold relief in the mysterious half light reflected from their mossy trunks: like weird sprites invoking an incantation, they stretched out their bare scraggy arms into the dim moonlit sky, where their tiny twigs were twinkling indistinctly, blending into the air, and seeming to waver with a mysterious unnatural motion; the whole forest melting away into an indefinable uncertainty of outline in the distant gloom of night.

With no knowledge of locality, and ignorant where we were, or by what surrounded—only knowing that we were going to a place, but having no idea of that place—a vague abstract notion only of *somewhere*, there was a solemn and intangible mystery about these dim, grim old woods. I imagined, and it was not merely the fancied association of similitude, but a fancy almost amounting to actual belief, that these woods were those of the beautiful spirit-land. There was none of the stern incorrigible logic of naked reason to drive me from my refuge in the tem-

ple of magic; and I saw these trees—these vista'd shades—these quaint forms and strange sombre colorings, not as actual carbon-assimilating vegetables—not as combinations of penumbras and reflected light, but as unconnected isolations of self-existent *phainomai*, looming out in a curious and infinite world, untrammelled by that all-embracing law of serial uniformity—that law which says must be *so*, and *can't* be otherwise.

How gloomy and grand those dark forestal shades! How solemn the stillness of the winter night! Stands out brightly yonder a grassy slope fading down into the darkness of the tall wood at its base; a quiet sheep-flock sleeping on its soft carpet, bright and silver-tinged amid the surrounding shadows. Leaning out of the coach-window to gaze on the beauty of this night-scene, I fancied that I could see airy spirits flitting to and fro in the hazy background; that I could see a ring of fairies dancing on some mossy bank, where the moon's rays, struggling through the overbending boughs, would form a halo-circle of light, or hieing with gossamer wings adown the sloping meadow; and every nook and arched avenue seemed to be tenanted by some shadowy semblance of life, hovering about through gray air. Noiseless all around, save the tramp of our horses' feet and the creaking of our carriage-wheels, which was so monotonous that it scarcely seemed to break upon the silence of the night.

The stilly night! Not a wind-sigh, not a hum, not a bug-chirp—all soundless as the spirit-land I dreamed I was in. Occasionally the baying of some distant watch-dog fell lightly on the ear, but whether it was an echo or a mere imaginary sound in the tympanum, you could not tell. Here was nothing but the moon-lumined sky, the outstanding tree-trunks, and the endless tangled tracery of boughs and twigs, the silver-glazed slope, —a peep across yonder of a skirt of low underwood, like some natural shrubbery or horticultural nursery; and at the meadow foot the glancing ribbon-like stream, with those same eternal moonbeams which pervaded everything, sheening its shadowy water, and the tall slender reeds casting their long dark pencils of shade on its limpid surface.

My two companions had for some time been wrapped in a profound silence—a low, hard breathing, seemed to indicate that the Colonel was asleep, while Lenora, if I could judge of the moonlit dreaminess of her deep brown eyes, was ruminating in fancies allied to my own.

Descending the slope, for the road ran down along-side the meadow fence, the carriage crossed the brook, and a few paces further stopped at a great gate, flanked with low massy stone turrets; this opened, we entered a long dark avenue of trees, and driving along a smooth pebbly road towards a glimmering light as of a torch or candle in the distance, we presently issued out from the shade of the park trees into an open glade, where the moon was shining brightly, showing at the other end, or side rather, for we entered it at the end, and made a turn, a white railing and wicket enclosing a profusion of shrubbery, with a gray, steep-roofed house of curious structure, with any quantity of gables and corners and chimney stacks, and various pyramidal roofed appendages and out-houses, all nestled amid the shrubbery. All was perfectly still as we entered the open glade, though by the light which I now saw emanated from one of the windows, we could see the forms of the inmates passing backward and forward.

"Ernie," said Madame Lenora, arousing herself from her half-drowsy reverie, "this is Reedyrill. Wake up, Colonel! here we are, at home."

"Eh? what you say?" asked he, in a sleepy voice, looking out, and rubbing his eyes; "Reedyrill? why, to be sure, so 'tis!" and the carriage drew up at the small gate. By this time the noise of the wheels and the barking of dogs had advised them of our approach. As the Colonel descended from the carriage to assist Madame Lenora and myself to alight, there was a bustle within, and presently a light was brought to the door, showing, in the strong contrast of light and the darkness of the portico, a group of forms and faces. A little curly-headed girl came running and shouting gleefully down the pathway, from the yard-gate to the house, crying, in wild joy:

"It's uncle come! dear uncle, and Aunt Nora!"

"Ho! ho! dear Floralie! here's uncle come back again, sure enough, with many nice things for his little darling," said he, as she jumped into his arms, and covered him with kisses; "and here is Aunt Nora; and, ah! see here, Florie, here's a nice little play-fellow for you;" and he presented me. I was so muffled up in my cloak and comforter, that Mademoiselle looked as though she could not decide whether it was a monkey or a parrot; but seeing my long hair escape from my cap, as I removed it, she concluded me to be human, and placed a little soft hand in mine, timidly, for an instant, and quickly withdrawing it away, she darted to the house, repeating her exclamation of—"Uncle's come! uncle's come, and Aunt Nora!"

We followed after, and were received at the door by the whole posse with a perfect storm of greeting and salutation, and, after entering, for ten minutes the confusion and noise was so great, that my wee brainlings were turned completely upside down: kissing, laughing, crying, hugging and shaking hands, taking off cloaks and bonnets, bringing in trunks, bundles and bandboxes, and everybody bustling about, and running hither and thither, so that there was no comprehending things clearly, to my little senses, at all; so I skulked, unobserved, into a corner, to deposit my traveling paraphernalia, and reconnoitre the scene. As my ideas began to grow somewhat more clear and consecutive, I observed that we were in an elegant drawing-room, with very high ceiling and green papered walls, a rich centre-table, covered with drawings, *joujoux*, and richly-bound volumes; a silver-gilt chandelier, a grand piano, and sofas, chairs, and *fauteuils* covered with pea-green velvet, and a rich soft carpet, in which the same color predominated—all very grand and imposing to my unaccustomed eye.

A tall, dark gentleman, in a black dress and white cravat, with black hair and whiskers, was shaking hands with Col. Overton; there was a dapper little old lady, with small twinkling eyes, the color of which I could not tell, as they half-closed with a hundred wrinkles in their corners, when she laughed, which she was now doing with all heartiness, as she kissed Lenora. Before the fire stood a little white-headed urchin, about ten years of age, in a checked apron and trowsers, sucking away at an orange, and eyeing me wistfully, as though he wanted to make demonstrations towards an acquaintance, but somewhat afraid to make advances. Mademoiselle Floralie was ransacking a *cassette*, which "Uncle Lebe" had given her—uttering loud cries of delight, as she drew forth a doll, a coral necklace, a needle-book, a miniature teapot, and other toys, with which it was filled. In the corner stood a thick-lipped negress, with a child of five or six on one arm and a baby on the other, both of which were squalling at the top of their voices, while she was cramming a piece

of candy down the throat of one, and violently shaking a rattle at the other, to pacify them—herself making more noise than both.

"And who have we here?" asked the gentleman with the black whiskers, espying me in the corner, when the hubbub of greeting had somewhat subsided.

"That, sir, is Prince Redcap, of the Pawnees. Permit me to introduce him to your acquaintance."

"A Pawnee, did you say? Louisa, for goodness' sake, carry those children into the nursery. A Pawnee? Oh! your little Indian protegé, that you wrote us about;" and he came up to me, and bent his searching, dark gray eyes upon me. "Why, he's a *white* boy! No Indian in him, blue eyes and curly-brown hair. He's as genuine Saxon as you or I."

"No, he's a quintaroon-Creole; his father was a half-breed, and his mother white—so, as you see, there's not much trace of the Indian about him—except in his temper—a little scamp."

"Bless me! what a pretty little *protege*—where did you pick him up? In the woods—well, I declare, I remember with what interest we read your accounts of his romantic history. Let me see," said the little pug-nosed lady, whose eyes shut when she laughed, putting on her gold specs, to take a good look at me—"does he speak English?"

"Somewhat—he speaks French, however, quite fluently."

"Why, he's quite a scholar."

"Ernie," said the Colonel, "this is Aunt Eliza, that you have heard me speak of so often. That gentleman is Mr. Kerne, and this young man with his finger in his mouth, is Master Thealan Kerne, known more familiarly as Chunk. I have already made you acquainted with Miss Floralie. Come forward now, and make a bow, and tell our friends 'how d'ye."

"How-de-do, Mr. Churn," said I, coming into the middle of the floor, and ducking my head to the tall gentleman, "How-de-do, Master Hunk, how d'ye, Aunt Elisha, and Miss Flo-flo"—"Floralie—that will do very well, only one bow would have sufficed instead of making a salaam to each." "'Pon my word, he speaks English *very* well," said Aunt Eliza, as soon as she could open her eyes from laughing at my blunders and ludicrous mode of salutation. "What's his name—Redskin?"

"His name is Ernie—signifying Redcap; he is a chieftain—son of a chieftain. A little savage nobleman—and, savage he was, by thunder, but I've tamed and civilized him considerably since he has been with me. Ernie, go and get acquainted with Toppy and Florie."

"What a funny belt," said Master Thealan, taking his finger from his mouth and pointing with it at my wampum, as I drew towards him. I said nothing in reply, and he, evidently afraid of my *outre* appearance, seemed indisposed to continue the conversation, and restoring his finger to its quandam position, in the corner of his mouth, relapsed into silence. "Ask him to talk Indian," said little Floralie, who had from the first taken a prodigious fancy to me, sidling up to Madame Overton.

I addressed a few words to her in my own language—the first time I had spoken it since the day I encountered my father in the streets of St. Louis, the day of our sad disaster. It brought back the recollection of my bereavement, and the memory of away-gone days in my forest-home, so vividly to my mind, that I could not refrain from bursting into tears.

"Poor little fellow, it reminds him of his home in the wilderness," said Mrs. Overton, kindly.

"Dah, little Ernie, donte cry," said Floralie, patting me on the head, and talking to me as she would to a baby or a doll—supposing, doubtless, that I could understand that language better than I could pure English. "Florie did'nt mean to make it cry," added she, wiping the tears from my cheeks with the corner of her apron, while her own soft blue eyes were filling fast with tears as she gazed tenderly upon me.

I was older and bigger than she, and felt myself above her sympathy somewhat, and besides, I had been taught that it was disgraceful for a *man* to shed tears or manifest any of the tenderer emotions of our nature, and ashamed of my weakness, I turned rudely away from her, wiped my face with my sleeve, and took a seat on an ottoman with an assumed air of stoical indifference on my countenance. Floralie, hurt at my harshness, and deeming herself the cause of my trouble, now began crying outright, and I, on finding that I had wounded her feelings with my unintentional abruptness, now went up to her again, and tried to pacify her as I best could.

After supper, the Colonel was detailing the circumstances of my capture in the top of the tree, my breaking the skull of the negro, my affright at the incomprehensible steamboat, and many laughable minor incidents, all of which seemed to entertain and amuse the company vastly, particularly a mulatto footman, of about seventeen, who was standing in the corner I formerly occupied, and whose ivory eye-balls and teeth shone like meteors, as he shook with convulsions of suppressed laughter. Colonel Overton had ever labored under the erroneous opinion that he was a "funny man," and consequently always gave a ludicrous cast to any story he had to relate; all the time, however, Mr. Kerne listened with a thoughtful brow which only an occasional smile illumined like sunlight bursting through a field of fleeting clouds. As the Colonel continued his recital, he would now and anon look at me with an expression of deep interest, mingled with an air of doubt and perplexity. I noticed it, for I had felt an instinctive repulsion towards this man at first, on account of his stern gray eyes, and dark lofty mien, but the more kind and gentle expression which now they wore, altered his whole appearance, and naturally attracted me more towards him. I succeeded in getting Floralie into a good humor again—no difficult task, I found—she and I were prattling away in merry companionship, and she was brought to the highest pitch of delight, when I unclasped the string of blue beads around my neck and bound it as a fillet around her beautiful hair.

Mr. Kerne observed me, and springing forward with a loud and agitated voice, exclaimed, "God of heaven! what is *that?*" and he snatched the beads from Floralie's head, and holding them up to the light, trembling in every limb, he gazed eagerly for a moment at the gold clasp which secured them, and then dropping the beads on the floor, rushed towards me with a wild cry that smote upon my heart,

"My son!

"Oh! my long lost—my first born! I divined it, I knew it—and these beads confirm the instinct of a parent's heart. God, I thank thee!" and the hot tears fell like rain on my bewildered brow as he clasped me to his bosom.

II.

I was petrified with amazement at this strange *denouement*—I could not understand it.

"It is my son!"

I began crying—I did not know what else to do. "I am not your son, I am a Pawnee. Kahtoli is my father." "Kahtoli is a base-hearted villain," said—my father, shall I call him? "He stole you away from us when you were a small child, and broke your poor mother's heart."

The truth, with the conviction of intuition, flashed upon me at once. I saw it all—the meaning of the mystery in Kahtoli's manner, the blue-eyed spirit of my dreams, and the faint unlinked memories, *disjecta membra*, of infantine hours, that I had sometimes to flit across my brain, now began to interweave themselves together—and young as I must have been, I gathered together in that brief moment some snatches of recollection of my abduction, enough to convince me of the truth, and I murmured, "father," as I clung to his embrace.

As for the worthy Colonel, he was so lost in astonishment that he could not utter a word, but sat back in his chair with his eyes rolling and his mouth gaped open, as if about to choke with sheer amazement.

Madame Overton picked up the beads and examined the mysterious clasp. It was a golden locket, in one side of which was set a small brown curl of silken hair, on the other were engraved the letters M. K.

It was the initials of my mother's name.

After the due season of hugging and kissing, and crying and wonderment, and abundant gabble was over, Col. Overton said,

"Well, Ernie, lad, you are in luck for a chap of thirteen—first Kahtoli, then the Aricaree, then myself, and now William, here—no less than four fathers. I say, Kerne, here is the last of the work of that infernal Leon Paul. Darn it, I would like to have got a shot at him."

"You did not see him at all, did you?" asked Mr. Kerne.

"Who—this creole, Kahtoli,—Leon Paul? No, indeed. I should have recognized him at once. He was in St. Louis while I was there, but I never saw him. Well, darn him, I say, his work is over now."

"How? Don't you suppose, from what Ernie told him, that he knows where to find him, and that he will be prowling around here as he used to do, to get a chance to make away with him again?"

"No, darn it—did'nt I tell you he was blown sky high when the Phœnix blew up?"

"Ah! yes—I had forgotten."

"Well, safe from his machinations, let us return thanks to a kind Providence, for restoring to us our darling lost one," said Aunt Eliza; and she took me in her lap and bestowed a kiss upon me, while her merry little eyes danced with joy.

Here was a new epoch in my life—one father lost, I found no difficulty in finding another, and this time apparently the right one. Here was Aunt Eliza and Aunt Lenora, now really such, as I was informed. Little white-headed master Thealan, and his check apron, my brother, and since the discovery, he had removed his finger from its normal locality in the corner of his mouth, to throw his little chubby arms around my neck. Floralie, now my cousin, as I learned, came in too for a share of kisses, and so forth, in this jubilatory juncture.

It is needless to describe the scene which followed the discovery of my new relationship; and, as the fellow said about cursing his cart, when it turned over and spilled all his load of turnips, I feel I *can't* do it justice, so I shall say nothing.

The solution of the mystery was, as we soon learned from Mr. Kerne—my father, I should say—that Kahtoli had stolen me away from my parents when I was about three or four years old, and carried me off to the wilderness. The string of beads I had on when he kidnapped me, fortunately had never been removed, and now was the talisman by which Providence had permitted me to be restored to my true home and family.

My father related, in detail, the history of my abduction, which, in an abridged form, I will give to the reader now, as I received it in after years; for there was much of it that, at the time, I did not understand; and, in fact, I did not hear it all, for Toppy, now relieved of his natural reserve and timidity, was as lively as a cricket, and whispered into my ears, "*Brother*, lets me and you, and Florie and Parker, (the mulatto boy,) go in the hall and play. What's o'clock, old witch? Come on."

And away we went.

III.—LEON PAUL.

The Overtons and the Kernes, two old Virginia families who had settled in southwestern Kentucky about the same time, were come from the same place in the "old country," and had intermarried from time immemorial.

My grandfather Kerne had two sons and two daughters—Oliver, William, and Eliza and Lenora. My grandfather Overton had also two daughters and two sons; these married each other in the following order:

Oliver Kerne.....Sarah Overton,
William Kerne, (my father).....Mary Overton.
Sebastian Overton, (the Col.).....Lenora Kerne.
Jack Overton, (Florie's and Mary's father).....A Mississippi [lady, named Howard.
Eliza Kerne.....Spinster.

My Uncle Oliver I never saw; he died when I was in the wilderness; his wife was also dead—a son was left, however, a few years older than myself, who was living in M—— county, Tennessee.

Jack Overton married a Mississippi heiress, and having squandered his own fortune and hers in horse-racing, and other congenial sports, he broke his wife's heart by breaking his own neck, in attempting to ride up a flight of stairs on horseback for a wager of five hundred dollars. She did not long survive him, and left two orphan girls without a cent in the world.

These Aunt Eliza, who lived ostensibly at Reedyrill, but also half her time at Puckshenubbie, the residence of the Colonel, a mile distant, adopted as her own; not suffering their own uncle, Sebastian, to do so, though he anxiously desired to have them, or at least one of them, having been married two years without any likelihood of being blessed that way himself. Aunt Eliza had but a small property; but enough to support herself and her *élèves* with all comfort.

About the time that all these old folks were young folks, and my

mother a beautiful girl of eighteen, there was a Louisiana planter, Etienne Paul de Lisblanc, a wealthy old Frenchman, who used to spend his summers in the part of Kentucky where my ancestors dwelt—now about fifteen years ago. He had amassed a large fortune by trading with the Indians. In the course of his journeyings to St. Louis and back, he found a Pawnee girl, the daughter of a chief of that tribe, whom he married, and by whom he had one child—a son—about the same age of my father, raised up in the same neighborhood; and, as the families were very friendly, Mary Overton and he grew up together. Leon, a handsome and accomplished youth, somewhat wild and passionate in character—after the traits of his mother's race—and Mary, the acknowledged beauty, and pride of the county—Leon, as a matter of course, fell deeply in love with her. Finding such an alliance a subject of aversion to Gen. Overton, who mistrusted the stability of young Leon's character, and also discouraged by Mary, who had placed her affections on her young cousin, William Kerne, M. de Lisblanc, who was about making a voyage to France, took young Leon with him, and left him at the University of Paris to finish his education, in the hope that absence, and new scenes and associations, and other charmers, would obliterate the inauspicious passion which had been created in the breast of his son.

Leon Paul, after two years forced absence, returned to Kentucky, upon the news of his father's death, with the fire of his youthful first affections still burning in his breast—the Indian never forgets—loving the beautiful Mary Overton as devotedly as ever, to find her the wife of his old friend and rival, William Kerne.

For a time he went deranged—became stark, staring crazy—grew thin and emaciated, and wandered about the woods, the shackling remnant of his former self. He at length, however, gradually recovered his senses, but settled into a melancholy misanthrope, and after moping about his plantation for a month or two, till his mother also died, he sold his estate to a gentleman by the name of Iveson, who had recently moved into the neighborhood, and suddenly disappeared from the country, and nobody knew what became of him.

Two years afterwards Mrs. Kerne's little boy, Overton Kerne, the pride and darling of his mother—as a matter of course—was one day with his nurse out in the meadow which skirted the brook from whence the estates of Reedyrill derived their name, whither he had been carried by her for the purpose of a ramble in the fresh air, amid the hay and flowers—she was playing about near the edge of a wood, when suddenly a man rushed out from the bushes, seized upon her, tore away the child, and vanished in the woods. Her screams soon aroused the family—everybody was in arms—the most rigid and indefatigable search was made by the whole neighborhood, but not a trace could be found of the abductor.

The nurse, in whom all confidence could be placed, affirmed that it was Leon Paul. And the attestation of one or two neighbors and some of the slaves, that they had seen him prowling about for a day or two before, confirmed this belief.

IV.—REEDYRILL.

Reedyrill is situated about three miles from the village of Haysville, in the southwestern part of the state, in that portion of Kentucky called the "Barrens."

"The Barrens of Kentucky are by no means sterile, as they have sometimes been represented. Their local appellation, however, had so much deceived me before I traveled over them, that I expected to find nothing but an undulating extent of rocky ground, destitute of vegetation, and perforated by numerous caverns. My ideas were soon corrected. I saw the "Barrens" for the first time in the early days of June, and as I entered them from an immense forest, I was surprised at the beauty of the prospect before me. Flowers without number, and vieing with each other in their beautiful tints, sprung up amidst the luxuriant grass; the fields, the orchards, and the gardens of the settlers, presented an appearance of plenty, scarcely anywhere rivalled; the wild fruit trees, having their branches interlaced with grape vines, promised an abundant harvest, and at every step I trod on ripe and fragrant strawberries. When I looked around, an oak knoll rose here and there before me; a charming grove embellished a valley; gently sloping hillocks stretched away into the distance; while at hand the dark entrance of some cavern attracted my notice, or a bubbling spring gushing forth at my feet, seemed to invite me to rest and refresh myself with its cooling waters.

"The timid deer snuffed the air as it bounded gracefully off; the wild turkey led her young ones in silence among the tall herbage, and the bees buzzed on every flower. If I struck the stiff, glossy foliage of a black-jack, perchance there fluttered up before me in dismay the frightened grouse and her cowering brood. All was beautiful; and I thought the "*Barrens*" must have been the part from which Kentucky derived her name of the *Garden of the West!*"*

Such are the Barrens—a lovely garden of nature. In just such a landscape was situated the romantic little village of Haysville, in a wide shallow vale, surrounded by undulations very low, and in many places tabling off into a perfect level of thousands of acres of mingled barrens and rich groves, and dotted with broad tobacco plantations, stately farm-houses, and little white groups of cabins for the slaves. The plantations are capacious and highly cultivated, but not crowded, since the whole county lands were in the hands of a few individuals, and there were, consequently, large tracts of unopened land, which gave a rural beauty to the scene. In fact, the wooded land and barrens predominated over the plantations, so as to cause the latter to appear as openings in them.

I have already mentioned the park, or "woodland," as we called it, fronting the farmstead to the south. This park, about a hundred and fifty acres in extent, was a slip of the original forest, an immense grove of which skirted two sides of the plantations, the other two sides opening on the barrens. Through the lower part of the park, running westerly, was the gentle and lovely reed-bordered brook, we called Reedyrill, separating the park from the meadow slope beyond. To the west of the house, which was built in the midst of grounds sowed down in Kentucky blue grass, and tastefully adorned with walks, shrubberies and flower-borders, was a beautiful garden, a greenhouse, conservatory, and various tasteful architectural fancies, setting off the sombre stateliness of the old Gothic hall, which it was large enough to be called, though we termed it simply the "Cottage;" up to which swept the pebbly avenue leading from the great gate which opened on the road. Next to the garden came the old orchard, skirting the road to the left of the woodland as you approached from the road which led to Haysville. To the east was a small grass lot, fenced in with a high white paling, beyond which was the "negro-

* Audubon's Ornithology, Vol. V., p. 93.

quarter," a row of nice white cottages, the stables near by, and also some tobacco barns, and one or two other out-houses; in all making it look almost like a little hamlet. Beyond the "quarter" was a green slope covered thinly with trees, which led down to an enormous pool of pure cold water, formed by a cavernous hole in the limestone, known all the country over as Reedyrill Big Spring. On the other side of the slope was an old field, the first clearing that was made, forty years ago, by my grandfather, after he settled in Kentucky; the other side of the old field was skirted by the forest again, and at some distance across a dark lane, which penetrated the grove, peeped out from the trees, the chimneys and gables, and one or two shaft-like Lombardy poplars of Puckshenubbie, the residence of Colonel Overton, some three quarters of a mile, perhaps, from *our* house.

Across the woodland, somewhat in the direction of Puckshenubbie and the road thereto by the brook-side, and at the foot of the meadow slope, in a little slip of woods between it and the old field, stood a small church, or chapel, built of gray oolitic limestone, in the Norman Gothic style, with an octagon tower—an exquisite little gem of art, built by my two grandfathers, Overton and Kerne, at some considerable expense, for the benefit of their families and neighbors; and also their slaves, to whom a conspicuous gallery was appropriated. My grandfather Kerne was—as every *old* Virginian should be—a stanch high church Episcopalian. General Overton, on the contrary, and all the Overtons, were Catholics. They got along, however, much more amicably than might be expected, in regard to religious matters. A Catholic priest, father Claude, was the regular incumbent of the chapel, though the clergyman at Haysville Church performed the Episcopal service every other Sunday. There were but few Episcopalians in the county, and only two Catholic families of any importance—the Overtons and Squire Iveson, who bought out M. de Lisblanc. Being thrown into the minority, the two worthy priests, both men of piety and erudition, formed a defensive alliance against the Presbyterians, who were the most numerous sect in the county.

This little "chapel," as it was called, gave a beautiful and romantic effect to the lovely landscape around. It was nestled in a little dell near a small massive bridge, built of the same kind of stone spanning the brook, on the pathway leading through the woodland from Reedyrill to Puckshenubbie; it was surrounded with holly, spruce, hemlock, cedars, and other evergreens, among which were a few marble monuments. The bones of my fathers slept there: and two slabs, one on each side of the pulpit, contained the inscriptions of the age, death, and virtues of my two worthy grandsires, in the good old world style. The Overtons and Kernes were very antique, conservative folks in their notions of things.

How did my heart melt with sadness the first time I wandered among those gravestones, on seeing on one of them, 'neath a red-berried holly, the simple inscription—"Mary Overton, wife of William Waldomer Kerne, ætat. 28, an. dormit."

She sleeps! Oh, my mother! I never knew you but in my dreams. Those mild azure eyes, that angel face, which ever like a blessed spirit has haunted my heart—those eyes, so tender, they are the loadstars which, in sunshine and storm, have ever beamed upon my soul, thrilling it, filling it with heaven's unspeakable joy. But she sleeps—in the cold grave!

The plantations of Reedyrill were extensive, devoted chiefly to the culture of tobacco, and they stretched out to the north and north-east side of

the house in many a broad, rich acre, over which was studded here and there a vast pyramidal roofed barn for its reception. All this landscape for miles around could be seen from the house, which was more elevated than the adjacent country. The house itself was built in the style of a Gothic cottage, with more dormer windows, oriel windows, sharp-up gables and slate roofs, with over-jutting eaves and quaint cornices, more high stacks of chimneys and odd things than I could take time to enumerate. Here, at this rare old home, did the golden hours of my boyhood fly away in all innocence, contentment and bliss, unshadowed by scarce a cloud of sorrow; and those clouds that came were but those of April showers, that left things brighter when they passed away, until my eighteenth year: then indeed came a cloud which hung like a black pall over the heaven of my life. But even it, dark and gloomy as it was, passed away—strangely soon away. And then I was sent to college, and afterwards to mingle for the first time with the busy scenes of the world, to sully for the first time the purity of my young heart with the slough of the world's wickedness.

V.

Many were the sunny hours that Floralie Overton, my brother Chunk, and myself, whiled away in that happy elysium of Reedyrill, shut out far away from the turmoil of the dark chaotic world. But I shall not expatiate upon them; it was the simple and innocent joy of childhood, which, however beautiful, is too monotone to dwell long upon. For those whose childhood has been happy, it is unnecessary—they have only to draw upon their memory; and those who have not, could not see into the depths of such happiness.

In a short time I began to get accustomed to my new home, and the new modes of life I had entered upon. In twelve months I became quite civilized, and such is the pliability of a young mind, that already my life in the wilderness seemed almost like a dream to me.

In my thirteenth year I was started to school, having been previously taught at home by aunt Eliza, who took a delight in "civilizing" me.

My father purchased a little pony for me to ride on every morning. I was to dine at Dr. Montmery's, who was our family physician, and the particular friend of my father. His little son Isaac, some years younger than myself, was going to Mr. Rumsey, a fine old classic gentleman, who had from time immemorial taught the young ideas of Haysville how to sprout—principally by using the *sprout* very freely upon them. Accordingly, one morning I mounted Vubbin, my pony, and papa his big horse, and we rode into the village together.

The school-house was a tall old rusty brick building, in a large yard, shrouded by gloomy-looking locust trees, and surrounded by a high fort fence, which utterly precluded those within from having any cognizance of what was transpiring without. We entered a dusty ante-room or hall, whose walls, hung around with festoons of dingy cobwebs, were scribbled over with straggling scratchy names, rude caricatures, and sundry designs in charcoal and chalk, entirely hieroglyphical to me. An old smoky map of the world, a broken globe, dilapidated desk or so, and an ominous bundle of hickory switches in a corner, some of which had evidently seen service, constituted the furniture of the room. I had barely time to make these observations, when a muffled hum of an indescribable character, from

within, which had saluted my ears, was hushed by my father's knock at the door, and a snub-nosed lad opened it, with an invitation for us to walk in. The hum had been resumed, and as we entered, a perfect Babel, in a small way, sounded in my astonished and bewildered ears.

I beheld a large room filled with rows of wooden desks, cut and hacked and stained with ink, and at each desk sat a couple of boys at their respective tasks.

One shock-headed urchin, in a blue jacket and dirty white trowsers, with swollen eyes and inflamed cheeks, was standing near the master, and crying and studying at the same time, in a dolorous sing-song tone, which evinced that he had been undergoing the "sprouting" process pretty extensively.

"Boo-oo–Baffin's Bay, Baffin's Bay! Cape–boo-hoo–Farewell.

"Oh! Lordy! owh!" (as a whack from the master's birch saluted his chubby shins for some misdemeanor of the moment.)

Another, with lank yellow hair and turned-up nose, made some telegraphic signal to the teacher, which being answered, he jumped up and ran to the fire, and broke out somewhat in the tune of Old Hundred, as he turned up his frock tails to the fire, with "E-ter–ter–n-i–n-i–ty-ti–Eternity."

But this took place just as we entered; for as soon as we came forward, the master, who was a fine-looking portly old gentleman, with fair florid complexion and silken silvery hair, and intellectual Grecian features, rapped on his table with a ruler, and in an instant all was hushed. All those noisy brats turned their staring eyes and gaping mouths upon me, and a suppressed half-audible titter arose as I slunk along, behind my father, terrified at this novel scene.

The red-eyed geographer ceased his snubby song, and placing his thumb on his nose, twirled his fingers at me, as he looked over the master's shoulder with a very significant grin.

"Mr. Kerne!" said Mr. Rumsey, in a deep-toned, mellow voice, "happy to see you, Mr. Kerne. This is young master Ernie, eh? coming to prepare for the battle of life, is he? Well, well, we'll see what we can do towards making him a good soldier." In my innocence I thought he meant battling in good earnest, which puzzled me no little.

After some conversation with him in reference to my studies and other preliminary matters, my father took his leave. Then my heart sunk within me, the tears rose to my eyes, with a shocking sensation in my throat, for I felt lonely and afraid, as a sensitive boy will feel on his first introduction into school. Mr. Rumsey assigned me a seat and a desk, and the hubbub renewed itself as before. I took my place behind my desk, and leaning my head on my hands, I wept in silence. Mr. Rumsey apparently had some sympathy and appreciation for my feelings, and let me finish my weeping unmolested. I was, however, interrupted presently by a pinch on my elbow: and raising my head, I found a bright merry-faced boy, a little older than myself, with fine black eyes, aquiline nose, and a head covered with shining black ringlets, sitting by my side, and looking at me with a kind, but jovial expression, as he whispered:

"My name is Charley Scamper: we are going to be chums, it seems, and we had as well be friends. I know your name; Bolivar Blount told me, and he says he thinks you are a very clever fellow as far as he knows, so we must be good friends. You know Bolivar, don't you?"

"I have seen him at our house, and have been to his house once or twice, and I know him tolerably well."

Bolivar was the son of an old lawyer who did business for my father; he was about my age, and as our families visited, I had formed some acquaintance.

I agreed to Master Scamper's offer of friendship, for I was pleased with his frank, open, and handsome countenance.

He then began telling me who were the "clever fellows" in school, and who were not, designating the latter by the expressive, but unmelodious appellation of "sneaks."

"But," said I, interrupting him as we whispered together, "Mr. Rumsey told me I mustn't whisper or talk in school, and I think we had better postpone it till playtime."

"'Pshaw, he won't do anything to you the first day, and, besides, he'll never find out if we whisper, and look on our books as if we were studying; the boys make so much noise in studying, that he can't tell who talks and who don't."

I did not come into this plan of deception at first very readily—no boy of honor ever does—but I soon began to find out that a code of honor was in practice among the schoolboys, of a very different character from that to which I had been accustomed, by which lying to the teacher about some things, and circumventing and deceiving him in a great many others, was considered as a very laudable and praiseworthy performance.

When school broke up at dinner-time, the boys, with an uproarious yell, made a simultaneous rush for the play-ground, and Scamper hurried me along with him. As we were standing talking together, and several lads grouping around to scrutinize the new comer with a rude stare, the lank-haired fellow, who had been spelling at the fire-place, came up to me, and cried out—

"Halloo, boys! come up here, and see this little Injun that Mr. Kerne brought to school this morning. I say, green 'un," he asked, in an impudent tone, and accompanying the question by pulling down the corner of his eye with his fore finger, "can you give me change for that?"

I looked at him, and though I did not understand the expression or the gesture accompanying it, from the laughter of the boys I knew he intended to insult me. Boys, as a general thing, are very brutes in their natural disposition, and a new comer never gets amongst a herd of them without being tormented, and cowed by them, if he will permit it. But I was not of the sort that would brook such usage. Colonel Overton had told me before I started to school, never to give an insult and never to take one: fight first, whether I was whipped or not. And I now found a fine chance to get a sound thrashing in defence of my honor; for the fellow, whom the boys called Tory Owens, was larger than I, evidently stronger, and well disposed to fight. However, I doubled up my fists, and replied, that if he repeated his question, I would try and see whether I had any "change" for him or not.

"Hurrah for the little one!" cried a tall, slovenly fellow, with a good-humored face, and a slouchy gait—"I'll bet on him;" and as the boys gathered round, crying, "Hit him, Owens!" "Go it, little one"—he gave me a shove which sent me against Owens, and nearly threw him down. The latter took this as a signal for battle, and accordingly planted a blow

between my eyebrows, which reeled me up against Charley Scamper, and made me see stars.

Choking with rage, and half blinded with pain, I nevertheless contrived to administer a well-aimed kick on his shins, which sent him off howling. He rallied, though, immediately, and returned to the charge. This time Bolivar, stepping between us, declared that he was too big for me, and quickly knocked him down. I objected to this, and begged him not to interfere; and when Owens arose, we went at it again, and after a bloody battle, I got him down, and was poking my thumbs into the burrs of his ears, when he cried out "'nuff," and fairly gave in.

By this time Blount had joined us, and shaking me by the hand, complimented me on my conquest. "I'll bet on Indiano here all the time," said Scamper, patting me exultingly on the back—"you are of the right grit, my boy; if there's any boy here of his weight, or ten pounds over, I'll bet a dozen marbles he can whip him." And he looked around the crowd much as a cock-fighter would when betting his favorite against the field. There seemed, however, to be no competitor to take up his offer, and loth that so fine an opportunity for a fight should be lost, he turned to the tall chap who had pushed me on: "And now, Wad Aukley, what did you mean by pushing Indiano against him?"

"None of your business," replies Wad, emphatically.

"I intend to make it my business," rejoined Scamper, divesting himself of his coat and cap, which he handed to a fellow called Jack Stiles, who was appointed umpire. They then had a sharp set-to, in which Aukley was worsted, but my friend Scamper did not come out unscathed.

It was with such boys as these that I had my schooling; brave as lions, most of them, full of devilment, preëminently "up to snuff," taking a delight in smoking a greenhorn, or kicking up a fight: but though noble-hearted, high-spirited fellows, they were withal, as a general thing, rough and coarse in their natures, with no delicate sensibilities; in fact, any show of such was despised and ridiculed by them. And they took delight in jeering any boy who manifested any timidity or bashfulness in his disposition.

Charles Scamper was, perhaps, endowed with higher and more refined feelings, which he maintained by dint of his animal courage. Bolivar was a quiet and more gentlemanly boy than most of them, but both of these relished a bit of fun at the expense of some shy youth, whose very diffidence laid him open to the rude assaults of his heartless companions.

For my part, my good success at the outstart in my conflict with Owens, gave me character in school as a boy of "spunk," and I had nothing to fear.

VI.

I don't feel disposed to detain the reader with the details of my school-boy days: they passed much as the school days of other boys have passed, perhaps, in a general view, and it would occupy too much space to enter extensively into particulars.

Suffice it to say, that Domine Rumsey was a schoolmaster of the olden time, none of your new-fangled Yankee innovators. He was a gentleman and a scholar. His mind was of a stamp higher than ordinary, well culti-

vated, and possessing even a tinge of romance about it. He was a talented man, and had it not been for his diffidence in public, which was excessive, I make no doubt but he would have made a distinguished one, for besides being a ripe scholar, he was a fluent and eloquent orator.

He was of commanding and portly form, with intelligent eye, deep mellow voice, a benignant and handsome countenance, and the most beautiful silvery hair I ever saw. The boys all loved him, while they equally feared him, for he did not spare the rod when it was needful, and, we used to think, often when it was not needful.

I say the boys all loved him: as far as I knew they did, with one exception, Charley Scamper, who was a wild, harum-scarum fellow, and who, for his incessant mischief, peccadillos and wayward whimsies, was almost always falling (literally) under the rod of his displeasure; he consequently swore the good old domine was a petty tyrant, and vowed implacable hatred and eternal vengeance against him.

Charley was a wild, wayward fellow, and a genius; and though I would rarely join in any of his mischief and rattlebrained rascality, except what I deemed to be the right and prescriptive privilege of a school-boy to engage in, yet he took a prodigious fancy to me from the first, probably for that very reason, and he and I became great cronies.

Bolivar Blount was a quiet, steady, phlegmatic fellow, and even at that early period showed the embryo of the cool, calculating man of the world. But with these disadvantages, as *I* deemed them, Bolivar had some redeeming traits which endeared him to me. He possessed a good mind, an amiable disposition, a fund of quiet humor, and a manifestation of a sort of dry fun (and not always dry either) that I relished vastly. He was honest and honorable to a degree that gave him the soubriquet of "Old Honesty" at school. A friendship sprang up between us, which has lasted to this day.

Charley Scamper was finely formed, graceful, muscular and active; his complexion was a clear rich *brun*, almost approaching to olive. He was accounted the handsomest boy in school when I came there.

Bolivar was a thick-set, square-built boy, with straight, black hair; his complexion was darker, perhaps, than Scamper's, but was more opaque. Bol. was not handsome, neither was he ugly; his was one of those faces which do not strike us particularly at first, but which become highly pleasing to us as we grow more familiar.

Wad Aukley, the fellow whom Scamper had a bout with, was a tall, muscular fellow, but clumsy, awkward, and ill-arranged. The most perfect gawk I ever knew.

He had a high, round forehead, running up into two sharp peaks over his temples, and surmounted by a suit of thin, sandy hair; a long, pointed nose, broad, coarse mouth, a shuffling, slouchy gait, stoop shoulders, and huge, ill-carved hands and feet. He was the laughing-stock of the school, and the whole village decided unanimously that he was a fool.

But Willy Aukley, or Wad, as he was always called at school, was one of those characters who always show to a disadvantage. He possessed a good mind, was apt and quick to learn when he tried, but had so little application, and was of such a nervous, impatient, and yet lazy disposition, that he never could apply himself to one thing for twenty minutes at a time. He had some imagination, but not of a very refined or delicate character. He delighted principally in low burlesque, farce,

and broad and salient humor, and his fancy ran in a rough, turbulent stream. His laugh was loud and uproarious, as is always the case with such risibilities as Aukley's.

We were all three in a class together, and while Bol. was invariably head, Wad was as uniformly found foot. Charley and I disputed the second rank between us, not that either of us strove as much for the honor as we should, for we would often have been foot had it not been that it was impossible to know *less* than nothing about the lesson, which was the amount of Wad's knowledge generally. I did study some, and was fond of it, but my own nervous and impulsive temperament prevented my perfect assiduity. I generally kept next to Bolivar, for I had more application than Charles. Charley was too erratic to apply himself, and Wad too lazy. His greatest antipathy seemed to be mental exertion. Now either of them could have mastered a lesson in five minutes, which would have taken Bol. half an hour; but then Bol. always devoted his half hour to it, and the other two rarely five minutes.

Such were my associates: these three boys, as great contrasts as could possibly be imagined, and by whom doubtless my own character was in some degree biased, (for they were all older than I,) at least by Scamper and Blount, for Wad Aukley was more influenced by me than I by him.

I have often thought that Bol. was my good, and Charley my evil genius; and yet the latter often created lofty, noble and poetic sentiments in my bosom—the former never. But, on the other hand, I never followed Bol.'s advice or example without a clear conscience, which was not the case always on the other side.

As an illustration: one afternoon as Bolivar and I were going to school —I had now ceased going from home, and was boarding at Squire Blount's—we met Charley Scamper, who seemed to be in a great glee about something.

"Halloo, boys!" he exclaimed, as we came up; "I've found the greatest treat you ever saw. I want you to come and look at it. Oh! it is beautiful."

"What is it?" we both cried in a breath.

"The most charming oriole's nest, down in an old tree by the millpond; it is a perfect beauty."

"Is that all?" laughed Bolivar; "I would not give a straw to see a paltry bird's nest."

"Not unless you thought there was a dime to be found in the bottom of it," retorted Charley, who, though on very friendly terms, did not like him as much as I did. "Come, Ernie, you have more taste; come and see my little bird's nest; it is worth a walk to see it, so curiously constructed; and there are a pair of little ones in it. Let's go and look at it, and watch the old ones feeding their young."

"I wouldn't go, Ernie," said Bol.; "you will be too late for school, if you do. Charley will get you a flogging, if you don't take care."

"Oh! we've plenty of time; come on," replied Charley, impatiently; "I wouldn't let Bolivar Blount lead me by the nose, if I were you."

I wanted much to see the bird's-nest; for, though not so enthusiastic an ornithologist as Scamper, yet I was naturalist enough, in a general way, to fancy such things. I did not wish to be too late for school, and yet was unwilling to have it thought that even my friend Bolivar could lead me by the nose; so I took Charley's arm, and turned back with him.

"If you will go, Ernie, get back by the time school goes in," said Bolivar.

"I will; we've plenty of time. Won't you go with us?"

"No, I can't. We've got thirty lines in Horace to read this evening;" and he turned away.

"Thirty lines in Horace!" cried Charley, contemptuously; "why, you or I could read them in ten minutes; and even if I don't, I can bungle through it tolerably, anyhow. I wouldn't mind Bolivar; he's nothing but a stupid plodder, and has not three ideas in his head. I don't see what pleasure you can have in his company."

"You do him injustice, Charley," said I; "he's not so full of high and refined conceptions; has not the same sense of the beautiful, perhaps, as yourself; but he is an honorable, noble-hearted boy, the best scholar in school, and a very clever fellow."

"Well, I don't think so. I never could see where his smartness is; anybody could acquire knowledge with the labor he does. Ah! yonder comes Wad Aukley; he'll go with us, I know."

It took no persuasion to get Aukley away from studying, and he readily joined us.

"I don't care about your bird's nest," said he; "but if you are for a ramble, I'm your man. But I have something better to propose. See here," and he showed us a small pistol, which he had in his pocket, "I move we go down to the river bank, and shoot at a mark. I've got plenty of powder and balls."

"We can do both," said Scamper. And doing both kept us so long that we were too late for school, as Bol. had predicted. Wad Aukley now proposed that we should play truant for the evening; but I would not consent, and we started to return. On our way back we were overtaken by a shower, which caused further delay, and made us all wringing wet.

The domine's brow was black as we entered the school-room. He was hearing Bolivar recite the Horace lesson.

"William," said he, in an ominous voice, to Aukley, "what has made you so late, sir?"

"Why, sir," said Aukley, scratching his head, "the fact is, I didn't hear the bell till after it was done ringing."

This blunder caused the old domine to laugh; and it was proverbial in school, that if you could excite a smile, you would be safe from a flogging.

"And Charles, when did you hear the bell?"

"I didn't hear it at all," he replied, surlily.

"You didn't, eh? You dirty scrub of the earth. I'll whale you while I can find you. I'll learn you to hear and feel too."

For my part I made a simple statement, and got off with a reprimand; but Charles caught a drubbing. He did not know how to get around the old gentleman, like Aukley, or else he disdained to do it. Charles always went through the briers rather than go around them, and invariably got scratched for his pains.

LAMARTINE.

When we regard the course of events in our sister republic, France, we are fondly desirous to see our institutions reflected there; but if we study the character of those who founded our institutions, and compare them with the men who founded the French Republic, we shall have little room to hope for much. The man on whom the hopes of Europe turned in the hour when Louis Philippe became a fugitive, was but a poet, who had sung the praises of two royal masters, and as he himself stated—"By the services and family of my father, I belong to Charles X.; by the family and services of my mother, I belong to the House of Orleans." What a strange material is this of which to compose the organizer of a republic! As M. Lamartine's course has been mostly literary, it may be traced as it has been variously recounted.

About the year 1818 there arrived at Paris, with a volume of verses for sale, a nameless young man, or, at least, one who had no right to any other appellation than that of his father. He was nearly twenty years of age, of a slender but elegant figure, with a markedly aristocratic air, indicating one of those choice natures for which Despréaux himself would not have dreaded the deafness of Phœbus, or the restiveness of Pegasus. But Phœbus and Pegasus were very distant then! There had just appeared upon the horizon that poetic school of which the destinies already confusedly revealed themselves through the voice of their precursors, and the young man of whom we speak, seemed the living personification of that new poesie, with its elegiac tendencies, its revivals of Christianity, its pious sympathies for the past, and its harmonious mixture of love, chivalry and faith.

He arrived from one of those hills of Bourgoyne which he subsequently immortalized, and where, under a peaceful roof, he had passed the first years of his youth. He confidently entered into that Paris, which is the secret end of all juvenile aspirations—the mysterious pole towards which tends without cessation, all magnetized imaginations. His luggage was light, as is the case with all true poets. He brought only his thin MSS., and a letter from a charming lady, who was temporarily detained in the province. That lady, very intellectual, although a *royalist*, recommended the young poet to one of her friends in Paris, who was very amiable, although a *liberal*.

"My dear ——," she wrote nearly, "I address you from the place of my provincial exile, and this letter will be handed you by a young man, whom I recommend to you, as we usually recommend those of whom we have ourselves no present want, that is to say, with all my heart. He is handsome, that you will see. He is intellectual, that you will hear, and besides all that, he makes verses. You will ask if the verses are good? But we ladies never find merit except in those lines which are addressed to us, and I am not his Elvira. But I beseech you to receive him with your Sabbath disposition, which with you is that of the whole week, and also with that smile which is at once an inspiration and a recompense. I beg of you further, but softly, to protect him among those *Jacobins*, as we

call them here. I am sure that you see much of them, and that you could already have converted them, if, traitor that you are, you had made proper use of your fine eyes to recall the infidels. They pretend up there that they regulate the political atmosphere—alas! they only await the storm! Beg of them, however, to vouchsafe a little of their sunshine to the young poet whom I send you, and promise them the acknowledgments of a poor exile, who would wish to be among you if only to scold you and to say that she loves you."

The person to whom that letter was addressed, received the young provincial with perfect benevolence. It happened that many of the intellectual "Jacobins," who were at that time, by means of the saloons and the academy, practising the part of politicians, were to dine on that day with the hostess of the poet, and she proposed to introduce the protégé of her friend to the party. Accordingly, in the evening, before he arrived, she gave notice of his appearance; and as the conversation was of poets, she declared her intention of requesting the new comer to recite some of his verses after coffee. The manifestations of chagrin at this proposal, induced the promise, in guise of compensation, that the coffee should be excellent. The young man entered, and his appearance was prepossessing. He had that air of provincial modesty which men destined to become illustrious know how to observe before they are known to fame. Many of the company remarked in a low voice—What a pity that a person of so respectable an appearance should make verses! They seated themselves at the table, where the stranger heard much, eat little, and talked less—all auguries in his favor. Soon the coffee arrived, which each sipped with wise deliberation, until the mistress of the house whispered some words in the ear of the poet, who bowed in sign of obedience—preserving, however, in that critical moment, the exact shade imposed by his position, between the eagerness which would betray anxiety to be heard, and that resistance which would badly conceal a desire to be solicited. The audience composed themselves to listen as best they might, with polite resignation, and with the air of men who, having dined well, prepare themselves to put the best face on all that may happen. Then, with a sympathetic, vibrating, affected voice, the unknown commenced "The Elegy to the Lake."

Alphonse de Lamartine had not reached the 18th verse of that enchanting elegy, when he was interrupted by one of those cries of joy and astonishment which mark the advent of a Columbus of thought in a new world of intellect—a Leverrier of intelligence in discovering a new planet. The agreeableness of the surprise was great in proportion as the dread of ennui had been considerable; and it is said, that M. Villemain, who made one of that happy auditory, sprang towards the poet, and seizing his hands with an enthusiastic vigor, that much resembled anger, exclaimed—"Young man, whence come you, that you bring us such verses as these?"

From that day a new star shone in the poetic heaven. The triumphs subsequently attained by M. de Lamartine were only the logical developments of that first soiree, when a dozen select friends were startled by the sudden revelations of his genius. The success which marks such an epoch, resembles the uncorking of a vial of those precious essences which, before they spread their fragrance on the air, have already, in the narrow flask which encloses them, all their virtues and their perfumes.

But from that day, also, M. de Lamartine took political rank among royalists, and religious rank among Christians. His political creed at that time manifested itself in the motto to his first publication—"*Meditations Poétiques*," in 1820, viz., "*ab Jove principium.*" This sublime axiom, inscribed on the first page of a book dedicated by a royalist to the most ultra-royalists in power, M. Cháteaubriand, and others, was received as it was intended, viz., as an acknowledgment of the divine right from which both kings and poets derive their power. This toadyism, and his subserviency to the returned *Bourbons*, procured for him the appointment of attachée to the legation at Florence.

Through marriage with an English lady, he gained a fortune, which was increased by the death of his uncle, and his Bourbon loyalty promoted him to the secretaryship of the legation at Naples and at London. He nearly ruined himself with his employers, however, by his "*Death of Socrates*," in which, seduced by the imposing spectacle of a great man victimized to popular fury, he somewhat abated his flunkeyism, and the work was less successful. He made speedy amends, however, in a new work, called "*Nouvelles Meditations Poetiques*," in which the political toadyism of the first publication, on which he had thriven so well, was "enlarged and improved," and first impressions were revived in his favor. His natural and inordinate vanity was so excited by this success, that he had the folly to attempt to add a fifth canto to *Childe Harold.* The only relief from the ridicule this excited, was his narrow escape from death in a duel with a Neapolitan officer, who challenged him for the supposed libels on Italy which his spurious canto contained. Following the maxim of the Stuarts and most despotic kings, viz., that, "to take a stone from the Church is to take two from the throne," M. Lamartine now published his "*Harmonies Religieuses*," in which the elegy ran into the canticle. It would seem that the profitable, but rather uncertain Christianity expressed in the first "meditations," confirmed and softened by family affections, had become confirmed into the steady purpose of a Christian sure of his object. The dreams, instead of losing themselves on the borders of lakes, soared towards heaven, and became prayers. This aided him in procuring admission as a member of the Academy, and getting the appointment of minister to Greece from the tottering government of Charles X. Before he entered upon this new duty, the revolution of July shifted, as by sleight of hand, the occupant of the throne. The family that M. Lamartine had toadied from 1817 to 1830, gave place to the one which he had perseveringly attacked, and point was now given to those attacks, by stupidly publishing new editions with the most pungent satires upon the House of Orleans stricken out. The rigidity of his monarchical principles, and the power of royal commands over his pliant mind, was apparent in the *Chant du Sacre*, wherein, as the official instrument of Charles X., the lyre emitted the following strain :—

"d'Orleans:
Ce grand nom est couvert du pardon de mon frère :
Le fils a rachetè les *crimes* de son pere."

The finger of d'Orleans, become royal, interfered, however, and the lyre changed its note to the following :—

"Le fils a rachetè les *armes* de son pere."

It is not to be supposed that M. Lamartine belongs to that mercenary

race of mortals who change with the caprices of the fickle goddess, keeping always the shoulder turned to misfortune, and the knee pliant to prosperity. The glory of great genius is not to be influenced by those causes which raise or destroy thrones. Their place is above all political changes. They belong to an age, and not to a reign—to a nation, and not to a party only. The motives which influence other men cannot be ascribed to them, because they are unaffected by the same circumstances. Neither the driving clouds nor the raging storm affect the eagle, because he builds his eyrie above the influence of either.

But if these privileged men escape the weaknesses of ordinary mortals, they have also their shoals and perils; they in effect are not men, but are lyres; they neither feel nor think, they vibrate; they do not speak, they resound; each ruffle of the wind, each murmur from heaven, from earth, or from beneath it, glides over the chords, and draws thence a sound always melodious, never passionate. From being thus forced to sing all that affects them, they end by not being affected by anything that they sing, and they acquire the faculty of responding with sublime notes to everything which touches them, with the indifference of an instrument which obeys every hand without being devoted to any.

It was thus with M. Lamartine. The restoration was to France a royalist era, and feudal reminiscences, mingled with the public manners, histories, literature, and even the caprices of fashion, were influenced by the revived royalty; accordingly, the lyre responded aristocratically to the surrounding agitation—a throne fell—a new state of things presented itself —a sort of interregnum between a departing dynasty and the accession of a new one. The whirl of events drew from the passive instrument only confused and *rapid sounds.*

However willing he might have been to sing the glories of the Orleans dynasty, the unforgiving nature of the Bourbons seemed to present an obstacle; and the poet, turning politician, offered himself as opposition candidate for the deputyship from Dunkerque and from Toulon, but was defeated, of course, and the harp hung on the willows.

Greedy of new impressions, however, M. Lamartine set out for the East, surrounded with a princely pageantry. It is not a little singular that the man who, in 1848, was so eloquent in favor of black emancipation, in 1832 left Marseilles for the East with a large retinue, which was swollen by numbers of slaves, purchased, not for the indispensable culture of the ground, but to swell the pomp of a royalist poet, about to become a republican politician. He trod that land at once sacred and profane, depository of the most profound truths and the lightest fables, Mahometan guardian of the cradle of Christianity, with wavering step. In the soul of M. Lamartine, as in the splendid horizon of that latitude, where the mists seem luminous, and where the light is bathed in mist, truths and fables, Mahometanism and Christianity, mingled in wild confusion, and the "lute" received a new impulse, under which it emitted a new song—that of universal tolerance—where all religious dogmas are to be treated with equal respect. One step further, and the poet arrived at the last shoal of modern dreamers—viz., pantheism, a brilliant Utopia, where they love to define the great first cause, sometimes as good, sometimes as nature. again as mind, and also as form. That deification of matter found still a responsive chord in the indefatigable lyre, and that powerful but insensate chord exhaled the "*Chute d'un Ange.*"

This whimsical production of M. de Lamartine is, we believe, the only one of his works which had not a happy destiny. It may be supposed to occupy, in the domain of fiction, a place analogous to that occupied by the history or romance of the "*Girondins*" in that of reality. It is written with the same vigorous and ardent style, drawing the reader through its misrepresentations, false deductions and errors, as the indomitable horse of Mazeppa drew its hapless rider through the brush and briars of the Ukraine. There are the same traces of rapid improvisation, arrogant negligence, and superb contempt for the finish of details. It is still pantheism, leaving remote traditions, in order to apply itself to the events of recent history; social pantheism, finding its gods everywhere—in the utterance of the forum, in the bureau of the pamphleteer, on the lips of the demagogue, in the street, in the gutter, in the malice of the murderer, and in the appetite of the cannibal; and, regarded from the political position occupied by the author for more than twenty years, his patrons were justified in regarding it equally as the "*fall of an angel.*"

The return to France from the East was followed by a return to politics; and the poet, being returned as deputy from Dunkerque, had an opportunity for oratorical display. But his strange enigmatical orations were understood by few persons, and cared for by a still less number. Gradually, however, the subjects on which he spoke being generally of literary or moral natures, such as against capital punishment, in favor of foundlings, &c., giving scope to his rhapsodical transcendental style, made up of unmeaning phrases and pointless sentences, gradually won for him the position of mouth-piece for the socialists, a party without either definite ends or means to attain them, but whose principles were beautifully expressed by M. Lamartine in defining his own views:

"The organic and progressive constitution of the entire democracy, the diffusive principle of mutual charity and social fraternity, organized and applied to the satisfaction of the interests of the masses.

"The beautiful is the virtue of the intellect. In restricting its worship, let us beware of impairing the virtue of the heart."

The socialists only pretended to understand this style of oratory, and they said, in the classic language of a member of parliament, "Them's our sentiments," and they recognized him as their leader. But M. Lamartine, although generally considered only as the poet, and his sayings merely as ornamental, and without any other value, was gradually improving in oratory, when, in the winter of 1847, he produced his *Histoire des Girondins.*

Before he arrived at the political position defined in the *Girondins*, M. Lamartine had successively traversed the social party, that fools' paradise, which is always the sequence of revolutions, the royalist party, the liberal party; and now, when a new change was to be made, what resource was left? It may here be remarked, that men of great genius never content themselves either with the past or the present, or both. The greater the idea which they form of their own mission, the greater is their tendency to limit its operation to the time beyond that in which they have their own being. It seems to them, so much are they exalted above vulgar minds, that the future, dread oracle which we turn pale in interrogating, is their natural state of being, and that the most cruel humiliation that they can possibly suffer, would be to be useless to the persons they imagine around them. To be available in all new combinations; to be assured a place

under all circumstances, is the object of these sublimated intellects. To be always in men's minds, never forgotten; to think and to govern still with the thoughts and the governments that exist no more; to give to no one either the right or the pretext to pronounce those terrible words, the eternal nightmare of celebrated men: "*He has played his part.* Behold the end to which he aspired, and for which he sacrificed all."

It was thus with M. Lamartine: after having been royalist, socialist, conservative and liberal, by turns, he seized on the History of the Revolution. With his eyes fixed on the future, and his finger pointing to the past, foreseeing the possibility of new commotions, he sought to be at the same time historian and prophet, and, like Prometheus, to knead, to mould and vivify the blood-sprinkled dust into the ideal model of a revolution. Thus, by subserviency, to identify himself by turns with all that occurred, and through prophecy, with all that might occur, seemed to be the double inspiration of the *Girondins.* In this point of view, it is easy to explain his re-production of the revolutionary genius from Voltaire, the intellectual projector, to Robespierre, the pitiless practitioner. When M. Lamartine says of Dumouriez:

"He had no political principles; the revolution was to him nothing more than a fine drama, which was to furnish a grand scene for his abilities, and a part for his genius"—

We recognize at once the involuntary assimilation and the disclosure of his own secret aspirations. Again he writes of Robespierre:

"He was of no party, but of all parties which in their turn served his ideal of the revolution. He placed this ideal as an end to reach in every revolutionary movement, and advanced towards it with those who sought to attain it; then this goal reached, he placed it still farther off, and again marched forward with other men."

He seems here to have betrayed his most intimate thought, and in the guise of Robespierre, he involuntarily describes himself, and reveals his own most cherished aspirations. Who would have supposed that the author of the *Harmonies*, the poet who hung over the cradle of a royal infant, and chanted piously of heavenly joys and princely hopes, would one day be recognized in a self-drawn portrait of Robespierre? If Robespierre, modeling himself upon Rousseau, became heartless, bloodthirsty and tyrannical, what may not Lamartine become, modeling himself upon Robespierre?

That example must, however, prove a consolation to those only endowed with common sense. The poor laborers, bent under burdens that they can scarcely raise, and are yet not able entirely to abandon; struggling incessantly against that torture of imperfect beings, the impotence to realize the sentiments borne within them, may complain of not being great enough to delight in their destiny, of not being small enough to be content in their obscurity. But if mediocrity has its disadvantages, it has also its indemnities. An humble individual, who held honestly the sentiments which M. Lamartine *professed* during his apprenticeship to the restoration, would, in speaking of Louis XVI., have bowed himself in spirit to a king, a martyr, and a saint, as described by our poet; that illustrious writer, however, changes the picture at will, extenuates the horror he formerly expressed for regicides, and talks of the *faults* of the king and the rights of his judges. The early readers of Lamartine would,

in recalling the memory of Marie Antoinette, have wished each line of the page and each syllable of utterance to become a reparation, full of respectful love, and an energetic protestation against the monsters who calumniated and the assassins who murdered her. M. Lamartine has, however, become niggardly of his respect to her memory, grudges his allegiance, and outrages his former friends, by doubts, insinuations, and suppressions! As a royalist, M. Lamartine regarded d'Orleans as an impure prince, a parricide to his country, a traitor to his family, a shame to his party, a disgrace to his age, and as the vile instrument which the revolution accepted with contempt, and rejected with disgust! In the new shading which the poet gives to that picture, there are attempts to erase the ineffaceable infamy of his character, and to soften the disgusting prominence in infamy with which, over the heads of Domitian and Marat, Philippe Egalité stands out upon the page of history. For this purpose is falsified contemporaneous history, the judgment of a later age, and the great voice of the human race, which curses, in reverberating tones, the perjured, the apostate, and the parricide. The general character of these remarks will apply, not only to the three names enumerated, but to most of the others in the volume.

M. Lamartine following, apparently, no regular plan, did not produce, in the commencement of the work, one of those fecund ideas, or immutable principles, which, in the hands of a Bossuet, serve to group around one general axiom all the particular facts of the narration—to arrange under one eternal truth all the truths of history. His genius being improvisatory, is susceptible of the most diverse impressions. He is royalist at heart, conservative by party, and republican by accident. He wanders among the persons and events of that terrible epoch as a traveler, who takes no guide, in order to admire more freely; to seek out discoveries at pleasure, and to pause when it pleases himself. Hence the charming picturesqueness of the work; hence, also, its utter want of unity. Never, perhaps, was more clearly apparent the triumph of individual power, exalting itself above even the events, substituting for the truth its own ideal creations invented and modified to its own liking, to such a degree that a sort of antithesis establishes itself between the persons, as M. Lamartine describes them, and as he presents them through the inferences, logically drawn, from facts stated. Thus M. Lamartine draws an ideal portrait of Madame Roland, and then throws it in relief, by stating facts in relation to her vindictive plots against the court and the queen; the evil counsels she gave her husband, and the execrable infamy of the letter written confidentially to the king, solely to be kept as an instrument of accusation against him. The illustrious poet is continually apologizing in *words*, for the infamous *acts* which he relates, of all the characters he describes. Everywhere, accompanying or following a flattering portrait, of which the great poet has himself shaded the brilliant colors, appears an ignoble, dishonorable, or atrocious fact, which bespatters all the splendid tints and delicate outlines with blood or dirt. The most prompt refutation of Lamartine's judgments are his facts. He has sought to appeal from the instructions of history to the judgments of his genius; but, on the contrary, the instructions of history destroy the judgments of his genius.

M. Lamartine, to whom his first renown did not suffice, sought, in changing his position, to change his attributes. He who was willing to become serious when no longer young; who had transformed himself from a poet

into an orator, from an orator into a historian, and who sought to make the "History of the Girondins" the programme of his new life, of his second political virility, owed to his subject more gravity, more logic, and more equity. A young enthusiast of the glories of 1793 remarked, one day, to M. Michaud—"Robespierre is not yet judged." "No! but, happily, he is executed," was the prompt reply. That lively repartee is at the same time a response to those tender-hearted royalists who, like M. Lamartine, have suddenly discovered the benevolence of Robespierre's character, and represent him as one of the benefactors of mankind. The man, whose death saved so many better lives, who ceased to kill only in dying himself, whose bloody acts retarded popular progress half a century, does not require to have the process of his condemnation revised. It is this peculiar view of the character of Robespierre, which affords the key to the paradoxes presented in these volumes, and lessens their value without diminishing their attraction.

One of the passionate admirers of Lamartine, and a critic of ability, has asserted, and with some reason, that his work is more of an epic poem than a history; and he has added with a shade of exaggeration which enthusiasm may excuse, "That the French revolution has henceforth its Homer." There is indeed a point of resemblance between Homer and the historian of the Girondins; and it is, thanks to the oversight of the singer of the Iliad, or perhaps rather to subsequent interpolations, that there have glided into the immortal poem numerous contradictions. Thus, as has been well remarked, there are heroes who re-appear in the last cantos after having been killed in the previous ones; and events which occupy an important place at the commencement of the narrative, are utterly lost sight of in its progress. There are certainly parallels in the "Girondins," not that any of the persons killed in the first chapters, re-appear in the last—the revolution did its work too surely for that. The difficulty is less with the facts than with the deductions and judgments which conflict with and falsify each other. A modern rhapsody sung in admirable language might more justly describe that Iliad of brute force—that Odyssey of human reason.

Those contradictions and false deductions which disfigure the book, considered as a history, are perhaps intended to diminish the force of its democratic tendencies. It would seem to be the case that M. Lamartine at heart continued a royalist, and in wishing to preserve the integrity of a judge between parties, was betrayed into lenity where he should have been severe, and into injustice where he ought to have been considerate. But between his lenities and his severities, there betrays itself a permanent dislike to popular progress. He, in every case where dishonor and crime marked the course of the popular leaders, leaves the inference that dishonor and crime are the necessary consequence of republican movements. His work, therefore, holds that middle course which, while it excites admiration, still leaves a profound doubt upon the public mind, like "the Prince" of Machiavelli, as to whether the writer is a democrat describing the true policy of republicans, or a royalist seeking to bring them into disrepute. There are many who hold that Machiavelli was a republican, exposing in "the Prince" the necessary iniquity attending monarchies, and there are not a few of Lamartine's former co-absolutists who believe him to have served the principles he formerly professed by the publication of the "Girondins."

Nevertheless, the book was extensively read, and exerted a great power on the eve of the final fall of the French throne. It more influenced the imagination than it affected the heart; it awakened the curiosity more than the sympathy. If in the minds of some of the royalist friends of the author it produced astonishment and sorrow, it also, by the *gout* with which it dwells on the crimes of the revolutionists, and the mere recounting of which, renders republicanism odious, disappointed democrats. The conservatives, on the other hand, regarded the work as the vehicle of immense danger, through the possible reproduction of scenes which had been in those brilliant pages rendered so attractive to unprincipled imitators. Apart from social or political predilections, the work, as a history, was not sufficiently impartial; as a work of thought, not serious enough; as an artistical production, not enough perfect. In this effort, as in every other of M. Lamartine, whether in the journal, in the romance, or in the eloquence of the tribune, improvisation predominates. In each page and each line is recounted a trait of genius thoroughly heartless, but yielding to the impulse of the moment.

The impression produced by the "Girondins" upon the public mind, went far, in connection with the strange circumstances of the revolution of February, 1848, to give M. Lamartine a prominent part in the provisional government. But a very short time sufficed, however, to show how out of place was a lute which responded only in musical strains to the harsh discords of political storm. When the people of Paris, without a government, and agitated by conflicting currents, seeking a direction to their energies, hoisted the "red flag," an opportunity for display presented itself to the poet statesman, who, unmindful that, in the "Girondins," which was the basis of his political reputation, and which was fresh in the minds of those whom he addressed, he had described the red flag as covering a prayer for mercy during the butcheries of the *Champ de Mars*, he now denounced it as having been "trained through torrents of the blood of the people." His resounding faculties were used by other members of the government as the shield for transactions which would scarcely bear the light, and the minister of foreign affairs soon found his level as the apologist for his colleagues, the actual government, and he has since continued to present new phases, all of them brilliant, like the kaleidescope, turned in the popular hand. One of the most recent emanations of this poetic genius is "Atheism among the People," wherein the former head of the socialist party and the materialist poet of 1834, thus warns his constituents:

"If you wish that this revolution should not have the same end, beware of abject materialism, degrading sensualism, gross socialism of besotted communism; of all these doctrines of flesh, and blood, of meat and drink, of hunger and thirst, of wages of traffic, which these corruptors of the soul of the people preach to you, exclusively, as the sole thought, the sole hope, as the only duty, and the only end of man! They will soon make you slaves of ease, serfs of your desires."

This may be the experience of the socialist leader, and one known as the most indolent, voluptuous, corrupt and heartless man of the world that even Paris could produce. This gifted genius is now flitting round the government of France, shirking responsibility, dodging votes, but resounding harmoniously as the political zephyrs sweep on the lyre.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

HON. EDWARD S. DARGAN,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ALABAMA.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the State of North Carolina—a state which has generally produced sound and sensible men, having given birth to but few of those men who of late years have been somewhat "prevalent" in the South—who are more distinguished for gasconade and bravado than for thoughts and deeds.

Mr. Dargan is eminently a self-made man. In his early youth he came to Alabama, and tried his hand at that profession which is generally in this country made the first stepping-stone of those aspiring young men who have more brains than money—teaching; but having ascertained by experience that this was not his vocation, he put out his shingle as a lawyer, supporting himself by dealing out small doses of justice to the neighborhood in the character of justice of the peace, while waiting for the good time to come. We'll venture to assert, that while in that capacity he bore but little resemblance to

> "the justice,
> In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
> With eyes severe and beard of *formal* cut."

His practice in a short time increased to such an extent that he removed to Montgomery, then a flourishing town, and affording an ampler field of practice.

He was formerly a candidate for the legislature in Montgomery county, a strong whig county, and was of course defeated. At the next session of the Legislature he was elected Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit. From this time the tide of prosperity began to flow in his favor. He discharged the duties of judge of the circuit in a manner acceptable to all, and left an impression by the gentlemanly demeanor and legal knowledge which he exhibited on the bench, which told greatly in his favor after he resumed the practice of his profession. He resigned the judgeship after having held the office but little over a year, and resumed the practice of his profession in Mobile.

This was shortly after the failure of the United States Bank. Judge Dargan was employed by parties against the bank, and succeeded by his professional knowledge and skill in defeating some of the heaviest of the fraudulent and usurious claims of the bank. About this time Mr. Dargan was employed, among other professional engagements, to defend the estate of one of our most worthy citizens—an estate valued at the time at a half million of dollars—against a claim hatched up by some designing men, which at the time attracted a good deal of notice. We mean the claim of Favres' Indian heirs. Mr. Dargan succeeded in defeating the suit in the United States Circuit Court. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, but was afterwards compromised by a small sacrifice on the part of the owner of the property. Not even the shells of the oyster were thrown to the Indian heirs. The managers of

the affair pocketed the proceeds—with a "moral courage," for which the arch manager is proverbial. Mr. Dargan was afterwards employed by the United States Bank in their suit against the estate of Henry Hitchcock, for some eight hundred thousand dollars. The rights of the bank were established.

In 1844 Mr. Dargan was nominated by the Democratic Party as candidate for senator from Mobile county, in the state senate, and notwithstanding a majority of the voters in Mobile county are whigs, Mr. Dargan was triumphantly elected. During the one session that he served as senator, his course was distinguished by efforts to wind up the state bank.

At the next election in the Mobile district for Congress, and before his term as senator had expired, Mr. Dargan was nominated as the democratic candidate for Congress. This nomination was given him by the county against the first impression of the delegates from the city of Mobile, who were under the impression that Mr. Dargan would not accept the nomination.

Mr. Dargan was elected to Congress by nearly three hundred majority, in a district strongly whig, which a long time previously and since, has elected whig representatives by an average majority of five hundred. There was a new issue introduced into this canvass, which was the principal topic discussed; the admission of Texas to the Union. Mr. Dargan took strong ground in favor of the admission of Texas to the Union, and advocated it with a power which carried conviction to his hearers. The welfare of the South required an extension of her territory, not only to keep up the equilibrium in the Federal Councils, but to prevent the crowding together of our servile population, which history shows in all countries and all ages, like all elements of power, to be dangerous when compressed into too small a space.

In 1847, Mr. Dargan declined to be a candidate for re-election to Congress, and in a farewell speech to his constituents, he opposed the annexation of conquered territory from Mexico, on the ground that it would endanger the perpetuity of the Union, and encourage a grasping spirit incompatible with the welfare of republics. Even then he could see the shadows of coming events.

At the next session of the Legislature in December, 1847, Mr. Dargan was *unanimously*, and *without opposition*, elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Alabama, and became Chief Justice of the state upon the nomination of Judge Collier, in July, 1849, as a candidate for governor.

Of course, it is out of our power, in a sketch like this, to speak of more than one or two of the principal events in the life of a man, who, like Judge Dargan, has received from his country such varied honors. The short time that he served his country in Congress, has left an impression which cannot be effaced. Since he left the house he has been quoted upon the floor of Congress as the exponent of Southern democracy. Let us give honor to whom honor is due. In February, 1846, Mr. Dargan made a speech upon the Oregon question, in the House of Representatives, which, in its printed form, is contained in three pamphlet pages. He was always concise. This speech received marked attention both in this country and abroad. Its effects upon the settlement of the controversy can be best seen by quotations from some of the foreign reviews.

The London Quarterly Review, which is thought to speak by authority, in the March number, 1846, after commenting upon the remark of Cole-

ridge, "the possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of a hundred million of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception," and after expressing an earnest desire for a solution of the difficulty consistent with the original claims, and consequently with the interest and honor of both parties, proceeds to say:

"By a singular coincidence, and one we hope of happy omen, after we had written the greater part of this article, and in this place explained our proposition, we received. (28th of February,) through the American journals, the account of a motion proposed in Congress by Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, which so nearly approaches to what we had proposed, that we gladly adopt it as expressing with a more weighty authority our own preconceived opinions.

"The differences existing between the government of the United States and the government of Great Britain, in relation to the Oregon treaty, are still the subject of honorable negotiation and compromise, and should be so adjusted.

"That the line separating the British provinces of Canada from the United States, should be extended due west to the coast south of Frazer's River, and thence through the centre of the Straits of Fuca, to the Pacific Ocean, giving to the United States that portion of the territory south, and to the government of Great Britain that portion of the territory north of said line.

"This proposition narrows the question to its true issue; and on it, or something like the case, as we shall show, must be ultimately, and may be honorably decided. *All that has hitherto passed is really, and for any practical purpose, obsolete, and the whole Oregoniad is in this nutshell.*"

The reviewer then proceeds to investigate the title of the United States to the territory of Oregon under three heads.

1. The rights of Spain acquired to the United States by the Florida treaty.

2. The right of France acquired by the purchase of Louisiana.

3. The right of the United States themselves by the discovery and settlement of the Columbia River.

And proceeds to show (though before and afterwards expressing a willingness to meet Mr. Dargan's proposition, and make that the basis of a treaty) that if Messrs. Lewis and Clark, the well known explorers appointed by Mr. Jefferson, "had been authorized to take possession of all they saw, and had done so, they would not have touched our (the British) original claim to the whole right bank, and still less Mr. Dargan's proposition; for so far from reaching 49°, the most northern point reached by the travelers was 41° 48," which position cannot be denied.

The reviewer then proceeds to make a statement which, when we reflect that the London Quarterly was considered the organ of the government, shows conclusively that Mr. Dargan struck out the only course by which the contest could be settled peaceably and honorably to both governments—that to him belongs of right the credit of having settled an impending controversy between these two great governments, which, if not prevented, would have brought upon both nations all the horrors and ravages of war.

"There have been heretofore occasions not a few on which we have been able to advise our readers upon authority higher than that of mere literary

fraternity; but it is needless to disclaim any ministerial influence or responsibility for our present opinions, and we therefore with less reserve venture to express our hope, that our government may have proposed something equivalent to Mr. Dargan's scheme as the basis of an arrangement of the whole difficulty, rational and equitable in itself, and which being a new expedient, consistent at once with principles which Great Britain can never abandon, and with offers which the United States have repeatedly made, may be adopted by both parties with, we believe, mutual advantage, and obviously without the slightest sacrifice of national honor."

"Mr. Dargan's scheme" was adopted, and is now an existing treaty, ratified by the United States on the 18th June, 1846, binding the two governments in closest bonds of amity, as two great nations of the same blood and the same language, with the same principles of freedom, and the same mighty power over the world should be bound.

Perhaps if Mr. D. had been in parliamentary life for forty years, and had been backed by manufacturing interest and bank power, he might have deserved the title of the "great pacificator," which has been awarded for less services.

The reviewer concludes: "The proposition of Mr. Dargan, or some slight modification of it, (we ourselves should not be disinclined to see it literally adopted,) appears in our view of the tempers and prospects of the two nations, the *only one* that can avert a war, which, to use a phrase of the distinguished American senator, would be 'on the part of those who provoked it, almost impious.'"

But let us return to the Oregon settlement, the credit of which, we have already shown, belongs to Mr. Dargan.

The Westminster Review, the peculiar tenets of which are well known, takes a different view of Mr. Dargan's proposition, and seems to conclude that Mr. D. was playing a game of diplomacy to outwit John Bull, and in advance admits that his proposition, which was finally adopted as the treaty between the two governments, led to a very advantageous arrangement for the United States. It says, (Art. 6, June number, 1846, Westminster Review,) "If the proposal of Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, is thought to be worthy of consideration, namely, that the line of 49 degrees should be extended from Canada to Frazer's River, and thence through the Straits of Fuca to the sea—'it should be remembered that Capt. Wilkes reports that there is no part of the coast where a settlement could be formed between Frazer's River, 49 deg. north, and the northern boundary of 54° 40 min. that would be able to supply its own wants.' The liberality, therefore, of this proposal, is evident."

Whatever may be said of the liberality of Mr. D.'s proposal, and without attempting to investigate the question, whether the territory yielded up by the United States was of any value or not, it must be admitted that Mr. Dargan's scheme led to a most advantageous treaty for the United States; that in adopting that scheme as the basis of the treaty, Britain accepted and offered a proposition, which she had before at divers times rejected when offered by the United States.

It is not our intention to comment upon the arguments used by Mr. D. in his speech; the result has already been shown. It is enough to remark, that his argument has never been answered, and is unanswerable, and has been approved and confirmed by the action of both governments. Yet, this speech occupies but three pamphlet pages. The absence of all the

catch-trap of ordinary politicians is a remarkable characteristic of the speech. The quietness of the calm, strong man, confident of his strength, confident of his position, of itself causes his fellows to place trust in him.

Judge Dargan, while in Congress, made a speech upon the Mexican war, and matters therewith connected, which sustained his justly earned reputation, but which we have not space here to comment upon. He expressed the same views that he afterwards expressed to his constituents, when giving an account of his stewardship.

It is needless to say that Judge Dargan's course as chief justice has met with general, we might say, with universal approbation, if it were not for the envious detractions of those who once had the presumption to think themselves his rivals. The following passage is quoted from one of his opinions upon a well settled point, simply as a contrast to the decisions of the preceding court, "*All the authorities agree* that a deed procured or obtained with a view or intent to delay, hinder, or defraud creditors, is absolutely void against those who are intended to be injured by it; that the deed purports to be made by a sheriff in pursuance of a sale under execution, cannot impart to it vitality, or enable the fraudulent grantee to consummate his illegal purpose. Whether the deed be direct from the fraudulent grantor to the fraudulent grantee, or whether it be procured by means of a sale under execution, when once the fraud is established, it is null and void, and can form no impediment to creditors in subjecting the law to the payment of their debts." Forest v. Lyon and Camp, June term, 1849. Compare this with the following, pronounced by the preceding court, in June, 1841, Costello et al. v. Thompson, 9 Ala. Rep.: "We are aware that cases may be found, in which it has been held that the improper conduct of the purchaser at the sale of property under execution, amounting to fraud, vacates the sale, and that the title does not pass by the sheriff's deed; such are the cases of Smith v. Greenlee, 2 Den. 126, and Swaze v. Burke, 12 Peters, 11. But we are constrained to adhere to our own adjudications until, upon established principles of law, they can be shown to be erroneous. Under our complex system of jurisprudence, it is not to be wondered at that discordant decisions should be made; and whilst we cheerfully admit the high character of tribunals which hold a different opinion, we think in this particular the law has been misapprehended." Decisions showing the character and justly deserved reputation of Mr. Dargan as a judge might be quoted to any extent; but as during the short time that he has been chief justice, no constitutional questions have arisen, and as this is not a proper place to comment upon legal questions, we will only remark, that as a judge he has won the esteem and confidence of the profession and of the community, and given to the reports of the state character and weight.

In conclusion we have only to say, that Judge Dargan has ever been a warm and earnest friend of his native South; that he supported the Nashville Convention, not as a disunion proceeding, but simply as an assembly of the people by their delegates under the rights and privileges guaranteed to them by the Constitution, to consult upon the proper measures to adopt in a time of danger, to ward off threatened injury, and to preserve the Union inviolate, by preventing designing men from cutting the strongest bonds of the Union, and from nullifying the solemn compact under which the rights of all are guaranteed.

VERMONT "DEMOCRATIC" STATE CONVENTION.

SPEECH OF MR. VAN BUREN.

We had supposed the Buffalo platform demolished—the Buffalo organization defunct and buried—the Buffalo creed turned over to the abolitionists proper, and the Democratic Party finally cut loose from those restless disorganizers and factious demagogues, who have sought to revenge the supposed wrongs of ex-President Van Buren on the national democracy. But it appears that the snake, though scotched, has not been killed; the Democratic Party has not been thoroughly purged of abolitionism and abolitionists; free-soilism has again "burst its cerements," and the sepulchre, wherein we saw it at Syracuse

"Quietly inurned,
Has ope'd its ponderous and marble jaws
To cast it up again!"

Our attention has been lately directed to a speech, delivered at Burlington, by Mr. John Van Buren, to the so called Democratic State Convention of Vermont, and "Reported expressly for the Evening Post." From the wise precaution thus taken by the orator, or his friends, in having the Post's reporter on the ground, (Mr. V. B. says, in his speech, that "until yesterday afternoon," he feared other engagements would have prevented his attendance, and the vigilant Post stenographer must have followed him that day in New-York like his shadow,) we take it for granted that the speech was made for the meridian of New-York, rather than that of Vermont, and Mr. Van Buren would, of course, consider himself treated with discourtesy should we fail to pay it our compliments.

The fact that he speaks, *ex cathedra*, as the oracle and representative of the Van Buren interest in this state—the disingenuous assumption, on his part, that the sentiments he utters are the sentiments of the "united democracy" of New-York; and the consideration that these sentiments were uttered amid "cheers and laughter," to a State Convention in Vermont, pretending to be democratic, and its being reported at length, "expressly for the Post," are our apologies to our readers for a few running commentaries on certain portions of a speech, which otherwise would have been dismissed with a paragraph. As to what sort of democrats composed this convention, we leave the speaker himself to describe:

"And now, democrats of Vermont, a word or two in regard to the election that is approaching, and when I say democrats of Vermont, nobody, I trust, will understand me as referring to that small band of men who denominate themselves the Old Line democracy—a corps who, at the suggestion of whigs, draw off from the democratic column into a field by themselves, and expect to be paid a certain sum per head to return to the ranks. (Cheers and laughter.) I speak of the democracy whose convention assembled here to-day."

The "old line democracy," it appears, were not there. It was the new light, higher-law, abolition "democracy," who assembled to listen to the teachings of the speaker on "human freedom;" and received them amid "laughter and cheers." Elsewhere he remarks:

"My hopes rest on the Democratic Party. I look forward anxiously to their restoration to power in the nation. There are reasons personal to myself why I should do so. I owe to them obligations which the services of my life could but poorly requite. *One who stands to me in a near relation, has enjoyed their favor for nearly half a century.*"

John is certainly ingenuous in part of this confession. This is unusually frank and open. We can very readily appreciate the "reasons personal to myself," why he desires the restoration of the Democratic Party (not the "old line") to power. It strikes us, however, that such services as his, will render it necessary to have his life spun out beyond the years of Methuselah, in order to requite the "obligations" he owes to that party. The "old line" democracy, whom John now abuses, conferred part of these obligations, (the "hereditary" part,) and sustained, as he says, for nearly half a century, "one who stands in a near relation" to him. Let us see how John and the "near relation" and friends requited this obligation. Speaking of the Presidential election of 1848, he says:

"Important, as we all deemed it, to defeat Gen. Taylor, *the defeat of his chief competitor was even more important.* This result, also, may be added to the other consequences, over which the friends of freedom have a right to rejoice."

Pluming himself upon this achievement—an achievement effected—to use his own words, applied to the "old line" democracy—by "a corps who, at the suggestion of whigs, drew off from the democratic column into a field by themselves"—John now sings *Io triumphe!* and tells his "friends of freedom" in Vermont, that they have a right to rejoice! Happy, complacent, and logical conclusion!

With the "old line" democracy, or, as Mr. Van Buren invidiously styles them in his speech, the "Union Hunkers," he will have no fellowship; and the "Union Hunkers," throughout the length and breadth of the country, will, doubtless, feel exceedingly chagrined and mortified by the information. Indeed, he prefers Mr. SEWARD to Mr. DICKINSON, as for example:

"We have lost, it is true, a democratic senator in place of Mr. Dickinson, whose term expired, and who declined a re-nomination; perhaps there may be no harm in my saying, that it does not add to the poignancy of our sorrow, that Mr. Dickinson should have been the senator whose term expired. (Laughter.)

But alas! MR. SEWARD himself does not come up to John's idea of a model "free-soiler." *His* course on the slavery question is entirely too moderate and temporizing. He has become "unsound," and would never do to run for Vice-President with the "near relation," on a future Buffalo ticket. We again quote from the text:

"And on what supporter of the present national administration, can the opponents of slavery extension rely? Is it Mr. Seward, of our state? The state of New-York, ever since the question first arose, has spoken in tones of the most indignant remonstrance against the aggressions of the slave power. Why is she now dumb? A bill, introduced by Mr. Coffin, intended to protect the free inhabitants of New-York against the abuses of the Fugitive Slave Law, a wise, just, constitutional bill, has lain upon the table of the House since the first week of the session. Why does it not become a law? The legislature of that state, in both branches, is controlled by the supporters of Mr. Seward. A word from him would reverse the retreating movement, which now dishonors her. Why is it not spoken? Why does he not denounce the action of the President on this subject? Why do the presses friendly to him teem with eulogiums upon the Secretary of State? Why does he sit silently in his seat an entire session of Congress, without a movement to denounce or repeal the atrocious Fugitive Slave act?"

Echo answers, why?—we certainly cannot tell, and the partisans of Mr. Seward must solve the question. He is likely, it seems, to be outstripped in the race of abolitionism. The Samson, sleeping in the lap of Delilah, Mr. V. B. looks down with contempt at his puny efforts against "human slavery." The senator is but the lisping infant of free soil,

"Muling and puking in his nurse's arms—"

No, not in his nurse's arms, but at the maternal breast—where he lies quietly, to

use John's own choice simile, "silently sucking the patronage of the government," and fearing "the bosom will be withdrawn," while John himself has got one or two ages beyond, and has become the lover, "sighing like furnace," and gently wooing the dark-browed, and not very coy maiden, abolitionism.

It is no longer *Ego et meus rex—I* and Billy Seward. The "higher law" doctrine is but milk for babes, and is spurned by the stomach that can digest strong meat and strong drink. The senator is weighed in the balance and found wanting, because he sits still an entire session, and makes no movement to "repeal the atrocious fugitive slave act."

> "Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
> And freedom shrieked when William Seward fell!"

But hope has revived again in another champion, and freedom's tears have turned to smiles. As to the ugly question propounded to Mr. Seward's friends, Mr. Van Buren observes:

> "These are questions that should be answered by those who look to him as the champion of human freedom."

In other words, Mr. Seward is no longer to be regarded as the Ajax Telemon of *Constitutional* abolitionism. "Gentlemen of the Vermont democracy," we think we hear the speaker adding, with characteristic modesty, "behold in me *the* champion of human freedom!" Two suns cannot exist in one system, nor can two Cæsars live in one Rome. That Mr. Van Buren's zeal in the cause really does glow with a fiercer flame than that of the senator, is apparent from his own language, for he elsewhere says:

> "Within the limits of the constitution, hostility to human slavery is the predominant sentiment of my heart. It is as natural to me as the air I breathe, and will perish only with my life. (Tremendous cheering.)"

Now we will venture to affirm, positively, that Mr. Seward does entertain, in his heart, several sentiments, which predominate over the sentiment of "hostility to slavery." The sun of Seward is certainly eclipsed.

We had supposed that when Senator Seward propounded his "higher law" doctrine, on the floor of the senate, he had reached a climax which it was difficult for any one professing loyalty to our institutions, to surpass. The stake thrown down on the political table was a large one, but John "raises" him. We do not know whether the senator has the pluck to "go him back." Although it may be observed, that Mr. Seward undoubtedly has "the age," inasmuch as he was a decided "champion of human freedom," when John was laboring to elect "one who stands in a near relation" to him, on the Baltimore Resolutions of 1840, at which time, on his own construction, hostility to human slavery was not *the* predominant sentiment of his heart. As both these gentlemen, however, are somewhat rash and ambitious players at the political board, we leave them to make their own ventures, and take their own chances. Time will determine which one of them shuffled his cards the best.

But, badinage aside, Mr. Senator Seward's doctrine of the "higher law than the Constitution," atrocious as it is, was but the expression of a speculative opinion, the enunciation of a theory. Mr. Van Buren goes beyond it, and directly counsels and advises *resistance*—open resistance, and by force, to the law. Speaking of what he said on a former occasion, he reiterates, after mature deliberation, the proposition:

> "And added, that as the law was unconstitutional, I should resist it with all the means I could command, if seized under it."

If seized under it, Mr. Van Buren would resist. Why? Because, he says, the law is unconstitutional. But this is a mere evasion. Suppose he admitted the law to be constitutional, does he mean to say, in that case, he

would not resist, *if seized under it?* Is it only upon the ground of the unconstitutionality of the law that he would resist, or does he not, in reality, place his resistance upon the assumption that the law is what he calls "an atrocious law?" And therefore, not only he, but all others, a mob as well as an individual—"friends of freedom," white and black, may set the public authorities at defiance, and resist with all the means they can command?" A more direct appeal to the worst passions of ignorant or wicked men, a more reckless incentive to mob outrage and violence, has rarely been made by any one who professes to regard and respect our constitutional compact. That the inference we have drawn from this language is true, who can doubt? Indeed, he reiterates and attempts to fortify his position:

"All writers upon law agree, that an unconstitutional act is no law; it is a nullity, and is to be treated as such, alike by citizens as by courts. But it is said that an individual has no right to judge whether a law is constitutional or not. This I deny. He should and must judge. He judges at his risk, to be punished, if he errs."

Therefore, mob outrage, violence, and even bloodshed, are not only to be justified, but even cheered and applauded, because this law is pronounced by Mr. Van Buren and the abolitionists, to be unconstitutional, in opposition to the expressed opinions of some of the ablest jurists on the bench of the federal courts; and mobs of blacks, and other "friends of freedom," are to be encouraged—and even, we presume, to have arms put in their hands; for they are "to resist by all the means they can command"—urged on to trample down the authorities of the law, and to rescue fugitive slaves, even over the dead bodies of their owners! These doctrines are monstrous, and appalling; but we are happy to say, we do not believe they are tolerated among any considerable portion of the people of the North. It is only the fanatics, the demagogues and the agitators, who dare publicly to avow them.

We dismiss the subject with a single other quotation from this harangue, which clearly defines the aims, the objects, and the hopes, of these disorganizers, and proves, if any proof is needed, that they have nothing in common with the Democratic Party.

"Having thus considered the present aspects of the slavery question, let us briefly consult as to the present duties of the friends of freedom. In my judgment, they ought to unite in uncompromising hostility to the present national administration."

Here we have it. The "friends of freedom," the abolitionists, the free-soilers, the Buffalo-platform men, the Seward Whigs, (without Mr. Seward, whom John thinks a supernumerary,) "ought to unite," and form a great northern, or abolitionist party. The uncompromising hostility is not so much to the "present national administration," as to the position which the present national administration is supposed to occupy on the compromise measures!

That the anti-slavery "union," of which Mr. John Van Buren speaks, is to be composed of the elements above mentioned—the abolitionists, the "higher law" disciples of Seward, and the "friends of freedom" whom John can persuade to follow him from the democratic ranks—"black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray"—is plainly evident from his own language. *The Democratic Party with us*, he says, *have already united*—and, of course, there is no necessity of any further "union" among them. The first fruits of this union, we are further told, is the election of seventeen democratic members to Congress—and, "whilst I have no authority to speak their sentiments on any subject, (unquestionably true,) yet, I think, I may safely affirm that *sixteen of them would, to-morrow, vote for a repeal of the fugitive slave act!*"

Stand forth, Messrs. HART, MURRAY, SUTHERLAND, SEYMOUR, and such others, of the New-York delegation, as are known to have repudiated Mr. Van Buren's Buffalo platform, and say which of you are willing to submit to the imputation. We think we know the characters and opinions of some of these gentlemen, at least sufficiently well to inform Mr. V. B.'s "friends of freedom" in the

Vermont Convention, that he was either grossly deceived himself, or was wilfully hoaxing them. Indeed, his assertion cannot be true, unless some one or more of his own free soil friends on the delegation, whose names we might mention, have wilfully belied, not only their professions before election, but their *written pledges.* No. The "first fruits of the union" are not the election of sixteen abolitionists to Congress. If it be, then we repudiate such an union, and, for one, we raise the cry of repeal!

But further criticism upon this incongruous harangue would be fruitless and an idle waste of words. In what we have said we have designed merely to show, (in certain quarters where, perhaps, an erroneous impression may have been produced,) that Mr. Van Buren speaks the sentiments of no portion, not even a fraction, of the Democratic Party; that the speech is but another of the author's vagaries, and that he alone is responsible for it.

Our object is thus accomplished. Our remarks are made in no feeling of unfriendliness to the speaker himself; we rather like John, and (not extravagantly) admire his speeches—or, rather, his *speech;* for we may remark of it, as the simple-minded layman did of the last and newest homily of his spiritual shepherd, "I always liked *that* sermon." He may, therefore, set us down certain as *not* one of the "three Union Hunkers," whom he thinks would kill him, if a law were passed authorizing such a summary proceeding. We would not kill him if we could, even with ink and types; for, were Thersites dead, who would so potently provoke the laughter (and cheers of the camp) or tickle the fancies of the "friends of human freedom?"

We have certainly no objection to Mr. Van Buren's making *that* speech "on his own hook," as Harry of the Wynde fought, wherever and whenever he may see fit so to do—and send as many Thersites-shafts at the Agamemnons and Achilles of both parties—Cass and Dickinson, and Marcy and Webster, as he pleases; but we do object to his speaking in the name of the New-York democracy, without having any "authority to speak their sentiments," and we wish to be distinctly understood as entering a protest thereto. We hereby duly advertise the public against him. We desire it, therefore, once for all to be understood, that when he goes abroad, itinerating through Vermont and elsewhere, he goes without any commission of ours in his pocket. Indeed, we are sorry to say, that when he represents himself as connected with the Democratic Party, he is trading on borrowed respectability. The ingenious rogue at Washington, who borrowed money by representing himself the near relation of Silas Wright, was, as a financier, what Mr. Van Buren is in a political way. We, of the "old line," feel mortified at the assumption, and scandalized that an individual of so equivocal a political character, should presume to claim even a distant relationship. It is all well enough at home, where we understand the joke, but we don't like the thing to go abroad among strangers. On this point we are sensitive, for we regard John, politically, as altogether a disreputable associate. He is, if you please, a poor relation, or every-day acquaintance, out of credit, out of pocket, and out at the elbows, who is constantly bringing his former associates into disgrace, by boasting among strangers of his intimacy with them, and their high respectability. Gentlemen of the Vermont Convention, he may be a distant connection—though *very* distant—of the Democratic Party, on which his "hopes rest," and for "reasons personal" to himself; but unless he patches up that old, threadbare political coat, and gives himself altogether a more decent exterior, and reforms some of his lately acquired bad habits, a decent regard to our own standing and character will render it necessary "to cut him," and assign him, without remorse, to the very bad associates whom he has, for the past few years, found to be such congenial company.

And now a word in conclusion. The sentiments advanced by Mr. Van Buren in this speech point directly to the subversion of the Constitution, and a violation of its compromises. If entertained by any controlling portion of the people of the free states the Union could not last for a day. With such sentiments the Democratic Party have no sympathy, and will hold no fellowship

with those who utter them. The true democratic creed upon this subject has been emphatically expressed in the resolutions adopted by the late State Convention of the democracy of New-Hampshire, and to which we call Mr. Van Buren's attention, and the attention of all such as are striving to abolitionize the North:

"That the 'Democratic' Party is the party of the Union—that it will ever remain true to the Union, in whole and in part—that the recent 'adjustment' of the great question of the day is the best for the peace and honor of the country—that the Convention coincides with the sentiments of the Governor's Message respecting the 'Compromise measures'—that unconditional obedience to the law is the constitutional duty of every good citizen, and the cause of national distinction and prosperity."

This is the language of reason, of soberness, and of patriotism. It is directly the reverse of the doctrines of "resistance" and the "higher law," taught by Mr. Van Buren to the Vermont abolitionists—doctrines, which the Democratic Party, North and South, repudiate, and which it will ever continue, we trust, to abhor and detest.

SENATOR R. M. T. HUNTER, OF VA.

The recent slavery agitation, if it has been fraught with great evils, has not been without its advantages, inasmuch as that it has brought into prominent relief the great statesmen of the country as distinguished from the mere demagogues. It is the moment of national danger, when evils of great magnitude threaten the permanency of our institutions, jeopardize the very principle of self-government, and even threaten the liberties of the people, by precipitating that state of anarchy which gives the citizen and the Christian no choice but between military despotism on the one hand, and retrogression towards barbarism on the other, that "tries men's souls." In a season of quiet and peaceful progression, it is difficult to detect true merit amidst the clamorous profession of patriotism and piety which the demagogue finds a "good hand to win on," but which seeks only the aggrandizement of the individuals who would as readily cringe before the footstool of an autocrat as bow to the majesty of the people, when the latter cause offers least personal profit. The first French revolution affords the most marked examples of those who were ranked amongst the most radical democrats, but who became the most subservient tools of the great soldier whose empire they prepared by the anarchy they had helped to create. What more unscrupulous agent had the emperor than Fouché?—the old Jacobin, whose exertions in favor of the emancipation of the blacks of St. Domingo first gave him importance at the clubs. The zeal with which he prosecuted the awful massacre at Lyons, where he rioted in blood, gave him ascendancy with the party in power, which he betrayed when the occasion suited, only to become a spy in the service of the reactionary party, and ultimately the tool of Napoleon, whom he betrayed in his turn to Wellington. Alison describes this man thus:—

"An old member of the Jacobin club, and thoroughly acquainted with all their designs; steeped in the atrocities of Lyons; a regicide and an atheist; bound

neither by affection nor principle to their cause, and *seeking only in the shipwreck of parties to make his own fortune*, he was eminently qualified to act as a spy upon his former friends. He perceived at this critical juncture that the ascendant of the revolutionists was on the wane, and having raised himself to eminence by their passions, he now resolved to attach himself to that conservative party who were striving to reconstruct the elements of society, and establish regular authority by their subversion."

The reader can readily put his finger on many men among us, to whom this description applies as accurately as to Fouché. If we substitute New England abolition societies for the Jacobin clubs, we see many men, now getting into notice, as *amis du noirs*, who, if disunion, civil war, bloodshed and anarchy are to afflict the Union, will run the same course as did Fouché, ending by betraying, for gold, some military despot, to whose power they will cringe, after having sold to him their country. It is a mistake to suppose that those horrors are of a past age, and cannot be renewed. No man who looks around him, and sees the bad passions which, by the malign agency of such men as Messrs. Seward and Van Buren, have been excited in men's minds, can doubt the possibility of strife; and, a blow once struck, will be the signal for a train of horrors, for which even the French Revolution can afford no parallel. Three millions of raging blacks, guided and officered by such monsters as now urge them to strife and supply them with arms, and lured by the wealth of northern cities, loom up in the horizon as a terrible tragedy, to which the experience of St. Domingo is but a prelude. The men who now agitate the North are those who coolly contemplate the probabilities of such a state of affairs, and of their position in relation to it. Whether our free Union sinks in anarchy and strife, amid the jeers of foreign despots, only to rise in blood-stained fragments under barbarous chiefs, whose occupation is war and whose will is law, or whether it retains its place among the nations of the earth, leading the march of popular progress, followed by all nations and species of men, is matter of indifference to the brawling demagogues, if they can have no share in the control of affairs. These men have betrayed their colors, but the agitation they have created has brought out the pure patriots and true statesmen. These, like Douglas at Chicago, Webster in Boston, Dickinson in New-York, Cass in Michigan, Buchanan in Pennsylvania, Foote in Mississippi, Cobb in Georgia, Downs and Soulé in Louisiana, and a host of other great men, rallied for the Union, and although, for the moment, they may be borne down by the storm which sweeps by, they have the benefit of the returning reason of the people, whose veneration, love, and respect will cling to them, as to the good and great, long after contempt for the foiled demagogues shall have subsided into forgetfulness. Senator Hunter, of Virginia, stands prominently among those gentlemen who have so nobly distinguished themselves for that nationality of character which comprehensively grasps the future and the present—which divests itself of local and sectional prejudices—sees, in a prosperous whole, the true welfare of all the parts—comprehends the position which the country holds among the nations of the earth—feels an American pride in the lead it assumes—and justly estimates the true means of enlarging and promoting its influence, with the view not only to the permanence of our institutions, but for the proportionate improvement of each section of the Union, and the advancement of every race of men within its expansive borders.

It is, therefore, matter of congratulation, that a large body of our most patriotic citizens have sought to express the estimation in which they hold his services, as in the following correspondence:

City of New-York, 10th May, 1851.

Hon. R. M. T. Hunter,
Chairman Finance Committee,
Senate United States.

Dear Sir,—We, your fellow-citizens of New-York, feeling a lively sense of your active intelligence and unsectional spirit as Chairman of the Committee of Finance, and particularly as regards your liberal advocacy of the establishment of a branch mint in our city, so important to the financial and commercial interests of the country at large, trust that you will allow us to express our sentiments to you more freely in person, by uniting with us in a social dinner in our city, on the 26th June, or at such other time as you may prefer.

With a high appreciation of your abilities as a statesman, and your qualities as a man, we shall anxiously await your coming.

A C Kingsland
W F Havemeyer
Brown Bros. & Co.
Isaac Townsend
Howland & Aspinwall
J D P Ogden
T Tileston
Reuben Withers
Alex T Stewart & Co.
Boonen, Graves & Co.
Peter Cooper
Francis Griffin
Henry Nicoll
F S Lathrop
Moses Taylor
Alsop & Chauncey
Mortimer Livingston
James Brooks
Goodhue & Co.
E K Collins
C W Lawrence
Phelps, Dodge & Co.
August Belmont
Boorman, Johnston & Co.
W S Wetmore
Fred G Foster
Jno S Gilbert
Benj F Camp
M C Story
S L H Ward
Jonas F Conklin
Thos Jeremiah
F & D Fowler
F Morris
Jacob F Oakley
A Vanderpool
James Kelley
James D Bard
Daniel Dodge
Rob't T Hawes
J H Cook
Carpenter & Vermilyea
Geo W McLain
W Mead
Aymar & Co.
R C Wetmore & Co.
N L & Geo Griswold & Co.
J S Coddington
George Law
Jacob Little & Co.
E B Hart
George Briggs
Pells & Co.
C A Secor & Co.
R H Morris
Drew, Robinson & Co
Beebe & Co
P R Van Rensselaer
Hugh Maxwell
Charles G Carleton
Sam'l E Sprouls
Seaman & Peck
George Barclay
Henry Coit
R Suydam
A H Ward
Wm Smith & Son
J Phillips Phœnix
M O Roberts
Edwin Croswell
S Jaudon
Westervelt & Mackey
G A Conover
Jos Gutman
Oscar W Sturtevant
William Tilden
S D Dakin
W V Brady
Dennis Mullins
Jay Jervis
Ezra Smith
Jos Britton
Patrick Kelly
Jedediah Miller
W A Dooley
John Van Buren
Thos J Bayaud
Wm Brugiere
W B Maclay
D. Leavitt
G A Worth
Caleb O Halsted
B R Winthrop
Thos Addis Emmet
Jas Van Nostrand
J H Brower
Shepherd Knapp
C W A Rodgers
Andrew Mills
N C Ely
Amos F Hatfield
J Campbell Jr
T A Palmer
Horace Waldo
Joshua L Henry
Robert Kelly
Wadsworth & Sheldon
M Morgan
C L Coles
Thos C Fields
E M Brown
Smith & Dimond
Freeman Hitcox
Stillman, Allen & Co.
Isaac V Fowler
Ward & Co.
Daniel D Westervelt
J R Whiting
Joseph Cornell
Wesley Smith
J L Everitt
George Curtis
C P Van Ness
Edmund Driggs
Warren Chapman
Geo H Franklin
L S Jones & Co.
Henry Shaw
James Lee & Co.
Gilbert & Johnson
Therion, Maitlan & Co.
J Stanley Milford & Co.

B H Lurdam
A W Craven
E Ludlow
John J Cisco
Sam'l De La Mater
Jno Falconer
Jno Greacen Jr
A J Bergen
Daniel E Sickles
T W Blatchford
Henry L Pierson
Richard Warren
W F Schmidt
Weeks, Kelly & Co.
Clark & Coleman
R Diedericks
J Henry Bates
J M McLean
Asa Eldridge
Edward Griffin
Isaac Randolph
Wright Hawkes
Edward Strahan
P V Duflow
Henry Stanton
Emanuel Burckley
D Moran
J T Vanderhoff
Rob't Bayard
Fred E Gilbert
Sam'l G Cornell & Co.
Schmidt & Balchen
Jos Greenleaf
Jas Monroe
Jno L O'Sullivan
Wm Judson
Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Edson
W W Woodworth
C C Roumage
A L Montant
Chauncey D Hurd
Wm J Campbell
James E Kelly
E W Clark, Dodge & Co.

LOYDS, ESSEX Co., Va., May 28, 1851.

Gentlemen—I had the honor to receive by the last mail a letter of invitation to a dinner tendered to me by yourselves and others, on the 26th of next June. No personal compliment could be more acceptable to me, than the honor you have offered me, upon such considerations as you were pleased to assign, in your letter of invitation. I should be especially gratified to believe that I had contributed, in any degree, to promote the great interests of the country, and I regret to be constrained to say, that the estimate you have placed upon my poor services is greater than they deserve.

If I supposed it to be necessary, in order to testify my grateful sense of your kindness, I would lay aside almost any occupation to meet you when you propose; but as I believe you will give me full credit for sincerity in my grateful acknowledgments, and as I have pressing engagements at home, I am constrained to beg most respectfully to be excused from attending the dinner to which you have invited me. I feel the more free to do this, because the loss will be mine, not yours. It would have given me the greatest pleasure to have availed myself of such an opportunity to extend my personal acquaintance in your city, and to study, from actual observation, the operation of the machinery of commerce in the great emporium of American trade. Whatever is connected with the marvels of your progress hitherto, and whatever concerns the future developement of your great commercial resources, are matters of deep interest to me. You do me no more than justice in attributing to me a desire to promote, as far as I can, the prosperity of all the great interests of the country. I believe if you touch one, you affect them all, and that all are concerned in the prosperity of each. Especially do I hold it to be a matter of duty, as it ought to be of pride with the American States, to afford New-York all proper facilities to win the place which she is probably destined to hold as the great centre of the commerce of the world. It is, perhaps, not extravagant to say, that the tendencies of nations are changing, and their contests are destined hereafter to consist more in the rivalries of the arts, than in opposition of arms. Certainly there has been no period in human history, when commercial affairs occupied so large a portion of the attention of mankind, and none in which commercial men played so important and prominent a part. Great Britain, with that shrewdness of interest which characterizes her conduct towards other nations, seems to have given early evidence of her sense o f the change which was taking place in the Theatre of human rivalry and strife. She is preparing, if not already prepared, for the conflict. She has thrown down the glove in open and manly defiance to the rest of the world, and challenged the nations of the earth to a contest for the empire of trade, and the supremacy of the seas. To all appearance, never were fairer terms of combat proposed; she has laid aside the whole panoply of her defensive armor, and stripped her productive interests of everything which they have hitherto worn, by way of defence or protection. She has provided her manufacturer with cheap material upon which to operate, and cheap food to consume; she has given her ship owner cheap timber with which to build; and in opposition even to some of the oldest usages of her colonial policy, has relieved the producer from the pressure of heavy taxation, whenever it was practicable to do so. She has shown, too, the utmost skill and anxiety in making the machinery of her commerce work smoothly and easily. If a screw was loose it has been adjusted; if a spring gave evidence of a loss of elasticity from undue pressure, the burthen, if possible, was diminished or removed; and, having done all this, she has thrown down the walls which were built to guard her commerce, and invited the

rest of the world to participate in the struggle for its prize. The challenge which has thus been given will, as I trust, be accepted; and I suppose I may say, without having imputed to me an undue share of national vanity, that if any body is able to take up John Bull's glove, in such a contest as this, it is his Brother Jonathan. Nor do I disparage the just claim of other cities, when I say, that in this conflict we must look to New-York for the lead. She herself is already giving evidence that she accepts her destiny, and is preparing for the conflict. Her lines of magnificent steamers, if they do not girdle the earth, at least spangle the ocean in more directions than one; her commercial enterprise and ambition are world-wide in their extent. In such an undertaking as this, may all good omens attend, and all success reward her. In such a struggle, she has a right to expect the aid of every American legislator. She may justly demand all proper facilities for commerce, the whole machinery of trade, a mint within her limits, a warehousing system adjusted to her wants, and whatever legislation may be necessary to enable her to maintain a free commercial competition with the rest of the world. If human ambition should take this new direction, or rather take this old direction, with increased zeal, the world may well rejoice, for these are contests in which mankind is benefited, no matter who may win. To us, such a rivalry may bring a double blessing, for its triumphs may not only give us rich rewards abroad, but lead to harmony at home. If American ambition and energy can find full occupation abroad, it may fairly be hoped that the fires of sectional strife will burn less fiercely at home. The development of moral and physical resources which such an occupation must give, and the progress of truth, would perhaps remove some of the old antagonisms, and discover new harmonies in our system. The very creation of such a commercial emporium as your city must then become, would be eminently conservative of peace abroad, and harmony at home; for all its vast interests would be staked to some extent on the peace of the world, and wholly upon concord at home. With these views, gentlemen, you may well suppose, that I feel a deep interest in the prosperity of your city, and an earnest desire to promote its growth as far as I can. To understand the wants of your commerce, I hold to be one of the proper cares of the American statesman; for around that centre revolve to a great extent the commercial interests of our Union. But my letter has grown with the theme, until I have become tedious, and I conclude with assurances of my high respect and profound gratitude to those who have honored me with so public a mark of their approbation.

Very Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
R. M. T. HUNTER.

To Messrs. A. C. Kingsland,
W. F. Havemeyer,
Brown Brothers & Co.,
Isaac Townsend,
Howland & Aspinwall,
J. D. P. Ogden,
T. Tileston,
Reuben Withers,
A. T. Stewart & Co.,
Boonen, Graves & Co.,
Peter Cooper,
Francis Griffin,
Henry Nicoll,
F. S. Lathrop,
Moses Taylor,
Alsop & Chauncey,
Mortimer Livingston,
James Brooks,
Goodhue & Co.,
C. W. Lawrence,

To Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co.,
August Belmont,
Boorman, Johnston & Co.,
W. S. Wetmore,
Aymar & Co.,
R. C. Wetmore & Co.,
N. L. & G. Grswold & Co.,
J. I. Coddington,
George Law,
Jacob Little & Co.,
E. B. Hart,
George Briggs,
Pells & Co.,
C. A. Secor & Co.,
R. H. Morris,
Drew, Robinson & Co.,
Bebee & Co.,
P. R. Van Rensselaer,
E. K. Collins, and others.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

MONEY continues to be very abundant in New-York, as well as in most cities of the Atlantic, and is loaned freely at 4 a 5½ per cent. The amount of money in bank continues to accumulate, notwithstanding that circumstances continue to influence a large exportation of gold, which, however, flows back again from the ports of Europe into the pockets of immigrants. The exports of coin from this port from April 5th to June 21st inclusive, were as follows:

EXPORTS OF GOLD FROM THE PORT OF NEW-YORK, APRIL 5TH TO JUNE 21ST.

	Europe.	England.	West Indies.	Total.
United States gold	2,251,837	6,381,559	564,668	9,198,063
" " dust	1,986	7,000	—	8,986
" " silver	1,428,000	597,280	38,000	2,063,280
Mexican coin	229,195	350,000	43,450	622,645
Foreign silver	569,627	82,832	22,000	674,459
" gold	202,795	52,530	30,608	285,933
Doubloons	—	—	541,288	541,288
Total	$4,683,440	$7,471,201	$1,240,014	$13,394,679

The shipment of the new gold coins forms the most material feature, but the mint continues to supply considerable sums, as follows:

COINAGE AT NEW-ORLEANS AND PHILADELPHIA.

	April.		May.		
	New-Orleans.	Philadelphia.	New-Orleans.	Philadelphia.	Total.
20	105,000	2,354,880	995,000	1,734,940	5,189,820
10	261,000	211,790	135,000	266,950	878,740
5	20,000	—	—	215,000	235,000
2½	120,000	222,270	70,000	561,690	973,960
1	80,000	387,118	—	422,682	893,800
Gold	500,000	3,176,058	1,200,000	3,201,262	8,171,320
Silver	18,000	2,400	37,000	None.	57,400

The total coinage for the five months is $20,367,018, against $9,067,632 in the same months last year. But the New-Orleans mint continues to supply much larger sums. The arrivals of specie there are $7,321,000, against $3,131,000 same period last year, and the coinage has reached nearly $5,000,000.

It is necessarily the case, that as the channels of circulation have become filled with gold and silver coins, in addition to the large supplies of bank paper which are coming upon the market, the surplus coins will flow off to other countries, as cotton and tobacco, with other products, which are produced in excess of the home demand for consumption. This is the case with the precious metals to a greater degree than other products of industry, because, comparatively, they are not consumable. It is true, that the channels of circulation, by a proper exercise of the coining power, can be made to hold a much larger quantity when the pieces struck are adapted to the wants of business. To do this, however, mints at the proper places are requisite.

The extraordinary flow of the precious metals to Europe produced the

following change in the quantities held by the banks of the three cities, reduced to dollars:

SPECIE IN BANK VAULTS IN NEW-YORK, PARIS, AND LONDON.

	New-York.	London.	Paris.	Total.
December 25, 1848	$7,920,230	$73,143,717	$46,588,339	$127,652,286
December 25, 1849	10,565,270	81,984,000	83,848,000	176,897,270
December 25, 1850	12,617,000	73,324,216	93,003,470	178,944,686
April 8, 1851	11,505,000	67,218,215	107,321,322	186,044,537
June 16, 1851	11,385,000	67,760,000	108,126,230	187,271,330

At the latest dates there were signs of a reflux of coin to England; a considerable remittance of gold had been received, and the coffers of the French bank, fortified against political casualties, began to overflow. It has drawn from the commerce of the world in three years sixty millions of dollars—more than California has supplied in that time—and it has got enough. The California supplies will continue, and the chances are, that gold will figure as high among the exports of domestic produce as cotton. It is to be remarked, that for the gold which leaves the country we get goods.

The coinage of gold at Philadelphia, with the arrivals at New-Orleans for this year, compare in the aggregate with the exports from New-York, thus:

	1850.	1851.	Increase.
Coined at Philadelphia	$9,067,682	$20,367,008	$11,309,376
Arrived at New-Orleans	3,134,062	7,275,919	4,141,857
Total	$12,201,694	$27,642,927	$15,451,233
Export from New-York	1,573,176	12,631,148	11,057,972

Thus, even the apparent supply exceeds the exports; but the quantity which comes back from Europe is equal fully to one-half the export. The arrival of immigrants at New-York from January to June, is a little more than 100,000, and specie-brokers estimate, that they bring on an average $150 per head, which would give fifteen millions of dollars. One-third that amount will be 50 per ct. of the exports. The demand for specie to go abroad arose from visits to the "World's Fair." Shipments to sell abroad at a premium to emigrants to this country, disturbed state of continental currencies by government action, and the discredit of cotton bills by reason of late failures—all these circumstances have aided to increase the demand for coins for remittance at a time when the importations have been large.

The imports at the port of New-York for the first five months of the present year, as compared with the aggregates of the same period last year, were as follows:

IMPORTS AT THE PORT OF NEW-YORK FOR FIVE MONTHS.

	Specie.	Free.	Dry Goods.	Dutiable.	Total.
January	188,694	937,650	8,707,883	5,024,841	17,359,108
February	164,031	1,208,036	8,110,140	1,331,867	19,864,075
March	270,505	982,530	5,171,304	5,479,838	11,904,177
April	521,665	555,386	3,671,348	4,874,836	9,623,235
May	111,443	785,326	2,135,097	6,807,614	9,839,480
Total, '51	$1,257,338	$4,458,928	$27,795,772	$23,518,996	$59,520,015
" '50	5,901,979	4,944,311	24,528,282	26,589.580	61,964,142
" '49	1,986,595	4,481,478	17,464,447	18,143,305	42,075,825

The specie imports were in some degree mixed with the California receipts in 1849 and 1850, so that the figures do not represent the just movement of the foreign trade. The free goods have not varied materially from that of 1849, but are 10 per cent. less than last year, as are also all dutiable goods, with the exception of dry goods, which have been larger apparently; but owing to the fact, that in many cases they have been sold at a great sacrifice, it is probable that the losses on the goods consigned will reduce the aggregate sum to be paid abroad to an amount not higher than the import value of last year. Since the month of May the quantities of dry goods arriving has been less, as compared with last year, and the chances are, that the imports for the fall will be circumscribed. It is undoubtedly the case, that as far as these goods have been sold to the country the payments have been prompt, but at such rates as afford little encouragement for a continuance of the imports. It would seem to be the case in relation to Ohio particularly, that although the debts from that region have been pretty well paid up, it has been through the agency of bank loans, which are traveling to an inordinate extent. They are as follows, distinguishing the three kinds of banks:

OHIO BANK LOANS.

	Old Banks.	State.	Independent.	Loans.	Total Capital.
February, 1850	$3,796,454	$10,364,377	$2,145,038	$16,305,879	$7,272,840
August, "	3,556,602	9,885,881	2,157,557	15,600,040	7,425,171
November, "	3,829,112	10,881,433	2,349,048	17,059,593	7,489,009
May, 1851	4,449,521	11,994,120	2,710,724	19,154,366	7,628,626

The loans of these banks since August last have increased $3,500,000, while the capital has only increased at all, and the aggregate of loans is nearly three times the capital. The proportion of loans to capital in Indiana, Ohio, New-York and Massachusetts, is as follows:

	Ohio.	Indiana.	New-York.	Massachusetts.
Loans	$19,154,366	$4,124,886	$39,675,163	$27,954,063
Capital	7,628,626	2,082,050	16,999,727	16,064,050

The loans of the Ohio Banks are twice and a half the capital—a higher proportion than is reached in any other state—and this range of discounts are increasing, while the value of the produce of that region is low in this market, under extraordinary competition of that of other states. It would seem to be the case, that unless produce is sent forward to sell, less and adequate prices are not reached, that the drafts drawn against produce are met by accommodation discounts at the Ohio banks—a state of affairs which must speedily burst in ruins. The exports of produce from the United States at prices now ruling, will no doubt be very large. The export of flour from the United States to Great Britain has been over one million of barrels, against one-third that quantity in the same period last year; and now, when under the considerable supplies which pour down from the canals, prices have sunk below four dollars, with rising prices, and abundant steady freights, there remains no room to doubt of a very large export up to the new year; and while the supplies on the sea-board may be diminished by the small remuneration they receive, the stock here will be depleted by shipments; thus raising the price, by burning the candle at both ends.

The exports of farm produce promise well for the coming year; and in order to form a guide to the prices in England, we have compiled a weekly table, from official sources, of the imports into Great Britain, and the average prices for three years, as follows:

IMPORTS AND PRICES OF WHEAT IN ENGLAND.

		Imports.		Average prices per quarter.		
	Week.	1850.	1851.	1849.	1850.	1851.
January	4	31,709	99,306	47*s.* 9*d.*	39*s.* 5*d.*	39*s.* 5*d.*
"	11	47,518	75,967	47 0	39 6	39 1
"	18	31,973	60,732	46 5	39 10	38 9
"	25	35,261	60,800	46 5	40 0	38 5
February	1	38,515	82,873	45 7	40 2	38 2
"	8	29.961	61.738	45 5	40 0	38 0
"	15	16,783	54,635	45 8	39 8	37 11
"	22	13,220	68.521	45 10	39 1	37 9
March	1	21,321	53.042	45 10	38 8	37 7
"	8	46 697	51,058	45 10	38 5	37 5
"	15	33,742	106,559	45 10	38 3	37 3
"	22	31,460	111,240	45 8	38 1	37 2
"	29	40,540	71,105	45 2	38 1	37 3
April	5	53,333	78,105	44 10	38 1	37 5
"	12	63,334	51,730	44 8	38 1	37 9
"	19	81,851	67,346	44 6	38 0	38 3
"	23	49,840	68,825	44 8	37 10	38 7
"	30	53,983	56,865	45 0	37 8	38 9
May	7	58.986	76,646	45 2	37 9	38 11
"	14	40,937	107,863	43 3	38 0	38 10
"	21	64,558	75,407	45 3	38 4	38 10
"	28	67,863	51,514	45 4	38 9	38 9
		953,434	1,591,876			

From January 18 to March 22, the averages fell from 38·9 to 37·2—that is to say, in nine weeks to 19d. per quarter; and they recovered that fall in the subsequent six weeks. At the close of April, after an importation of 1,280,446 qrs. against 721,090 qrs. in the same period of the previous year, the averages stood 11d. per quarter higher, and are in an ascending state. The importations of wheat into England arise from the great abundance in France, and the accounts now from that country are of great damage to the growing crop, and consequently of advancing prices. Although England has received large quantities from France, those from the United States also have been very large in the last few years—more particularly in the first quarter of the present; and this last period may very properly be regarded as not only the turning point for agricultural prices in the west of Europe, but also of manufactured goods—resulting from the influence of the revolutions of 1848. In that year there was a universal disposition to get rid of goods, and to stop production. That was the first impulse of the pendulum, and in the following year great activity manifested the opposite oscillation. Continental goods had been pushed into every region of navigable seas at lower rates, and the stocks thus put off in a year of activity left a scarcity when political quiet allowed a renewal of the trade; and in 1849-'50, the production has been so great as to glut the markets of the world with both British and American goods, and none in a greater degree than the United

States. The losses sustained have been very great; and once more diminished production marks the opposite oscillation. The surplus goods of Europe have been poured upon us, under a so-called low tariff, in unprecedented abundance; and the re-action has taken place without having in any degree produced financial distress. The steady currency of the country under the admirable independent treasury system has carried it safely through the dangerous crisis consequent upon the over-production of goods attending the re-action from the European revolutions, and our market for the export of breadstuffs has been maintained in the face of the low prices consequent upon the re-action of the famine prices. The exports of breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain have been from September 1 to June 18—in four years—as follow:

	Corn, bush.	Meal, bbls.	Wheat, bush.	Flour, bbls.
1848	2,056,053	83,471	215,139	155,224
1849	6,751,514	61,034	956,419	726,979
1850	4,316,145	5,702	430,329	307,867
1851	1,567,096	4,277	944,176	1,018,672

It will be observed that, although the prices in England have this year been lower, yet the quantities sent thither have very much increased—that is to say, the English average price of wheat has been, since January this year, 37s. 10d.; last year it was 39s., or 1s. 10d. higher; yet the United States has sent thither 5,500,000 bushels wheat against only 1,800,000 last year at the higher price. If now, with ample means of transportation, the prices in western Europe have been at their *minimum*, the future promises very large markets for the produce of our farmers.

And the English dates, down to the middle of June, produced very active shipments of breadstuffs from New-York, with advancing freights. The returns of the shipments of gold, breadstuffs and cotton, of which the price, after a considerable fall, shows signs of again rising, will continue to act favorably upon the government finances.

When the subject of the government finances is under discussion, it is useful to recur frequently to the views and facts furnished by those who have been in charge of that department, in order the more readily to distinguish between the designs of party and the enunciation of logical deductions from the operation of sound principles. Thus the party which succeeded the brilliant administration of Mr. Polk attempted undisguisedly to swell the expenditures of the government in every possible way, in order to afford a pretext for exacting more taxes from the labor of the country, thus enhancing the patronage of the government, not only through the expenditure, but by means of the interests which shared with the government the tribute exacted from labor. That is to say, if the usual estimate is correct, that 10 per cent. of all the goods consumed in the country are imported, and that the price of all is raised to the consumer for the protection of the manufacturers in the proportion of the tariff, then for every dollar of customs which the government receives, the manufacturing interests which it protects receive $9 from the consumers. Hence the $40,000,000, which the government drew from customs in 1850, was the means of taking from labor $360,000,000 to swell the profits of capital; and the result of such injustice is manifest in England, where, after 150 years of protection, the pauper

condition of the laboring millions affords so awful a contrast to the vast wealth of the few, as to extort a cry of horror from those who, on occasion of the World's Fair, visited England for the first time. Most truly did Mr. Walker, in his report for 1848, state, (page 7)—"The adoption of high tariffs is a war upon labor," recognizing the true principles of national prosperity. He stated, (page 3:)

"This statement shows a balance in the treasury on the 30th June, 1849, of $2,853,694; and *a balance in the treasury on the 30th June*, 1850, of $5,040,-542."

In the following year came Mr. Meredith, with his large expenditures and projected loans; and in his report for 1849 he states, (page 6:)

"It will be observed that there is *estimated a deficit* on the 1st July next of $6,828,121, and on the 1st July, 1851, of $10,547,092—making, in the whole, an estimated deficit of $16,375,214 to be provided for, arising from the expenses of the war and treaty with Mexico."

Last year came Mr. Corwin, with his schemes and queries. He informs us that the balance in the treasury, July, 1850, was $6,604,544, falsifying Mr. Walker, and showing a difference of over twelve millions from Mr. Meredith's estimate. He estimates the customs duties for the year 1851 at $45,000,000, and the money on hand July 1, 1851, at $458,996. We now come to the actual customs for the eleven months of the year elapsed, and the amount of money on hand, as follows:

UNITED STATES REVENUES FROM JULY TO MAY, INCLUSIVE, AND CASH BALANCE.

July to June.	Customs.	Cash in treasury.
1850	$36,618,490	$8,989,382
1851	44,349,063	14,259,274
Increase	7,730,573	5,269,892

This is an average amount of customs equal to $4,400,000 per month, a continuance of which for June would give nearly $49,000,000 as the customs revenue for the year, leaving a large balance in the treasury, and enabling the Secretary to issue his notice for paying off on the 9th August next the five per cent. stock of 1846, which was issued in payment of the four and five instalments of the old Mexican claims, due in April, 1844. The amount is $303,573. Thus, instead of a loan of $16,000,000 to meet a deficient revenue, the old loans are paid off as they fall due to the extent—including the Mexican indemnity and claims, and that payable in August—of nearly $7,000,000, leaving a large balance in the treasury. This is a result that must "puzzle that Philadelphia lawyer."

It is a little remarkable that men who are so shrewd about selling out their own claims upon the treasury at good round sums, making such good bargains *out* of the treasury, should be so very blundering about making bargains *for* the treasury. Our friend, Mr. Corwin, estimated (page 21) that the California mines would yield fifty millions per annum, and that out of that we might be able to export annually from ten to fifteen millions, which, added to one hundred

and fifty-two millions of other products—which he assumed as the maximum export—would make one hundred and sixty-five millions. He then says:

"If the present rate of duties be applied to that amount, we should receive from the customs only $37,950,000, and the amount of revenue required for the present and succeeding years, would fall short of the estimates for the current year by a fraction over seven millions."

He does not quite ask for a new loan, but wants to increase the taxes so as to make consumers of goods pay more into the treasury for the benefit of Galphin claims, and also into the pockets of the corporate millionaires.

If the California mines yield fifty millions per annum, why may it not all be exported after the channels of circulation are full? After we have got enough to circulate, the remainder has no value, except in the exchange for consumable articles—unless Mr. Corwin wants to pave the streets with it.

The imports for the present year of dutiable goods will be very nearly two hundred millions, and the rates of exchange show, independent of collateral and anomalous causes, no adverse balance; that is to say, they remain very nearly the actual par, and money rather increases in abundance at all the commercial centres.

In a country like ours, of great natural wealth, generally distributed among an enterprising people, a great deal of money may be extracted from them by high rates of taxation; but those rates of taxation will depress the general trade, and make the products of industry less productive, while they enhance the proportion of wealth which the protected capital draws from the producing many. In extracting a revenue from consumers through the agency of indirect taxes, the object should be to raise it from as large an amount of trade as possible. Thus we may compare the year 1831, or "twenty years ago," with the official returns for 1850, and the estimates for 1851:—

	Domestic exports.	Dutiable imports.	Duties.	Duties per ct.
1831	$61,277,057	$89,734,499	$36,596,118	40⅞
1850	136,946,912	155,427,936	39,668,686	25½
1851	170,000,000	192,000,000	48,000,000	25

The export value is that of the invoices cleared at the custom-house here; the import value is that of the foreign cost. Now 36,000,000 of dollars extracted in 1831 from 12,000,000 of souls, who sold only $61,000,000 of produce, was a far heavier burden than $39,000,000 extracted from 23,000,000 of souls, who sold $137,000,000 in 1850: that is to say, in 1830 the exports of the country were $5 per head, and the tax $3 per head—difference $2. In 1850 the exports were $6 per head, and the tax $ 1 75—difference in favor of producer, $4 25. But this is a small part of the matter. If the duty imposed for the protection of manufacturers has the effect they desire, and compels the consumers to pay as much more for the home articles as the amount of the duty imposed upon the competing foreign one, and the proportion of these latter is admitted to be one-third of the whole consumption, although the census of 1840 should be only one-fifth, then the tribute paid by productive industry to manufacturing capital amounted in that year to $73,192,236. The account stands, then, thus—1831:

	Amount.	Rate duties, per cent.	Amount paid by consumers.
Imports	$89,734,499	40⅔	$36,596.118
Home goods	179,468,998	40⅔	73,192,236
Total	$269,203,497		$109,788,354

Now the tribute to manufacturers and the tax of the government amount to $109,788,354. The rate of duty was then reduced to 25 per cent., and the imports have doubled. The account, then, stands thus—1851:

		Duty, rate.	Amount.
Imports	$192.000,000	25	$48,000,000
Home goods	200,000,000	25	50,000,000
Total	$392,000,000		$98,000,000

Thus the government gets *twelve millions more* money, and the people pay nearly *twelve millions less*, at the same time they export *three times* as much produce. If the profit on sixty-one millions exports is estimated at twelve millions, that on one hundred and seventy millions may be put at thirty-five millions. Thus they make twenty-three millions more profit, and pay twelve millions less tribute—making thirty-five millions—while the government gets twelve millions more revenue. It is thus that comparative freedom of trade counteracts that tendency of capital to accumulate in a few hands at the expense of the many, which, during 150 years of protection in England, produced that state of things that strikes the stranger with horror when he visits their cities for the first time: Under a diminished tariff, the disparity in the prices between foreign and home productions is less, and the tribute thus levied by law upon consumers for the benefit of capital is less. The profits of agricultural producers by means of larger sales are greater, and the expense of encouraging manufactures is less; consequently, labor retains to itself a larger portion of what it has itself produced. Capital complains because it accumulates less rapidly; but the silent prosperity of the many manifests itself in general content. The financial evils attributed to the operation of low tariffs, belong exclusively to the credit system, operated upon by high tariffs. The high tariffs of 1828, by checking importations, produced an unnatural state of the exchanges, on which the bank-paper system expanded rapidly under the spur of the political struggles of the late national bank, causing prices to rise on a paper basis, encouraging imports, and discouraging exports. This cannot now happen. The admirable independent treasury system preserves that specie test of prices which neither permits of an unnatural elevation in the value of imported goods, nor prevents an excess of produce from finding such a level as stimulates exports until the surplus is sold.

GOSSIP BY DUDLEY PERKINS, LL.D.

William Howitt is a pleasant book-maker. Without any originality, depth of idea, or other prominent or peculiar feature, he is a racy collector and arranger; a well-stored gossip, a rather industrious reader, an admirable road-side talker, with a manner comprehensive, flowing, hearty, sometimes rich in illustration, and always genially egotistic. Leigh Hunt has a happy vein of egotism—Howitt's, while it is less happy, is more self-important. The latter says things more with Quaker strength than epicurean polish; while Lamartine's egotism is equally polished and obtrusive.

In the same respect as Mr. Gilfillan is a literary portrait painter, Mr. Howitt is a literary landscape gardener—in some instances a landscape *painter*. And he *does* paint a landscape in words—its clustering foliage, rich and heavy, when the summer is gliding into autumn; its genial sky tinged with a warm glow, like a half conscious beauty in the presence of her admirer; the brown hills floating in a sultry purple vapor, like rich grapes in a cup of wine; or Wordsworth's matter-of-fact surrounded with Coleridge's thoughts. The streamlet in the foreground whimpering along the edges, and laughing over the stones and pebbles like youngsters gamboling at leap-frog—and the distant homestead, with shining gable in judicious relief, and the blue smoke melting off into the limber ash trees and sheltering elms behind—such a landscape can he paint with almost the richness of color and condensed variety of a Wilson, while his farm-yard, and country lads and lasses, with their yellow hair, laughing eyes, and rosy cheeks, remind one of Gainsborough and Morland. After he has presented you with the *tout ensemble* of his landscape, he takes you through every green lane, through his every favorite copse, down by the hedge side, and up the mountain, to tell you of the primrose, and the sweet briar, and the woodbine, and the forget-me-not, and blue bells, or the honeysuckle, blue campanula, white convolvulus, or the orange berries of the mountain ash. He brings you to listen to the first coo of the ring-dove in March, or the flying twitter of the swallow in August—to look at the tawny-breasted king-fisher flitting along the river bank in May, or the welcome red-breast in December.

When we had finished glancing through his last work, "The Country Year Book," and while yet the pictures of favorite spots in *his* country were in our "mind's eye," and while we grew young again thinking over early days and scenes in *our own*, we relit our pipe and smoked ourself into a forgetfulness of the present, and the winds that shook our brown curls at eighteen, fanned our forehead again, and the burly echoes that answered our halloos through the glen, awoke on the tympanum of the mountain solitude as fresh and vigorous as ever.

We were young again—a manly likeness of our boy, D. P., junior, who sits yonder by the stove, busy in delight over "Gulliver's Travels," and wondering why his school geography does not say something of the kingdoms of Lilliput and Brobdignag, for he has in vain sought out their whereabouts. Well, we were, say, an eighteen years' likeness to him, and we dwelt on one of the hill-sides of a glorious valley. A wild river, hissing and sparkling like fresh champaigne, wound through its centre, and from which at either side the land rose, first in sloping table lands, and then in rough and barren grandeur. A green and yellow verdure plaided its way nearly half-way up several of the hills around—one or two were green to the summit at stated seasons, while others, the loftiest, rose rough, brown and gloomy into the very sky. Oft have we watched the sun dying off behind the western hills, and bronzing the summit of the taller ones

with the hue of the red man, or its native mountaineer; and in the morning, we have often thought of the fair face of Desdemona reclining on the brown shoulder of the Moor Othello, as the beautiful clouds, clear as porcelain, dimpled their fullness resting on the mountain's breast. Up through the valley, an occasional clump of trees denoted where the tiller of the soil pitched his camp, and, enjoying his health and mountain air, felt as happy in his cabin as if it was the stateliest city palace. We felt much happier; and the humble farmer would feel so too, had he our bitter experience. Here in our mountain solitude have we studied Milton—here have we ranged the armies of Paradise and perdition, and viewed the war for eternal life. Here have we almost worshipped Lucifer for his daring and ambition. You know, saintly reader, youth is ambitious and daring, and it was less our fault than Milton's. We loved Eve then—rash youth—and if she had offered, would have eaten as many apples as it is recorded gave Swift the illness from which he never recovered. We don't mean to say that he means would have effected the end any way the more particular, for in both instances, that of Swift's basketful, and Adam's single one, the eating was irreparable; but we mean to say, a bushel of pippins should never have measured our passion for the first woman. The "sin of our first parents" is a standing theme for popular wail, but Dudley Perkins doubts very much, if our last parents were in Eden, that any serious alteration would have to be made in the book of Genesis.

Here, in this valley home of the turning point of our life, have we lived in the glorious air-castles of imagination—in fabrics Miltonic, Dantesque, Byronic, till it became almost a transition to some purgatorial world, when we had to enter into the strifes, turmoil and unhealthy prose of what is termed civilized life. Cruel, heartless existence! And there was one, fair reader, who dwelt in my ærial palace-houses, who looked on the wild brocken through the eyes of a poetess, and gave a dreamy reality to the mansions we conjointly raised for the shelter of our love. Who worship ed nature with me till her heart was as simple and as grand as heaven's productions ever are. Who, when she wished to view herself, looked at me, for I reflected her—and in her alone I saw myself. The same grass which bent not beneath her feet in its eagerness to touch it as she tripped along, kissed mine, for that I followed her as much as to whisper, "God speed." And I always thought the rough breeze coming off the mountains was a messenger of love, when he twined her raven tresses and my brown locks as I sheltered her from his kiss, or lifted her over some mimic cascade or ambitious bramble. Those were the "Paul and Virginia" days of our existence. How fair she was, how graceful! Perkins dare not task his heart to describe her at this far date, when his head is gray unto whiteness, and his limbs unsteady. He has already thought too much on such a tender subject, and must take refuge in the world of words. Like most unfortunate men, that which harasses his feelings most he loves to dwell upon. But mirth can divert, though it cannot annihilate; and Dudley Perkins, LL.D., has for his motto the Italian proverb:—"A hundred years of melancholy will not pay a farthing of debt." Experientia docet. It is a good one. Under the head, "The Old Lodge of Queen Elizabeth," Howitt discourses thus:—

"Away! but whither? To the Old Lodge of Queen Bess. Old Lodge, we salute thee for thy venerable antiquity; but we owe thee no respect as the one-time resort of the boasted virgin queen! No! We revere not the den of the assassin—we have no worship for the hand of the murderer, whether clad in royal, or in ragged apparel. Foh! The blood of a queen and of a cousin is on the hands of that wretched old woman! Let the interested courtier doff his hat, and fling his mantle in the way of that ancient hag, and Jezebel. We owe more respect to hat and mantle, and to our own self, than thus to desecrate them! Foh! She thought Sir Amias Paulett a dainty fellow, because he would not take off her captive cousin privily at her command. She kept Sir Ralph Sadler as her royal commission of murder at Berwick. She imprisoned and ruined poor Secretary Davison as her scapegoat, for the foul murder of her captive rival. Shall I lift my hand to do the royal tigress homage? The bloody stump of the printer who dared to print a pamphlet against her projected Spanish marriage rises up and warns me. Get thee behind me, Satan; and all those who have painted thee, as a noble mother in Israel."

"Howitt's Book" is a very pleasant one. He is a first-rate gossipper about the country. When I read a few pages of him, I almost catch the fragrance floating off the wild thyme and sweet meadow—and hear the little birds twittering and love-making about the corn. It makes me melancholy—for it brings back youth and joy, and I never can reach those early days without passing over a stygian era—a gloomy, comfortless, solitary moor with nought to cheer, but every thing and every thought on and about it depressing and rayless.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ITALIAN OPERA, CASTLE GARDEN.

The principal operas performed during the month have been, "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Don Giovanni," "Lucrezia Borgia," "La Favorita," and "Marino Faliero." The last was never before performed in New-York. All must admit that it was a triumph—a finer opera has never been presented to the American public. Marini, as the *Doge*, won for himself a great reputation, making the part his own; Beneventano, as *Israele*, and Truffi-Benedetti, as *Elena*, maintain their popularity. We would allude more fully to this opera, did our space allow it; but, as it is, can only mention the duett and chorus at the conclusion of the second act, and the grand *finale*, as being the finest portions of "Faliero." Concerning "Don Giovanni," the musical critics are waging war: one side insists that Marini's personation of *Leporello* has in it too much buffoonery, and the other side maintains a contrary opinion. We will not strive to settle their quarrel, but, for our own part, will say that the opera, Marini included, gave us great satisfaction. Max Maretzek deserves much credit for his untiring efforts, and we do not doubt but that he will be amply rewarded.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

The principal attraction during the month has been the grand spectacle "Azael, the Prodigal." It is, we believe, a translation from the French, and, as its title indicates, is a version of the Prodigal Son. The scenery is very elegant, although marks of haste may easily be traced; the ballet and groupings were quite picturesque. Its poetical merits are beyond what we usually find in spectacles. Miss Anderton, Mrs. Abbot, and Mr. Conway, support the principal characters.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

During more than twenty years Niblo's Garden has been one of the chief attractions of the city of New-York. Its performances have always been of a high character, and, for many years, the establishment, under the control of Mr. William Niblo, has held the first rank among the public amusements of the metropolis. The able manager has held a situation in the public esteem similar to that occupied physically by the garden. Twenty years ago it was "out of town," but a point of attraction; the dwellings of the citizens have gradually passed it, and spread upon the upper portion of the island, until the garden is "down town," but a greater point of attraction than ever. So it has been with the performances; they have always presented the highest amusement for the less fashionable classes, without ever losing the recognition of the

highest fashion. Whether the Ravel family, or the Rossuets, or Burton's admirable company, occupy the stage, the same brilliant and crowded assemblage graces the beautiful building erected upon the site of that destroyed by fire some years since. During the present summer the Ravel family and Burton's company of comedians play on alternate nights of each week. Gabriel Ravel, after many years retirement, has again appeared with more than his wonted *eclat*. On the front of the lot formerly occupied by the garden exclusively, Mr. Niblo has erected a block of buildings, which forms one of the chief architectural ornaments of the city. Its symmetry, beauty, and general appearance, has scarcely an equal in any other city of the Union.

BROUGHAM'S LYCEUM.

As the city of New-York swells in numbers of residents, and experiences an annually increasing influx of strangers, not only the variety, but the style of amusements, requires multiplication; and Mr. Brougham, with much enterprise, detected, not only the want, but the mode of meeting it. Single-handed, and backed by nothing but his energy and popularity, he purchased a site and built a theatre, which, from the start, was successful, and has been since gaining upon public esteem. The manager himself, a most successful "playwright," is indefatigable in the production of novelty, and has a happy manner of working up the foibles, follies and fallacies of the day into most amusing, satirical sketches, which please without fatiguing, and hit without wounding. This style of things seems to penetrate through the "heavy business" of the latter ages, and reach the classic era, when existing men and manners were correctly reflected by the mimic art.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. With Introductory Remarks and Notes, Original and Selected. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This magnificent edition has been increased beyond the compass of the original plan, by the addition of the Miscellaneous Works of the great poet. To facilitate the completion of Shakspeare's Works, the publishers thought it advisable to issue the Poems in three large Parts—each one containing about three times as much as the average of the preceding numbers. The present number, containing Nos. 39-40-41, with a beautiful portrait of Desdemona, forms the first of this series.

The next number will contain a magnificent vignette title page, now engraving, from an original design by Billings.

The third, and concluding part, will contain a splendid engraving of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse, from the celebrated painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Parthenon: Containing Original Characteristic Papers. By living American Authors, Illustrated by Darley, Billings, Wallen, Wade, Croome, Kirk, and others. New-York: Loomis, Griswold & Co.

Mr. Griswold has labored long and well in the cause of American literature, and has, in the general effect of his works, done much to consolidate and nationalize it. This new work, now presented to the public, we doubt not will have an importan influence in the same direction, thereby rivalling, we hope, both in importance and

duration, its Athenian prototype. The design is a magnificent one, and the first number, in its execution, well sustains the design. Each living American author contributes a gem in his peculiar style. It is superbly printed, in quarto form, accompanied with illustrations in the best style of American art, and subscribed with the *fac simile* autographs of each author. The number of writers is large, and the engravings will reach, for the volume, 200 in number, of which 50 are full page size, in tint. A splendid frontispiece, title-page, with comprehensive index to authors, artists, and engravers, will accompany the 12th number, which will complete the volume. The price is $1 per number, or $9, in advance, for the volume.

The first number opens appropriately, with an article, by Cooper, entitled the "Lake Gun," illustrated with exquisite sketches of Seneca Lake—a poem by Mrs. Sigourney follows; two by Miss Gould; one by Augustine Duganne; closing with another by Wallace.

THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Tale V. Meg and Alice. George P. Putnam.

This series of well-wrought stories has reached its fifth number, under growing popularity.

A SCHOOL DICTIONARY of the Latin Language. By Dr. J. H. Kaltschmidt. Blanchard & Lea.

This volume forms the 2d, or English-Latin part, of the Dictionary, of which the 1st part has already obtained a wide-spread reputation.

TRENTON FALLS, Picturesque and Descriptive. Edited by N. Parker Willis. Embracing the Original Essays of John Sherman, the First Resident. With Illustrations. George P. Putnam.

This little work, having the marks of Mr. Willis' editorship, is elegantly printed and illustrated with nine engravings. It is descriptive of one of the most lovely spots of Western New-York.

PARA; or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon. By John Esaias Warren. G. P. Putnam.

This work, written in a very lively and anecdotical style, has great attractions. It describes a country, almost a fairy land, and a people of whom but little is known, comparatively, but which will yet play a very important part in the world's history. The sportive manner of the writer lends a charm to scenes which, although before described, derive a new interest from the attractive garb in which they are now clothed.

THE AMERICAN COTTON SPINNER, and Manager's and Carder's Guide; A Practical Treatise on Cotton Spinning, giving the dimensions and speed of Machinery, draught and twist calculations, etc., with Notices of Recent Improvements, &c. &c. Compiled from the Papers of the late Robert H. Baird. A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

A practical treatise on cotton spinning, requiring only its announcement in a country like this, to make it eagerly sought for. That we are the sole resource, from which the spinners of the world look for supplies of the raw material, is known; that we shall soon become the sole source of supply for cotton cloth, is certain; and it is by means of such information, as is contained in this little cheap volume, that the public become interested and instructed in that important branch of industry.

CALEB FIELD. A Tale of the Puritans. By the author of "Markland," &c. Harper Brothers.

This little story, of the times of Cromwell, is of much interest, notwithstanding that it travels over an oft-beaten path.

FRESH GLEANING; or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ike Marvel. Charles Scribner.

The high reputation which "Ike Marvel" has acquired since the publication of the first edition of these sketches, has made a new edition desirable. The "Lorgnette" and the "Reveries of a Bachelor," the latter more particularly, have won their way to the public admiration, and, in many cases, awakened an enthusiasm beyond that which most new books inspire, and thereby produced a demand for more of the author's productions. The new edition is beautifully printed, uniform with the other works of Marvel, published by Scribner.

THE MOULDER'S AND FOUNDER'S POCKET GUIDE; A Treatise on Moulding and Founding in Green Sand, Dry Sand, &c. &c. By Fred. Overman, Mining Engineer. A. Hart, late Carey and Hart.

It is always with pleasure that we hail these little practical works, on the different branches of the great business of life. Anything that diffuses useful and practical information among the people at large, is a benefaction to society, and these works of Mr. Overman are peculiarly of this class.

MODERN HISTORY, from the coming of Christ and the change of the Roman Republic into an Empire, to the year of our Lord 1850. By Peter Fredet, D. D., Professor of History in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

The great learning and ability of Dr. Fredet are conspicuously manifest in this work, which contains a very concise, yet clear and harmonious history of human progress during eighteen centuries and a half. The matter is admirably arranged, chronologically, and with every facility for dates and reference, making it valuable as a book of easy reference. It has also the merit of taking a catholic view of historical events, and in so far frees the narrative from that singularly malignant prejudice which pervades English Protestant histories, and which are the result of the political strife of the 17th century. The degree, in which the animosities against Catholics, growing out of the misconduct of James II., has been prolonged in the New-England States, is scarcely credible. Although Catholicism has never existed there, it is only within a few years that the parade of an effigy, with hoofs and horns. and called the Pope, has been discontinued. It was one of the many modes adopted by politicians, to prejudice the masses, that was continued long after the import had been forgotten. It is now time that history, at least, should be purged from the misrepresentations of both sects; but Gibbons are not found in every age.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Poet Laureate, D. C. L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Canon of Westminster. In Two Volumes. Edited by Henry Reed. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

The poetry of Wordsworth has found many zealous admirers on this side of the Atlantic, and the Memoirs now published by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, and so ably edited by Professor Reed, will be to them a welcome publication. The clear-headed and earnest manner in which, like a true-hearted metaphysician, Wordsworth was wont to present the true, won for him on this side of the Atlantic, a better apprecia-

tion, than if he had been endowed with more of the fire of passion. The faculty of love seemed to be that which he most liked to exercise. The present Memoirs develop more fully those circumstances of the poet's life, which he so fully brought into review in the Prelude, and are replete with interest.

PROMETHEUS BOUND, and other Poems: including Sonnets from the Portuguese, Casa Guidi Windows, etc. By Elizabeth Barret Browning. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway.

We echo but the general sentiment, in saying that Mrs. Browning is the most accomplished poetical writer of the present day among lady authors. There is in her poetry freshness and vigor, breadth of intellect, and purity of expression;—a combination seldom met with in modern poems. "Casa Guidi Windows" is the principal poem in the present volume; it is a narrative of late revolutionary movements in Florence, as observed from Casa Guidi Windows, interspersed with reflections suggested by passing events. It contains many passages of great beauty, and is, perhaps, the finest, as well as the latest production, of Mrs. Browning's pen. The sonnets from the Portuguese are new to us; we were most pleased with the fifth and sixth, though, indeed, the poorest of the entire number is far above the generally so-called sonnets.

The volume is issued in the usually neat and elegant style of Messrs. Francis & Co.'s publications.

COSMOS: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German. By E. C. Ottè. Vol. III. Harper Brothers.

The third volume of this great work of Humboldt has made its appearance, from the press of Messrs. Harpers, well translated, and printed in the usual admirable style of that house. Such a work, from such a man, requires but announcement.

REN.; OR THE SNOW BIRD. A Tale of Real Life. By Caroline Lee Hentz, author of Linda, &c. A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

A well printed and interesting story, which well sustains the reputation of the authoress.

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